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January, 1903.

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THE AMBASSADORS.—I.

A Novel by

HENRY JAMES

With an Introduction by

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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JANUARY, 1903.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—II.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

"We consciously declare that 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' was foretold, *as well as its author*, Mary Baker Eddy, in Revelation x. She is the 'mighty angel,' or God's highest thought to this age (verse 1), giving us the spiritual interpretation of the Bible in the 'little book *open*' (verse 2). Thus we prove that Christian Science is the second coming of Christ—Truth—Spirit."—*Lecture by Dr. George Tomkins, D.D., C.S.*

THERE you have it in plain speech. She is the mighty angel; she is the divinely and officially sent bearer of God's highest thought. For the present, she *brings* the Second Advent. We must expect that before she has been in her grave fifty years she will be regarded by her following as having been *herself* the Second Advent. She is already worshipped, and we must expect this feeling to spread, territorially, and also to deepen in intensity.†

* Written in Europe in 1899, and not hitherto published. This explanatory note should have preceded last month's instalment also.—M. T.

† After *raising a dead child to life*, the disciple who did it writes an account of her performance to Mrs. Eddy, and closes it thus: "My prayer daily is to be more spiritual, that I may do more as you would have me do, . . . and may we all love you more, and so live it that the world may know that the Christ is come."—*Printed in the Concord, N. H., Independent Statesman, March* 9, 1899. If this is not worship, it is a good imitation of it.

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Particularly after her death; for then, as any one can foresee, Eddy-Worship will be taught in the Sunday-schools and pulpits of the cult. Already whatever she puts her trade-mark on, though it be only a memorial-spoon, is holy and is eagerly and passionately and gratefully bought by the disciple, and becomes a fetish in his house. I say bought, for the Boston Christian-Science Trust gives nothing away; everything it has is for sale. And the terms are cash; and not only cash, but cash in advance. Its god is Mrs. Eddy first, then the Dollar. Not a spiritual Dollar, but a real one. From end to end of the Christian-Science literature not a single (material) thing in the world is conceded to be real, except the Dollar. But all through and through its advertisements that reality is eagerly and persistently recognized. The hunger of the Trust for the Dollar, its adoration of the Dollar, its lust after the Dollar, its ecstasy in the mere thought of the Dollar—there has been nothing like it in the world in any age or country, nothing so coarse, nothing so lubricous, nothing so bestial, except a French novel's attitude towards adultery.

The Dollar is hunted down in all sorts of ways; the Christian-Science Mother-Church and Bargain-Counter in Boston peddles all kinds of spiritual wares to the faithful, always at extravagant prices, and always on the one condition—*cash,* cash in advance. The Angel of the Apocalypse could not go there and get a copy of his own pirated book on credit. Many, many precious Christian-Science things are to be had there—for cash: Bible Lessons; Church Manual; C. S. Hymnal; History of the building of the Mother-Church; lot of Sermons; Communion Hymn, "Saw Ye My Savior," by Mrs. Eddy, half a dollar a copy, "*words used by special permission of Mrs. Eddy.*" Also we have Mrs. Eddy's and the Angel's little Bible-Annex in eight styles of binding at eight kinds of war-prices; among these a sweet thing in "levant, divinity circuit, leather lined to edge, round corners, gold edge, silk sewed, each, *prepaid,* $6," and if you take a million you get them a shilling cheaper—that is to say, "prepaid, $5.75." Also we have Mrs. Eddy's "Miscellaneous Writings," at noble big prices, the divinity-circuit style heading the extortions, shilling discount where you take an edition. Next comes "Christ and Christmas," by the fertile Mrs. Eddy—a *poem*—would God I could see it—price $3, cash in advance. Then follow five more books by Mrs. Eddy, at highwayman's rates, as usual, some of

them in "leatherette covers," some of them in "pebbled cloth," with divinity circuit, compensation balance, twin screw, and the other modern improvements; and at the same bargain-counter can be had "*The Christian Science Journal.*" I wish it were in refined taste to apply a rudely and ruggedly descriptive epithet to that literary slush-bucket, so as to give one an accurate idea of what it is like. I am moved to do it, but I must not; it is better to be refined than accurate when one is talking about a production like that.

Christian-Science literary oleomargarine is a monopoly of the Mother Church Headquarters Factory in Boston; none genuine without the trade-mark of the Trust. You must apply there, and not elsewhere; and you pay your money before you get your soap-fat.

The Trust has still other sources of income. Mrs. Eddy is president (and perhaps proprietor?) of the Trust's Metaphysical College in Boston, where the student who has practised C. S. healing during three years the best he knew how, perfects himself in the game by a two weeks' course, and pays *one hundred dollars* for it!* And I have a case among my statistics where the student had a three weeks' course and paid *three* hundred for it.

The Trust does love the Dollar, when it isn't a spiritual one.

In order to force the sale of Mrs. Eddy's Bible-Annex, no healer, Metaphysical-College-bred or other, is allowed to practise the game unless he possess a copy of that holy nightmare. That means a large and constantly augmenting income for the Trust. No C. S. family would consider itself loyal or pious or pain-proof without an Annex or two in the house. That means an income for the Trust, in the near future, of millions; not thousands—millions a year.

No member, young or old, of a Christian-Scientist church can retain that membership unless he pay "capitation tax" to the Boston Trust every year. That means an income for the Trust, in the near future, of millions more per year. This came to me from Christian Scientists.

* An error. For one hundred, read *three* hundred. That was for 12 brief lessons. But this cheapness only lasted until the end of 1888—fourteen years ago. [I am making this note in December, 1902.]. Mrs. Eddy—over her own signature—then made a change; the new terms were three hundred dollars for *seven* lessons. See *Christian Science Journal* for December, 1888.

It is a reasonably safe guess that in America in 1910 there will be 10,000,000 Christian Scientists, and 3,000,000 in Great Britain; that these figures will be trebled in 1920; that in America in 1910 the Christian Scientists will be a political force, in 1920 politically formidable, and in 1930 the governing power in the Republic—to remain that, permanently. And I think it a reasonable guess that the Trust (which is already in our day pretty brusque in its ways) will then be the most insolent and unscrupulous and tyrannical politico-religious master that has dominated a people since the palmy days of the Inquisition. And a stronger master than the strongest of bygone times, because this one will have a financial strength not dreamed of by any predecessor; as effective a concentration of irresponsible power as any predecessor has had; in the railway, the telegraph, and the subsidized newspaper, better facilities for watching and managing his empire than any predecessor has had; and, after a generation or two, he will probably divide Christendom with the Catholic Church.

The Roman Church has a perfect organization, and it has an effective centralization of power—but not of its cash. Its multitude of Bishops are rich, but their riches remain in large measure in their own hands. They collect from 200,000,000 of people, but they keep the bulk of the result at home. The Boston Pope of by-and-by will draw his dollar-a-head capitation-tax from 300,000,000 of the human race, and the Annex and the rest of his book-shop stock will fetch in double as much more; and his Metaphysical Colleges, the annual pilgrimage to Mrs. Eddy's tomb, from all over the world—admission, the Christian-Science Dollar (payable in advance)—purchases of consecrated glass beads, candles, memorial spoons, aureoled chromo-portraits and bogus autographs of Mrs. Eddy; cash offerings at her shrine—no crutches of cured cripples received, and no imitations of miraculously restored broken legs and necks allowed to be hung up except when made out of the Holy Metal and proved by fire-assay; cash for miracles worked at the tomb: these money-sources, with a thousand to be yet invented and ambushed upon the devotee, will bring the annual increment well up above a billion. And nobody but the Trust will have the handling of it. No Bishops appointed unless they agree to hand in 90 per cent. of the catch. In that day, the Trust will monopolize the manufacture and sale

of the Old and New Testaments as well as the Annex, and raise their price to Annex rates, and compel the devotee to buy (for even to-day a healer has to have the Annex *and* the Scriptures or he is not allowed to work the game), and that will bring several hundred million dollars more. In those days, the Trust will have an income approaching $5,000,000 a day, and no expenses to be taken out of it; no taxes to pay, and *no charities to support.* That last detail should not be lightly passed over by the reader; it is well entitled to attention.

No charities to support. No, nor even to contribute to. One searches in vain the Trust's advertisements and the utterances of its pulpit for any suggestion that it spends a penny on orphans, widows, discharged prisoners, hospitals, ragged schools, night-missions, city missions, libraries, old people's homes, or any other object that appeals to a human being's purse through his heart.*

I have hunted, hunted, and hunted, by correspondence and otherwise, and have not yet got upon the track of a farthing that the Trust has spent upon any worthy object. Nothing makes a Scientist so uncomfortable as to ask him if he knows of a case where Christian Science has spent money on a benevolence, either among its own adherents or elsewhere. He is obliged to say "No." And then one discovers that the person questioned has been asked the question many times before, and that it is getting to be a sore subject with him. Why a sore subject? Because he has written his chiefs and asked with high confidence for an answer that will confound these questioners—and the chiefs did not reply. He has written again, and then again—not with confidence, but humbly, now—and has begged for defensive ammunition in the voice of supplication. A reply does at last come—to this effect: "We must have faith in Our Mother, and rest content in the conviction that whatever She† does with the money it is in accordance with orders from Heaven, for She does no act of any kind without first 'demonstrating over' it."

That settles it—as far as the disciple is concerned. His mind is entirely satisfied with that answer; he gets down his Annex

* In two years (1898–99) the membership of the Established Church in England gave voluntary contributions amounting to $73,000,000 to the Church's benevolent enterprises. Churches that give have nothing to hide.

† I may be introducing the capital S a little early—still, it is on its way.

and does an incantation or two, and that mesmerizes his spirit and puts *that* to sleep—brings it peace. Peace and comfort and joy, until some inquirer punctures the old sore again.

Through friends in America I asked some questions, and in some cases got definite and informing answers; in other cases the answers were not definite and not valuable. From the definite answers I gather that the "capitation-tax" is compulsory, and that the sum is one dollar. To the question, "Does any of the money go to charities?" the answer from an authoritative source was: "No, *not in the sense usually conveyed by this word.*" (The italics are mine.) That answer is cautious. But definite, I think—utterly and unassailably definite—although quite Christian-Scientifically foggy in its phrasing. Christian Science is generally foggy, generally diffuse, generally garrulous. The writer was aware that the first word in his phrase answered the question which I was asking, but he could not help adding nine dark words. Meaningless ones, unless explained by him. It is quite likely, as intimated by him, that Christian Science has invented a new class of objects to apply the word "charity" to, but without an explanation we cannot know what they are. We quite easily and naturally and confidently guess that they are in all cases objects which will return five hundred per cent. on the Trust's investment in them, but guessing is not knowledge; it is merely, in this case, a sort of nine-tenths certainty deducible from what we think we know of the Trust's trade principles and its sly and furtive and shifty ways.

Sly? Deep? Judicious? The Trust understands its business. The Trust does not give itself away. It defeats all the attempts of us impertinents to get at its trade secrets. To this day, after all our diligence, we have not been able to get it to confess what it does with the money. It does not even let its own disciples find out. All it says is, that the matter has been "demonstrated over." Now and then a lay Scientist says, with a grateful exultation, that Mrs. Eddy is enormously rich, but he stops there; as to whether any of the money goes to other charities or not, he is obliged to admit that he does not know. However, the Trust is composed of human beings; and this justifies the conjecture that if it had a charity on its list which it did not need to blush for, we should soon hear of it.

"Without money and without price." Those used to be the

terms. Mrs. Eddy's Annex cancels them. The motto of Christian Science is, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." And now that it has been "demonstrated over," we find its spiritual meaning to be, "Do anything and everything your hand may find to do; and charge cash for it, and collect the money in advance." The Scientist has on his tongue's end a cut-and-dried, Boston-supplied set of rather lean arguments, whose function is to show that it is a Heaven-commanded *duty* to do this, and that the croupiers of the game have no choice but to obey.

The Trust seems to be a reincarnation. Exodus xxxii., 4.

I have no reverence for Mrs. Eddy and the rest of the Trust—if there is a rest; but I am not lacking in reverence for the sincerities of the lay membership of the new Church. There is every evidence that the lay members are entirely sincere in their faith, and I think sincerity is always entitled to honor and respect, let the inspiration of the sincerity be what it may. Zeal and sincerity can carry a new religion further than any other missionary except fire and sword, and I believe that the new religion will conquer the half of Christendom in a hundred years. I am not intending this as a compliment to the human race, I am merely stating an opinion. And yet I think that perhaps it *is* a compliment to the race. I keep in mind that saying of an orthodox preacher—quoted further back. He conceded that this new Christianity frees its possessor's life from *frets, fears, vexations, bitterness, and all sorts of imagination-propagated maladies and pains, and fills his world with sunshine and his heart with gladness.* If Christian Science, with this stupendous equipment—and final salvation added—cannot win half the Christian globe, I must be badly mistaken in the make-up of the human race.

I think the Trust will be handed down like the other Papacy, and will always know how to handle its limitless cash. It will press the button; the zeal, the energy, the sincerity, the enthusiasm of its countless vassals will do the rest.

III

The power which a man's imagination has over his body to heal it or make it sick is a force which none of us is born without. The first man had it, the last one will possess it. If left to himself, a man is most likely to use only the mischievous half of the force—the half which invents imaginary ailments for him and

cultivates them; and if he is one of these very wise people, he is quite likely to scoff at the beneficent half of the force and deny its existence. And so, to heal or help that man, *two* imaginations are required: his own and some outsider's. The outsider, B, must imagine that *his* incantations are the healing-power that is curing A, and A must imagine that this is so. I think it is not so, at all; but no matter, the cure is effected, and that is the main thing. The outsider's work is unquestionably valuable; so valuable that it may fairly be likened to the essential work performed by the engineer when he handles the throttle and turns on the steam; the actual power is lodged exclusively in the engine, but if the engine were left alone it would never start of itself. Whether the engineer be named Jim, or Bob, or Tom, it is all one—his services are necessary, and he is entitled to such wage as he can get you to pay. Whether he be named Christian Scientist, or Mental Scientist, or Mind Curist, or King's-Evil Expert, or Hypnotist, it is all one; he is merely the Engineer; he simply turns on the same old steam and the engine does the whole work.

In the case of the cure-engine it is a distinct advantage to clothe the engineer in religious overalls and give him a pious name. It greatly enlarges the business, and does no one any harm.

The Christian-Scientist engineer drives exactly the same trade as the other engineers, yet he out-prospers the whole of them put together.

Is it because he has captured the takingest name? I think that that is only a small part of it. I think that the secret of his high prosperity lies elsewhere.

The Christian Scientist has *organized* the business. Now that was certainly a gigantic idea. There is more intellect in it than would be needed for the invention of a couple of millions of Eddy Science-and-Health Bible-Annexes. Electricity, in limitless volume, has existed in the air and the rocks and the earth and everywhere since time began—and was going to waste all the while. In our time we have *organized* that scattered and wandering force and set it to work, and backed the business with capital, and concentrated it in few and competent hands, and the results are as we see.

The Christian Scientist has taken a force which has been lying idle in every member of the human race since time began, and has organized it, and backed the business with capital, and concen-

trated it at Boston headquarters in the hands of a small and very competent Trust, and there are results.

Therein lies the promise that this monopoly is going to extend its commerce wide in the earth. I think that if the business were conducted in the loose and disconnected fashion customary with such things, it would achieve but little more than the modest prosperity usually secured by unorganized great moral and commercial ventures; but I believe that so long as this one remains compactly organized and closely concentrated in a Trust, the spread of its dominion will continue.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

LAWLESSNESS OF THE POLICE IN NEW YORK.

BY MR. JUSTICE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

THE subject assigned to me for this article is certain rights of the individual, in respect of how and when he may be arrested, or his house may be invaded, by government, *i.e.*, by the police, and of whether he may resist unlawful interferences and trespasses by the police against his person or house. The unlawful and oppressive arrests and invasions of houses which had so long been habitual in the former city of New York (owing not to the membership of the rank and file of the police force, for that was and is really of good quality, but to the sort of persons who had usually been put in rulership over that force for more than a generation), and which seem to continue unchecked in the new city, with no apparent sign of any one in the city government being conscious that the police may not lawfully invade houses and arrest and shove people about right and left at pleasure, serve to make such an article timely. As the law in respect of the right of arrest and freedom from police intrusion is the same throughout the English-speaking world (if not, indeed, wherever else free government exists), what is here said is of general application, although laws of the State of New York may be particularly cited.

I

The difference between free government and despotism is easily stated. Under a free government every one is a law unto himself, except in so far as precise law, made by the direct vote of the qualified electors of the people themselves (as is generally the case with our State constitutions in this country), or else by their chosen representatives in legislature assembled (as is the case with our statute laws), permits him or his property to be touched by government. Under a despotism, the reverse is

the case; government is under no restraint or control of the governed, and takes the life, liberty and property of the individual at will; and between these two extremes of government there are, of course, various gradations. A free government is created by and subject to the control of the people, and those put in official place are the mere servants of the people. The people make the laws, and putting some of their own number in authority for the purposes of government, say to them: "These laws are your power of attorney to act for us; read them carefully and keep within them; it is not for you to say they do not give you power enough, and to go beyond them; we have our reasons therefor, taught by experience, and that suffices; our lives and liberties you may not take or interfere with to any extent whatever, except as we permit and in the way we direct therein; you may take of our property for the necessities of government, but only to the amount and in the manner we prescribe therein."

The experience of history shows that free government, once established, can be preserved only by the individual standing upon his rights, or, more pointedly speaking, keeping government, *i.e.*, the officers and agents of government, at arm's-length. This is a thing thoroughly understood and lived up to by Englishmen everywhere; it seems to be ingrained in them, and is entirely consistent with the highest loyalty to government. But in some parts of this country, at all events in the City of New York, and in some few places which have followed its abuses, it has gradually come to be scarcely understood at all in respect of the right of peace officers, *i.e.*, of the police, to make arrests, to invade houses, and the like.

A small encroachment of arbitrary power by government leads quite inevitably, if suffered without opposition, to greater and greater ones, and to a growing multitude of them, accompanied by general extortion and blackmail, and ending in the temporary or permanent destruction of free government. Cicero said of Julius Cæsar that as he looked at him adjusting his hair so nicely and scratching his head with one finger, it never occurred to him that such a man could conceive so vast and fatal a design as the destruction of the Roman commonwealth. And so with the first little invasions and encroachments upon the rights and liberties of the citizen. They appear at first, if noticed at all, as commonplace and harmless as the very ordinary-looking man

Cæsar scratching his head appeared to Cicero; and yet they are germs pregnant with the destruction of free government. It is often of little consequence, and seldom of great consequence, whether an individual suspected or actually guilty of a criminal offence be arrested or convicted of it; but it is always of transcendent importance that he be not arrested or convicted except in accordance with those restrictions and safeguards which the people, taught by dire experience, and guarding against a recurrence of arbitrary power, have by their constitutions and laws prescribed. We have in our fundamental instruments of government in this country, called constitutions and bills of rights, certain guaranties of individual liberties and rights, including freedom from unlawful arrests, invasions and searches, which we inherit from Magna Charta and the common law of England. No one who knows the history of these guaranties, and of the long struggles of the people against despotic power which finally attained them, can see them infringed, much less defied and set at naught, without a feeling of resentment. They are the warp and the woof of our system of laws and government, and without them free government cannot exist.

II

The manner in which a person could be lawfully arrested was settled by the common law of England. That law was brought to this country by the colonists, was inherited by us, and still remains our law except in so far as it has been changed by statute. The common law defining and limiting the right to arrest has remained substantially unchanged with us. In some States it has been reduced to statutes, and in some not. In the State of New York it was made part of our Code of Criminal Procedure, which was enacted in 1881; and, as an article like this is of no value unless it is instructive, and as I feel for obvious reasons that I should not here enter upon any disputed questions of law, it seems best to quote in full the sections of that Code which define the right and power of arrest. And it should be held in mind that I am speaking of arrests without a warrant, *i.e.*, a warrant of arrest obtained from a magistrate or court, for of course when such a warrant is delivered to an officer he is bound to obey it, and every one is bound to yield to its commands. Warrants of arrest are not delivered to private persons to be executed.

We shall arrive at a better understanding of the right and

power of police officers to arrest without a warrant by first seeing what right and power private individuals have to make arrests. Every person always had, by common law, the right to make certain arrests without a warrant. It was not necessary to be an officer to make such arrests. That is still the law with us, the common law being expressed by section 183 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, which is as follows:

"A private person may arrest another,

"1. For a crime committed or attempted in his presence;

"2. When the person arrested has committed a felony, although not in his presence."

By the express terms of this statute, which is only declaratory of the common law, every private person is given the right and the power to arrest and take before a magistrate without a warrant any person who commits "in his presence" any crime, whether of the lesser and sometimes trivial kind called a misdemeanor, or of the graver kind called a felony (for "crimes" are divided into "felonies" and "misdemeanors," all those which are punishable by imprisonment in State prison or by death being felonies); and, furthermore, if a felony has in fact been committed, although not in his presence, he may in like manner arrest the person who committed it. Such is the right and the power of every person to make arrests—that is to say, if any criminal offence, high or low, felony or misdemeanor, be committed in his presence, he may without a warrant arrest the person who committed it; and if a felony has in fact been committed, he may in the same way arrest the person who committed it, although it was not committed in his presence. To this should be added, in order to make the statement complete, that if no felony has in fact been committed, or if the person arrested did not commit the felony which has in fact been committed, then the arrest is unlawful, and the person arrested may on being discharged maintain against the person who arrested him an action for damages therefor and for the ensuing imprisonment. In the same way, of course, if a person should arrest one for committing a criminal offence, whether felony or misdemeanor, in his presence, and it should turn out that no criminal offence was committed, and that the arrest was therefore a false one, the same kind of an action for damages would lie. In such an action the jury are the judges of whether the person arrested committed the offence.

Having seen the right and power of arrest without a warrant possessed by every private person now and from the earliest times, we are more alert to know what additional right and power of arrest without a warrant, if any, police officers possess. Many intelligent and educated persons in the City of New York are surprised and wholly incredulous when told that officers have no right or power to arrest without a warrant which every citizen has not; that an officer is given no more right by law to arrest without a warrant than that given by law to every citizen, excepting in one not very substantial particular in the case of felonies, which will be hereinafter specified. Such surprise and incredulity arise from the fact that the residents of the City of New York have so long witnessed a contrary practice by the police that they have forgotten their rights as free men under Anglo-Saxon law.

While all citizens have this "right" to arrest, it is not their "duty" to make arrests, nor have they the time for such work. They have, therefore, provided by their laws for the employment, and the payment out of their substance, of certain of their number called "peace officers," or "police officers," for such work; but in their laws they have taken most scrupulous care to give these officers no right or power of arrest without a warrant, in the case of misdemeanors, which every citizen does not possess (instead of making them a law unto themselves, as has grown to be the general notion in the City of New York), and scarcely any other power in the case of felonies, as will appear by the section of the Code of Criminal Procedure to be presently quoted in full. A policeman (to speak so plainly that every one may understand) is only a citizen dressed in blue clothes and brass buttons (and sometimes with a club in his belt or pocket), with no right or lawful power of arrest without a warrant which all his fellow-citizens do not possess; and he should be taught by those in authority over him never to forget this fact. His fellow-citizens have not made him their master, but only their honorable servant, with no power to arrest any one except as precisely provided by law. Section 177 of the said Code, which substantially follows and codifies the common law, prescribes when an officer may arrest without a warrant, and is as follows:

"A peace officer may, without a warrant, arrest a person,
"1. For a crime committed or attempted in his presence;

"2. When the person arrested has committed a felony, although not in his presence;

"3. When a felony has in fact been committed, and he has reasonable cause for believing the person to be arrested to have committed it."

A comparison of this section with the one defining the right and power to arrest given to all private persons, which is quoted in full above, shows that it is identical therewith, except that a third sub-division is added, making it lawful for an officer to arrest without a warrant "when a felony has in fact been committed," although not committed in his presence, provided "he has reasonable cause for believing the person to be arrested to have committed it." As has already been seen, a private person has also the same right to arrest without a warrant for a felony which has in fact been committed, although not in his presence; but if he arrest the wrong person, *i.e.*, a person who did not commit the felony, he is liable absolutely in an action against him by such person for damages for false arrest and imprisonment. The additional provision in the case of an officer exempts him from liability in such an action for damages, provided he acted on "reasonable cause for believing" that the person arrested was the right person. The jury in such an action are the judges of whether he had such reasonable cause.

Except for this latitude and immunity in favor of officers in this one particular, there is no difference in respect of the right and power of officers and private persons to make arrests without a warrant, and their responsibility therefor in actions for damages for false arrests. There is no difference at all in respect of misdemeanors, and only this one in respect of felonies, and it has been mentioned and explained here only for the sake of exactness; for it might be passed over as not substantially affecting the precise matter under consideration. By the common law it may be that such reasonable cause for belief could also be acted upon by an officer in respect of the question whether any felony had in fact been committed, as well as in respect of the identity of the person who committed it.

The law does not and never did tolerate the idea that any one may be arrested without a warrant by a police officer, any more than by a private person, for an alleged criminal offence of the grade of misdemeanor, unless it was committed in his presence. If a police officer knows, or thinks he knows, of facts which show

that a person has committed a criminal offence of the grade of misdemeanor, but which was not committed in his presence, there is only one course for him to pursue—he may not arrest that person without a warrant, but his duty, and the full extent of his right, is, like any other citizen, to go before a magistrate, make a written complaint on oath of the facts and cause a warrant to be issued, and then the arrest can be made on the warrant. If the officer does not know such facts, but some person who professes to know them tells him of them, the officer cannot himself obtain a warrant, much less make the arrest without a warrant, on such hearsay. His duty is to direct such person to a magistrate to make the written complaint on oath necessary to obtain a warrant; and, in some grave cases, it may be his duty to accompany such person before the magistrate. The very same is the case in respect of felonies; except, as has been seen, that an officer, the same as a private person, no more and no less, may, if a felony has in fact been committed, arrest without a warrant the guilty person, although the offence was not committed in his presence; with only the additional right and safeguard, as we have seen, in favor of an officer, that if a felony has in fact been committed, he may arrest without a warrant on reasonable cause for belief in respect of who the guilty person is. The ancient reason for the enlarged right of arrest without a warrant to both private persons and officers in the case of felonies, is to prevent fleeing felons from escaping.

The foregoing is, in the State of New York, all plain statute law, and is equally plain wherever it has not yet been reduced to statute. It has been declared by the courts many times. It is not new with us, but was inherited by us as part of the common law of England, and is common to every free state. It is the inheritance by right of every English-speaking people. It marks the difference between a free government and a despotism. It is thoroughly understood by the people in every locality in this country, except in the City of New York (and, it may be, a few other places), where the rights and liberties of the people, especially of the weak and uninfluential, who should be the chief objects of the protection of government, have been so long trampled upon by the sort of persons who have been put in rulership over the police, that the citizens have forgotten them. So far, indeed, has this gone that the police of the City of New York may without a warrant

raid, arrest, and lock up over night several hundred people from all parts of the United States found in a public room or hall, against whom there is no pretence of any criminal charge whatever; or drive the lawful delegates to a political convention out of the convention hall at the request or command of some political leader or boss; or drag duly registered voters away from the polls while in the very act of voting, and in order to prevent them from voting; or suppress free speech by breaking up meetings and driving the speakers and every one out with the club, all without exciting any public protest whatever. Can a community in which such a state of things exists be said to be under the rule of Anglo-Saxon law and liberty at all? What a contrast is presented by the conduct of government in England, in respect of the guaranteed liberties of the individual! There the unlawful arrest by the police of the humblest woman or man arouses a public protest which the Crown has to heed for its own safety, and which becomes the subject of question and condemnation in Parliament next day. The unlawful arrest in London of one-tenth the number of persons lawlessly arrested by peace officers in the City of New York on last election day would cause a revolution there, unless prompt and full redress were given by the government, including the dismissal and also the indictment of the officers guilty of the oppression; for such oppression is a grave criminal offence. That such outrages are not forcibly resisted by our people does not so much testify to their well known peaceable character as to the extent to which they have lost that keen sense of personal right which characterizes a free people.

III

The right of the individual to be secure in his house or dwelling against an invasion and search thereof by the police without a warrant, is another of our inheritances from the common law of England. When the powerful and the great built castles, and surrounded them with wall and moat, and haughtily prevented even the king from entering without their consent, the genius of a whole people, instinct with love of liberty and of constitutional government, was quick to seize the opportunity to declare what now sounds in the city of New York as an empty boast, though it became and remains a great constitutional maxim, with a history and a literature all its own, viz., that every man's house

is his castle. Its declaration was a revolution in government and in human liberty. It is still as pregnant of the individual rights and liberties of a free people as when it first emanated from what Coke called the unpolished genius of the people. It is as vital now as when Chatham said of it, in his speech against the unconstitutional practice of issuing general or roving warrants for searches and arrests:

"The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter; the rain may enter; but the King of England may not enter; all his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

The practice of issuing warrants which did not specify the persons or property to be seized, finally received its death blow from Wilkes and from the judicial decisions of Lords Mansfield and Camden. When such a warrant was served on Wilkes, he called it "a ridiculous warrant against the whole English nation"; and for being arrested under it he obtained a verdict for one thousand pounds in an action for damages for false imprisonment—a verdict for a sum so large in that day as to show in itself the liberty-loving spirit of the English people. What would the jury have done if the search and arrest had been without any warrant at all, as has been the case thousands of times in the City of New York, or more particularly in the County of New York (for there are four counties within the limits of the present City of New York)?

The Constitution of the United States contains the following provision, declaratory of the common law:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

This provision of the Federal Constitution is, of course, operative on the Federal Government only; but it is adopted, word for word, in the ancient Bill of Rights of the State of New York, and is to be found in one form or another in our State constitutions or bills of rights generally. It is too plain to need elucidation. If an officer should attempt to search one's house or rooms without such a warrant, or with a warrant not "particularly de-

scribing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized," he would be acting without authority and would be a trespasser. If an officer should without a warrant enter the residence of that Judge of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace of the County of New York who is called by the ancient name of Recorder, or the residence of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, or of the Mayor of the city, and say, "I suspect this is a house of ill-fame, or a gambling-house, and am going to search it," and should search it by force, the dangerous lawlessness of his act, not merely against an individual and the public peace, but against free government, would be manifest to all, and would be loudly denounced. And yet such acts committed against the influential and the great would be no more lawless, and not half so dangerous to the endurance of free government, as when committed generally, or against the humble, the weak and the unfortunate, who should be the first to receive the good-will and protection of government. To say that a "suspicious" or "bad" place should be entered and searched without a warrant, would be to beg the whole question. Who is to say that it is suspicious or bad, whether it be the Recorder's house or some other house? The "law of the land" does not leave the decision of the matter to any police authority, however high, but requires that it be submitted in advance, on sworn testimony showing facts, to a magistrate or court.

The principal duty of the police is to preserve the public peace, and keep outward order and decency. When they are permitted or used by those in authority over them to depart from this, and to go beyond the law by invading houses or rooms without warrants, and arresting in the same way for misdemeanors not committed in their presence, the inevitable result, as experience shows, is general oppression, extortion and blackmail by them upon the community. They, or more likely those in control of them, will accept money to refrain from their lawless invasions and arrests; but that is impossible if they act with warrants in their hands, as the law requires. Crimes and vices are evils to the community; but it behooves a free people never to forget that they have more to fear from the growth of the one vice of arbitrary power in government than from all other vices and crimes combined. It debases everybody, and brings in its train all of the vices. Societies, and private enthusiasts, for the "suppression of vice,"

should read history, and learn the supreme danger of trying to do all at once by the policeman's club what can be done at all only very gradually by the slow moral development which comes principally from our schools and churches. How is it they have never been kindly told this by some mayor of the City of New York—with a suggestion that they read (for instance) the fifth chapter of Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals," or the fourth chapter in Professor Lilly's "First Principles in Politics," or the same subject in St. Augustine's "*De Ordine*"?

A police officer may without a warrant enter a house, or break in, if necessary, to make an arrest for an offence which is being committed therein in his sight or hearing, for that would be an offence committed in his presence, and for which he or any private person may arrest without a warrant, as has already been explained; or if an arrested person escape, he may be pursued into a house and retaken. But these will be perceived to be mere corollaries of the right of arrest without a warrant where it exists, and not to affect or diminish the rights of the individual which the purpose of this article is to point out.

IV

It remains to answer the question which has all along been in the minds of some readers, "May an officer, the same as a private individual, who is without a warrant unlawfully arresting one, or invading his house or rooms, be resisted?" The law, often declared by the courts, says, Yes, it is lawful to resist him with all the force necessary to prevent him. An officer who is committing an unlawful trespass on your person or property is not in the performance of his official duty, and if he assaults you he may lawfully be resisted, the same as a private individual, even to the extent of taking his life, if, in the last extremity, that becomes unavoidable in order to save yourself from "great personal injury," or from death, at the hands of the unlawful assailant. This is laid down in section 205 of the Penal Code of the State of New York, which substantially declares the common law. There is a statute in the State of New York, and probably in all our States, making it a criminal offence to resist an officer "in the performance of his duty." To make out that offence, the principal thing to be proved is that the officer was "in the performance of his duty," though this seems to be frequently overlooked in the City

of New York. It seems to be often considered sufficient that the officer was resisted, even though the resistance was to an unlawful trespass being committed by him, so dim has become the knowledge of the rights of free men, under the common law of England and our constitution and laws, to resist oppression.

This subject can be best disposed of by referring to the great case of the People against Hochstim, decided on appeal by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York in the first judicial department (which embraces only the County of New York), late in November, 1902; particularly as I do not wish to speak in this article except by authority. A deputy superintendent of elections, who is by statute a peace officer, with all the rights and powers of arrest which belong to such an officer, attempted without a warrant to arrest a duly registered voter on a charge of unlawful registration, when he presented himself at his polling place in the City of New York to vote and asked the election officers for his ballot. Hochstim and others joined the voter in remonstrating, and told the officer that the voter could not be lawfully arrested, as he was registered and had the right to vote. As the officer refused to desist, Hochstim and others resisted him, and shoved him into a corner, and enabled the voter to vote. Hochstim was thereafter indicted, tried and convicted of the alleged offence of resisting the officer in the discharge of his duty, which is a felony under the Metropolitan Elections District Law. It appeared on the trial, by the prosecution's own showing, that the voter was lawfully registered and, consequently, had the absolute right to vote. The officer, instead of being in the discharge of his duty in arresting him, was, therefore, committing a gross trespass upon him. Nevertheless, Hochstim was convicted of resisting an officer "in the discharge of his duty," and sentenced to State prison for three years. Having obtained a stay on appeal, other counsel of the highest eminence, whose attention was attracted to the case by the publicity it had then attained, principally by the adverse criticism by some newspapers of the granting of the stay, came forward without fee, and, refusing to consider any suggestion of compensation, undertook to defend him and vindicate the right of every citizen to resist the unlawful acts of officers. To the honor of the bar, it must be said that in every age its members have come forward in the same way to uphold individual

right and liberty. Of course, the conviction was reversed, the judges holding that the officer was not in the performance of his duty, but doing an unlawful act, and that he was therefore lawfully resisted.

It will not be going outside of the scope of this article to mention also that the opinions of the judges further decide that a registered voter may not be arrested at all at the polls on the charge of not being entitled to register and vote, until after he has voted; that he may only be challenged, and that if he then take the oath prescribed by law to swear in his vote, his right to vote is absolute. The following was said by Mr. Justice Hatch:

"No interference with the citizen after he has registered, except to challenge his right to vote, either by threats of arrest or any other form of intimidation, or by interference with him when exercising the right, is permitted. Each and all such acts are unlawful, no matter by whom perpetrated."

And the following by Mr. Justice Ingraham:

"He (the voter) had been duly registered, whereby he became a qualified voter and entitled to cast his vote. When he demanded his right to vote, his right could be challenged; but if he made the necessary oath as to his qualifications as a voter, the inspectors were bound to accept his vote, and any one, whether a deputy superintendent of elections, or holding any other office, who deliberately and intentionally interfered to prevent the exercise of that right violated section 41k of the Penal Code."

Nevertheless, it is more than probable that, at the very next election, hundreds of similar lawless arrests will be made in the City of New York by officers at the polls, as has been done for several years and was done at the recent election. It may not be amiss to mention that this great judgment in the Hochstim case was scarcely mentioned by the press of New York City, and except for possibly two newspapers the public there are wholly uninformed of its far-reaching purport. The citizen in voting is performing an act of sovereignty; he is participating in the free expression of the sovereign will of the people. If government may send or threaten to send officers to the polls, with or without warrants, in order to frighten voters from coming there, or from voting, or to forcibly prevent them from voting by arresting them and taking them away, intimidation can be spread like an epidemic, and the timid, the friendless and the weak easily deterred from voting. For one illegal vote that might be prevented in that

way, there would be scores of legal votes prevented. The Penal Code of the State of New York provides that "any one who wilfully and unlawfully obstructs, hinders or delays, or aids or assists in obstructing or delaying any elector on his way to a registration or polling place, or while he is attempting to register or vote," is guilty of a crime. This, of course, applies to officers, the same as to all others.

V

The last mayoralty election in the City of New York was probably decided by the large number of persons who, during the previous four years, had been unlawfully interfered with and oppressed by the police. If the Mayor has caused the commissioner of police to issue a general order to the force, embodying the plain and simple section of the Code of Criminal Procedure prescribing their powers of arrest without a warrant, and the equally plain and simple prohibition in the Bill of Rights against searches and seizures without a warrant, which are quoted above, and warning them that unlawful arrests, house invasions, and trespasses must cease, and that thereafter it would be deemed a more serious offence for a policeman to unlawfully interfere with a citizen than to let a criminal escape, it has not been made known to the citizens at large, thousands of whom expected it and looked for it. Nor has the Mayor caused the civil service commissioners to go to the root of the evil by examining applicants for appointment to the force or for promotion therein in respect to the rights and powers of policemen to make arrests, or enter houses or rooms, without a warrant. An examination like this would be of more use than questions calling for the source of the Bronx river, or the number of public parks in the remote borough of Richmond.

One recent instance suffices to show the false idea of the right and power to arrest and imprison without a warrant which still exists in the police department of the City of New York. In October last, a police captain came into a magistrate's court with a large batch of prisoners, whom he had arrested and locked up over night without a warrant. He told the magistrate that he wanted them all committed to prison until after election. The magistrate asked what charge of a criminal offence he made against them, and the response was that he made none, but that he feared they would register and vote if not locked up. Being asked if there was any one to make any charge against them, he said no.

The magistrate said that he had no right to commit any one except on a charge of some criminal offence made on oath, and discharged the prisoners. Can any one imagine such an occurrence in England, or, for that matter, anywhere outside of the City of New York? The police captain seemed to be wholly oblivious of the fact that it was not entrusted to him by law, but to the election officials, to decide who were entitled to register and vote, or that he had no right to arrest and lock up people at will without a warrant; and he was in no amiable mood toward the magistrate for not holding his prisoners. He probably had in mind very different experiences before certain magistrates. The public have not yet been informed of his dismissal from the force, or of his indictment, or of any complaint whatever having been made against him by those above him in the city or county government; nor have they been informed of any complaint or prosecution against any one for any of the hundreds of lawless arrests made in the City of New York on last election day, not to mention other times. It would seem that some conscientious reformer might leave the pursuit of unfortunate women, and suspend his labors with the police for the "suppression of vice" by force, long enough to deal with this great and dangerous vice.

Several typical instances of the lawless invasion of houses by the police in the City of New York occurred only last month. It will suffice to describe one of them. All accounts agree as to the particulars of it, and the writer of this article verified them by obtaining a statement from a truthful and careful person who was present throughout. The house invaded was said to be a place of private gaming. A large possé of policemen suddenly surrounded it and violently attacked it. They smashed in a window by means of some heavy weapon, and entered pell mell by the breach thus made, some of them flourishing revolvers and others armed with axes. After entering, the same course of lawless violence was continued. They had a search warrant from a magistrate, but did not act under it in getting in. They did not present it at the door, nor give any notice of it, nor ask for admittance under it (nor at all, for that matter), before breaking in; whereas section 799 of the Code of Criminal Procedure (which only follows the common law) prescribes that an officer having a search warrant may break into the house to be searched only "if, after notice of his authority and purpose, he be refused

admittance"; and section 120 of the Penal Code makes it a criminal offence to exceed the authority which a search warrant confers by law. Their conduct in breaking in was just as lawless as though they had no warrant, because they did not act under the warrant. They might as well have gone to the house without a warrant. It is only of late that they have begun to get warrants to enter houses, owing to recent judicial decisions; but to get a warrant and then violate it is only adding an additional crime to that of the unlawful invasion. The "raid," as it is aptly called (for a lawless word best describes a lawless act), was, according to all the accounts, planned and led by the District Attorney of New York County in person—the chief officer elected by the people to guard their rights and liberties, and maintain law and order in the community; but this seems quite incredible. The grand jury was in session, but no inquiry was made by it into the matter; nor did any one in the government of the city call the police to account, or make any protest; nor has any one made any complaint to the Governor of the State to enable him to exercise the constitutional power given to him for investigation, and for redress and relief to the people, in such cases. In a similar "raid" not long ago, a retainer or officer of the District Attorney's office shot down a man. He has not been tried for it, nor even indicted, although no lawful cause or justification for his act is known to the public.

The notion that the morals of the community can be reformed and made better, or that government can be purified and lifted up, instead of being debased and demoralized, by the policeman's club and axe, is so pernicious and dangerous in any government, let alone in a free government, that no one can harbor it whose intellectuals are not, as Macaulay says, "in that most unhappy of all states, that is to say, too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam." Unfortunate women and gamblers were in the beginning, and will be here, it may be, at the end. At all events, this we do know, that wherever their number grows less, it will be in the future, as in the past, not as the result of disorderly brute force, but as the result of the moral growth of the community, accompanied by a humane, even and orderly administration of the law.

It would be difficult to speak with perfect forbearance of the strange pretence that the police could not enforce the law if they

kept within the law themselves. The idea that the police may trample on the law regulating their conduct in order to make other people observe the law regulating theirs, can arise only out of a total lack of understanding of the principles on which free government rests. The duty of the police is fully performed by doing what the law prescribes they may do; when they go beyond that, they are not doing duty, but violating the law. What they cannot do within the law, and in the manner prescribed by the law, the law—that is, the declared will of the people—does not want or permit them to do at all. There can be no more dangerous notion in a free government than that those who enforce the laws have the right to be stricter than the laws, or are in any respect above the laws. If, in a criminal trial, the plain facts plainly presented do not convict, the people do not want a conviction, and so declare by their laws; much less do they want arbitrary and lawless arrests, or permit them by their laws.

W. J. GAYNOR.

AGRARIAN REFORM IN ITALY.

BY THE DUKE OF LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE.

THE Agricultural Association founded in Casale-Litta, a small village of the province of Milan, has awakened general interest, as it seems to afford the only practical means of raising the moral and material conditions of the peasants and of absolutely preventing agrarian strikes.

In Lombardy, as in all the other provinces of Italy and in the rest of Europe, the peasants or tillers of the soil are not much better off than when they were slaves and serfs. The personal liberty granted to the members of their class by the abolition of feudal rights in 1793 is more apparent than real, and, such as it is, this liberty has not proven to be an unmixed blessing, as they are now no longer assured of hearth and home, but may at any moment be evicted through caprice or vengeance. In their present condition, peasants are in reality small tenant-farmers, with yearly contracts that are usually renewed, but which may be rescinded at the land-owner's pleasure by a simple notice to quit served six months before the termination of the agricultural year.

On account of their indolence and carelessness, and their absenteeism, the landlords disdain or neglect to interest themselves in the necessities and idiosyncrasies of their peasants, and they are, therefore, unintentionally, the causes of the unjust tyranny to which the peasants are subjected at the hands of the iniquitous class called "*fittabili*" (farmers), under whose control the large estates have gradually fallen. These men, generally from distant sections, and of course devoid of all interest in the estates or peasants, usually lease the estates for the space of from six to twelve years, during which time they have absolute authority. It frequently happens that, in the course of one or two leases, by oppressing the peasants and despoiling the landlord, the farmers

are enabled to retire with a comfortable competency, and some have even become millionaires. To my regret I must own that my peasants and estate had been subjected to this destructive and demoralizing régime for a great many years.

The last farmer even surpassed his predecessors in oppression and injustice. But education, though tardily, had begun to permeate even the agricultural classes, and Agrarian Leagues had rapidly been constituted throughout the land (though not in Casale-Litta itself), by the efforts of a few intrepid and devoted social reformers, who were striving to enlighten the peasants concerning their duties towards themselves and their families—that is to say, the bettering of their material and social position. The long-suffering agricultural slaves, thus becoming partially awakened to a clear conception of their rights, rose in indignation against their unjust oppressor, who, for fear of reprisals, was obliged to rescind his contract and go away. After much consideration, I became convinced that the time had come to abolish the middle-man or farmer, an institution flagrantly in opposition to all the sane rules of a liberal economy, as he was necessarily at best a parasite and therefore useless, living at the expense of both landlord and peasant. I decided for this purpose to rent the land directly to the peasants organized into a Society.

This Association is composed of the heads of the one hundred and twenty-eight families, who number more than a thousand souls and live on the estate. These families are allotted houses and lands in proportion to their size. They pay $3.25 per acre, house rent included, which is forty-eight per cent. less than the rent paid to the farmer, while the income received by the proprietor is unchanged, as the Society has leased the estate on the same terms as the out-going farmer. Besides this, the Society has deposited the usual guarantee, equal to one year's rent, which will be returned to it at the expiration of the lease, if the rents have been regularly paid, and if the property is found in a good condition by the Agricultural Engineer who examined it when it was given over to the Society.

The gain of the peasants is unquestionable. Over and above that extra forty-eight per cent. paid to the farmer, we must add that the peasants were obliged to furnish yearly a certain amount of chickens, capons, eggs, peaches, grapes, nuts, figs, hemp and flax, in proportion to the land they held, a remnant of the feudal

"*redevances*" unjustly usurped by the farmer, who did not render in return the protection and consideration accorded to the serfs in olden times by their feudal Lords. Besides this, the farmer had the right to command the services of each peasant and of his ox-cart so many days each year, at a nominal wage ridiculously and shamefully low, and never paid for in money but placed to his account in diminution of his debt, as it was the farmer's interest to keep the peasants as subservient as possible by rendering it difficult for them to meet their liabilities.

Again, as all the land-rents were paid in kind—that is to say, in wheat, corn, barley, etc.—the farmer fixed at his discretion the price of these goods, naturally much below their actual market value; and as, by the contracts, he was entitled to collect their whole crop and sell it, returning to the peasants the surplus to which they had a right over and above their debts to him, all sorts of unlawful exactions were usually resorted to by the farmer to diminish as much as possible the gains of the peasants and increase his own revenue.

With the new organization, the Society pays the whole rent in money, each member contributing in proportion to his holding, and each peasant is at liberty to dispose at will of all his crops. For the entire period of the lease (twelve years), no peasant can be evicted from his farm, unless he fails to satisfy his dues to the Society through his own fault. The "*redevances*" of chicken, fruit, textile matters, etc., have been totally abolished, and the day's work, if the proprietor needs it, is paid for at a just rate that has been fixed by the Association.

The Society was legally chartered under the name of "*Società Agricola Contadini Litta,*" with the usual statutes and regulations, the principal among which are as follows. The Society is constituted for twelve years—that is, for the duration of the lease—with the object of furthering the moral, social and economical condition of its members, and of applying the most rational and modern agricultural methods to the cultivation of the soil. The Society is represented by the General Assembly and by a Board of Directors, fifteen in number, elected by ballot. This Board, in its turn, elects from among its members a President, a Vice-President and a Treasurer; it has the whole management of the affairs of the Society and is responsible to the General Assembly, which meets regularly at the end of each agricultural year

(after the eleventh of November), discusses and passes the balance-sheet, provides money necessary to meet its obligations, and disposes of the profits. Each member has a suitable portion of land allotted to him, and is personally responsible to the Society for the rent of the land he holds; and all the members are responsible as a body and without limitations for the obligations assumed by the Society. In case of the death or the legal inhabilitation of one of the members, all the heirs are collectively responsible to the Society until a new head of the family has been chosen; and, in the case of divisions of property between heirs, resulting in the formation of new families not hitherto existing, the approbation of the Board of Directors is required. Arbiters, also elected by ballot, from whose decision there is no appeal, decide any differences that may arise among the members on matters pertaining to the land.

When this plan was made public, I was exposed to the fury and ridicule of the powerful and unscrupulous farmer class; but, notwithstanding their efforts, the experiment has so far proven a thorough success. The peasants have regularly paid their dues and a novel ease and affluence are visible among them. They have acquired a personal dignity and self-respect which is both touching and striking to those who knew their habitual stolid and surly manners, and the suspicion with which they seemed to regard every one with whom they came in contact, this being the natural outcome of centuries of ruthless oppression. This result is an extraordinary one, as the first year, in which they had to disburse a double rent (one for guarantee and one for the regular annual payment), was certainly the most difficult to pass, and they have shown themselves able to manage successfully very complicated collective interests.

Two or three other landlords have followed my example, and the progress of my Association has been watched with great interest throughout Italy, as it has experimentally proven to be the only practical and simple way by which, without in the slightest diminishing the income of the landlord, a more equitable, dignified and prosperous future has been offered to the peasants, enabling them to become free and useful members of society, and settling to the mutual satisfaction of all parties concerned the threatening Agrarian question.

LITTA-VISCONTI-ARESE.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. ASHLEY, OF THE FACULTY OF COMMERCE, BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY.

THE creation of a "Faculty of Commerce" in the new University of Birmingham, the industrial centre of the English Midlands, is one of the most striking manifestations of a new and most significant movement in university circles by no means confined to Great Britain. In each of the three great commercial countries of our time,—in the United States and in Germany, as well as in England,—the same needs are being felt by academic administrators, and the same problems are being faced. And in each, the movement is still in its experimental stage. In some directions, both the United States and Germany have preceded England; and England can learn something from their experience. But no country has a system to exhibit which other lands can simply copy: each must give its own mind to the task, and deal with the task as its own conditions suggest. What the University of Birmingham has done has been simply to indicate, by its bold employment of the term "Faculty," its opinion of the momentous character of the enterprise. The term suggests that the training of business men is as important for the community as the training of lawyers and doctors, and that Commerce needs to have its adequate and organized body of teachers in a great university just as much as Law or Medicine.

For what do the leaders in this new movement aim at? They aim at nothing less than the education of the future officers of the mercantile and industrial army; of those who will ultimately, as independent manufacturers and merchants, as members of firms, as directors or managers of companies, have to guide business policy, to make decisions, to run risks, to assume responsibility,

to control men. It is, of course, hard to draw the line between the merely executory and the higher determining functions; and the great majority of business men have to pass through a period of subordination, in which they do little more than carry out the orders of their superiors, before they rise to positions of command. But the distinction in itself is a perfectly clear one; and it is the increasing perception of the distinction by men of affairs which is giving its bent to the new movement. For years past every large American city has had its "commercial college," where tens of thousands of industrious youths of both sexes have acquired the arts of bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting. Many of their pupils have risen to important positions; but this has been the result of their native qualities rather than of the instruction they received. The instruction itself has been adapted only to make them efficient servants of a very subordinate and executory grade —good clerks or bookkeepers, in short. The commercial schools which are dotted all over Germany are governmental institutions, and not simply private enterprises as in America; they have a longer and more systematic course, and a more ambitious programme; but they, also, have hitherto done scarcely more than turn out a vast army of painstaking clerks. Such an army is a valuable possession to a nation; almost as valuable as that other army of competent mechanics which a modern industrial state ought to possess; certainly not more valuable. Clerks and mechanics alike are even less capable than a crowd of privates would be of achieving any large success without efficient officers.

It is the American university which, even before the recent developments to which I shall shortly refer, has most nearly approached the solution of the problem. Let me make it clear at the outset that no educational machinery can possibly be devised which will pick out the altogether exceptional business genius: colleges can do nothing for the boy who begins by sweeping out the office and ends as an industrial magnate. All that the community can do for boys like him is to provide a sensible common-school system, with a sufficient number of evening classes and wisely-stocked public libraries. For an indefinite time to come there are likely to be many opportunities, here and there, for such exceptional boys to make their own way. But most business men—most even of the obviously fairly successful business men—don't begin by sweeping out the office. They come of commercial or professional

stock; their parents can afford to give them the best available education; they need not hurry to "get out into the world." It is people like these for whom our measures of higher commercial education are, in the first instance, intended to provide. And the interesting peculiarity of the United States is this, that business men there, for the last two or three decades, have sent their sons to the universities in far larger number than either in Germany or England. The German universities prepare men chiefly for "the learned professions"—above all for governmental service and the legal career. Hitherto the mercantile classes have kept away; and when, occasionally, a boy is sent to the university who is destined for a business life, it is a common complaint that the university turns him into a jurist. The position of affairs is somewhat more satisfactory in England: the richer manufacturers and merchants are sending their sons to Oxford and Cambridge in increasing numbers—partly because they think the experience will itself be profitable, partly to secure social advantages. But it is still much more unusual for the average fairly prosperous business man to send up his son to college than it is in America.

The differences between the two great English universities on the one side and the dozen or more really considerable American universities on the other are deeply rooted in the history and institutions of the two countries, and no one explanation is at all sufficient. But after four years of service in the University of Toronto (which in many respects resembles an American State University) and nine years in the oldest and largest university of New England, namely Harvard, I am inclined to believe that one reason at any rate why business men in America have been more ready to send their sons to college is to be found in the wider range of interests covered by the instruction and the larger opportunity of selecting studies which stand in some sort of relation to a boy's after-life. Take, for instance, Economics. The very mention of the word reminds one of the astounding contrast between England and America in this one subject alone. Excellent work is being all the time produced by the few serious students of the subject in England, and their works are read with attention in American universities. But as a subject of undergraduate study Economics attracts but a scanty band at Cambridge, and at Oxford it is practically dead. This is not necessarily an indictment against either of these great seats of learn-

ing: the traditions of English education, the trammels of the examination system—these and half a dozen other considerations must all be allowed for. And even if some good fairy could endow both the two old English universities with three or four Professors of Economics each, and bring them in this respect up to the level of Berlin or Harvard, it is to be feared that they might have to wait long before they obtained very big audiences. The English economists of to-day are bearing not only their own sins, but also the much heavier burden of the sins of their predecessors,—their predecessors of the cock-sure period, who, with all their admirable qualities, did manage to set up the backs of the business community, and left them up. I could hardly say that in America Economics is positively popular; but certainly its universities have not to reckon with the atmosphere of dislike and distrust towards the "science" which is so very evident in England. The consequence is that, in all the larger American universities, Economics is read by hundreds of students. At Harvard, for instance, the general introductory course is taken every year by some four hundred and fifty men. A good deal must doubtless be attributed in this case to the shrewd practical sense and the remarkable gifts of exposition which distinguish Professor Taussig. But the feeling prevalent at Harvard certainly exists in several other universities—that a general economic course,—as students have told me again and again,—is "a good thing for a fellow going into business." And the American universities do not stop, as the English are apt to do, at the general course. They always offer a number of special courses on such subjects as Railroad Transportation, Tariffs, Money and Banking. Such courses handle topics which have in the past furnished burning questions to American politics, and may easily produce them again; they necessarily introduce students to some of the larger phenomena of the commercial life of the time; they cannot but appear "practical"; and yet the reasoning they involve gives abundant opportunity for real mental discipline.

And,—this is a further point of importance,—the American student who wants to take two or three economic courses is not shut up to Economics for the rest of his work for the degree, or even to such kindred fields as History on the one side and Philosophy on the other. Under the Harvard elective system to which the other great universities are more and more approximat-

ing, a young man who looks forward to a business career can, if he chooses, combine with his Economics the study of one or more Foreign Languages. He can do even more: he can select a number of courses in physical science, pure or applied; and, if he is going to be a manufacturer, he may be wise to do so. Such a case as that of the man who, taking my course on modern economic history, told me that he was also learning Spanish because he expected to deal with South-American customers, and Chemistry because his father manufactured—I forget what, would be absolutely impossible under the regulations that have hitherto prevailed in English universities. I am no out-and-out admirer of "the elective system"; I am certain it calls for a good deal more safeguarding than it has yet received. But surely for such a young man, the combination, surprising as it may seem, was a wise one. Nor was it necessarily despicable from the point of view of general culture. We in England have, perhaps, aimed too exclusively at general culture, and been content with utility as a by-product. It may be worth while to try the other policy. We may aim at utility; but if we take care to make the training thorough (the proviso is not unnecessary), we may look for no small amount of general culture as a by-product. The man who learns Spanish to sell to Spaniards may use it to read Cervantes; and the man who learns Chemistry to make soap may still be capable of appreciating the Atomic Theory.

Here, then, is one of the reasons why the business world is in closer touch with the university in America than in either England or Germany. It is because much has already been done there for commercial education, in a broad sense. But it may have been observed that what has been done has been largely incidental. The characteristics of the new movement now taking possession of one university after another are, firstly, the conscious and intentional grouping of courses with a direct view to the training of future business men; and, secondly, the supplementing of the instruction already given by courses dealing with aspects of business activity which have hitherto been left outside the range of college studies. It is this second feature which is most interesting; for, without it, there is a certain danger lest the new "Schools" or "Departments" should be only paper improvements—mere permutations and combinations of already existing elements. It is in these new subjects, also, that there is most room for experiment

and most demand for fresh and independent thought. Take, for instance, the subject of Accounting. Obviously a course in the *interpretation* of accounts,—the criticism, for example, of a balance-sheet from the point of view of sound business policy,—may be made a valuable training in commercial common-sense. But it needs the greatest watchfulness at the start to prevent such a course from degenerating into a schoolboy bookkeeping, and thereby failing almost entirely in its object. So, again, it is evident that the economic teaching must necessarily, in one shape or another, come into closer touch with the larger problems of policy confronting business men in the course of their operations —questions, let us say, of capitalization, of extent of operations, of amalgamation, of combination, of reserves, and a score like them. But, thus conceived, the whole study of what may be called Private Economics (in no unworthy sense, for it involves the most far-reaching social consequences), has first to be created, by the collection of material already existing, and still more by the gathering of fresh material from the direct observation of commercial life. This work will require the best brains the universities can procure; and they will have to be well-paid brains, or else, like lawyers, they will be drawn away into practice. But the men who are creating the new university schools, men like Professor Scott, of the University of Wisconsin, and Professor Adams, of the University of Michigan, realize clearly enough the difficulty of the undertaking. One thing is certain: the movement is one to meet a want widely felt by the business community itself; and where, as in the University of Wisconsin, the school is being properly equipped with teachers and has a carefully thought-out programme, it is already drawing scores of boys to college whose fathers would otherwise have put them into the office or workshop at eighteen.

It is surprising, when one turns to Germany, to find to what an extent the movement for higher commercial education has broken away from the universities. Only one of the three important institutions at Leipzig, Frankfort and Cologne, the one, namely, at Leipzig, is closely associated with a university. The institution at Frankfort pursues other objects besides the training of business men. But the Cologne School, the most thoroughgoing experiment of the three, confines itself to the one purpose of commercial education; is entirely independent of other educa-

tional organizations; and intends to be as well equipped and as self-sufficing as any of the great technical colleges of the Continent,—as Charlottenburg or Zürich. That commercial, like technical, colleges should thus set up for themselves has undoubtedly some immediate advantages; but the grave disadvantages are equally apparent. It is far healthier for society when young men, who are going into one particular career, can associate at the most impressionable period of their lives with men going into different pursuits. But the conditions which dominate the universities of Germany do not exist in America, and will not exist in the English provincial universities which the next decade will see established, not in Birmingham only, but in Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds as well.

And now I may be allowed to explain just what we hope to do in Birmingham. The new university expects soon to have all the main subjects of human interest represented among its teachers, and to be able to assist those who may come to it along all the chief avenues of culture. But it does not dream of rivalling the two older English universities in the studies peculiarly associated with them, like Classics, Mathematics, Philosophy and History. It will give its energies, and turn its resources, towards those fields in which they do little, and in which the loss of the amenities of college life is counterbalanced by the advantages derived from a position in the midst of a great industrial population. The Medical School, already not inconsiderable, will doubtless grow. It is as certain as anything can be that the university of Birmingham will be the home of great Engineering, Mining and Metallurgical Schools: for such objects the local authorities will be ready to expend public money, and there is crying need for properly qualified technical experts. The university will seek to provide the schools of the district with scholarly and yet practical Modern Language masters. It will offer to the local authorities of the Midlands, who are about to be intrusted with the control of primary education and a large influence over secondary, the assistance of its Department of Education in the work of coordination, inspection and reform. And, finally, it says to the substantial merchants and manufacturers of central England: "For your sakes we have established a Faculty of Commerce. We have organized a systematic three years' course of training which, we trust and believe, will make your sons better men of

business. We cannot turn fools into wise men; men may have natural ability in abundance and yet not ability for that sort of life; and we cannot guarantee to put 'business sense' into everybody. The homely virtues of perseverance and punctuality we can, indeed, do something indirectly to cultivate. But boys will be boys; and all work makes Jack a dull lad; and we expect our students to get a good deal of wholesome pleasure out of their sports and societies. Nevertheless, the tone of the place will be one of steady work; business problems will be discussed in a business atmosphere; and if fathers will only tell their sons a little about their own affairs, and if the sons will use their eyes and ears in vacation as well as in term-time—we shall do what we can to help them to do so—our students will not be likely to get 'out of touch' with real life. We want you to break away from the old rule-of-thumb traditions, and intrust your sons to us—for a year to begin with, if you don't yet see your way to anything further. But let them come with a good school education to build upon, and be able to pass our Matriculation Examination or some similar test. And when we have got them, we shall bear in mind that 'Commerce' in the Midlands is not simply an importing and exporting business, as at Liverpool, nor one of staple manufacture, as at Manchester. It is an extraordinarily varied range of manufactures and merchandising; and, accordingly, our curriculum will be very elastic, and every student's course of study will to a considerable extent be determined by his prospects or aptitudes. The study of contemporary industrial and mercantile conditions in all parts of the British Empire and in the great rival countries of Europe and America; Accounting from the most elementary bookkeeping to the deepest scrutiny of the most complicated financial statements; Foreign Languages for correspondence, for conversation, and for the unlocking of foreign sources of information; Commercial Law; such Physical Science as may, in any particular case, be practically useful; these and half a dozen other cognate subjects in varying measure enter into our scheme. But the centre of it all will be the courses dealing directly with the practical questions of business policy; and it is our conviction that courses of this nature can actually be constructed which will not only give information,—though this is important enough,—but also train the reasoning powers and strengthen the judgment."

W. J. Ashley.

IS THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY ON THE WANE?

BY SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BT.

In various quarters and in various ways, interest attaches to the question whether the British aristocracy is, as an institution, on the wane.

Thirty or forty years ago, there were hardly two opinions on the subject. Almost everybody believed that "aristocracy" was, as a political if not as a social force, nearly played out. On this point, men of various opinions were substantially agreed; some regretted, some feared, some welcomed the prospect which all alike anticipated. The era of popular government had set in in Great Britain as in other countries; the new many-headed master was to grow and develop, to become more and more conscious of his strength, and at last to use that strength in establishing his supremacy. The rising flood of democracy was to swamp and overwhelm all other authorities than its own. The deluge would sweep all before it. The near future was to bring the disestablishment and spoliation of the Church, it was to see the abolition of the House of Lords, even perhaps of the Throne, though the possibility was conceded that the latter, as a sort of decorative and comparatively inexpensive figure-head of the state, might be suffered to remain at least for a while. Those were the palmy days of Little Englandism, when the principles of Cobden were regarded as part of the appointed order of the universe.

But these prognostications of revolution failed of verification. Reform Act has followed Reform Act, the masses of the people have been enfranchised, a good many Parliaments have been elected on various issues, and all with this sum of results:—the Church stronger than ever and disestablishment removed from the field of practical politics; the House of Lords so powerful as successfully to have withstood, and to have won emphatic

popular approval in withstanding, the principal legislative measure of the strongest Minister of modern times; the Throne visibly and beyond a doubt more deeply rooted in the hearts of the people than at any previous period of our history; and, for the rest, Little Englandism absolutely discredited, Imperialism an accepted creed, and even Cobdenism sensibly weakened.

It would seem, then, that a wholly inaccurate survey was taken in those days of the national situation, present and to come. The root of the error lay in reliance on an analogy which proved to be false. It was thought that the British people, under a given set of circumstances, would behave just as the people of other countries behaved under like circumstances. In particular, the example of France was supposed to have shown that to entrust political power to the masses was like playing with fire in the midst of inflammable materials. The event proved the exact opposite, so far as Great Britain is concerned. The Franchise Acts of 1867-1885 have had as their sequel the maintenance in power of the Tory party for twenty years out of thirty-five. The one statesman who had correctly foreseen the future was Mr. Disraeli, whose knowledge of the British people was deeper than that of most of his contemporaries. He believed that the extension of political power would bring an increase of stability to the state; that not only the Throne but the aristocracy would emerge from the coming ordeal with even enhanced prestige and with renewed vitality. Mr. Disraeli, too, avoided the common error of identifying the aristocracy exclusively with the titled classes. He thoroughly appreciated the position of what has been termed the Squirearchy. From time immemorial, as recent investigation seems to show, the nobility and the gentry have constituted but one class. Sir George Sitwell, in an article recently contributed to the *Ancestor,* which has attracted a considerable amount of attention, has given good reasons for believing that in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there were, to speak broadly, but two classes—the "*nobiles,*" who included the earls, barons, knights, esquires and franklins, and the "*ignobiles,*" or villeins, citizens and burgesses. There was no distinction of blood between noblemen and gentlemen. Their class was one, some members of it being more notable but not more noble than others. In the broader, which is also the proper, sense of the term, the aristocracy includes both its titled and untitled members. The true

definition of a "gentleman," Sir George Sitwell tells us, is a freeman whose ancestors have always been free. "In blood he represents the unconquered tribesman of Germany or Britain, and in name the ancient liberty of Rome." The same writer adds: "Even the most earnest Radical will hardly repress some feeling of respect for the families which clung to freedom, or fought for it, when most of the world was enslaved, nor ever 'bowed their heads for meat in the evil days.'" But, he notes further, "No one whose forefathers have ever been held in bondage can possibly come under the terms of the definition; we are thus driven to the painful but irresistible conclusion that quite twenty-five per cent. of our peers are not 'gentlemen.'"

When, therefore, the question is propounded, whether the British aristocracy is or is not becoming decadent with respect to its position in the country, it should be understood that the scope of the inquiry is not to be narrowed down to the Peerage. The ranks of the titled classes are, indeed, constantly being recruited from those of the untitled aristocracy. This is no new departure. After the old feudal tenures had disappeared centuries ago, there arose the new titled aristocracy created by the Tudors, and endowed principally out of alienated church property. Another epoch at which there was a large influx of "new men" into its ranks—including a certain number of needy Dutch immigrants—was that of William of Orange. Yet a third was inaugurated by the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne. These three periods of political unrest gave birth to that truly wonderful galaxy, the Whig peerage, which evolved an oligarchy composed of a limited number of aristocratic families, united with each other by ties of blood and intermarriage. The Whig supremacy for long periods overshadowed, not only the House of Lords, but also the House of Commons. This state of things, so far from being terminated or modified by the first Reform Act of 1832, received at that time a new lease of life, the ennobled Whigs attracting to their support the political dissenters and the newly enfranchised ten-pound householders of the lower middle class. The Whig domination, except during a few brief intervals, continued to prevail until the results of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Act of 1867 began to make themselves felt at the General Election of 1874. The new democratic suffrage, while it broke the back of Whig ascendency, has ever since belied utterly the forebodings of

those who assumed that it would prove hostile to the old order. The British democracy has steadily, and with ever increasing emphasis, refused to accept irreligious education, to consent to the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, to despoil the Church, to attack the House of Lords, to weaken the Throne, or to tolerate the betrayal of the Empire beyond the seas. The effectual clipping of the wings of the old Whig oligarchy was an automatic result of the extension of the franchise, which ended the practical monopoly of political power enjoyed by a mere section of the peerage, in alliance with a class identified with political Dissent.

But that this by no means implied a general hostility on the part of the masses towards the aristocracy as a whole is evident from the significant facts already cited. Whence, then, arose the idea of the gradual waning of the power of the aristocratic class?

So far as this notion has behind it an element of truth, the phenomenon on which it rests is due to several causes. The aristocracy, titled and untitled alike, is essentially connected with the land, and he who runs may read, in large black letters, what has happened to the land and to agriculture in recent years. Agriculture has suffered from foreign competition; the landed interest has suffered with it. Land is going out of cultivation; agricultural labor is increasingly scarce; the laborers, from these as well as from other causes, flock to the towns; the country districts are partially depopulated. Here, in a nutshell, lies one cause of the lessening of the influence of the territorial aristocracy. Meanwhile, the older aristocracy find themselves jostled by the new power of the plutocracy to a large extent cosmopolitan in its character. Socially, the barriers between ranks and classes have been to a large extent broken down, not only by the irruption of people from other social grades into the ancient preserves of the patricians, but by the entry of the latter into commercial pursuits which in former years were outside their ken. A well-known French diplomat remarked not long ago on the (to him) anomaly of a Peer of the Realm taking part in a debate in the great historic chamber of his order, and within an hour afterwards doffing, as it were, his robes and coronet, and being found "operating" on the floor of the Stock Exchange. It cannot be doubted that this blurring of the old lines of social division has involved a real diminution of aristocratic influence. Education, too, has brought men of various social strata together, and in the

composite mass thus formed the aristocratic element has suffered a process of partial submersion.

A superficial survey might tend, indeed, to enforce this conclusion to an undue extent. In Berlin, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, the man whose name is written in the sacred volume of Gotha is always and everywhere accorded differential treatment, in strict accordance with his rank and status. But in London, and even more in Paris and New York, the greatest territorial magnate or quasi-feudal overlord will, outside the bounds of his own house, find his claims to social consideration subjected to rigid limitations. Thus there really might seem to be some justification for the impression that the patrician order in England has been distinctly lowered, if not buried under a mixed mass of plutocratic and cosmopolitan influences.

The answer is that, while there is a modicum of truth in this view of the matter, it would be a great mistake to suppose that it constitutes anything like the whole truth. In a country such as England, real political power must in the last resort be measured by the number of parliamentary votes which it controls. That territorial influence of the most effective kind actually exists in Great Britain is an undoubted fact. Great land-owners, like the Dukes of Buccleuch and Sutherland, for example, must always wield enormous power within their own domains. Some remarkable details illustrative of the point were forthcoming after the General Election of 1885, memorable as the first election at which the newly-enfranchised agricultural laborers recorded their votes. How much of the old feudal feeling still remained in the country districts was shown by the return to Parliament, even in quite Radical districts, of Conservative landlords well known to and resident among their own people.

These electoral incidents were at the time rightly regarded as furnishing striking testimony to a fact which has since been amply demonstrated, that the masses of the people retain their regard for the lords of the soil, at any rate if and when that regard continues to be deserved.

Nor are these the only signs indicating the same conclusion. In the opinion of many, the Local Government Act of 1888, which established the County Councils, was destined to mark a great diminution in the influence of the territorial aristocracy. But this anticipation, like others of the same kind, has been sig-

nally falsified. Throughout the country, the land-owners have been chosen by their fellow-citizens to take a leading part in the administration of Local Government—an example that has proved so infectious that many of the cities and boroughs have, of late years, for the first time in their annals, insisted on electing Peers to fill the office of Mayor.

Meanwhile, the personal constitution of the House of Commons to this day, as ever in the long and illustrious history of the Mother of Parliaments, points the same moral. A very large proportion of Members of Parliament is still made up of members of old aristocratic families, whose time-honored names are thus continuously identified with the conduct of public affairs.

But what is, perhaps, the most convincing proof of the esteem and respect in which the British aristocracy is deservedly held has still to be adduced. The power of the ancient leaders of the English people may lie dormant, or seemingly dormant, as they abide quietly on their estates, spending their lives apart from the bustle and clamor and self-advertisement of so-called "smart society." But only let critical junctures occur in the national affairs, and then their true position instantly reasserts itself.

A situation such as that which gave rise to the call to arms in the dark days of the December of 1899, affords a fair test of the national characteristics and national feeling. In an instant, it seemed as though the whole complexion of English society had undergone a transformation. The indifferent, the idlers, the cosmopolitan throng, the men and the women immersed in the pursuit of pleasure or of personal gain, were thrust aside into insignificance and oblivion, while into the arena, before the anxious gaze of the whole nation, stepped the long line of men who heard no call save that of duty, who forgot every motto except that of "Queen and Country." What, then, at that supreme moment proved to be the influence, what was the action, of the territorial magnates? It seems almost invidious to make any selection from a roll of great land-owners, many of whom had already given of their bravest and their best to the cause, and who now flung themselves with ardor into the work of raising the various local contingents imperatively required to supplement the regular forces. To quote but a few names of those who have a real and permanent stake in the country, the Duke of Atholl, the Earls of Clarendon, Lonsdale, and Harewood, Lord Galway, Lord Valen-

tia, Sir Savile Crossley, Sir Watkin Wynn spent their days in a sort of house-to-house visitation of their tenantry and their dependants, recruiting, sifting, inspecting, equipping. "*Nobiles*" like the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, Lord Cranborne, Lord Chesham, Lord Dungarvan, Lord Lovat, Colonel Bromley-Davenport almost reproduced before our eyes the old feudal arrangement by which the mediæval lords personally led their own retainers in the field.

The patriotic services thus rendered by the true aristocracy, coupled with the devoted personal self-sacrifice which their class, in comradeship with other classes of the community, showed during the South-African struggle, have done much to knit together the various social strata in fresh and closer bonds of mutual sympathy and respect.

The ranks of the titled classes, as has already been observed, are continually filled with fresh recruits. Time was when distinguished merit or public service did not always constitute a claim to a peerage. Great soldiers and sailors, distinguished statesmen and eminent jurists received the honor; but they had to share it with political partisans, court intriguers and inconvenient members of the House of Commons. Of late years, the system of selection has, to an increasing extent, been based on better principles, and it is not too much to say that promotion to the House of Lords is, in these days, a means of making the Upper Chamber thoroughly representative of all that is best and worthiest in the community. The titled aristocracy has everything to gain by such additions to its numbers as Lord Wolseley, Lord Kelvin, Lord Armstrong, Lord Kitchener, Lord Goschen, Lord Avebury, Lord Strathcona, Lord Rothschild—men who seek to maintain at its highest point the standard of English tradition in all its purity, and who contribute to the national credit their great assets of valor, of intellect, of statesmanship, of culture, of experience, of political and commercial honor; men who, indeed, were by nature and in the strictest sense of the term aristocrats before ever they were formally ennobled by letters patent.

So long as the leaders in the land base their claim to lead on a sense of responsibility incurred and duty to be done, there is little fear that they will find themselves bereft of honor and support.

GEORGE ARTHUR.

SHALL WE REDUCE THE IRON AND STEEL TARIFF?

BY ARCHER BROWN.

HAS the time come for a reduction of the iron and steel tariff? There is good reason to believe that the manufacturer is now ready with his answer and that it is in the affirmative, provided his workmen are also ready. He believes that the sacrifices required from labor would be moderate, and that what would be lost to-day would be amply compensated for, taking the years together, by the greater stability that would be given to the industry through avoidance of the fluctuations which in the past have caused alternating feast and famine. The owner of the American furnace and mill knows the superiority of his labor over that employed by European rivals. He knows that the natural resources of this country provide cheaper and more abundant raw materials than are found elsewhere in the world. He knows that the facilities for assembling these at centres of manufacture are not matched in any country. He even thinks himself more forceful and capable than his European rival in the essential element of business management. He is satisfied that these factors of advantage will warrant him in paying much higher wages than are paid in Europe, without losing his home market or wholly sacrificing foreign trade.

But *how much* higher wages can he pay without the friendly shelter of the tariff wall? Herein lies the whole tariff question, so far as it relates to the American iron and steel industry.

To get the subject properly before us, it is important to know how large is the factor of wages in the cost of steel and iron products; how the wages paid in this country at present compare with those in England and Germany, our leading rivals; what is the relative efficiency of labor on the two sides of the ocean; how

essential an export trade is as a steadying factor in the industry; how far domestic consumption is influenced by high and low prices; what is likely to be the attitude of organized labor to the question of reduced protection; how the problem is affected by the great consolidations of recent years; and how deep and lasting might be the injury to the business by a general agitation of tariff changes.

The present duty on foreign ore is 40 cents a ton; on pig iron $4.00 a ton; on steel rails, $6.72 per net ton; on structural steel, $10 per net ton. Other schedules are in proportion. At this writing, steel rails are $28 at Pittsburg, but only for deliveries late in 1903; No. 2 foundry pig iron averages about $21 a ton in eastern and western markets; structural steel rules at $40, and merchant bars at $35 per ton in Pittsburg and New York.

English pig iron,—Middlesboro No. 3,—is worth about $11.50 at furnaces in the Cleveland District, freight to Atlantic Coast ports averaging $2 a ton. German pig iron, of better quality, brings $14 at Antwerp or Rotterdam, with $2 freight. Foreign brands, therefore, can pay the duty and undersell our home product from Maine to New Orleans, on the eastern seaboard, and, with favorable freight rates, reach well into the interior. For months past, the arrivals of pig iron have averaged 12,000 to 15,000 tons a week. The American demand has been the chief factor in supporting English and German markets.

Foreign steel rails are delivered at both Atlantic and Pacific Coast points, duty paid, at below the parity of Pittsburg price. The same is true of billets, structural steel and many other forms. The importations in this line also are an important feature in supporting European markets at a time of great depression. A recent American visitor to certain steel works on the Rhine and in Belgium was told that practically the entire current product was going on American orders. The total importation of iron and steel this year will approximate 1,000,000 tons, or more than the entire export movement of the year 1900, which so alarmed English and European makers. Under these conditions, the export trade in steel and iron products, except machinery and certain highly finished forms, is practically dead.

The prices of home products above noted are from sixty to eighty per cent. above the low levels of the five years following the panic; and are thirty to forty per cent. above the average of

the past twenty years. They are recognized by all conservative men as too high for the permanent good of the trade. Under their influence wages have been carried to the highest point ever paid in the history of the industry, and demands are now before manufacturers in many parts of the country for still further advances. Labor rightly feels that it is entitled to its share of the fat things that are going. The railroads are not slow to put in their claim for higher rates, to make good the cost of higher wages which they have been called upon to pay. The miners of coal and makers of coke recognize an opportunity to make up for small profits in past years, and so on through the list of items comprised in the cost of the product. We have already advanced our costs, under this cumulative process, an average of forty to fifty per cent., as compared with 1898, and apparently we are not yet through. No great sagacity is required to see the danger in such a situation. Either the new additions to the price structure must come down, or the tariff must be maintained at its full; for, without ample protection, many of our mills and furnaces could not to-day meet the foreign material in our home markets and come out whole. Needless to say, our over-the-sea rivals are rapidly regaining their lost markets, and as rapidly losing their fear of the great American Peril, at least so far as iron and steel are concerned.

It is not the purpose here to discuss the causes of the tremendous American consumption which has so swiftly reversed international conditions. They are familiar enough to intelligent observers—the long pent up demand due to years of financial uncertainty and enforced economy; the great leap forward in all constructive enterprises, with the return of confidence and the accumulation of wealth from the soil and mines; the necessity for the doubling of the capacity of manufacturing plants and for the rebuilding and equipping of our great systems of railroad. It is part of the well-known history of the past, in which periods of depression and elation have alternated, until iron has established its reputation of being either a prince or a pauper. The question is, whether by adjusting our industrial régime to the rest of the world, we may not, with financial heresies and other dangers of the past disposed of, find a safer and more permanent level for national prosperity.

How much of the cost of a ton of pig iron or steel is represented

by wages? The usual figuring of economic writers and government statisticians is misleading. One of the ablest of New York editorial writers recently showed from the census bulletin that of $100 of American manufactures less than $18 represented wages paid. Of a dozen leading industries, the wages item in the highest was 44 per cent.; in two it was 25 per cent.; in one 24 per cent.; in two 22 per cent., and in seven others it ranged from 20 down to 9 per cent. The argument followed that wages have not the important relation to tariff discussion that is sometimes claimed. A complete analysis of the cost of a ton of pig iron will serve to show how superficial is such reasoning. At first glance, the items of cost divide somewhat as follows, assuming the total cost to be $14 at Pittsburg: Ore, $7; coke, $4; limestone and other materials $1; labor, $1.25; repairs, taxes and incidentals, 75 cents. Labor appears to be about 11 per cent. of the whole. But push the analysis further. How much of the cost of the ore profits omitted is labor? All except the royalty of, say 25 cents per ton. How much of the cost of the coke is labor? All except the royalty of 10 cents per ton on coal in the ground. The limestone and supplies similarly dissolve into ninety parts of labor to ten of other items. Even the transportation which enters into the delivered price of raw materials is sixty to seventy per cent. labor. So, if the inquiry be pushed to the limit, it will be found that of the actual cost of a ton of iron (eliminating all profits) everything is resolved into labor except taxes, interest, royalties and insurance. These items aggregate barely five per cent. in some districts and seldom reach ten per cent. anywhere. A complete analysis of the cost of a ton of steel rails or structural material shows practically the same result. When the scale of wages begins ascending, the advance which the foundryman or mill man pays his own men is but an insignificant fraction. But the rate of coal mining goes up perhaps from forty to sixty cents a ton, with a corresponding increase of wages of coke makers. The first cost of fuel is then up fifty per cent. The ore miners and handlers get a like increase; lake transportation is higher; railroad rates are higher; the smaller supplies are affected by the same causes, until presently the whole foundation structure of raw materials is up one half, and prices must be advanced accordingly to the ultimate consumer. This is precisely what we have witnessed in the iron trade in the past twelve months.

How fundamental and far-reaching are the consequences of these rapid changes in the values of a commodity so essential to industrial progress as iron, can with difficulty be realized. It means, for one thing, an increase of fifty per cent in the capital required to carry on the business, and already the note sounded by Mr. Vanderlip at New Orleans warns us that this is felt in the financial world. It means a great enhancement of cost of all construction work into which iron and steel enter—high buildings, ships, railroad equipment and extension; electrical lines; new manufacturing plants, machinery, etc. Sooner or later, new work inevitably slackens because of the cost. Consumption is checked. There is pressure for orders. Prices decline; and they do not have to decline far before they are below the artificially built cost level. Then follows the reaction; the retracing of hasty steps; the enforced reductions; the closing of plants, to start again when labor and transportation make the needed concessions; and, finally, the slow rebuilding of markets from a low level. All this is familiar history; but is it necessary? Is it surprising that, with each recurring episode of the sort, the stable and conservative interests of the trade sternly resolve to prevent abnormal fluctuations in the future?

Having shown how important is the factor of wages in the cost of all iron and steel products, let us try to ascertain how the wages now paid in this country compare with those of our leading rivals across the ocean. I may add, on this head, that the figures which follow are not drawn from statistical reports, whether government or private, but are the result of direct correspondence with large employers of labor in the several countries named. We may begin with coal mining, the foundation of the industry. A man of broad opportunities for information in the several districts writes from the Pocahontas field in West Virginia:

"Good miners can earn and are earning every month, in both the Connellsville and West Virginia regions, from $100 to $150 per month. This in addition to their store accounts, which average $25 a month. The average wages earned by the ordinary miner are about $75 a month, exclusive of store account. The first-mentioned miners are steady and reliable, and put in eight hours work daily. All the operations have a class of miners that only earn from $25 to $40 a month, besides store account. The average wages of mule drivers, track layers, coke pullers, etc., is about $1.50 per day, though coke drawers, paid by the oven, earn as high as $4 a day."

In Great Britain, according to the report from an equally well-informed authority, wages are as follows:

"Coal miners are paid in England on the average six shillings and eight pence per day. Hours, 9 per day from bank to bank. Wales, 7 shillings per day, 9 hours from bank to bank. Scotland, 5 shillings and 6 pence per day, 9 hours from bank to bank."

The report from a mining authority in Charleroi gives Belgian wages as follows:

"Average earnings of miners and '*bourleurs*,' 6 francs; hewers, about 5 francs; drawers, 3½ francs. The working day of miners is limited to 10 hours. Men in other departments of labor work from 11½ to 12 hours."

Turning to Germany, a correspondent in Friedenshuette writes that the average wages of a male workman in Upper Silesia in the year 1901 was for 284 working days as follows: In bituminous coal mining, 1030 marks ($245.14); ore mining, 730 marks ($173.74); in zinc and lead ore mining, 870 marks ($207.06).

A large Luxembourg employer states that in furnace work a melter, working 11 hours, makes 63 cents to $1.10; the so-called *rouleur,* 74 cents; a common workman 63 cents. In the rolling mill, a workman, according to the importance of his task, gets from 81 cents to $1.60 per day. Returning to Scotland, a Glasgow correspondent gives wages of iron moulders in foundries as 9 pence per hour, 51 hours a week, say $9 weekly wage. Puddlers and rollers in rolling mills have the same scale throughout Great Britain—average time per day, 10 hours. Puddlers earn on an average nine shillings ($2.16) a day. Rough steel rollers make from 10 to 15 shillings a day. Iron rollers (a favored class in all countries) earn about 30 shillings a day, out of which a helper is paid. Puddling and rolling is all piecework, as in this country. In Switzerland, there are no mines and but few mills, but many important foundries and engineering works. In these, hours are longer and wages smaller than in similar work in Germany.

Wages in the various branches of iron and steel work in the United States are not uniform, and, being very largely made up on piece-work, are not easy to reduce to uniform day-earnings. The influence of trades unions is often exerted to restrict the output of the best workmen, and the tendency is steadily towards the shortening of hours. The aristocrat of labor, the boss roller in Western mills, makes from $12 to $20 per day, out of which he

pays his helper. Puddlers make, on the Amalgamated scale, at Pittsburg from $6 to $7 per day. In the East, the rate being less, the average wage is about $5. Moulders in foundries seldom make less than $2.75 per day; and a good workman, unrestricted by shop rules, can make $4 per day of eight hours. Machinists get from $2.50 to $6.00 per day, average about $3.75. Blast furnacemen (not counted skilled labor) earn from $1.50 to $2.25 per day, according to grade of work. Common labor rules about the same, whether at the blast furnace, or rolling mill, or foundry. It is seldom paid less than $1.50, nor more than $1.75 per day. In ore-mining, wages differ widely in the several districts, but as four-fifths of the mining is done in the Lake Superior district, the rates there may be said to govern. A good miner seldom makes less than $50 per month, according to the president of one of the largest ore companies; the average is fully $60 per month.

By comparison of above figures, it will be seen that American miners and iron and steel workers receive from two and one-half to three times as much wages as corresponding workmen in Continental countries, and fully double those paid in Great Britain. And it can be added that there is scarcely a mine or shop in the United States in which the question of further wage advances is not up to-day in some form or other; while in Europe, according to latest consular and other reports, the tendency is distinctly downward, owing to general business depression. How much of this tremendous disparity can be made up by the admitted superiority of American labor? A considerable percentage, no doubt; but it would be a rash enthusiast who would put it as high as 50 per cent. If it be said that our superior plant, with its marvels of improved machinery and labor-saving devices, compensates for the great difference still against us, it must be answered that Germany and Great Britain have gone to school to us to some purpose in the past eighteen or twenty-four months, and they too are bringing their plants to the modern standard. They can build blast furnaces and steel works in Great Britain or in Germany to-day at less than half the cost of like works in America. The former prejudice against adopting new methods and new machinery, after American models, has given place to an eager desire to rival us by copying what is best in our engineering. Already there is an advance in furnace and mill practice that affords a marked contrast to what American visitors observed

three and even two years ago. If we are honest with ourselves, therefore, we must admit that the greater efficiency of American labor does not, even when re-enforced by our larger natural resources and our more modern plant, make up the disparity in wages.

It is the judgment of many large manufacturers and students of the trade that we have now come to the parting of the ways. We must either abandon the hope of a world trade in iron and steel, which so inspired public writers after the great export movement of 1900, and devote our energies to our vast domestic trade, or we must reconstruct the whole fabric of cost, made up, as we have shown, of ninety per cent. wages. If the former policy be deemed best, there surely should be no lowering of any tariff schedule. There will be need in some places, perhaps, to raise it, for English pig iron can be laid down at our seaboard cities today at prices which some furnaces can barely meet, buying materials in the market, and paying the further advances in wages and transportation that are pending as these words are written.

It is held by some very practical people that this vast country, with its limitless possibilities of growth, affords a sufficient market for our steel and iron industries, leaving the neutral markets of the world to the countries which do not enjoy "American conditions of labor." It is believed, however, by most of us that a world trade is our manifest destiny, and is a necessity if the long periods of depression experienced in the past are to be avoided in the future. It is obvious that we must sooner or later choose between these alternatives. The awakening of the dormant nations of the world will call for great and increasing quantities of structural material, machinery and the like. The vast sums to be paid for these will go to Europe or to America. Is it not better, in the long run, for our workmen and mill owners that they come here, even at lower profits for masters and more modest wages for men?

Again, experience has proven that domestic consumption cannot long be continued on a large scale on prices far above the normal level. In each decade in the past there have been one or two years of boom, three or four years of normal business, and four or five years of depression. It is probably impossible to avoid the massing of demand in certain years when the most favorable conditions prevail, and to prevent the enhancement of prices that

follows; but it is the universal testimony of makers that these boom years are as demoralizing in their results as the years of low prices and small profits. Steady and normal markets are desired by all. Can we reasonably look for these and maintain a cost basis far above the rest of the world?

It must be recognized, indeed, that it takes something more than argument to bring down wages. Every branch of the iron and steel industry is organized into labor unions. While many of these workmen would welcome lower tariffs on articles which they consume, and while they belong largely to the political party which opposes the protective system, there is no reason to believe that they would look with favor on lowering the labor cost of iron. On the contrary, it is safe to assume that they will resist any and every attempt at wage reductions. These must come, as they have in the past, through the hard process of declining markets, followed by the closing of mills and furnaces, with the consequent idleness and suffering of men. The weapon of strikes so effectually used in rising markets will no longer avail. The manufacturer whose product is costing more than he can get for it will be only too glad to suspend operations until underlying conditions are changed.

Assuming, then, that tariff reductions are desirable but can only be brought about by concessions of wage earners, which concessions we know in advance will not be made, how are we going to deal with the deadlock that is created? One remedy is to make the men partners in the business. Skilled and self-respecting workmen who desire to get ahead should be encouraged to become stockholders in the corporations they serve. There are difficulties in the development of this idea well understood by all large employers of men. Indifference and ingratitude have been encountered in past co-operative experiments that have discouraged the projectors. Overtures are met with suspicion. The most trivial mandate of a trades union is apt to be obeyed, as against wise and liberal plans of employers for improving the condition of workmen and their families. This was painfully demonstrated in the experience of the National Cash Register Co., at Dayton, Ohio, within the past year. But in most of these experiments of profit-sharing and amelioration in the past, the independence of labor, so much prized and exalted, has not been fully guarded. It was proved at Pullman that many employees

would rather walk long distances, and take inferior houses at higher cost, than live in company houses under wholesome restrictive rules. Waiving all paternal regulations and making a partner of the wage earner, to share in the ups and downs of the business, will appeal to American manhood. With fixed wages secure in dull times, and with good wages *plus* dividends in prosperous times, the workman could no longer say that prosperity was for the employer, not for him. Judging from the deposits that are piled up in savings banks at industrial centres, labor could, if it desired, soon become a powerful factor in the ownership and control of great corporations of the country that employ labor. That the companies themselves would welcome such joint ownership, there is the best of reason to believe. Indeed, it can be said that certain powerful interests in the iron and steel industry are at this moment with great care maturing plans in this general direction. Difficulties, of course, will be met, chief among them suspicion as to the motives of the employer. The most regrettable feature in the labor situation to-day is lack of sympathy and understanding between masters and men. And it ought to be remarked here that the fault is not alone with the men. But the difficulties can be overcome by liberality and patience. The men should be given their stock on a basis as low as the most favored banker and promoter. If market slumps afford opportunities for buying in dividend-paying securities on a still lower basis, a way should be found in each corporation for taking such shares off the market, and giving them to loyal and efficient workmen at cost, carrying deferred payments on low interest rates, if need be. It is hard to imagine a strike sentiment gathering force in a mill or factory in which the leading workmen were stockholders.

The clamor heard in certain quarters for reduction of the iron and steel schedules because of the consolidation of great interests, is based on a very poor knowledge of the facts. It is safe to say that, unless better reasons exist, the tariff will stand for a long time. There is no semblance of monopoly in any important branch of the trade. Competition is as free and unrestricted as it was before the era of consolidations. The United States Steel Corporation controls vast quantities of raw materials which are of great and increasing value, but it has no monopoly of these. Its rivals, in proportion to their size, are nearly as well provided, and there is an abundance of good coking coal and Bessemer ores

left for new enterprises which may yet be formed. The influence of the Steel Corporation, as every one knows, has been exerted not to force prices up, but rather to hold them down. This has been a steadying factor in a market in which demand has been largely in excess of supply. It may prove, when the lean years come again, that the great consolidations will be better fortified than the smaller companies, and overwhelm them. But there are two sides to that question. It may also prove that the minor companies, managed by their owners, well supplied with raw materials, with small capitalization and light fixed charges, and with modern well-equipped plants, will weather storms as well as the huge craft. At any rate competition is and will remain as free in iron as in groceries or grain.

The only monopoly in iron and steel manufacture (or any other manufacture) that can thrive in this country is the kind referred to in the late lamented Thomas B. Reed's article on the tariff in the December number of the REVIEW. It is that based upon the ability to produce cheaper and sell cheaper than any other maker. For the real thing in monopoly we must go to Germany, where close syndicates control prices in nearly every branch of the trade. By these tight arrangements home prices are held at agreed levels, and a fund created to pay a liberal bonus to members who export the surplus. Thus the exporter of German pig iron now coming to our shores gets two to three dollars a ton from the syndicate treasury. Like arrangements govern the export of steel. The threatened dissolution of one of these syndicates recently had a notably depressing effect upon iron shares on the Berlin Bourse. It is too early yet to judge what the effect of the large consolidations will be upon our markets, when conditions again become reactionary, but so far it has been beneficial to both producer and consumer.

The injurious consequences of tariff agitation upon general business need not be recalled to those who have memories. And this is a factor that can not be overlooked in the discussion. Capital dreads uncertainty almost as much as war. The question, once well opened up in Congress and the public press, must be debated from one end of the land to the other. The "Iowa idea" and the "Connecticut idea" will come into keen conflict. The manufacturer of knit goods and cheap jewelry in the East who wants to drive the French maker out, will be in direct antagonism

to the Chicago manufacturer of harvesters, who wants to push his machines into France and Germany. Congress will be a storm centre for many weary months, if no means can be devised for taking the question out of politics. That business would languish while this fight was in progress, and for some time after, no one doubts. It is this which gives weight to the advice of Republican leaders to let well enough alone. It is for this reason that the business world takes kindly to the President's suggestion of a Tariff Commission with large powers.

To sum up: American iron and steel makers want a broad stable market. A world market, including the home market, is better than the home market alone. Moderate prices are necessary to secure and hold export trade. Moderate prices tend to increase domestic consumption. Extreme fluctuations tend to restrict it. Moderate prices depend on low cost of manufacture. In iron and steel, wages are over ninety per cent. of the cost. We are now paying nearly three times the wages of our largest and most vigorous rival, and about double the wages of our next strongest competitor. Further wage advances are asked and expected. Our labor is better, our natural advantage greater, but neither is invincible. We have already lost our foreign trade in the leading forms of iron manufacture. We can not long retain the other forms under present conditions. Our largest export manufacturers are already planning to build plants abroad to secure cheaper labor and materials wherewith to hold their trade. American labor is entitled to and will always get the best pay in the world. But there are limits. These limits are properly set, not by a tariff wall, but by the greater productive energy of our labor and the greater abundance of our raw materials. While the tariff has been necessary to develop those resources, high schedules are no longer needed by the manufacturer. They tend to create booms and prolong depressions. American labor will fare better if wages do not rise so high nor descend so low. Tariff agitation disturbs business. Business is now at high tide. The iron and steel schedules should be cut in two, but by a graduated scale, to avoid shock. Otherwise history will repeat itself. The structure will be overloaded and break.

ARCHER BROWN.

GREATER GERMANY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

NEARLY two years have passed since the present Secretary of War declared that the hour was coming when the American people would be forced either to abandon the Monroe Doctrine or to fight for it, adding as an expression of personal opinion that we should never abandon it. This statement, emphasized as it was by a vigorous speech from Senator Lodge pointing more specifically to the development of German colonies as a possible menace to the integrity of Brazil, and consequently as an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, created, as will be remembered, widespread excitement at the time. Such discussion as followed in the press and in Congress did not go very deep. The profuse protestations which came from Berlin were, as a matter of fact, gladly accepted in Washington, and the question was relegated to the limbo of oblivion.

But to-day—with Baron von Treutler, the German Minister to Brazil, making a tour of the southern provinces, and addressing the German colonists in speeches which the Rio press pronounces to be "impregnated with patriotism and love of the Fatherland across the seas;" with the appearance of a German squadron to be stationed permanently in Caribbean and South-Atlantic waters; with the announcement that the Hansa merchants have completed their commercial conquest of the country by the purchase of all the ships of the Brazilian Lloyd—the time is ripe for a survey of this little known part of the globe, in which our interest is little but our responsibilities are great. That Brazil is alarmed, as it was not at the time of Senator Lodge's speech, is shown by the statements which were made on October 15th in the Rio Congress, not by a sensationalist, but by a man who is regarded as a conservative in his sphere of political activity, Senhor Barbosa

Lima. After relating the history of the German immigration to Brazil, and commenting upon the most striking features of the commercial and financial supremacy which they exercise throughout the country, he thus summed up the situation:

(1) That the southern states of Brazil are being slowly but surely denationalized;

(2) That the Italians of the province of San Pablo are becoming Brazilians and adopting the Portuguese language, while the Germans everywhere cling to their nationality and language;

(3) That Germans born in the southern states, though Brazilians by law, consider Germany as their Fatherland, and celebrate with great fervor all the German national festivals and anniversaries.

Conditions of life, politically as well as economically speaking, have changed vastly in South America during the past fifty years. Indeed, everything has changed in the Spanish-American republics except our responsibility under the fiat of President Monroe, which has served not only as the palladium of their liberties but, unfortunately, as a shield to some of the most disreputable sharp practice known in diplomatic history. It is undeniable that these changes in South-American conditions have tended to increase our responsibilities a thousand fold.

A glance at the map of this spacious land for which we stand as sponsors will prove a revelation to many. Colonies of Europeans and even of Asiatics—for the Japanese are coming, apparently to stay in Argentina—are springing up in almost every quarter of the empty continent. Lost in the vast extent of the South-American states, these colonists are in a measure governing themselves by laws of their own making, and avoiding as far as possible contact with the customs and the manners of their South-American rulers. That the European colonists come for the most part of races more efficient socially than the South Americans, that they are increasing rapidly in numbers and in wealth, that they bring with them a sense of superiority and show an inclination to maintain their liberties and defend their rights, are considerations upon which we might well bestow more than a passing glance. These altered conditions are fast creating a situation which will have to be resolved. South America in this new guise presents a problem in which, by the automatic working of the Monroe Doctrine, we may any day become seriously involved.

Every day, incidents are occurring in the southern provinces of Brazil, in Venezuela, as well as in other South-American countries, which might serve any time as a pretext for European intervention, and a flagrant breach of international law might at any moment compel us to intervene.

Upon the facts as they are known to-day, we cannot absolve Germany of a desire, almost a determination, to realize her dreams of transmarine empire, and in Southern Brazil conditions are more favorable to the growth of a Greater Germany beyond the seas than in any other quarter of the globe. No one can examine into the status of the German colonies in Southern Brazil, or weigh our responsibilities under that interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine to which Senator Lodge and Mr. Root incline, without being impressed by the conviction that, unless the Monroe Doctrine is abandoned or the German colonies fail of attaining all that they at present promise, we will soon be confronted by a situation that may have an extremely disturbing influence upon our foreign relations.

The immigration of Germans to South Brazil, although in progress for half a century, has hitherto passed almost entirely unnoticed. The eye of the press, whether English, Continental, or American, is not accustomed to rest with frequency upon the continent to the south of us, and the health of Queen Nancy Tucker of Ashanti could always command more space in the newspapers than this wonderful movement which may revolutionize a vast American republic. Africa has been the fashion in the editorial sanctum, as well as in the various Foreign Offices, and to-day Asia is in vogue; but the time has come when some attention may profitably be paid to the transformations of which South America is the scene. We cannot be expected, however, to take a greater interest in their affairs than the South Americans themselves, and it is hardly more than two years since Brazil awoke to the fact that the German colonies, which had been founded for the most part at the expense of the Rio Government, were assuming such proportions as to constitute a danger to Brazilian supremacy. The South-American republics are, indeed, for the most part so extensive, and the difficulties of travel so great, that the politicians of the capitals are but little in touch with the out-lying provinces.

An amusing instance of this ignorance was recently furnished,

when the railroad which the Argentine Government is pushing through Patagonia to Punta Arenas reached the Chubut valley, and there discovered a population of some thirty thousand Welshmen, of whose existence the officials in Buenos Ayres were unaware. These Welsh colonies had grown up in the course of the last twenty years; Welsh was spoken, and the colonists, it would seem, had not the most remote idea that the territory they occupied belonged to the Argentine, until the tax-collectors arrived by the first through train on the new railway. The Welshmen proved equal to the occasion, and immediately despatched as Ambassador to London, with plenary powers, a Mr. Evans, who was authorized to offer the territory to Her Britannic Majesty as a Crown Colony with a local legislature. Mr. Evans arrived in London at an inopportune moment, and his mission apparently attracted attention only in the comic papers, with the result that the Welshmen of Patagonia are paying taxes to the Argentine to-day.

When the danger from the growing numbers and power of the German colonists was recognized, the Rio Government ceased assisting German immigrants, and turned the attention of their agents to enlisting Italians and Spaniards, who, it was thought, would be more easily assimilated with the native population; but the Germans remain and increase amazingly both in numbers and in worldly goods. One of the factors in the situation is, that what we call native Brazilians are a heterogeneous population, with very materialistic views. They seem less animated by the sentiments which we group together under the word "patriotism" than even the Chinese. Indeed, with the Chinese, hatred of the foreign devils might pass muster as love of country; whereas the native Brazilian regards the foreigner who comes to his shores as a very superior being, and, comparatively speaking, this appreciation is apt to be correct. The wealthy and educated Brazilian who visits the European universities and spends his time in Paris (when coffee is fetching a good price), is a thorough citizen of the world. To one of these gentlemen I am indebted for a plan, which, he writes, is generally approved by the planter and commercial classes of his country as offering the only solution of the Brazilian question, and furnishing the only hope that the vast resources of his immense country will ever be developed. This plan is nothing more or less than a

division of his country among the Powers, who, he takes it for granted, are interested financially and politically in its development. "We would all," he writes, "like to see the northern states, Manoas, Amazonas and Pará, pass under the protection of the United States. In the last ten years, millions upon millions of American capital have been invested in these countries. It will never be made to pay until a stable and honest government is provided. We should like to see the country, from Pernambuco to Rio, pass under the control of Great Britain, San Paolo under that of Italy—the population is certainly more than half Italian —and South Brazil under Germany."

The German colonial movement, so generally recognized today as a powerful factor in world politics, can be justly ascribed to the personal initiative of a few Hansa merchants. These *Kolonial-menschen* were made much fun of. Even Bismarck cracked jokes at their expense. It was in this connection that he made his famous statement in regard to over-sea colonies; that he would not give the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier for them all. Some years later, I heard him speak in the Reichstag, and he evidently regarded the movement then as far too serious for jesting. Still he protested: "*Ich bin vom Hause aus kein Kolonial-mensch.*" But before his fall, and long before his death, he became convinced that it was of vital importance for Germany to build up transmarine empire, and to pre-empt as far as possible the markets which were still open.

These great merchants of the Hansa cities were inspired by dreams of commercial expansion, some of which have been realized. Still, the movement would never have become a popular one, had not the necessity been seen of diverting from alien lands the great flood of German emigration which, in the early eighties, was fecundating the farthest reaches of the world with a healthy, industrious and altogether desirable population. From 1832 to 1892, 3,000,000 emigrants passed out of the Fatherland through the portals of Bremen. During the same period, 2,000,000 emigrants left by the way of Hamburg. Of emigration through the lesser ports there are no available figures, but the total must have been considerable. In the year 1881 alone, more than 280,000 emigrants left Germany, the great majority settling in the United States. It was the spectacle of this migration by masses that quickened public opinion, and

made it possible for the Government to adopt the energetic and costly colonial policy which Germany has followed undeviatingly down to the present day. It was at this time that the two colonial societies were formed which were amalgamated in Berlin in 1887. This Colonial Gesellschaft is presided over by the Duke of Mecklenburg to whom it was that in 1889 the Emperor addressed a letter so warmly appreciative of the work of the society as to stamp the head of the House of Hohenzollern, if proof were needed, as an ardent believer in the colonial movement. This society now numbers 35,000 members, each of whom pays three dollars a year in dues. The society publishes the *Kolonial Zeitung,* a weekly with 40,000 subscribers, and maintains a permanent Museum of the Colonies in Berlin. It has also promoted a tropical proving ground or *jardin d'essai* in Hamburg, and a school of colonial agriculture in Wilhelmshof, besides founding in many of the colleges chairs for the propagation of colonial knowledge and languages.

The results of the colonial movement have been many and various; there is, however, always one unfailing result, a deficit in the colonial budget. The colonies have never been remunerative, and last year they cost the empire 28,000,000 marks. In return much undesirable real estate has been acquired. Twenty years ago, Germany did not possess an acre of land outside of Europe. To-day, the German colonial flag flies over two million and a half square kilometres of new land, inhabited by 16,000,000 people. In these figures I do not include, of course, the colonies in Brazil or in Palestine, but only the state colonies at present under the flag.

It is often said that the Germans have not been very happy in their colonial selection; but it should be remembered that, before they appeared on the scene as a colonial power, almost all the desirable portions of the temperate zones had been pre-empted by their Anglo-Saxon cousins. It is a curious commentary on the German system of colonization, that, with the possible exception of Shantung, German colonists have succeeded in attaining any measure of prosperity only where state aid has been withdrawn, or, better still, where it has never been extended to them. A careful survey of the field to-day discloses the fact, that, not taking into consideration great political changes—such as the incorporation of Holland and her colonies with the German

Empire, or the partition of China—the best field, perhaps the only field, for the upbuilding of a Greater Germany beyond the sea is furnished by the sparsely settled provinces of Southern Brazil. Of the promising beginnings which have been made in this quarter, an enthusiastic German traveller, Dr. Hermann Leyser, who has recently published a book about Santa Catharina, says:

"Nowhere are our colonies, those loyal offshoots from the mother-root, so promising as here. To-day, in these provinces, over thirty per cent. of the inhabitants are Germans or of German descent, and the ratio of their natural increase far exceeds that of the Portuguese. Surely to us belongs the future of this part of the world, and the key to it all is Santa Catharina, stretching from the harbor of Sao Francisco far into the interior, with its hitherto undeveloped, hardly suspected wealth. Here, indeed, in Southern Brazil, is a rich and healthy land, where the German emigrant may retain his nationality, where for all that is comprised in the word '*Germanismus*' a glorious future smiles."

The hue and cry that was raised by the South-American press two years ago, when the United States gunboat "Wilmington" sailed up the Amazon and made a survey of the river for a few hundred miles above Manoas, has only quite recently died away. This cruise, which seemed at the time such an innocent matter to us, certainly gave grave offence to our South-American cousins. It may be, as is rumored, that from this incident date a series of secret treaties between the Powers of central South America which are directed in an almost hostile sense against us, and what we may justly regard as the legitimate expansion of our commercial interests. Whether the story of secret treaties be true or not, it is certain that for the last two years South-American statesmen have been very sensitive to our activity, even when confined undeniably to the walks of trade and commerce. I do not wish to unduly alarm the Rio statesmen, vigilance is far from pleasant in a land where it is always afternoon; but they would be better and more profitably employed if they kept their eyes upon the many German exploring expeditions which are constantly traversing the southern provinces of the vast republic. The information and the scientific data acquired by our "Wilmington" expedition was published broadcast to the world within a month after the return of the gunboat to our waters, but the Germans say little, publish nothing, and accomplish much. It

is also an interesting fact that these expeditions are fitted out and financed almost entirely by the great commercial houses of the Hansa cities. These are the men who have always stood for the forward colonial policy in other parts of the world. To New Guinea and many parts of Africa they sent out a series of so-called scientific expeditions; and, when they found or thought they found conditions favorable to profitable commercial ventures, they have always succeeded in having the Imperial flag placed over the scene of their enterprise.

For the last three years, Dr. Karl von den Steinens has been engaged, under the patronage of the Hansa merchants, in making a series of explorations announced to be of a mixed scientific and commercial character. In this period he has, with German thoroughness, travelled over the whole western hinterland of Matto Grosso and Amazonas. The reported results are meagre, but they cannot be unsatisfactory, otherwise these costly explorations of the copper and the rubber country would be discontinued. The Rio Grande Northwestern railway, a pioneer railway if there ever was one, is being pushed on in the trail of these exploring parties, and another and a larger expedition is announced as about to set out under the same leadership for the Maranhao country, the last home of the vanishing Bugres. The activity of Dr. von den Steinens would bear watching even if it were isolated; but, when taken in connection with other expeditions under the same patronage and with similar aims in view, it compels attention. In 1900, Dr. Herman Meyer, certainly one of the most outspoken pioneers of Greater Germany in South America, reached the top of the Sierra Azul after traversing the Xingu country, and returned to Porto Allegre with the first map of the Ranuro province. A few months ago, Dr. Lanberg returned from a year's exploration in Amazonas, a journey which extended to the very borders of Peru. The spirit in which Dr. Meyer and his colleagues visit these unofficial colonies of their Fatherland, and explore the adjacent countries which give promise of being so rich in those products the world most needs to-day, is not concealed in a statement that Dr. Meyer publishes in a recent number of the "*Kolonial Zeitschrift.*" He writes: "The German spirit is ineradicably grounded in the hearts of these colonists and it will undoubtedly bear fruit, perhaps a rich harvest which will not only prove a blessing to the colonies but to the Fatherland."

While the number of immigrants from the Fatherland is decreasing, the natural increase of the population in the established colonies is something almost fabulous. Blumenau, one of the original colonies, more than doubles itself every ten years, and has now attained the very respectable population, for a town, of 45,000 souls. It carries on considerable commerce with Germany, one item of which is 8,000,000 marks' worth of cigarettes yearly, without mentioning the value of the leaf tobacco exported. In none of these colonies do the Germans seem to be greatly isolated. As in America, so in Brazil, the Germans do not appear as a pioneer population. They leave frontier work to the Poles who, in the highlands of Lucena, are subject to attack and are often massacred by the Bugres. The Germans live for the most part on their prosperous *parcerias* adjacent to towns, or upon cattle ranches, and rarely fail to raise families of from ten to fifteen children. They subsist upon a wholesome diet of black beans, flour of manioc and Xarque, jerked beef dried in the sun; but now luxuries which may tend to decrease the patriarchal size of families are appearing on the primeval scene. I find in a recent number of the *Kolonial Zeitung* the following enthusiastic announcement. "When in 1898 I visited Hansa in Santa Catharina, I had to quench my thirst with draughts of crystal water. Now three varieties of excellent beer, brewed on the spot, are at the traveller's disposal."

In view of these facts, which are frequently emphasized by gross exaggerations of the situation, it is not surprising that the Rio statesmen should view with ever increasing anxiety the course of events in the southern states of the great federal republic. It is clear that the danger does not spring entirely from the increase of the German population and their prosperity, but is enhanced by the undeniable power of assimilation which they exercise over their neighbors, whether they be members of the Polish, Roumanian, or even Italian and Portuguese communities by which they are surrounded. To offset this general rule, there are one or two notable exceptions. It is pointed out that Felipe Schmitt, the Governor of Rio Grande, though the grandson of a German immigrant, can hardly speak German, and that Lauro Muller, who represents this state in the federal Senate, is absolutely ignorant of the language of his parents. The danger of the situation was well summed up in a speech delivered only a few

months ago by Dr. Murtinho, the most eminent publicist in Brazil, who has at various times held almost every office in the gift of the Rio Government. In his speech, which has been widely circulated and has caused a profound sensation, he calls upon his fellow-countrymen to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of their threatened nationality. He dwells upon the great danger they run of denationalization, admitting frankly that the native-born population is neither numerically nor intellectually capable of assimilating the large number of emigrants of a superior race that are pouring in upon the shores of Brazil.

Such, then, in slight outline, is the story of German expansion in South America. It has taken place without the assistance of the Berlin Government, and indeed until 1896 greater obstacles were placed by the German authorities in the way of those who wished to emigrate to Brazil than to those proposing to emigrate to other countries, though, of course, this is changed now. By a conservative estimate, the German inhabitants of "Greater Germany" do not number more than four hundred thousand, and many of these so-called Germans are really Swiss, Austrians and Poles. Certainly, it does not seem a very alarming picture, especially when we recall the fact that the Rio Grande of the South and the Bay of Sao Francisco, upon which the German colonies are settled, are twice as distant from our shores as are the banks of the Elbe and the Weser from which they come. And, indeed, were it not for the possible, in fact almost inevitable, complications to which we are exposed under the Monroe Doctrine, we could afford to view the growth of these prosperous and well-regulated colonies with equanimity if not with approval.

I cannot but add that I have never met an Englishman, a European, or an American domiciled in South America who regarded the pacific development of Germany in South Brazil with feelings of hostility. To many, as to myself, these well-ordered, prosperous communities have always appeared pregnant with hope for the future of the neglected continent, as oases of activity and industry in a dreary desert of intrigue and corruption that stretches almost without interruption or exception from Panama to Cape Horn.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

LORD CURZON'S SERVICES TO INDIA.

BY ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE Viceroy of India is responsible for the welfare of nearly 295,000,000 of mankind. Of these, 231,000,000 live in the British Provinces; the rest are subjects of the Feudatory States. The British Provinces are under the immediate control of Governors, Lieutenant-Governors and Chief Commissioners; but each Province is subordinate to the Government of India. To assist the Viceroy in his gigantic task, there are five members of the Council of India. One presides over the departments known as the Home Department and the Department of Revenue and Agriculture. Another holds the portfolio of Finance and Commerce. The third controls the Military Department and transacts all business connected with the Administration of the Army. The fourth watches over the Public Works Department and is concerned with Railways, Irrigation, Roads, Buildings and Telegraphs; and the fifth, commonly known as the Legal Member, devotes himself to Legislation and to the business of the various Legislative Councils. All cases of importance are submitted by the various departments to the Viceroy, and for good and for evil he is held responsible. But for external politics, for relations with frontier tribes, and for relations with the Native States and Feudatories within India, involving the well-being of over 63,000,000 of Indians, there is no Member of Council, and the Viceroy himself directs and controls what is known as the Foreign Department of the Government of India.

Now, there are two methods of discharging the duties of the Viceroyalty of India. The first is the easier, the more prudent, and perhaps the more common; and it consists in allowing each department to do its own work, while the Viceroy confines himself to his special business of Foreign Minister. This pruden(

method affects circles beyond the headquarters of the Government of India; and the distant Governors of Bombay and Madras, the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, and the three satraps of Bengal, of Agra and Oudh, and of the Punjab, applaud with a sigh of relief the wise discretion of their nominal chief in this safe and almost constitutional choice. But the 295,000,000 of mankind in India are not reasonable people. They, too, have their traditions; and the chief of their traditions is a belief in a personal ruler, and a deep-rooted hatred and contempt for impersonal government. Nothing is more striking and pathetic than the attachment of the Indians to the memory of the great Queen Mother, and their reverence and love for her Emperor son. But they require in the Emperor's representative a living visible man, coming down to them from the clouds of the Himalayas, and emerging from his closely guarded palace in Calcutta, to be seen, to be heard, and to be known—a man and not a system.

Thus it was in the great days of the Moguls; so it is to-day in the Native States. There, to the people, the State is the Raja; and to-day in British India, after just four years of intense activity and almost superhuman strain, Lord Curzon is the Government, and the living representative of the King-Emperor.

It will be of interest to examine the steps by which Lord Curzon has won this wonderful and almost unique ascendancy over the people of India. He came out to the great Dependency only four years ago, a young man practically untrained in real administration. True, he brought with him a valuable knowledge of the countries which lie on the long marches of the Indian frontier; but, to quote only two instances, he knew nothing of the problems of the land-revenue system of India, nor of the complex questions of the Native States. The older bureaucrats smiled when they heard of the appointment of a young Viceroy: "he would be enfiladed with files in three months," and would tread smoothly the primrose path of urbane officialdom. But they were mistaken. By dint of extraordinary industry, by painful study of the piles of papers which were flung at him, and by mastering the facts of each case, this resolute Viceroy soon showed the wise men of Simla that he could buffet bravely through the choppy waves of the red-tape rapids. And then, as he paused, he began to examine, and even to criticize. It is said that he had the temerity to suggest that the departmental system was too

departmental, and he likened the protagonists to men who played tennis or ping-pong, playing the game and keeping up the rally, but oblivious of the human interests which depended on a speedy decision and delivery. These and other heresies did he utter, and Simla frowned. And the frown grew deeper as reform followed reform. There was reform in office routine which the experienced official stoutly declared would lead to an increase in work. Strange to say, experience was wrong, and to-day the clerks and under-secretaries are grateful for the relief. Next, it struck this busy, ubiquitous Viceroy that it was good that the District Officer, or Préfet, should be allowed to stay in his District sufficiently long to allow of a nodding acquaintance with the people over whom he ruled. There were difficulties, but Lord Curzon overcame them. He had too few English Préfets to go round, and he meant to make the most of them. In two years a good English officer begins to know his people, in his third year he is a power.

In the summer, when the heat in the plains is too intense for hard continuous work, the Viceroy and his Government seek the cool air of Simla, perched high up in the Himalayas; and with the annual growls of the men in the plains against the costly exodus to the Hills, Lord Curzon somewhat reluctantly sought his mountain home. He said something about Simla being his workshop, and the hill pheasants, as the official *habitués* of the Himalayan capital are called, smiled. But it was true, as those knew who saw the lonely light in the Castle room where the Viceroy sat working, while the pleasure-loving Capuans were whirling home long after midnight from their revels.

There was famine in the land—one famine following another. What must this restless Viceroy do but post off from pleasant Simla to the heat of the plains and to the cholera-stricken famine camps. As he reached the first camp down came the rain, and the superstitious Indians drew their own conclusions.

Having seen and sympathized with the patient, long-suffering famine folk, he must needs visit all the plague camps, and he quickly formed the opinion that the well-meant efforts to stay the pestilence were useless, and that the less we interfered with the people the better.

It was all so novel and so undepartmental. Simla frowned and shrugged shoulders, and said it would not last. But it has lasted;

and now, at the beginning of his fifth and last lap, here is this Viceroy running as pluckily and as freshly as when he started.

But while the older bureaucrats in the Hills were raising their hands in deprecation, the men in the plains and the men at the ports clearly recognized the genius, industry, and grit of this unusual man.

It is known to those who have studied Indian affairs and know the people of India that the year 1899 opened under the most unpromising omens. There had been famine and plague, sinister conflicts between Hindus and Mussulmans which the wise read as a veiled revolution against Government; there had been costly and detrimental wars on the Northwest frontier. Officials were worn out, worked to death, and often despairing. The tragic assassinations in Poona set men brooding, and when in 1899 famine again stalked through the land and plague made another spring, a man of triple courage and energy was wanted and was found. The omens were bad, and the bazars were talking bad talk, and to the ordinary man it would have seemed folly to deplete the British garrison in India. But the call came, and Natal was saved by the prompt arrival of British troops from India. Lord Curzon trusted the people, and they nobly deserved his great and simple trust. But he only gave what he had earned. He earned their trust when he won their sympathy. It is the little things that count, even in big India. One of his peculiarities was his love of going personally into positions presented by all sorts and conditions of people. A dismissed servant of Government will always appeal to the Viceroy for mercy. In ninety cases out of a hundred, his dismissal is right; but the Viceroy has a kind of genius for detecting the ten cases where mercy might be shown. His zeal was troublesome to the overworked departments, and there were many wise and loyal friends who urged him not to overtax his powers and to let such small things be. But he would not. And so it went through India that the great Lord Sahib looked into all things, and that the old Mogul system was revived and the hall of public audience reopened.

It is very hard for those who have never seen the horrors of famine and plague in India to realize what it means to the people. These gentle, home-loving people, suddenly hurled from easy, happy prosperity into sordid, starving want, work patiently at their tasks in the famine camp. And in the plague camp there

is the same despair at the loss of the home and the disruption of the family. In spite of efforts and self-sacrifice, often ending in death on the part of the English famine and plague officers, there were suffering and misery, and these breed discontent. Then the troops depart to South Africa; and, later, the garrison is more seriously weakened by the despatch of an army to China. Anxiety increases; and, just as the sky is brightening, there comes the news to India that the good Queen is dead. "Let Government look to itself," say the prophets and the pundits; "it was love and reverence for the Queen that kept us quiet in our misery." Like a beaver, the quick Viceroy is repairing the dam before the water has begun to ooze. He is occupying the minds of nearly 300,000,000 human beings with memories of that wise and loving Queen Mother, and he has pointed their eyes to a Memorial which will one day rise as witness of India's love. And no sooner have the hundreds of thousands who mournfully paraded the great plain of Calcutta to testify to their sorrow melted away, than the Viceroy sits down to think how quickly and how thoroughly he may show to India that the King Emperor is but a re-incarnation of the lost Queen Empress. The busy brain was at work, and the far-seeing eye looks over a space of two years to a splendid pageant at Delhi, when all India shall know and rejoice in the pomp of the coming of the new King Emperor.

It would be wearisome to recount the reforms which Lord Curzon, in his almost boyish energy, has taken in hand. His twelve reforms were the subject of much speculation; for the most part, they have passed into the region of realization, but if one studies the Gazettes and published State Papers of India, from January, 1899, to January, 1903, one might multiply the twelve by ten, and even then the list of the Curzon reforms would not be exhausted. Not the reforms of a faddist or a dreamy student, but simple practical reforms such as a good man of business in America or England would introduce, if his well-being depended on the business. This Viceroy sees the points of the game and never loses sight of them. What the points are can be learned by a very casual reading of Lord Curzon's speeches.

He lands in Bombay on a sunny December morning in 1898, and is most kindly greeted by the citizens of that most beautiful city. He comes at once to his point. He believes that:

"loyalty, of which you speak, to the person and the throne of the Queen

Empress to be as widespread as it is profound and sincere. In my eyes it is, more than any other factor, the bond which holds together in harmonious union the diverse races and creeds of this country, and which secures to them the blessings of internal peace and tranquillity; and, during my stay in India, I shall spare no effort, so far as in me lies, to fortify, to diffuse, and to encourage that feeling."

But it was to be no lip-loyalty, but real loyalty, that he demanded and secured. In the same speech he said that "to hold the scales even" would be a good motto for a Viceroy.

"For with what a mosaic of nationalities and interests he is confronted; with his own countrymen, few in number, and scattered far and wide under a trying climate in a foreign land, and with the manifold races and beliefs, so composite and yet so divergent, of the indigenous population, in its swarming and ever-multiplying millions. To hold the scales even under such conditions is a task that calls indeed for supple fingers and for nerves of steel."

The British garrison in India is, on the whole, a marvel of good conduct and patience, when we consider the awful climate and the dreariness of the soldier's life. Maddened by the heat of the stifling night, the soldier raises his fist against the Indian who should be pulling the punkah, or, ignorant of the language, and still more ignorant of the customs and prejudices of the "Moors," he does something which brings the people of the village buzzing around him like hornets. Then Thomas Atkins lashes out, and too often a life is taken. New rules were made, and strict orders issued and enforced to prevent these lamentable collisions between the soldiers and the Indians. It was a subject of sufficient importance to call for mention at the Budget Debate, and Lord Curzon said:

"Our one desire is to draw closer the bonds of friendly feeling that should unite the two races whom Providence has placed side by side in this country; and I venture to assert that no higher motive could inspire any body of men who are charged with the terribly responsible task of Indian administration."

Quite admirable, but we admire more the practical and prophylactic Proconsul who, talking at an Army Temperance Meeting, says:

"There is no subject in which I have taken greater interest, since I have been in India, than in that of the improved ventilation and lighting of barracks. . . . I look forward to the time, and am doing my best to hurry it on, when every barrack in India shall be lighted by elec-

tricity, and when the punkahs shall be pulled by the same motive power; and I believe that if this scheme were to cost half a crore of rupees or more, it would be money well laid out in the improved health and contentment of the men, and in the diminution of one of the most frequent causes of collision between soldiers and natives."

Lord Curzon has indeed hurried it on, and in years to come the English soldier will live to bless the Viceroy who gave him cool nights and unbroken sleep. It would have been so much easier to leave the racial question alone. But this strange strong man, who had pledged himself to "hold the scales even," declared that so far as in him lay he would bring to justice the white man who wantonly injured his Indian fellow-subject. He holds that every Englishman, official or non-official, is his colleague in the East. The white man is scarce and precious, and his example and conduct are the determining factors in the success and strength of the administration of India. The policy is admirably stated in the following words, instinct with the spirit of the Good Queen proclamation. Addressing the soldiers at a crowded meeting of the Army Temperance League, the Viceroy said:

"What, I would ask, are we all here for—every one of us, from the Viceroy at the head of the official hierarchy to the latest joined British private in barracks? We are not here to draw our pay, and do nothing, and have a good time. We are not here merely to wave the British flag. We are here because Providence has, before all the world, laid a solemn duty upon our shoulders; and that duty is to hold this country by justice, and righteousness, and good will, and to set an example to its people. You may say why should we set an example, and what example have we to set? Well, I dare say we have much to learn as well as to teach. It would be arrogant to pretend the contrary. I feel myself that never a day of my life passes in India in which I do not absorb more than I can possibly give out. But we have come here with a civilization, an education, and a morality which we are vain enough, without disparagement to others, to think the best that have ever been seen; and we have been placed, by the Power that ordains all, in the seats of the mighty, with the fortunes and the future of this great continent in our hands. There never was such a responsibility. In the whole world there is no such duty. That is why it behooves every one of us, great or small, who belongs to the British race in this country, to set an example. The man who sets a bad example is untrue to his own country. The man who sets a good one is doing his duty by this. But how can the drunkard set an example, and what is the example that he sets? And what sort of example, too, is set by the officer who winks at drunkenness instead of treading it under foot? It is no answer to me to say that the native

sometimes gets intoxicated in his way, just as the British soldier does in his. One man's sin is not another man's excuse. Where are our boasted civilization and our superior ethics if we cannot see that what is degrading in him is more degrading in us? If we are to measure our own responsibility by that of the millions whom we rule, what becomes of our right to rule and our mission? It is, therefore, officers and soldiers, not on mere grounds of abstract virtue, nor for the sake of the discipline and the reputation of the Army, nor even for your own individual good alone, that I have stood here this afternoon to plead the cause of temperance in the ranks; but because the British name in India is in your hands just as much as it is in mine, and because it rests with you, before God and your fellowmen, to preserve it from sully or reproach."

There is a sin which easily besets the great Proconsuls of India, the alcohol of popularity. In that beautiful land of pageants, of antique politeness, and *dolce far niente* customs, there is a great temptation to be all things to all men, and to avoid plain speaking. But if we are to judge from a study of the English and Vernacular Press of India, Lord Curzon has lost nothing by his plain direct utterances. The native organs grind out the same old tunes, doleful tunes of excessive expenditure on the army, of over-taxation, and of a fine continent being drained of its life-blood by British vampires. Over the drone of the organ-grinders rises the clarion note:

"There are two great duties of Imperial statesmanship in India. The first is to make all these millions of people if possible happier, more contented, more prosperous. The second is to keep them and their property safe. We are not going for the sake of the one duty to neglect the other."

Again:

"I am not in the least disturbed by the argument that all this military expenditure is a waste, and that the money had much better be spent on projects of economic development. I would gladly spend the whole of our revenues in the latter way, but I say frankly that I dare not. The army is required to make India safe."

To make India safe—that is his great preoccupation. When he first came out as Viceroy, the military party pictured an ambitious man who would make India, if not safe, at any rate bigger. The ardent spirits on the frontiers, and the priests of the forward policy, saw the millennium and burnished their weapons. But there was bitter disappointment. No advance of the frontier

posts, but if anything the reverse. The regular troops are withdrawn for a bigger and more effective duty, and wild tribesmen are enrolled as Frontier Militia. Wild-cat schemes of fortifications in *cul-de-sacs* are contemptuously countermanded, and though money is forthcoming for military expenditure, every penny is counted and efficiency is insisted on.

The subject of taxation would require a separate article for its exposition. Suffice it to say that the revenues of India depend chiefly on land taxation, and that the happiness and prosperity of the country depend on that taxation being moderate and evenly distributed. Land taxation is a special study, and few save the specialists who have spent their lives in the villages dare mention the subject. And they as a rule obscure it by technical phrases which baffle the layman. It came somewhat as a surprise to officials and to the public generally when the indomitable Viceroy sat down to study the subject and then issued to the world a classic on Land Revenue—"no mere departmental defence of our methods and objects, but a serious and conscientious examination of the subjects of assessments in relation to the various parts of India."

In all his utterances on the hundreds of subjects which must be confronted in the five years, one recognizes the broad unmistakable lines of policy which guide him in his difficult orbit. In a notable speech at the Convocation of the Calcutta University from which we have gleaned, there is the old note of "holding the scales even."

"Do not imagine for one moment that there is any desire on the part of the English governors of this country to keep native character and native ability in the background. I assert emphatically, after more than three years' experience of Indian administration, that wherever it is forthcoming, it receives unhesitating encouragement and prompt reward. An Indian who not only possesses the requisite attainments, but who has energy, a strong sense of duty, and who runs straight, must come to the front. He is indispensable to us in our administration. . . . When an Englishman says that he is proud of India, it is not of battlefields and sieges, nor of exploits in the Council Chamber or at the desk that he is principally thinking. He sees the rising standards of intelligence, of moral conduct, of comfort and prosperity, among the native peoples, and he rejoices in their advancement. Similarly, when an Indian says that he is proud of India, it would be absurd for him to banish from his mind all that has been, and is being, done for the resuscitation of his country by the alien race to whom have been committed its destinies.

Both are tillers in the same field, and both are concerned in the harvest. From their joint labors it is that this new and composite patriotism is springing into life. It is Asian, for its roots are embedded in the traditions and the aspirations of an Eastern people; and it is European, because it is aglow with the illumination of the West. In it are summed up all the best hopes for the future of this country, both for your race and for mine. We are ordained to walk here in the same track together for many a long day to come. You cannot do without us. We should be impotent without you. Let the Englishman and the Indian accept the consecration of a union that is so mysterious as to have in it something of the divine, and let our common ideal be a united country and a happier people."

The Indians are shrewd observers of character, and often sum up in a nickname qualities and tendencies which we strive to express at blundering length. The nickname is rarely known till the great man has left India, but we have often heard the abjective "*Pucka*" coupled with the name of Lord Curzon. The Indians, who are the reverse of "*Pucka*," admire the man who is thorough, and while gently acquiescing in inefficiency, respect the ruler who insists on efficiency. They like him, too, for his almost splendid display and personal expenditure, and it is rumored in the bazars that the Viceroy, like the unfortunate British subaltern, does not see much of his pay.

But, above all things, they like him for his attitude towards the Native Chiefs. It is a striking fact, the feeling of British India for Feudatory India. Publicists scout the idea of an Indian nationality, and they are probably right; but there can be no doubt that the people of India see in the Rajas and their Raj, in the Chiefs and their Kingdoms, the old India which they believe existed before the Iron Age came in. It is a remarkable sight to see one of these Chiefs in his own country, the object of loving adoration and respect: still more remarkable to see the veneration and applause with which they are received in British India. It all comes back to the prime principle that Orientals believe in and require personal rule. It is curious to notice the attitude of the native press towards the Chiefs. If an English official is caught tripping, if a native in British India stumbles, the native press thunders its denunciations throughout the country. But the native press is tender to the faults of a native state. It is too sacred, it is national, a last survival of the Golden Age of India.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the whole British Empire more

fascinating than the close study of the Feudatory States of India, but too often their quaintness and romance have been allowed to obscure their importance and responsibilities. Too often the King's representative has treated them with pleasant blandishment; and, as each successive Viceroy passes away amid pageants such as no other country can give, and after hospitality which would eclipse the traditions of the City of London, the thoughtful onlooker, might have said, as he looked at the courteous, kindly Raja bidding adieu to the guest—"*Te morituri salutant.*"

For India is growing up, and much as she loves her Raja, education is whispering strange and dreadful truths about progress and about duty; and as the express train shrieks through the Native State on its way to the ports and the ships, men look out of the window and utter the word "anachronism." And if Native States had been allowed to glide easily down the gradient, it is certain that as an institution they were doomed.

There could be no doubt that the Viceroy in his attitude towards Native States was their consistent and courteous champion. This the Rajas and the people of British India fully recognized. They saw that he was an admirer of the institution and was thinking hard how to perpetuate it. Unhappily for the institution certain Chiefs, happily few in number, have sought in foreign travel and in Western distractions escape from the *ennui* of the environment of the country whence they draw their income and their dignity. Apart from duty there is a grave political danger in this, and the Viceroy issued a letter couched in very plain terms in which he deprecated too frequent absence of Chiefs from their territories and their subjects. But the chief point of his policy is to do away with the *ennui* of the Chief's life and to point him to higher things. It is well expressed in a speech which he made at Gwalior. After explaining the position of the Feudatory States guaranteed against external ills by the Suzerain Power, he said:

"But I also do not hesitate to say, wherever I go, that a return is owing for these advantages, and that security cannot be repaid by license, or the guarantee of rights by the unchartered exercise of wrong. The Native Chief has become, by our policy, an integral factor in the Imperial organization of India. He is concerned not less than the Viceroy or the Lieutenant-Governor in the administration of the country. I claim him as my *colleague* and partner. He cannot remain *vis à vis* of the Empire a loyal subject of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress, and *vis à vis* of his

own people a frivolous or irresponsible despot. He must justify and not abuse the authority committed to him; he must be the servant as well as the master of his people. He must learn that his revenues are not secured to him for his own selfish gratification, but for the good of his subjects; that his internal administration is only exempt from correction in proportion as it is honest; and that his *gadi* is not intended to be a divan of indulgence, but the stern seat of duty. His figure should not merely be known on the polo-ground, or on the race-course, or in the European hotel. These may be his relaxations, and I do not say that they are not legitimate relaxations; but his real work, his princely duty, lies among his own people. By this standard shall I, at any rate, judge him. By this test will he in the long run, as a political institution, perish or survive."

That one word "colleague" was quite enough. No longer a mere holiday show, but a ruler with enormous powers and responsibilities, working along under Providence to the same end as the great "Lord Sahib."

The Imperial Cadet Corps was instituted, by which a career in the army is opened to the sons of the Chiefs and Nobles of India, and above all a searching enquiry was made into the special Colleges of the Chiefs, and various reforms for improving the education and discipline of these institutions are to be introduced. All this would have been impossible had it been attempted in an impersonal manner. But in his short four years Lord Curzon has visited every Chief of India in his own home, and each one of them has heard from the Viceroy's own lips what he is trying to do for him and his descendants. They know he is their champion, and they hail with delight the frequent utterance that they and their sons should "still remain Indians, true to their own beliefs, their own traditions, and their own people."

And now we in the far West must bid adieu to the simple strong man as he fronts the sun in the far East. He is "a believer in taking the public into the confidence of Government. The more they know, the more we may rely upon their support." He has reason for his reliance if we read aright the published papers of the last four years of British rule in India.

ANGLO-INDIAN.

WHY THE ARMY CANTEEN SHOULD BE RESTORED.

BY MAJOR LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN, LATE SURGEON U. S. V.

THE proposed restoration of the Army Canteen, as advocated by the Secretary of War in his report to Congress, is destined to meet with severe opposition through ignorance, unless the opponents of the measure realize the gravity of the results that have followed its abolition.

Among the Military Surgeons who served with the troops in the field and cared for them in the hospital wards, and who are therefore best qualified to render an unbiased judgment, there is but one opinion. To present some of the reasons upon which this verdict is based is the *raison d'être* of this paper.

In the first place, it is illogical and unrighteous to give to the Army Post Exchange the name of the Canteen. Some diabolical malaprop must have first linked these terms in unequal fellowship. Had the Canteen been called the Soldiers' Club, or Post Exchange, from the beginning, it never would have been abolished by Act of Congress. To thrust it into contempt and ignominy by calling it a canteen is as unfair as it would be to call the University Club a groggery or a dram-shop.

The purposes of the Post Exchange or Canteen combined the features of a reading-room and recreation-room, a co-operative store and a restaurant. Its primary purpose was to furnish to the troops, at reasonable prices, the articles of ordinary use, wear and consumption, not supplied by the Government, and to afford them means of rational recreation and amusement suitable to their taste and station in life, which, if denied, they would seek outside the limits of camp. Let us for a moment review the history of the origin of the so-called Canteen and the influences that led to its establishment.

In the early days of the American Army, a regular ration of stimulants, rum, brandy or whiskey, was served to the soldier, as is shown in the record of the Second Session of Congress in 1790, and this was continued until the War of the Rebellion. Later, sutlers were appointed by the Government. A sutler was an authorized military storekeeper, who was not permitted to sell intoxicating liquors. This restriction was soon removed by Congress, and it is a matter of history that, during the Civil War, all kinds of intoxicating liquors were sold in the sutler's canteen, the variety that "scratched as it went down," as the soldiers used to say,—raw spirits and fusil oil (that cost about ninety cents a gallon and often sold at twenty-five cents a glass) being the most popular. Most of the men appointed as sutlers lost their honor and manhood in their grasp for selfish gain. When pay-day came, the sutler usually took his place at the paymaster's table, and there collected his claims. If the soldier refused to pay, the sutler could request and receive the amount of his claim from the paymaster, provided the amount did not exceed one-third of the soldier's monthly salary. It was found that, under the sutler system, the sick-list and death rate from alcoholism increased to an alarming extent. By Act of Congress in 1866, the Government dispensed with the sutler system, and authorized the establishment of Post Trading Stations, at all military points on the frontier. The post trader was given authority to conduct his business within the limits of the post, and the sale of intoxicating liquors was not restricted. This system, however, proved little better than the sutler system; in both cases the Army was sadly in need of a reform.

As stated by the Rev. S. B. Dexter, Secretary of the Inter-Denominational Ministerial Commission on the Investigation at Fort Sheridan:

> "It was a time when pay-day meant absence from the post of almost half the command; when men were robbed by dive-keepers on all sides, and when they were imprisoned in the Guard House by the score for drunkenness. Liquor saloons were in abundance at the gates of every post; vile liquors and sometimes vile drugs were given out over the bar, and all the abominations annexed to such places were put in the pathway of the young men of the Army."

It was the harvest day of the dive-keeper. After years of these conditions came experiments of the Post Exchange or the Can-

teen. This was first undertaken in the Vancouver barracks in 1880, but was not established in the Army until 1889, and did not come into full use until 1891. By Government regulations the Post Exchange was never permitted to sell whiskey. The Canteen feature, where only beer was sold, was in a separate room. Regulations prohibited gambling, treating and the entry of civilians; and the Canteen was closed on Sunday. As soon as the Post Exchange was fully established a marked improvement in the morale of the Army was noticed.

Col. Mills, Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, in a report to the Secretary of War in 1899, said:

"During the first year of the Exchange at Fort Custer, Montana, from records made at the time, I can state that the number of enlisted men confined in the Post Guard House for offences following over-indulgence in drink, was reduced between seventy and seventy-five per cent. Pay-day was no longer noticeable by great increase in the Guard House Prison."

The following extract from a letter, recently received from Mrs. Morrow, whose husband had the honor of establishing the first Army Canteen, is of special interest. It is addressed to Col. Powell of the 17th U. S. Infantry and says:

"It is true that Col. Morrow was the first to conceive and give definite shape to the idea of providing the private soldier with something in the place of the attractions of the saloon. I well remember the evening, when, just after the retreat hour, my husband stood with two or three officers in front of our quarters at Fort Vancouver, observing the soldiers file out of the garrison toward the town, and remembering how charges were piled up in the Adjutant's office against other soldiers for trouble brought on by the surroundings of that very town; and so it would be the next day when these soldiers, now leaving the garrison only to return to the Guard House; and turning to his officers, he said: 'Gentlemen, something must be done for those soldiers. It is not right to let them go on as prey and victims of the saloons where they are soon made irresponsible through vile mixtures, and are then pushed into the street to become a scandal and a disgrace—debasing their manhood and their uniform. Something *must* be done, and we will begin to-morrow.' These are almost my husband's exact words. The beginning was made to-morrow in the humble way of a well-lighted room, a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, plenty of newspapers and magazines, writing-paper, envelopes, pens and ink with credit for postage stamps. Such was the birth of the Canteen. How well I remember the hour, and how well I recall the glow of pleasure and encouragement that overspread my husband's face when he reported, rather recounted, to me the success of

the first evening of the Canteen—the result of an honest effort to help the private soldier to be his own manly self, and yet to spend an evening in recreation. The rest you know,—how the dozen or two of men, gathering in that room that evening, swelled in numbers, until at the end of the month it was necessary to add another room—give greater facilities for amusements of various kind, such as billiards, cards, backgammon, dominoes, etc. Beef-tea, hot, was added to the drinks, and more appetizing eatables. Just when beer was added, I do not remember. But all this you know, Colonel, for you have managed such matters for yourself with consummate success. I rejoice as an Army woman that Major Seaman and you are so interested in this great matter as to give time, thought and aid in bringing the power that destroyed the Canteen back to a realization of its mistake and so accomplish its restoration. It should be so, and, with such active endeavors as you and others are making, I am sure the right will be uppermost once more."

Here, too, is a letter from Col. Morrow in which he tells why he sold beer at the Post. It is dated at Fort Sidney, Nebraska, October 5th, 1885, and is addressed to Messrs. Brennan, Winters, Tobin and other liquor dealers in Sidney.

"Gentlemen: I had the honor, some days since, to receive your communication of the 20th inst. remonstrating against the sale of beer in the amusement-room at Fort Sidney to officers and men of the garrison.

"The grounds of your remonstrance seem to be as follows: That you pay high licenses for the right or privilege of selling liquors and beers in the town of Sidney; that the Post amusement-room does not pay a license; that the sale of beer on a military reservation is prohibited in orders. From these facts you deduce the following legal conclusions: That the sale of beer in the Post amusement-room is an infringement of your 'rights,' and this because you pay a license and the room does not; and, secondly, the sale of beer is in violation of orders, and therefore my action in allowing it to be sold is illegal. You further state that my action is 'unfair and an infringement of your rights, as you are unable to compete (with amusement-room) owing to the great expense of carrying on business.' I believe I have stated your position fairly. I have certainly meant to do so.

"Before considering the grounds of your remonstrance, I will ask your permission to make a plain statement of facts in relation to the causes which led to the establishment of the Post amusement-room, and, as to the manner in which it has been conducted. The present garrison arrived in Sidney on the 2nd day of July, 1884. There was no place of amusement or recreation in the Post, and the resorts for these purposes were sought in the town of Sidney. It was soon found that there was a good deal of demoralization among certain members of the command. Complaints for over-indulgence in drink, and neglect of duty in consequence thereof, were numerous. These increased to such an extent that in the five and a half months between the arrival of the command at

Sidney and the establishment of the amusement-room, namely, between July 1st and December 15th, there had been 193 confinements in the Guard House. Please keep in mind that I do not say, nor do I mean to intimate, that the causes for demoralization are all attributed to you. I am simply stating a fact, which is, that in five and a half months after the arrival of this command in Sidney there were 193 confinements at the fort for offences more or less serious. You will agree with me, when I say that such a state of affairs called not only for an investigation, but for a remedy. An investigation led to the conclusion that the causes of our trouble had their origin in the town of Sidney. An effort was made to find in the garrison rooms which could be used by officers and men as places of resort for amusement and recreation, and on the 15th day of December, the present 'Nez Perces Hall,' as the amusement-room of the Post is called, was established. In these rooms were placed billiard-tables, chess boards, checkers, cards, dominoes, backgammon and other games, and, in addition, as further inducement for members of the garrison to frequent the rooms, sandwiches and coffee were provided. Subsequently, the sale of beer was permitted. The proceeds arising from billiard-tables and the sale of luncheons and beer were applied to furnishing the rooms, replenishing stores, paying attendants, etc. These rooms are in charge of a commissioned officer. Nothing stronger than beer is allowed to be kept or sold in them, and gaming for money or other things of value is prohibited in orders. These rooms are not open on Sundays.

"What was the effect of the opening of the amusement-room on the discipline of the command? I have already stated that, in five and a half months preceding the opening of these rooms, 193 confinements had taken place in the Post. In the five and a half months immediately following the opening of these rooms, there were but 73 confinements, a falling off of 62 per cent. You will readily perceive, gentlemen, that with these figures before me, I shall be loath to be obliged to send the command of Fort Sidney back again to the town of Sidney, to find amusement and recreation. But I have no desire whatever to violate or evade law or orders. I will follow both whithersoever they lead me, while I hold a commission in the army. With the frankness and generosity which, I believe, belong to you, I think I might safely leave it to you, to answer the question, whether, were you in my place, you would voluntarily break up the amusement-room at Fort Sidney?

"It was established in the interest of discipline, convenience and economy. The discipline I have already referred to, the convenience consists in having our place of amusement near at hand instead of being obliged to go a distance to find it, and the economy consists in the fact that a glass of beer in our hall costs five cents while with you it costs fifteen, and a game of billiards with you costs twenty-five cents, while with us it costs five cents only. To deny us the right of buying beer or other articles for our own use is to deny us a right which all other men claim and exercise."

Such was the origin of the Soldiers' Club or Canteen, and such its beneficent results. Two years ago it was abolished, and to-day the liquor sellers and the Women's Christian Temperance Union are the strongest advocates of the law as it now stands. Truly, indeed, politics makes strange bedfellows! Since its abolition, the Secretary of War has collected an enormous volume of evidence from the thousand officers of the Army, all of whom, in their written reports, favor its restoration. It may be added that during the decade of 1878-1887, the number of admissions to the military hospitals for alcoholism and its results amounted to 1,640. From 1888 to 1897, when the Canteens had been instituted throughout the Army, the number was reduced to 923, or over 40 per cent. In one post, Willett's Point, the admission from this cause in 1889 was 223 for every one thousand troops. Two years after the establishment of the Canteen, it fell to 70 for one thousand. Capt. E. L. Munson, Surgeon of the Army, reports that at Fort Spokane, the amount of sickness, resulting directly or indirectly from intoxicants, diminished fifty per cent. during the first six months following the introduction of the Canteen.

The following extract is from a letter written by Lieut.-Col. William Quinton, of the 14th Infantry, and dated Army and Navy Club, New York, December 20th, 1901.

"The Post at which I am at present stationed, Fort Shelling, Minn., is surrounded by a lot of low dives. All that is necessary for a soldier to do, to fill up on any kind of stimulants that he may crave, is to cross the iron bridge that spans the Mississippi River, and which connects the Fort with the eastern bank. These dives give me a great deal of trouble, as the regiment, the 14th Infantry, is receiving recruits daily. The dives are a great menace to the recruits, and I have no means of abating them. They are run wide open, and have been doing so since the abolition of the Canteen."

It is well recognized by all authorities that *alcoholism* and *insanity* are closely related, through the direct influence exerted by intoxicants in the production of mental aberration. Captain Munson, Surgeon, U. S. A., in his report on file in the office of the Adjutant-General, states that "during the seven years of the existence of the Canteen the reduction of insanity in the Army amounted to 31.7 per cent." *Drunkenness* was certainly prevented by the constant military supervision to which the Canteen

was subjected. As illustrating the marked reductions of convictions for drunkenness or complications arising therefrom since the establishment of the Canteen, the report of the Judge-Advocate-General states that, in the year 1889, before the establishment of the Canteen, the number of *trials* and *convictions* for drunkenness and conditions arising therefrom was 423. In the year 1897, the total number reached only 143.

From the above figures it is evident that, coincidently with the thorough establishment of the Canteen system, there occurred a decrease, amounting to considerably more than one-half, of the drunkenness which formerly tended to the impairment of discipline, the demoralization of individuals, and the occurrence of assaults and deaths. It is idle to deny that this excellent result has been largely due to the attractions furnished by the Canteen, combined with the military discipline which prevails in that institution, which reduces to a minimum the possibility of dangerous excesses. Brig.-General J. P. Sanger, Inspector-General of the Division of the Philippines, in his report just submitted to the Adjutant-General, states that "since June 30th, 1900, 307 enlisted men have been sent home insane." And Major Arthur, Surgeon in charge of the First Reserve Hospital, Manila, where they have all been under observation and treatment, reports that 78, or 25.4 per cent., were insane from the excessive use of alcohol.

It has been asserted that the Canteen presents the saloon to the recruit in its least objectionable form,—that he enters the Army, free from the drink and debt habit, and is discharged with both fixed upon him. In reply, it may be said, if the recruit was *not* in the Army, he would probably have the saloon presented to him in a *more* attractive and alluring manner, as, for instance, it is to the college boy of the present day; and if he is not possessed of the moral stamina to resist its temptation in one place, he certainly will not in the other. In the Canteen, his commanding officer is directed to see that his credit is limited to 20 per cent. of his pay, which amounts to $3.00 per month; and, if he exceeds this amount of debt, his commanding officer and not the soldier has been derelict in the performance of duty.

Major-General John R. Brooke, commanding the Department of the East, in his report to the Adjutant-General, dated Washington, May 1st, 1900, says: "The experience gained since the establishment of the Post Exchange and Canteen has been such

as to warrant me in saying that these institutions, under the regulations by which they are conducted, are not only highly beneficial to the Army, but have a decided influence for temperance and good discipline."

Major-General Merritt, under date of Governor's Island, May 8th, 1900, adds the folloiwng endorsement:

"It is my decided opinion that the present regulations and restrictions governing the methods and conduct of the Post Exchange are, if thoroughly enforced, amply sufficient to insure the maintenance of discipline and the welfare and contentment of the enlisted men."

Surgeon-General Griffith, of Missouri, writes:

"Let me say, as I have said before, had it not been for the Canteen, no one knows how many typhoid cases we would have had at Chickamauga in 1898. Of the 38,000 troops gathered there, 4,370 had typhoid, and the Canteen helped us in over 2,600 cases. We lost a very small percentage, less than they do in any city in the Union; but the Canteen helped us out. The soldier could get his beer; you did not find him drunk, and it was very rarely we had a court martial."

The Canteen greatly contributed to the happiness of the troops. The best index of their contentment can be found in the rate of desertions, since it is obvious that the soldier who is well satisfied with his lot will not endeavor to escape from his military obligations. The desertions from the Regular Army in 1888-89 averaged 11 per cent. In 1897, after the Canteen had been running for eight years, it fell to 2 per cent.

The influence of the Canteen in promoting order and contentment is less directly, though none the less positively, shown by the number of the soldiers making savings deposits with the Army paymasters.

The report of the Paymaster-General for 1899 shows, that the average number of men annually making such deposits for the seven years 1885-91 was 7,273, while for the six years 1892-97, the annual number so depositing was 8,382, an increase of over 13 per cent. Gambling, too, has been decidedly diminished by the restrictions of the Canteen. The records of the Adjutant-General's office, December 4th, 1902, show that General Bates, Paymaster of the Army, collected from 75,000 enlisted men (regulars) during the last year in which the Canteen was in force, on account of the Soldiers' Home, dues, fines and forfeitures, $462,-698; while during the fiscal year 1902, since the abolishment of

the Canteen, there was collected by Paymasters from about 70,000 enlisted men (regulars), on the same account, $632,125. That is to say, the fines and forfeitures imposed upon and collected from the enlisted men of the Army were vastly increased during the year subsequent to the abolishment of the Canteen.

The opportunity given to the men of purchasing light, nutritious lunches in the Canteen was certainly of much benefit. Many articles of food not obtainable in the Company mess were brought within reach, and the monotony of Company cookery was agreeably interrupted. This feature does much to prevent the intemperate use of alcoholics. The gastric cravings of hearty and idle men are thus satisfied, and the sandwich with beer largely decreases the desire for an additional quantity of the latter.

The curse of the Army is the groggeries and brothels that flourish near the outskirts of every camp. An official report on file in the Adjutant-General's office says:

"Around the reservation of Fort Wingate in 1889 a number of little rum-shops thrived on the earnings and weaknesses of the soldiers. Here, crime and debauchery thrived, and after each pay-day patrols were required to literally drag our soldiers from the clutches of the keepers of these dens. The Guard House was always full in consequence of drunkards and absentees from duties, as well as those who had committed themselves in other ways, traced to the demoralizing effects of the soldiers' innate craving after amusement and tipple of some character. The Exchange system did away with all this. Those of us who were prejudiced against what was termed a Government bar-room found the benefits of the new system so startling that it could not be combatted."

Another instance in point is that of Washington Barracks, in Washington. Before the introduction of the Canteen, Four-and-a-Half Street, for two or three squares from the point at which it entered the Post, was lined with small saloons in which liquor was dispensed to the soldier. Almost immediately after the starting of a Canteen at the barracks, the effect was seen upon these establishments, and before the second month, more than half the little saloons had closed up and their proprietors had moved away. The same was true at Fort Myer. Before the introduction of the Canteen, there were between ten and twenty low groggeries between the terminus of the street railway and the entrance to Arlington, largely depending upon the patronage of the troops. After ten years of the Canteen at the Post only two of these

were left. Are we to return again to these conditions? And have not the communities near garrison posts some rights which the Government is bound to respect? Must the wives and daughters of the officers be subjected to the environment of debauchery that grows up near the camps when the Canteens are abolished?

Of course, the Canteen is not an ideal institution. Its advocates frankly admit that the total abolition of intoxicants in the Army is a desideratum devoutly to be wished. Personally, almost a total abstainer myself, and after having passed ten years of my life as Chief of the Medical Staff at Blackwell's and Ward's Islands, I would gladly have alcohol eliminated as a product from the face of the earth. Personally, too, I would abolish wars and therefore armies, and the necessities for Canteens; but, unfortunately, this is not a personal matter.

The first responsibility of a government in times of war or peace, should be the proper care of its guardians. The state deprives the soldier of his liberty, prescribes his exercise, equipment, dress and diet. It should, therefore, give him the best sanitation and the best medical supervision that the science of the age can devise.

In the debates on the abolition of the Canteen, one very important factor was entirely omitted that may furnish a subject fo reflection to those who were instrumental in bringing about the lamentable change. The enemies of the Canteen seem to have forgotten that, when men accustomed to the use of stimulants are deprived of them in one way, they will resort to other methods to obtain them. A very small percentage of the Army are total abstainers. Soldiers are not prisoners; they are well-paid men and have their pass days. The habits of the vast majority of them were formed long before their enlistment, and a large proportion of them belong to the class known as light drinkers. When the soldier cannot obtain a glass of beer at the Post Exchange in camp, the first place he generally strikes for when on pass is the nearest saloon, where, in Porto Rico, he is served with rum, loaded with fusil oil; at home, vile, doctored whiskey; in the Philippines, *vino,* a sort of wood alcohol, distilled from the nepa plant; or in China the *sam shui,* a product of rice,—all rank poisons, one or two drinks of which "steal away with his brains." Excesses follow to which, when sober, he would be the last to descend; insubordination, drunkenness, debauchery or desertion.

The record of the summary Court of the 12th U. S. Infantry shows that during February and March, 1900, at Paniqui, P. I., there were between 70 and 90 trials by court martial for each month. Four-fifths of the offences were "intoxication from *vino*." A Post Exchange was established in the latter part of March. Since then and until February, 1901, there were never more than twenty trials in any month, and one month the number was reduced to eight. The record shows no more than two cases of "*vino* intoxication" in any month. The Company commanders' reports show there are but eight total abstainers in the regiment. A personal inspection of the troops stationed in Peking during the winter of 1901, showed over 50 per cent. of all patients under treatment were for venereal diseases. This distressing factor, in connection with the subject of the Canteen, must be seriously considered. This disease always claims a large proportion of patients in a military hospital, but I have it on the authority of Lieut. Greenleaf, that, since the abolition of the Canteen, the percentage of these cases has almost doubled. My own observations tend to a similar conclusion. When the W. C. T. U. realizes that the result of the abolition of the Post Exchange has produced this enormous increase of wretchedness in the Army Hospitals, it will work as earnestly for the *restoration* of the Canteen as it has for its abolition. A prominent army officer at Peking, under date of July 9th, 1901, writes me:

"The W. C. T. U. would have no fault to find with the post here. The men go outside and get drunk on *sam shui* in town, and go to sleep in back yards or other worse places, but the sanctity of the Government reservation is maintained. The Germans have a Bier Halle on the wall at Hartaman Gate. The Japanese have their Canteen. The British have one in their grounds, and bring their beer to their tables. The French soldier has his little bottle of wine at dinner. We alone are virtuous. We are the advocates of reform. We are the great hypocritical hippodrome,—none like us."

The Post Exchange as it existed in 1900 was the most rational compromise that the ripe experience of the ablest officers of the Army could devise,—it was not abused in the camps; it has been the soldier's friend, often saving him from disgrace and disease worse than death. In abolishing it, one might say that Congress in "killing a mouse, resurrected a monster;" and when considering its restoration, as Congress must, it will do well to remember

that the result of its action has *not* promoted temperance. On the contrary, it has decidedly promoted intemperance, insanity, insubordination, discontent, sullenness, disease and desertion.

Some time ago it was my pleasure to read a paper on this subject before an association composed exclusively of Army Medical Officers, and after a free and full discussion, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by them:

"*Whereas,* the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, now in session at St. Paul, recognizes that the abolition of the Army Post Exchange or Canteen has resulted, and must inevitably result, in an increase of intemperance, insubordination, discontent, desertion and disease in the Army, Therefore be it

"*Resolved,* that this body deplores the action of Congress in abolishing the said Post Exchange or Canteen, and, in the interests of sanitation, morality and discipline, recommends its re-establishment at the earliest possible date."

A week later, at the meeting of the American Medical Association, representing the 6,000 leading medical men of this country and Canada, I presented the same resolution and it was adopted without a dissenting voice. At the reunion of the Veterans of the Porto-Rican Expedition, the same unanimity of opinion prevailed; and, at the meeting of the American Public Health Association, Congress was memorialized to restore the Army Canteen. Does not such testimony remove this question immediately from the domain of speculation to one of action? And should there not be a prompt reversal of the present law, no matter how excellent were the motives which inspired the agitation that resulted in its abolishment?

LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN.

THE MONARCHS OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.—II. THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about Francis Joseph is that he should still be Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Nothing seemed less likely fifty-four years ago, when, as a youth of eighteen, he ascended a throne shaken by revolution and tottering, as all thought, to its final overthrow. More than any man now living, Francis Joseph has confounded the wisdom of the wise. The flight of Louis Philippe to England heralded in a perfect storm of revolution, which raged from Dublin to Milan. No corner of Europe in that tempestuous year but felt its impact in greater or less degree. But nowhere was the popular ferment so fierce and complex as in the historic realm of the Hapsburgs. A five-cornered revolution was Francis Joseph's introduction to the cares of monarchy. In Vienna, it was a struggle for such purely political objects as an extended suffrage, liberty of the press, and the publicity of the courts of justice. Elsewhere, racial and historical complications added to the commotion. The Czechs in Bohemia were agitating with the musket, as they are still agitating with their votes and tongues, for home-rule. In Galicia the Poles demanded autonomy, and the Ruthenian peasants clamored for protection against the Poles. In Hungary, the Servians, Croats, and Roumanians rose against the Magyars, and the Magyars in their turn rose against Austria, and proclaimed their independence. In the Italian provinces, Milan and Venice headed a revolt against all Austrian rule whatsoever.

The world, men said, had ceased to believe in monarchy. Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, and their ascendency with them, would vanish utterly from the earth. A few thought they might survive as constitutional figure-heads, possessing at the outside

a mere social primacy. But the popular view was that monarchy as an institution had exhausted its mandate, was played out, and could never again be the autocratic force it was. Kaiser Wilhelm I. and Bismarck, Napoleon III., and Francis Joseph were the ironical answer of history to these expectations. And Francis Joseph must in some ways be held the most complete of them all. In Germany and France monarchy regained its position by victories on the battle-field. But Francis Joseph has always been defeated. By the fortune of two bloody wars precious parts of his empire have been lost to him forever. Moreover, he has barely known a year of domestic peace. The pitiless vengeance he took on the insurrectionists of 1848, or that was taken in his name, thrilled Europe with horror. Vienna was drenched in blood; courts-martial covered Hungary with their shooting squads, decimating the Hungarian nobility; throughout the realm an inquisitorial and secret police ferreted out treason and punished it with death. Marshal Haynau, the "hyena of Brescia," who had high-born ladies publicly flogged on their bare backs, was set upon a few years later by the burly draymen of a London brewery he was inspecting, and mercilessly thrashed, every hair in his mustache being torn out by the roots. Francis Joseph himself might not have fared any better. Everywhere he had stirred up the utmost violence of resentment. His name became the symbol of all that was bigoted, reactionary, cruel, and tyrannical. He rode rough-shod over nearly a dozen races. He tried to Germanize by force a realm four-fifths of which had grown to loathe the very name of German. He suppressed all popular liberties; he placed all education, public and private, in the hands of the Church; he revived, in all its infamy, the alliance between the sword and the cross. And even when events had taught him the folly of his ways, even when absolutism was abandoned and an era of something like liberalism succeeded, peace seemed as far off as ever. Europe watches his realm to-day, as it did in 1848, with a sense of impending dissolution.

And yet it has to be said that of all monarchs he is the most trusted and the best beloved, that his person and throne stand out to-day, above the jar and clash of race, as the one common rallying-point to which all his subjects instinctively turn, and that both in and out of the Dual Monarchy the time when his persuasive wisdom and patient devotion shall be lost to the

state is contemplated with inexpressible dread. A signal testimony, this, to the strength of the monarchical principle, and a rough but wholesome lesson for political prophets. It is something that confutes all logic, and cannot be explained by any number of theories. As a family, the Hapsburgs have had their enormous faults and their still greater failures. Within the last few centuries they have been driven in turn from Spain, the Netherlands, Germany, and Italy. Their once mighty realm has dwindled down to a state smaller than Texas. Their power in the councils of the nations is now but a tithe of what it was even so late as Metternich's day. Of foreign policy, outside the question of the Balkans, they can hardly be said to have any. The Holy Roman Empire, once the dominant fact of Europe, is to-day but the shadow of a name. Nevertheless, in spite of disastrous defeat and loss of territory and eclipsed influence, the Hapsburgs would seem to have an indestructible hold on the affections as well as the obedience of their subjects. And this is a phenomenon that should give pause, if anything can, to the facile prophets of disruption. In this realm, otherwise so torn with strife, strife of race and creed and a hundred economic differences, you have the solid fact that the monarchy is accepted everywhere. The idea of upsetting it in favor of any other form of government is one that has never yet been broached. In all Austria-Hungary there is no party that even dreams of advocating a republic. You have this further fact, which is at least equally weighty, that not only is the monarchy secure, but the dynasty shares in and adds to its security. So long as there is a throne it is not conceivable that any one but a Hapsburg should occupy it; and this two-fold devotion to throne and dynasty will yet pull the Dual Monarchy through many a crisis. It is far from being the only bond that unites the discordant nationalities,—the army is another, the "international necessity" of Austria-Hungary is a third,—but it is perhaps the most subtle and powerful of all, if only by the mere charm of ancient use and wont. The *why* of it may remain a perplexity; the fact itself is palpable beyond argument, and never more palpable than to-day. The influence of the throne in all that concerns Austria-Hungary, its domestic as well as its foreign affairs, is greater at this moment, more persuasive, and finds a readier acceptance, than at any period of the confessedly autocratic régime. Partly, this is due to the virtual break-down

of parliamentary government and to the weariness which has made the people look to the Emperor as an escape from the turmoil and wranglings of small groups. But more largely it is due to the character and capabilities of the Emperor himself.

Every one remembers the incomparable epigram which Rochester one morning pinned to Charles II.'s bed-room door:

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the King
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> Nor ever did a wise one."

But Charles's reply, though almost as good, is not perhaps so well known. It was that his sayings were his own and his doings his ministers'. Francis Joseph has never yet been called upon to defend himself against the charge of being witty, and assuredly never will be. His sayings are his own, no doubt, but they have no more wit in them than the Duke of Wellington's. But, as he looks back on the first fifteen years of his reign, he might well feel tempted to borrow the second half of Charles's defence. He might with justice plead that he was not a free agent. He came to the throne, remember, a pupil of Metternich in politics, and, spiritually, almost a vassal of the Holy See. His mother, the Archduchess Sophia, was a clever woman, but the incarnation of eighteenth-century Toryism. The minister whom he found in power was Prince Schwarzenberg, Metternich's inferior in everything except the strength of his reactionary principles. Moreover, Francis Joseph himself was a soldier, a young soldier, and a thorough one, intelligent beyond question; but when you have a whole realm ablaze, what is the intelligence of a boy of eighteen worth? Force, and plenty of it, is his instinctive remedy—a remedy that in this case had the backing of all whose opinions he most valued. It took nearly twenty years to undo the results of that first false start—twenty years, expulsion from the German confederation, and the loss of the Italian provinces, before the natural clear-sightedness of the man got the better of his Hapsburg instincts, before he broke away from his advisers and struck out a line of his own.

Unlike the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs both learn and remember —if you give them time. Francis Joseph, calling in the priest and the soldier and the bureaucracy to help him, tried for a de-

cade and a half to send a German steam-roller over twenty-five million people and nine different races. Well, all that came to its final, inevitable end thirty-five years ago. He realized his mistake, and admitted it, even to the extent of granting a constitution and allowing the Magyars to resume their old independence. To Americans or Englishmen that might seem but a slight atonement; but his subjects, who knew the tenacity of the Hapsburg instinct for absolutism, appreciated just how much the sacrifice meant. No Hapsburg has ever made such an effort as Francis Joseph to live with the times. Considering all he had to outgrow, it is an effort that might fairly be called wonderful. He found Austria a feudal state; he will leave it pretty much as England was before the Reform Bill. The fundamental liberties are secured as far as they can be secured in a country where race is everything. A constitution, a suffrage of sorts, trial by jury, the right of public meeting, and freedom of the press—he has consented to them all. The Concordat is abolished, the serf is no longer subject to the lord, the shackles of the old trade guilds have been largely removed, and commerce allowed more or less to seek its natural channels. In all this, it may be said, there is nothing to show that Francis Joseph has learned more than the alphabet of modern liberalism. But we must compare the Austria of to-day not with the United States or the England of to-day, but with the Austria of 1848; and, on this basis of national rather than international comparison, one may safely assert that whole centuries seem to separate the Austria of 1902 from the Austria of Metternich. To Francis Joseph must go most of the credit for this advance. He governs as well as reigns; and the greater the paralysis of the Reichsrath, the more completely does the management of the state fall into his hands. True, at the same time, he must bear the blame, or part of it, for the mistakes. The non-settlement of the Bohemian problem is a reproach either to his political sagacity or his strength of will. Twice he has pushed his resolve to the very brink of Federalism, and each time been forced to hark back at the noisy bidding of the anti-Slavists. A more resolute man might have done better, but Francis Joseph has done well.

Gortchakoff used to say that Austria was not a state—it was only a government. He would hardly say so now. The Dual Monarchy is a polyglot patch-work held together by firm strands

of loyalty to the monarch and his throne. The intense clash of race with race has made the Reichsrath an unworkable cockpit. But above the Reichsrath and its twenty-five wrangling groups stands the Emperor, the calm, the much-trusted, the devoted father of his peoples. Father, not servant, and ruling paternally. Napoleon called himself the Emperor of the French republic. Francis Joseph is the semi-autocrat of a would-be constitutional system. It is a paradox, but then the whole of the Dual Monarchy is a paradox and a puzzle. Enough that all turmoil of race and party strife stops dead on the threshold of the throne, that Czech, German, Magyar, willingly refer their causes to the Emperor, knowing that he will examine thoroughly and judge with strictest fairness. That is an immense position for a man to have won. Indeed, there are times when Francis Joseph might almost seem to have reached Walter Bagehot's ideal of what a king should be—a man of immense industry and moderation, whose experience as a sort of permanent Secretary of State is the sheet-anchor of minister after minister and cabinet after cabinet. Lord Salisbury confessed that he never went against Queen Victoria's advice without regretting it. She, too, had not only untiring energy, but a very real capacity for affairs; and being constantly immersed in them, adding year by year to her store of experience, and aided by that retentiveness of memory which is one of nature's gifts to sovereigns, she became in time a counsellor whom the wisest statesman might consult with profit. With Francis Joseph, but to a far greater degree, it is the same. Ministers come and go, parliaments meet and are prorogued, cabinets are formed and dissolved, but he is always there and always working. All state affairs he knows by heart; for fifty years he has been in the very thick of them, toiling at nothing else; and the throne is at least a watch-tower whence a king with eyes may see his kingdom steadily and see it as a whole. To be, as it were, a final court of appeal, in whose sagacity and breadth and utter zeal for the state all parties believe implicitly, is surely to turn the royal office to a fine and valuable use. The monarch who has achieved this much, as Francis Joseph has, is not hastily to be written down a failure.

But it is not only for what he has done that his peoples send out their hearts to Francis Joseph. It is also for what he is; still more for what he has suffered. His life is one of the great

tragedies of history. Blow after blow has fallen on him. Every exquisite experience of sorrow that a man or a king can know has been endured by him. "Is nothing to be spared me in this world?" he once cried out in his agony. It would seem not. Apart from defeats and such humiliations as would touch the king at least as much as the man, he has drained the cup of personal griefs to the dregs. His only son died a violent death under circumstances of scandal and mystery. His brother Maximilian went to Mexico to establish an empire, but, as it turned out, only to find a grave. Maximilian's wife, the Empress Charlotte, lost her reason under the blow, and still lives hopelessly insane. His wife's sister, the Queen of Naples, was driven from her throne during the struggle for Italian independence. Four years ago came the most terrible stroke of all. The nation was just preparing to celebrate the jubilee of his accession when the Empress was murdered by an Italian anarchist. Wife, son, and brother—all miserably perished; little wonder his subjects throw into their affection for him a fresh note of tenderness and sympathy.

But Francis Joseph is a lovable character apart from his afflictions. He had in his youth some faults of the kind that monarchs usually incline to. Those who have read that brilliant and captivating book, "The Martyrdom of an Empress," will not need to be told what they were. But too much stress may easily be laid on them. The King took his pleasure where he found it, as kings always have done and will do—and even England has been known to look rather indulgently than otherwise on the wild oats of royalty. The Empress, however, had not the art of sinking the woman in the Queen. Her life was a long struggle between the claims of her personality and the duties of a royal station. Her delicate, generous, and impulsive nature seemed to expand to its full measure only in rare moments of escape from its public environment. Her instincts and tastes were all at war with her position, and much of the extreme pathos of her life was due to this ceaseless conflict between the restrictions of queenhood and her desire to realize herself. There was, accordingly, for a while, some friction between the royal couple, though long before her tragic end the Emperor had learned to value her at her true worth. A collection of impressions among those who know him goes to show that honesty is his dominant trait—honesty and conscientiousness. Hasner, who worked under

him as Prime Minister, described him, in his memoirs, as "the most industrious man in the realm," and Bismarck endorsed the statement. Both were good judges of work. For most of us the mere fact that the Emperor is at his desk by five o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, will be enough. Himself the personification of routine and industry, he exacts method and hard and accurate work from all his subordinates. His mind, though not quick to assimilate, has a more valuable quality—that of retentiveness. He rarely forgets anything, be it a face or a fact. A former Minister of Justice, Glaser by name, records that the Emperor once called his attention to a couple of contradictory provisions in the draft of an extensive and complicated legal code, that had escaped even the trained eyes of the law officers to the crown.

It was once said of Sir Robert Peel that he was qualified to take any post in the government. The same, or nearly the same, might have been said of President Harrison. Of Francis Joseph it is the bare truth, so completely have his unflagging interest and energy mastered the outlines and even the details of the big departments of state. He never parades his knowledge, as his ally the German Emperor is apt to do, but it is always there when wanted. His is at bottom a very simple character, sympathetic, frank, unobtrusive, dependable. Twice a week he gives audience to any of his subjects who may wish to consult with him. Their letters asking for an audience are sent in to the Emperor's private secretary. Inquiries are made as to the truth of their contents, and, if satisfactory, the writer, of whatever rank he may happen to be, is granted an interview with his sovereign alone. Nothing has done more to endear the Emperor to his subjects than these informal audiences, through which countless wrongs have been quickly redressed, troubles smoothed away, assistance rendered, as well as frank, soldierly advice, and more distress relieved than the world will ever hear of. There the patriarchal system shows itself at its kindliest; there the sorrow-stricken monarch can for a while forget his griefs in the sympathy they have taught him. Perhaps, too, of all who come to him, and of all the poor whose feet he has washed each Easter-tide, there is not one whom in his heart of hearts this hapless, wearied man does not envy.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

PIETRO MASCAGNI: AN INQUIRY.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN.

WHATEVER a remoter verdict may determine as to Pietro Mascagni's proper place in the history of musical art, it is impossible to-day to escape the conviction that he is, in a very certain and complete degree, the sheer musician of the theatre—the ideal lyrico-dramatic commentator of Wagner's unrealized dreams. Wherewith I come to a most curious point of comparison.

It is one of the strangest paradoxes in musical history that Wagner, in attempting a concrete embodiment of his ideal of an uncompromisingly subordinate musico-dramatic speech, should have failed as signally as if he had been, instead of the impassioned follower of Gluck and the Florentines, the most abandoned of the Neapolitans. Surely, in the entire range of the arts, there is no case that would seem to make so exquisitely ironic an appeal to the tenderer moods of the Comic Spirit than the amazing spectacle of Wagner the dramatic poet, Wagner the regenerator of the *dramma per musica*, the relentless antagonist of opera for music's sake, producing lyric plays in which the music overshadows the drama as the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare overshadows the "Hamlet" of Tschaikowsky. Wagner, primarily and fundamentally a musical artist, a weaver of tonal spells, must inevitably have defeated his own ends when he undertook to realize his—for him—unattainable ideal of a lyrical drama in which the music should be merely accessory and contributive. It was not that he fell short, but that he went too far: he should have stopped—as Mascagni stops—at mere intensification. He wrote for his dramas, instead of music that should have been simply supplemental and significant, music that is, in and of itself, so superlative, so engrossing, so stupendous and exigent in its beauty, that it becomes the overwhelmingly dominant and essen-

tial factor. "Tristan und Isolde" is, as Mr. Ernest Newman has remarked, "not so much an opera, as a symphonic poem to which words have sometimes been added, by hook or by crook."

It was a glorious, a triumphant, failure—but a failure, nevertheless, if he were to stand or fall by his purpose rather than by his achievement; and where Wagner, in his "Tristan" and "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal," fails, Mascagni, in (say) his "Cavalleria Rusticana," transcendently succeeds. "Cavalleria" is the essential, the ideal music-drama—the perfect consummation and fulfilment of Wagner's conception of a drama vitalized and emotionally quickened by a co-operative, but subsidiary, musical accompaniment. Here is no absorbingly gorgeous fabric of musical investiture to divert the attention and the imagination from the immediate concerns of the drama itself. The music throughout is unswervingly attendant upon the dramatic action. It is invariably subservient and reflective; never for a moment does it assert itself beyond the limits imposed by its proper function of simply heightening and intensifying the emotional appeal of the play. It fulfils, with absolute fidelity, Wagner's precept that the auditor should be aware of the music only as an enforcement and intensification of the dramatic moment. Here it is precisely that: the naked, the sheer equivalent of the inner and the external movement of the tragedy. That, beyond question, is its excelling virtue: its perfect co-ordination of the action and the tone—its admirable singleness of purpose and of effect. In that, it is an indubitably superb and unsurpassable achievement. The music, *quâ* music, has nothing of that tragic beauty which in Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" entrances the sense and "turns the heart to water"; and to call it distinguished, in any merely musical sense, would be grotesquely to pervert the fact. Its melodic vein is predominantly coarse and obvious; its harmonic plan is wantonly uncouth; its musicianship is unimpressive: but, despite its frequent and violent departures from musical rectitude, despite its vulgarity and extravagance and blatant crudity, the score of "Cavalleria" remains a tragic masterpiece, marvellous in its concision, its swiftness, its incomparable dramatic verity.

"Cavalleria," of course, we had known before Mascagni's recent personal invasion of our operatic stage, though his memorably eloquent interpretation of the score revealed unsuspected and ad-

mirable excellences in its structure and effect. But of his other six operas, we have known only "L'Amico Fritz," produced in New York nine years ago—a work highly inconsequential and unrepresentative, and of negligible significance in its relation to the development of Mascagni's artistic personality. The composer's visit, however, calamitous and abortive as it was, has served to disclose aspects of his art at once surprising and delightful. We have heard for the first time, under Mascagni's own impassioned and illuminative direction, his "Zanetto"* and "Iris"; his "Guglielmo Ratcliff," which he had planned also to produce, is still virtually an unknown quantity.

The Mascagni whom we knew—the Mascagni of "Cavalleria"—was a man direct and impetuous of utterance almost to the point of brutality, hot-blooded, vehement, superlatively uncontemplative. The Mascagni of recent revelation—the Mascagni of "Zanetto" and "Iris"—is an admirable pagan turned would-be mystic, a dreamer of dreams, a seeker after the distinguished phrase and the subtler inspiration: in short, a talent of surpassing virility and exuberance, widened in scope and shaped to a finer utterance, to a maturer and more heedful poise, but still, in its impulses, unregulated and chaotic.

It is extremely fortunate that Mascagni was enabled to produce his "Iris" here, and that we were not under the necessity of basing a judgment of his later work upon "Zanetto" alone. Surely no more anomalous and unaccountable thing exists in music than these mock-mystical vaporings conceived by the brain of the man who has given us "Cavalleria Rusticana." The text is derived by Mascagni's librettists, Signori Targioni-Tozzetti and Menasci, from François Coppée's delightful idyl, "*Le Passant.*" Silvia, the charming hostess of a country inn, is become blasé and jaded from a life of much emotional activity. She encounters Zanetto, a roving minstrel, for whom she conceives an ardent passion. Zanetto, also enamored, proffers his devotion; but Silvia, who has meanwhile been made aware of an ultimate and transcendent ideal not to be attained through mere earthly passion, denies her love and his, and sends him from her. And the moral of it all, the libretto naïvely explains, "is that true love is willing to sacrifice itself, in order that its ideal may

* The music of "Zanetto" was performed at one of the Astoria concerts in January, 1898, under the direction of Mr. Seidl.

achieve its high ambition." In itself, the little drama has a singular and haunting charm. There is a noble and penetrating aspiration implicit in its central motive, a high and authentic poetry in its symbolism. It is curiously like, in intention, that other and miraculously lovely spiritual fable, Mr. Yeats's "The Shadowy Waters." Silvia is a feminine and sentimentalized Forgæl, become suddenly aware that

> "The love of all under the light of the sun
> Is but brief longing, and deceiving hope,
> And bodily tenderness,"

and denying Zanetto and his humanly eager passion as Forgæl denies Dectora. Here, obviously, is a conception which it is perhaps unreasonable to suppose that such a musician as Mascagni could ever have comprehended; it is inconceivable that he could ever have realized it musically. Peter Cornelius would have contrived an exquisite setting for such a theme; César Franck, or Debussy, or Vincent D'Indy, might have found for it an adequate musical equivalent. But for Mascagni that feat were impossible. Quintessentially Italian, he is anything but a mystic; his temperament is, in fact, at a further remove from the temperament of the typical mystic, the clairvoyant visionary, than that of almost any composer in the history of music. His art knows no hesitancies, no withdrawals into the shadow; whatever of beauty and intensity it owns is of the surface, obvious in the most immediate sense of the word. He is not of that clan who have "turned their longing after the wind and wave of the mind." He is the sheer materialist, untroubled by any too urgent intuitions of the dæmonic, and with no message of any sort—save that of his own gospel of musical beauty—to deliver. Such a temperament, one would have said in advance of the event, could not but be permanently disqualified for the musical expression of such a subject; and so it has proved. The score of "Zanetto" is a miracle of dullness; throughout its dreary length, it contains scarcely a phrase that is not compact of unrelieved platitude. One waits for a passion and a poignancy, a moment of vivifying emotion, that never comes. There is no heightening, no grasp of mood, no distinction of utterance. There is, in short, a complete and lamentable absence of inspiration. It was scarcely to be expected that Mascagni would achieve spiritual intensity, or any

subtlety of interpretation. But here is not even the vividness and the passion of "Cavalleria," nor its eloquent brevity of characterization. "Zanetto" must be—one most sincerely hopes that it is—a mark of the lowest ebb to which it is possible for Mascagni's powers to decline.

"Iris" is in a wholly different case. It justifies, in a measure, the faith in Mascagni's potentialities which "Cavalleria" inspired, and which European judgments of his subsequent performances tended so persistently to discourage. One is scarcely prepared to maintain that in "Iris" he has actually accomplished all that was promised of him under the sway of those unheedful enthusiasms of twelve years ago. But, beyond any question at all, the music of "Iris" is the most brilliant, the most pregnant, the most beautiful and distinguished that we have yet heard from Mascagni. With one's ears haunted by the memory of so nobly beautiful and moving a phrase as Cieco's extremely pathetic "*Dammi il braccio! Una carezza al vecchio Cieco!*" it is difficult to believe that one has been listening to music by the composer of "Zanetto" and—if I may say it—of the "Intermezzo."

As a dramatic text, "Iris," to be quite frank, is preposterous. A tragic action devoid of essential humanity, with no logical organic growth, and crassly melodramatic in its structure, is framed in a setting of Oriental symbolism superficially felt and unintelligently utilized, and bearing merely a decorative relation to the drama. Iris, a young and guileless Japanese, is abducted by an adventurous roué and detained against her will in a resort in the Yoshiwara. Her blind and decrepit father, believing that she has deserted him voluntarily, seeks her out and curses her, flinging mud in her face. Iris, crazed by his imprecations, throws herself from a window into an adjacent sewer, where she is discovered, half-alive, by some wandering rag-pickers. As the sun rises, she expires, and (in the exalted phrase of the libretto) "flowers . . . knot themselves about her, as human arms, and lift her up toward the Azure, the Infinite, and to the Sun." Upon this basis of sheer melodrama and ineffectual allegory, Mascagni has erected a musical structure which is, when one considers the material with which he had to work, surprisingly eloquent. There are moments of labored and abortive ugliness; the psychology is often lacking in acuteness, and the invention not infrequently flags. But, when all has been said that may justly be affirmed in

depreciation, this impassioned and colorful score still remains a remarkable achievement. There are superb passages—the immensely effective introduction, with its climax of vivid orchestral light; Iris's opening solo (if one is not annoyed by a reminder of Wagner's "Tristan"); Cieco's agonized lament, and the conclusion of the first act; Iris's narrative in the second act; Osaka's passionate supplications; Iris's dying soliloquy. Above all—and it is the redeeming trait of Mascagni's artistic character, the palliation for his undeniable faults of over-emphasis, and brutality, and incoherence—there is the constant presence, in this as in his other works, of that "splendid and imperishable excellence" which Mr. Swinburne found to atone for all of Byron's offences and to outweigh all his defects: "the excellence of sincerity and strength." That much, at least, Mascagni's most grudging detractor must concede to him.

At that time, sufficiently remote from the present, when it will be possible and right to attempt a final estimate of Mascagni, I think it will be said of him that he was primarily a worker in the open, going no further than a passionate sincerity and an invincible vitality of purpose could take him,—not caring, in fact, to penetrate very deeply or curiously beneath the human surfaces of life. The events of the psychic world—the world of emotion and desire and passionate conflict—dominate his imagination and completely enchain his spirit. He has not "a far-wandering wing"; nor has he the remotest concern with that other world "on whose leaning brows are mystery and shadow." Not for him the troubled and eager quest of that inexorable ideal which offers "but wind and shadow" for reward in the attainment; nor, for him, the unwearying search for an ultimate beauty, a perfected design and utterance. But whatever virtues inhabit sincerity and truth and power, are his, beyond the possibility of denial. And they are virtues which will carry one far, if not quite to immortality.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE RIGHT OF THE CHILD.

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER.

A RECENT article of mine advocating small rather than large families has called out an avalanche of criticism which shows that further consideration of the subject is advisable. The dissenting critics objected principally to the "selfishness" of the argument, which was, in effect, that parents have a right to claim some of the desirable things of life for themselves, and should not be required to make their whole existence a sacrifice for children. The purpose of this paper is to discuss the question from the standpoint of the child itself, which, indeed, is of such vast importance as to make all others seem of small consequence.

There are few responsibilities in life which can compare in gravity with that of bringing a child into the world. The utter failure on the part of the masses to realize their solemn accountability in this respect, shows how much is yet lacking in their development as human beings, and how largely the animal is still in the ascendency. Among the lower orders, the production of offspring is in obedience to mere animal instincts, and all their responsibility and parental affection end after a few weeks of infancy. Man is supposed to have evolved into a higher life, where mere instinct has been supplemented by conscience, reason, foresight, scientific knowledge and the ability to profit by the experience of the preceding generations. There is no possible defence for his following blindly the promptings of instinct, regardless of the inevitable consequences.

This principle is nowhere so applicable as in the production of children. The fact that nature makes it possible for the average human pair to produce from ten to twenty, no more justifies them in doing so than would superior strength justify men in preying upon their fellows and claiming whatever they were able to take

by physical force, which undoubtedly was the natural habit of our ancestors. The object of civilization is to subdue the animal tendencies, to bring human beings into fraternal and equitable relations with each other, and to secure an orderly arrangement of society which will tend to the highest development of the race. Life is a constant struggle against a return to the original state of savagery—or nature, to put it more politely—and the ability to conquer this tendency is the test of civilization.

The responsibility of every parent is twofold; first, to the child; second, to society. The child's absolute right is to have a fair start. Society's absolute right is to have in every new member a help and not a hindrance. Both the child and society are wholly at the mercy of parents. If parents produce children with proper physical, mental and moral endowments, and if they are able to give their children the care and training necessary for the development of these qualities, then they are entitled to the gratitude of both the children and society, but if they fail in either respect they commit a crime against both. Those people who are so insistent in their demand for large families, who quote so loudly the divine decree, make no distinction but only cry, "Bring forth."

Is it numbers that are needed? Read the record of the statistics, the story of the superfluous children. The report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1900 gives the following figures:

Schools for the blind (sixteen States and Territories not reported)	37
Number of pupils	4,021
Value of grounds, buildings, apparatus, etc., not including libraries	$6,395,140
Expenditure for year	$1,039,791
School for deaf mutes (report given only for the fifty-six State institutions)	114
Number of pupils	11,104
Value of buildings, etc., as above	$12,136,936
Expenditure for year	$2,359,835
Schools for feeble-minded (only nineteen States reported)	29
Number of pupils	11,217
Value of grounds, buildings, etc	$3,608,198
Expenditures for the year	$1,685,482
Whole number of defective children in these three classes	26,342
Schools for same	180
Amount of money invested	$22,140,274
Amount of money annually expended	$5,085,108

These figures afford merely an approximate idea of the situation, as there are no reports from a large number of States; those given are simply from public institutions, there being none from the large number of a private nature; and only those children are considered who have been placed in schools. No account is taken of the thousands who are in almshouses and asylums, or of those cared for in private homes or not cared for at all. That the numbers given in these reports represent but a small proportion of the defective children in the country may be judged from the fact that they record only 11,217 Feeble-Minded Children, whereas, at a recent meeting in Boston, a specialist in the subject stated that there are over 130,000 of these in the United States, and that not more than 9,000 are adequately taken care of. The statistics published by the Commissioner of Education show merely a portion of the vast annual expenditure of the States on this account, from which no returns whatever can be expected, and which would be increased many fold if all these unfortunates were properly cared for.

But there is another class of children whom the State must maintain, and the Commissioner gives also reports from 80 of the 88 Reform Schools of the United States, which contain about 24,000 children. The value of the grounds and buildings is placed at $17,504,444; and the yearly expenses at $3,831,034. There were 12,750 children committed to these schools in 1900 alone. These figures cover only those who are placed in the schools for a number of years, and do not include the uncounted thousands who are daily sentenced for a short period to the hundreds of institutions which have been established for the purpose in the various cities, nor those other countless thousands at large upon the streets who ought to be put under wholesome restraint. The most trustworthy investigations of various commissions have resulted in the statement that crime among children is increasing out of all proportion to the increase of population. In 1899, Chicago established a Juvenile Court to try children's cases, and in the first year 2,378 were brought before it; in the following ten months the total number had increased to 4,200. In 1901, Philadelphia made the same experiment and reported 1,204 cases for the year. New York has recently constituted a similar court, and in two months 1,089 children were up for trial.

Besides the defective and delinquent, there is still another

rapidly increasing class of children for whom the State must be responsible, known as the dependent. These include the orphaned poor, the deserted, the diseased, the crippled, etc. Twelve years ago, in 1890, there were 613 charitable institutions for the care of such children, and many have since been added to the number. It is estimated by Homer Folks, Commissioner of Public Charities for the State of New York, that there are in the United States at the present time not less than 150,000 of these children who are being cared for by charity. This number is exclusive of the blind, the deaf-mutes, the feeble-minded, the insane, the epileptic and the criminals. The report to the recent National Conference of Charities and Corrections announced that the State of New York alone pays $2,000,000 *per annum* for the support of dependent children. The number in the State increased 10,000 between 1890 and 1900. In New York City during the two and one-half years ending in 1900, 9,824 children became public charges.

In addition to all the institutions mentioned, there are an endless number of free hospitals, maintained by public and private subscriptions, for the care of sick and crippled children whose parents are unable to pay for the necessary attention; of day nurseries for the care of children whose mothers must earn their bread; and of foundling hospitals for those whose parents brought them into the world only to desert them. The Foundling Hospital of New York City, since its establishment thirty years ago, has had to find homes for over 40,000 of such children. In one borough of Greater New York—that of Manhattan—more than 25,000 women annually are absolutely dependent on public charity for care in child-birth, and there are constant appeals for help from the maternity hospitals, which are wholly inadequate to the demands upon them.

Most of the large cities are now maintaining Truant Schools, with the proper officers to search out and compel the attendance of idle and vicious children whose parents will not or cannot do so. There are in the United States 161 Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—in many cases cruelty on the part of their own parents, in others on the part of those in whose custody the children have been left by parents unwilling or incompetent to take care of them. The Society in New York has had charge of as many as 15,000 in one year.

This is a dark picture. It would be impossible to find a gloomier one, unless we followed the career of these children through manhood and womanhood, many of them remaining helpless charges upon the public through a long life, others preying on their fellows and compelling the maintenance of our criminal courts, station-houses, jails, penitentiaries and all their expensive accompaniments. A study of these figures may answer the question whether it is more children that are needed, or better ones. It seems a hopeless undertaking to lift up the race into higher conditions, with such children continually brought into existence by hundreds of thousands. Disease begets disease, crime breeds crime, and a crowded population is the most fruitful cause of both. The most utterly discouraging feature of the slums in our cities is the immense number of children that swarm in them, and yet to begin with them is the only chance for lessening crime and misery. If the over-production would cease only for a few generations the problems could be solved. The Divine Father never would have given the command to "increase and multiply" such as these. It is principally because the families are so large that they are so terribly poor, and that the parents become discouraged and reckless and seek to forget their wretchedness in dissipation.

The Rev. Dr. Rainsford of New York, lectured to a club of young men recently, and is reported to have said:

"The idea of limiting the family to one or two children is prevailing all over the country, and God's curse will come upon a people who keep this up. . . . Five out of six of the young men in every city of over 20,000 people live in boarding-houses, as the conditions are such that they cannot afford to get married. The young women are working in shops and stores for less money than can barely support them. . . . The unskilled laborer cannot make enough to provide for old age."

Well, is the remedy more people, to be mere consumers for many years and then to join the ranks of laborers for whom now there is not enough work to go around? Cannot Dr. Rainsford see the absurdity of denouncing small families in one breath, and in the next lamenting that young men and women cannot afford to marry? Can he not recognize that it is because of the probability of a large family that they do not dare to marry? The average young man could support himself and a wife—the poorest could do so if the wife were able to render some assistance;

but this would not be possible if there should be a constantly increasing number of children with the inevitable demands upon time, money and strength. It is true beyond all question that industrial conditions ought to be such as would enable every man, who is willing to work, to maintain a family in comfort, but unfortunately we have to face what is instead of what ought to be. It is for the best interests of society, and for the greatest happiness of individuals, that men and women should marry; but there is no one thing which operates so much against this as the dread of a big family.

The religious argument in favor of "as many children as the Lord sends," which is the one most frequently used, does not apply to this country and people. The command, "Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth," was given to man in his primitive state, in a country which was sparsely settled by a nomadic, agricultural people, with an apparently limitless area of land in which to wander. Then, and after they became consolidated into nations, physical force ruled, and each tribe or nation was a constant menace to the others. So great was the need of men to build the cities and then defend them, that by divine permission each man took many wives in order to increase the number of offspring—males for work and war, females for the production of more children; and the woman who bore the largest number rendered the greatest service to the community.

In a less degree, these conditions still prevail in the warlike countries of the Old World, but the ancient command is entitled to no authority in this new world at the beginning of this new century. The rapid increase in population in previous ages was held in check by war, plague and famine. Famine is unknown in our land. Epidemics of all kinds have been brought under such control that never again will they carry off their thousands. War in a limited degree we shall have for a few more generations, but not to such an extent as to involve any general depopulation. Our people who are now born and are to be born will live out their days and, with advancing knowledge of the prevention and cure of disease, there will be an added longevity. Besides the natural increase, we probably shall have the annual addition of a half-million immigrants for many years. Our area of country is limited, and the most desirable portions are already occupied. The salvation of our cities lies in having the small towns and the

agricultural communities to draw upon for fresh, vigorous blood. For the whole country to be densely populated would be the greatest of calamities. Industrial competition is already so keen as to cause severe struggle and hardship, and the entrance of our own women into the fields of paid labor is viewed with alarm and protest. What is there, then, to justify a demand for larger families? Is it numbers that are wanted? Look at the conditions in China and India! No; we have now reached the point where quality, not quantity, is imperatively needed.

Where, then, shall we look for the quality? If among the rich, then we might be justified in demanding that they should produce the large families; but the children of the rich are not always the most desirable citizens. Besides, inheritance keeps the wealth in one family and prevents its distribution. Very few rich men with large families have bequeathed their accumulations for the benefit of society; most have used them rather to create many millionaires where there was but one.

If it is necessary for the good of the State that the very poor should have an extensive progeny, then it certainly should be obligatory upon the State to grant ample and systematic assistance. It should be so arranged that no mother of a family should be obliged to go outside the home to earn its subsistence, but every child should be provided with suitable food, clothing and education. If the parents have performed a sacred obligation in producing a large number of children, the State should not be allowed to escape the task of making them into good citizens. It is said that there are 20,000 little white slaves in the cotton mills of South Carolina alone. The mothers are there also. If the commonwealth needs these children, it should take them out of the factories and give them the rights of childhood, and it should help to maintain the mothers who bore them.

Perhaps it is the well-to-do middle classes who should have the large families. But even here husbands and wives should first ask themselves these questions: "Are we fitted to give our children their birthright of physical, mental and moral health? Will they inherit through our family lines any constitutional disease—consumption, cancer, insanity, epilepsy, intemperance, impaired sight or hearing? Is there a moral taint in the blood which will afflict these helpless beings with criminal instincts?" If these exist, it is the imperative duty of men and women to

stop their propagation, in justice to the children and to the whole social body. They could thus be eradicated in one generation, and in a few more we would have a race of whom it would not be sacrilege to say that they were created in the image of God.

But if husbands and wives can answer to their consciences that these beings whom they would usher into a crowded world will have a fair start physically, mentally and morally, they must meet still another serious question: "Are we able to provide their birthright of proper food, clothes, shelter, surroundings and education?" The crime of bringing children into abject poverty is too obvious to need discussion, but parents in moderate circumstances also should weigh these points carefully. The requirements now for an even chance are far in excess of what they used to be. When all were poor and life was simple, when the field of labor was wide and thinly occupied, and when the highly educated were the exceptions, large families could struggle along on very little and keep up with their neighbors. In the wonderful development of our country, with its rapid industrial expansion, there have been opportunities for the poor and uneducated which will not come to those of the future. The keen competition, the complex demands of the present, will become still more exacting, and the man or woman without specific training will be heavily handicapped. Added to this will be the tendency to crowd even the middle-aged to the wall, so that both the brain-workers and the hand-workers must make their competency early in life.

The problem which parents must face to-day is far more complicated than that which confronted those of a few generations ago. The weeding-out process which results in the survival of the fittest is destined to grow more and more vigorous. Many parents who could give a careful training and thorough education to two or three children could not do so to six or eight, and therefore all, or at any rate some, of the six or eight would have to enter upon life's work only partially prepared. Children who may be turned out hereafter at an early age to "hustle" for themselves will not fare so well as those of the past have done.

It is insisted that Americans should have large families because the foreigners who come here have such a numerous progeny. But who are Americans? Those who a generation or two ago were foreigners. Many of our best citizens to-day are only a

few removes from the steerage. We do not know how many of the vast army of the defective, dependent and delinquent children mentioned above are "American" and how many "foreign"; but statistics which were taken in 1900 of 16,000 in the Reform Schools showed that 9,075 came from native-born and 6,925 from foreign-born parents.

It is also insisted that people of means and education should have a large number of children because the poor and ignorant produce so many. But does it help the latter to become desirable citizens, to place over them a still greater number who are infinitely better prepared in every way for the battle of life? The immense reproduction of the lower classes is unavoidable; and, instead of trying to outnumber them, the better classes can more effectually serve society by having smaller families themselves, and applying the surplus parental affection and care, and the surplus time and money, toward fitting those unfortunates for respectable and useful lives. Over one-fourth of our entire population now is composed of children of school age, and there is not a large city in the United States which has sufficient accommodations to give a full day's tuition to all those who wish it.

At the usual rate of increase, the next census will record a population of 100,000,000 in the United States. This is all that the area of our country and the condition of our industries require. If this population should remain stationary, all the harassing questions of the present could be solved—the labor problem, the school problem, the social problem and the rest. Employment could be provided for all, and, with the inevitable increase of the demand for labor unaccompanied by an increase in the supply of laborers, the wage question would settle itself. Men could afford to marry, and the frugal and industrious could secure a home and more than a living. All of the children could be properly educated, and there would be a place for them when they were ready for work, which would not be until they had reached a suitable age. This would be not only the most prosperous nation on earth, but a nation of the most prosperous individuals. There would be also a mental and moral development such as never has been approximated in the world's history.

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

PORFIRIO DIAZ.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, RET.

FULL of fire and vigor for all his threescore and twelve years, General Don Porfirio Diaz can look back with deep content and quiet satisfaction to a long life well spent in building up his fatherland and bringing it to the front among the nations of the earth. The foundations of national well-being are threefold: security, prosperity, culture. For each of the three President Diaz worked with strong will and penetrating intellect; first attaining national security through long years of fighting, in campaigns full of romantic daring, wonderful strategy and almost incredible escapes, against native tyrants, foreign invaders and revolutionary rivals; then struggling with equal force, with equal wisdom, for the victories of peace: increasing the nation's revenues fivefold, bringing in the whole modern equipment of railroads, factories, telegraphs, into what was a wilderness of forest and mountain; and, finally, working for the purely intellectual fruits of culture, perfecting the schools, compelling all the children in the land to share their benefits, and opening up to them the intense life of the great nation to the north, by adding the study of our language to their own.

When Porfirio Diaz was born, the last rumblings of the struggle for freedom against Spain were still echoing among the valleys of the Sierra Madre. The long line of Mexican viceroys, founded by Charles the Emperor, and continued by Philip of the Inquisition, sixty-four rulers of almost kingly power, had passed away, and the new nation was struggling towards unity and conscious life. Diaz was born in Oaxaca, then a city of some twenty thousand people. His birthday was September 15th, 1830: just twenty years after the young priest Hidalgo had first raised the standard of revolt against Spain, choosing a favorable moment

toward the close of 1810, when the mother-country was overwhelmed by the Napoleonic struggle and the Peninsular War.

The chief figure in Mexico during those years, and through all the boyhood and manhood of Porfirio Diaz, was Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, who again and again raised himself to almost despotic power, only to be overthrown in the end, and who died an exile only twenty-six years ago. The year before Porfirio Diaz was born, Santa Ana forced an invading Spanish army to capitulate at Tampico, and the prestige of this national triumph gave him the presidency of Mexico four years later, in 1833. Santa Ana was a reactionary, and found his allies in the old Latin priesthood and the religious orders, just as does the reactionary party in France to-day. He formally abrogated the Constitution, banished the Liberals, and gathered all power into his own hands. Against this despotism Texas revolted, declaring for independence in 1836. The campaign which followed, stained by the massacre of the Alamo, and closed by Houston's victory at San Jacinto and the recognition of Texan freedom, cost Santa Ana his popularity and power; but the French invasion of 1838, and his victory over the invader at Vera Cruz, set him once more in the seat of the mighty. The next few years saw him twice an exile and twice president of Mexico, full of soaring ambition, and with all the instincts of a despot.

Meanwhile, Porfirio Diaz had been growing to boyhood and manhood in the southern city of Oaxaca. Juarez, the great aboriginal, was then governor of the State, and this contributed much to the unfolding destiny of Diaz. When Diaz was three years old, his father died, and many difficulties overtook the family. The struggle to overcome them brought out the youth's latent manhood. Leaving the primary school at seven, he worked in a store for a year; then passed through the secondary school and entered the seminary, as his mother wished to make him a priest. He worked hard as a private tutor, and about this time met Juarez. The War of 1846 with the United States set the first spark to his latent martial genius, and he offered himself for military service, giving up all thoughts of entering the Church. Shortly afterwards, the governor had him appointed librarian, and he still carried on his work as private tutor to the children of his native city. The former divinity-student now entered the law-school; later graduating, and gaining the professorship of

Roman law; and at the same time adding practice to theory by entering the law firm of Juarez, and becoming president of the Oaxaca law-club.

Porfirio Diaz, though volunteering for military service in the war of 1846, was not called to the front, and did not get his first taste of actual fighting until some eight years later. The brunt of that war was borne by the ill-starred Santa Ana, whom fate once more called on, in spite of all his soaring ambition, to consent to the defeat and diminution of his country. After this disastrous defeat, came the resignation of Santa Ana, who once more left his native land in disgrace.

But the wheel of fate turned for him again, and in 1853 he was recalled by the Conservatives, once more to fill the presidency of Mexico. At the close of that year he assumed the position of dictator, and conferred on himself the presumptuous title of Supreme Highness. This was the occasion which first called Porfirio Diaz into prominence. For, within a few months, Santa Ana, wishing to strengthen his position by a show of legality, and following the example which Napoleon III. had set in the autumn of 1852, ordered a plebiscite, to approve and affirm his dictatorship. Porfirio Diaz, then a rising lawyer in Oaxaca, was one of the very few who refused to cast their votes for the dictator, and his arrest as a traitor was immediately decreed. He was seized, and condemned to summary execution,—much as he himself treated the bandits who once infested the Mexican mountains; but with great intrepidity he managed to escape, though challenged and shot at by a sentry, and joined the revolutionary band of Herrera. Then followed a period of disturbance and upheaval, unequalled even in Mexico, which has seen so many political storms. A vigorous campaign, or, to speak more accurately, a network of guerilla warfare, was carried on by all those who revolted against the absolutism of Santa Ana, and into this contest Porfirio Diaz entered heart and soul. The would-be despot was finally driven from the capital in August, 1855, to spend the long evening of his life in exile, perpetually nursing vain hopes and stratagems for a return to power and his native land. This new revolution brought to the top Benito Juarez, whom we have seen opening the way in Oaxaca to his future ally, rival, and successor. Juarez became President of the Supreme Court of Justice, and thus, according to Mexican law, stood first in succession to the presi-

dency. Juarez obtained for his former protégé and partner the post of political chief, or mayor, of the town of Tehuantepec, which has some ten thousand inhabitants, and is of unusual interest as the former capital of the Zapotec Indians, from whom Benito Juarez was sprung. The young mayor distinguished himself chiefly as an organizer of militia, turning the Indians, who form a large majority of the state, into well disciplined and active soldiers.

When the long struggle between the Liberals and the Church, or, to speak more truly, between the civil power and the immensely wealthy religious orders, began to rage in Mexico, Porfirio Diaz used his levies to great effect in the cause of liberty and the civil power; and when a series of revolutions at last assured to Juarez the presidency to which he was legally entitled, Diaz had already established a reputation as a daring and most effective fighter. Juarez had to submit to the inevitable flight from the capital, which seems a part of the presidential procedure of Mexico, but presently succeeded in establishing himself in the Gulf port of Vera Cruz, where, in July, 1859, he issued his famous decree confiscating the property of the religious orders. This was followed by eighteen months of continuous fighting, in which Diaz played a conspicuous part, and, finally triumphing, Juarez at last established himself in the Mexican capital in the last days of 1860. The work of confiscation went on with increased rigor and vigor. Monasteries were closed, and the members of the religious orders were expelled. The amount of property confiscated by the state has been estimated at $20,000,000.

Then President Juarez committed himself to a policy which brought on his country a wave of foreign invasion and international strife. Juarez issued a decree suspending payment of all foreign debts for two years. The foreign debt of Mexico then amounted to $100,000,000, divided between England, Spain, and France, the lion's share being held in England. On the part of Mexico, it was claimed that this debt was almost wholly founded on fraudulent or usurious contracts, and that the rights of France in the debt were practically fictitious. This decree was the signal for an immediate rupture of diplomatic relations with Mexico by England, France, and Spain, and this opened the way for the long-cherished schemes of Napoleon III.

Meanwhile Porfirio Diaz had gradually fought his way to the

rank of brigadier-general, playing the decisive part in the contest between President Juarez and the revolutionists who had tried to drive him from power. The eyes of Juarez were, therefore, naturally turned to General Diaz, when the allied forces of England, France, and Spain undertook the invasion of Mexico to secure "more efficacious protection for the persons and properties of their subjects, as well as a fulfilment of the obligations contracted toward their majesties by the republic." England defined her intentions, in joining the expedition: she would seize the custom-houses of Mexico, in order to collect the amount of her claim, but she refused to go farther with her more impetuous allies. The allied powers explicitly pledged themselves not to acquire territory, and to refrain from influencing the internal affairs of Mexico.

But the presiding genius of the expedition had different designs from the very beginning. England contributed a battleship, two frigates and 700 marines; Spain sent 6,000 men under Marshal Prim; and the forces of France, at first only 2,500 in number, were later increased by large re-enforcements. Then came the landing of the allied armies, but the revelation of France's designs soon caused the withdrawal of the Spanish and English troops. Puebla with its 80,000 inhabitants stood on the direct road from the port to the capital, and here General Diaz concentrated the forces of Mexico for a stubborn and prolonged resistance to the invader. In May, 1862, he repulsed the French around Puebla, carrying on the struggle for more than a year longer, until final defeat at Puebla in June, 1863, made him a prisoner, and he was sent in captivity to Vera Cruz. President Juarez was a fugitive in the northern states, and Maximilian was summoned from Austria to the Mexican throne. He landed a year after the capture of Puebla, and entered Mexico as Emperor. Juarez was still fighting in the north, but was finally driven across the frontier. Maximilian issued a decree declaring that, as the president's flight took away the last shadow of legal justification from his opponents, all who carried arms against him would be treated as bandits and shot; and many leading republicans fell victims to this order. This severity and his evident favoritism towards French immigrants, at the expense of Mexicans and Spaniards, gradually raised a tide of opposition against Maximilian. The United States, now relieved from the tremendous

burden of the Civil War, began to assert the principles of the Monroe Doctrine at Paris, and troops were massed along the Rio Grande. In March, 1867, the last of the French troops left Mexico, in obedience to the demands of this country; and Maximilian was compelled to stand alone. Meanwhile, the republicans had been steadily gaining ground, and we find Diaz once more fighting at Puebla, in March and April, 1867. On April 2d, he carried Puebla by storm.

He then pressed forward to the capital, following close on the heels of his opponent Marquez, and finally captured the City of Mexico on June 20th, 1867. To his lasting honor it is recorded that he absolutely refused to shell the city, and thus preserved and safeguarded its matchless treasure of palaces and cathedrals. When Mexico finally came into his hands, he learned that Maximilian had already been tried, condemned and executed.

It would be pleasant to record that the triumphal return of Benito Juarez to the capital of Mexico, a few weeks later, was the beginning of a period of peace and reunion, all the strong men in the country combining to secure national prosperity and development. But, in reality, an internecine strife was shortly begun, to last for ten full years, at the end of which General Porfirio Diaz was, what he has been ever since, unquestioned master of Mexico.

At the beginning of this ten years' struggle came a presidential election in which General Diaz came forward as candidate against his old friend, protector and ally, Benito Juarez. It has repeatedly been asserted that the majority of the votes were cast for Diaz; but the authorities proclaimed a victory for Juarez. Diaz accepted this declaration, and a period of comparative quiet began, broken only by a new attempt at usurpation by the often exiled Santa Ana. The next presidential election was held in 1871, and General Diaz again opposed his old friend and ally, standing for progress and reform as against the reactionary policy into which Juarez had gradually drifted. Juarez was again declared elected, and this was the signal for the appearance of a number of revolutionary movements, with General Diaz at their head. For a full year the contest was carried on by guerilla warfare; and the fight went on with varying fortunes but unbroken vigor until the sudden death of Juarez in July, 1872.

The presidency reverted to Don Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada,

then President of the Supreme Court. In October, the position of Lerdo was confirmed by a regular election. Then began another short period of comparative calm and tranquillity,—only to be followed by new revolutionary activity early in 1876, when Porfirio Diaz appeared once more at the head of the insurgents. Fighting continued all through the summer and autumn, when a general election took place, at which Don Sebastian once more secured a majority of the votes. But this new lease of power was speedily ended by his forced resignation. On November 24th, 1876, General Porfirio Diaz entered the capital, and declared himself provisional president. He still had several months of hard fighting to face before Congress declared him Constitutional President in May, 1877. With the exception of the interregnum of 1880--1884, when his intimate friend and ally held the fort for him as president,—a second term for General Diaz being at that time illegal—he has ruled and almost reigned over the vast territories of Mexico ever since.

We have thus traced in outline the first forty-seven years of Porfirio Diaz's life, showing the knocking of opportunity at his door at stage after stage of his career, and the valor and vigor with which he ever bade opportunity enter. Nearly thirty of these forty-seven years were years of almost incessant fighting, in which Porfirio Diaz contended not as a kid-gloved officer giving directions from the safety of a staff headquarters, but as the organizer, inspirer, personal leader and most valiant and intrepid contestant, among bands which he himself had gathered and equipped, again and again turning raw levies of Indians and half-castes into seasoned and triumphant veterans. At almost every point of the struggle, he was fighting a battle which, to a man of less courage and determination, might have seemed hopeless, and at no time was the field sufficiently prepared for him to organize a regular campaign, with due equipment and provisions, according to the methods of warfare in older lands. Most of his fighting was done amongst the wild mountains and trackless forests of a vast and sparsely populated country, and only one who combined the Indian's woodcraft and instinct for the chase, with the chivalrous tradition of heroic Spain, could have persisted in so difficult a struggle and carried it to so triumphant a termination. During these years of wandering, Diaz was many times an exile, in prisons often, in solitary flight or daring and adventurous

escape times unnumbered; twice he saw the capital of his native land captured and invested by hostile armies, who dictated terms to the vanquished. In early manhood, he saw his country deprived of half her territory, but he has lived long enough and worked wisely enough to see the half that remains grown to a far greater value than the whole had at the beginning.

By martial prowess alone, Porfirio Diaz thus made himself master of a territory of three-quarters of a million square miles, equal in area to all Central Europe; defeating and expelling a foreign invasion, and overcoming the host of rivals who aimed at the same high reward. But if Diaz had done nothing more than this, it is doubtful whether history would remember him. His lasting renown is due to the victories of peace that belonged to the five-and-twenty following years, during which, on the firm foundation of national security, he has built up, first, prosperity and then a wide and swiftly growing national culture.

We shall try to sum up briefly the steps by which this great result was reached, and the methods which Porfirio Diaz used to gain it. A chief index of security is increased population. When Porfirio Diaz came to power, Mexico had hardly nine million inhabitants; the present total is between thirteen and fourteen millions. The metropolitan Federal District numbered some three hundred thousand souls; that total has been almost exactly doubled in twenty-five years.

It is difficult to set a precise figure for the foreign commerce of Mexico during the years of storm and stress which we have chronicled; but in 1882, five years after Porfirio Diaz finally took the helm of state, the amount of exports and imports alike is set at about $30,000,000. By the year 1900-1901, the purchasing power of the country was so enhanced, and its demand for finer goods had so increased, that the imports had mounted to $65,000,000. But a far more remarkable story is told by the exports, which, in 1900-1901, amounted to nearly $150,000,000: just five times their value only eighteen years before. By analyzing this total, we can gain considerable insight into the newly developed sources of Mexican wealth. The great backbone of the country, the western Sierra Madre, had for centuries been a prolific storehouse of gold and silver. This continues true to the present day, the precious metals and minerals making up nearly two-thirds of the total exports we have recorded. Next come vegetable prod-

ucts, including wheat, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cacao, logwood, hemp, rice and maize. Then animal products follow, while manufactured goods hardly amount to $2,000,000 in value.

Nowhere does the constructive policy of President Diaz show to better advantage than in the fostering of Mexican railway enterprise. During practically the whole of the period of stormy warfare we have described, the means of communication in the country hardly amounted to more than a network of wretched bridle-paths from the central upland over the mountain-passes to the plains, leading to a few of the harbors on both seas. Then came the direct line from Vera Cruz to the capital, with a branch to Puebla. This was followed by the Inter-oceanic Line across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and the Great Central Trunk Line running northward through Chihuahua to join the railways of the United States. Five years after the first inauguration of President Diaz, there were just over two thousand miles of railroad in operation in Mexico. To-day there are more than ten thousand miles of railroad, and large accessions will be made year by year. Not less marked, and not less striking as an index of general culture and civilization is the rapid growth of postal accommodation. In 1880, there were about 800 post-offices, which forwarded 4,000,000 letters; in 1901, the post-offices had grown to more than 2,000, while the letters had increased to 150,000,000. Meanwhile, more than forty thousand miles of telegraph lines had been added, of which three-quarters belong to the federal government. In the same class of improvements we may record the telephones, electric lighting, tramways, water-supply and drainage works, which have thoroughly modernized the larger Mexican cities.

One more achievement of the great Mexican President is especially worthy of notice: his work for the instruction of his nation. Few educators have wrought with such devotion, with such complete success, as Porfirio Diaz; and it is doubtful if any other educator has conceived and carried out the plan of giving a whole nation a second language, as President Diaz has bestowed on Mexico free tuition in the language of the great and powerful republic beyond his northern frontier. There are now twelve thousand free schools in Mexico, on whose books eight hundred thousand children are enrolled. If time and space permitted, it would be very instructive to say something of Señor José Ives Limantour, the upright and skilful minister of finance, who has

so long and so ably seconded all the constructive schemes of President Diaz, and has watched with argus-like care over the growing resources of his country, ever considering the ways and means which were to secure the prosecution of the President's plans. Perhaps the best index of his effective power may be found in the fact that, while so many Latin republics in the New World have been treading the devious ways of increasing debt and national bankruptcy, Mexico has had a considerable yearly surplus for the last five or six years. The revenue for 1900-1901 was $63,000,000, with an expenditure of $59,000,000. During recent years, the revenues have been derived in about equal proportion from customs and internal taxation; while of the expenditure, nearly half has gone to the extinguishing of the nation's foreign indebtedness, and this with a country which, while receiving silver, has had to pay in gold.

We may, therefore, sum up the life-work of Porfirio Diaz. Reaching national security after nearly thirty years of incessant fighting, in which he showed every admirable quality of both warrior and leader, and where his moderation in victory was not less admirable than his valor and perseverance in war, President Diaz then opened a new page of his genius, dominating his country as a matchless administrator; through twenty-five years, during which he wielded practically sovereign power, he has built up the wealth and well-being of Mexico in a way unrivalled in the life of nations, giving new life alike to commerce, enterprise, education and all the means and methods of civilized life. At the end of this long period of richly productive labor, far from seeking for himself despotic power, he boasts, and justly boasts, that he has given to Mexico all the instruments and safeguards of freedom: free education, free ballot, free press and an honest and progressive government. His country is a federation of twenty-eight States and two territories, each State with complete local self-government, and sending Congressional representatives and two Senators to the Federal Assembly—a system practically identical with our own. Great men have too often been only great destroyers; but we are gaining a truer insight, and reserving our praise and admiration for those who have builded greatly; and amongst these Porfirio Diaz is assured of high and lasting renown.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S LATER WORK.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

It has been Mr. James's lot from the beginning to be matter of unusually lively dispute among his readers. There are people who frankly say they cannot bear him, and then either honestly let him alone, or secretly hanker for him, and every now and then return to him, and try if they cannot like him, or cannot bear him a little better. These are his enemies, or may be called so for convenience' sake; but they are hardly to be considered his readers. Many of his readers, however, are also his enemies: they read him in a condition of hot insurrection against all that he says and is; they fiercely question his point of view, they object to the world that he sees from it; they declare that there is no such world, or that, if there is, there ought not to be, and that he does not paint it truly. They would like to have the question out with him personally: such is their difference of opinion that, to hear them talk, you would think they would like to have it out with him pugilistically. They would, to every appearance, like to beat also those who accept his point of view, believe in his world, and hold that he truly portrays it. Nothing but the prevailing sex of his enemies saves them, probably, from offering the readers who are not his enemies the violence to which their prevailing sex tempts them. You cannot, at least, palliate his demerits with them without becoming of the quality of his demerits, and identifying yourself with him in the whole measure of these. That is why, for one reason, I am going to make my consideration of his later work almost entirely a study of his merits, for I own that he has his faults, and I would rather they remained his faults than became mine.

I.

The enmity to Mr. James's fiction among his readers is mostly feminine because the men who do not like him are not his readers.

The men who do like him and are his readers are of a more feminine fineness, probably, in their perceptions and intuitions, than those other men who do not read him, though of quite as unquestionable a manliness, I hope. I should like to distinguish a little farther, and say that they are the sort of men whose opinions women peculiarly respect, and in whom they are interested quite as much as they are vexed to find them differing so absolutely from themselves.

The feminine enmity to Mr. James is of as old a date as his discovery of the Daisy Miller type of American girl, which gave continental offence among her sisters. It would be hard to say why that type gave such continental offence, unless it was because it was held not honestly to have set down the traits which no one could but most potently and powerfully allow to be true. The strange thing was that these traits were the charming and honorable distinctions of American girlhood as it convinced Europe, in the early eighteen-seventies, of a civilization so spiritual that its innocent daughters could be not only without the knowledge but without the fear of evil. I am not going back, however, to that early feminine grievance, except to note that it seems to have been the first tangible grievance, though it was not the first grievance. I, with my gray hairs, can remember still earlier work of his whose repugnant fascination was such that women readers clung to it with the wild rejection which has in a measure followed all his work at their hands.

It has been the curious fortune of this novelist, so supremely gifted in divining women and portraying them, that beyond any other great novelist (or little, for that matter) he has imagined few heroines acceptable to women. Even those martyr-women who have stood by him in the long course of his transgressions, and maintained through thick and thin, that he is by all odds the novelist whom they could best trust with the cause of woman in fiction, have liked his anti-heroines more,—I mean, found them realer,—than his heroines. I am not sure but I have liked them more myself, but that is because I always find larger play for my sympathies in the character which needs the reader's help than in that which is so perfect as to get on without it. If it were urged that women do not care for his heroines because there are none of them to care for, I should not blame them, still less should I blame him for giving them that ground for abhorrence. I find

myself diffident of heroines in fiction because I have never known one in life, of the real faultless kind; and heaven forbid I should ever yet know one. In Mr. James's novels I always feel safe from that sort, and it may be for this reason, among others, that I like to read his novels when they are new, and read them over and over again when they are old, or when they are no longer recent.

II.

At this point I hear from far within a voice bringing me to book about Milly Theale in *The Wings of a Dove,* asking me, if *there* is not a heroine of the ideal make, and demanding what fault there is in her that renders her lovable. Lovable, I allow she is, dearly, tenderly, reverently lovable, but she has enough to make her so, besides being too good, too pure, too generous, too magnificently unselfish. It is not imaginable that her author should have been conscious of offering in her anything like an atonement to the offended divinity of American womanhood for Daisy Miller. But if it were imaginable the offended divinity ought to be sumptuously appeased, appeased to tears of grateful pardon such as I have not yet seen in its eyes. Milly Theale is as entirely American in the qualities which you can and cannot touch as Daisy Miller herself; and (I find myself urged to the risk of noting it) she is largely American in the same things. There is the same self-regardlessness, the same beauteous insubordination, the same mortal solution of the problem. Of course, it is all in another region, and the social levels are immensely parted. Yet Milly Theale is the superior of Daisy Miller less in her nature than in her conditions.

There is, in both, the same sublime unconsciousness of the material environment, the same sovereign indifference to the fiscal means of their emancipation to a more than masculine independence. The sense of what money can do for an American girl without her knowing it, is a "blind sense" in the character of Daisy, but in the character of Milly it has its eyes wide open. In that wonderful way of Mr. James's by which he imparts a fact without stating it, approaching it again and again, without actually coming in contact with it, we are made aware of the vast background of wealth from which Milly is projected upon our acquaintance. She is shown in a kind of breathless impatience with it, except as it is the stuff of doing wilfully magnifi-

cent things, and committing colossal expenses without more anxiety than a prince might feel with the revenues of a kingdom behind him. The ideal American rich girl has never really been done before, and it is safe to say that she will never again be done with such exquisite appreciation. She is not of the new rich; an extinct New York ancestry darkles in the retrospect: something vaguely bourgeois, and yet with presences and with lineaments of aristocratic distinction. They have made her masses of money for her, those intangible fathers, uncles and grandfathers, and then, with her brothers and sisters, have all perished away from her, and left her alone in the world with nothing else. She is as convincingly imagined in her relation to them, as the daughter of an old New York family, as she is in her inherited riches. It is not the old New York family of the unfounded Knickerbocker tradition, but something as fully patrician, with a nimbus of social importance as unquestioned as its money. Milly is not so much the flower of this local root as something finer yet: the perfume of it, the distilled and wandering fragrance. It would be hard to say in what her New Yorkishness lies, and Mr. James himself by no means says; only if you know New York at all, you have the unmistakable sense of it. She is New Yorkish in the very essences that are least associable with the superficial notion of New York: the intellectual refinement that comes of being born and bred in conditions of illimitable ease, of having had everything that one could wish to have, and the cultivation that seems to come of the mere ability to command it. If one will have an illustration of the final effect in Milly Theale, it may be that it can be suggested as a sort of a Bostonian quality, with the element of *conscious* worth eliminated, and purified as essentially of pedantry as of commerciality. The wonder is that Mr. James in his prolonged expatriation has been able to seize this lovely impalpability, and to impart the sense of it; and perhaps the true reading of the riddle is that such a nature, such a character is most appreciable in that relief from the background which Europe gives all American character.

III.

"But that is just what does not happen in the case of Mr. James's people. They are merged in the background so that you never can get behind them, and fairly feel and see them all round.

Europe *doesn't* detach them; *nothing* does. 'There they are,' as he keeps making his people say in all his late books, when they are not calling one another dear lady, and dear man, and prodigious and magnificent, and of a vagueness or a richness, or a sympathy, or an opacity. No, he is of a tremendosity, but he worries me to death; he kills me; he really gives me a headache. He fascinates me, but I have no patience with him."

"But, dear lady," for it was a weary woman who had interrupted the flow of my censure in these unmeasured terms, and whom her interlocutor—another of Mr. James's insistent words—began trying to flatter to her disadvantage, "a person of your insight must see that this is the conditional vice of all painting, its vital fiction. You cannot get behind the figures in any picture. They are always merged in their background. And there you are!"

"Yes, I know I am. But that is just where I don't want to be. I want figures that I *can* get behind."

"Then you must go to some other shop—you must go to the shop of a sculptor."

"Well, why isn't *he* a sculptor?"

"Because he is a painter."

"Oh, that's no reason. He ought to be a sculptor."

"Then he couldn't give you the color, the light and shade, the delicate *nuances,* the joy of the intimated fact, all that you delight in him for. What was that you were saying the other day? That he was like Monticelli in some of his pastorals or picnics: a turmoil of presences which you could make anything, everything, nothing of as you happened to feel; something going on that you had glimpses of, or were allowed to guess at, but which you were rapturously dissatisfied with, any way."

"Did I say that?" my interlocutress—terrible word!—demanded. "It was very good."

"It was wonderfully good. I should not have named Monticelli, exactly, because though he is of a vagueness that is painty, he is too much of a denseness. Mr. James does not trowel the colors on."

"I see what you mean. Whom should you have named?"

"I don't know. Monticelli will do in one way. He gives you a sense of people, of things undeniably, though not unmistakably, happening, and that is what Mr. James does."

"Yes, he certainly does," and she sighed richly, as if she had been one of his people herself. "He does give you a sense."

"He gives you a sense of a tremendous lot going on, for instance, in *The Wings of a Dove,* of things undeniably, though not unmistakably, happening. It is a great book."

"It is, it is," she sighed again. "It wore me to a thread."

"And the people were as unmistakable as they were undeniable: not Milly, alone, not Mrs. Stringham, as wonderfully of New England as Milly of New York; but all that terribly frank, terribly selfish, terribly shameless, terribly hard English gang."

"Ah, Densher wasn't really hard or really shameless, though he was willing—to please that unspeakable Kate Croy—to make love to Milly and marry her money so that when she died, they could live happy ever after—or at least comfortably. And you cannot say that Kate was frank. And Lord Mark really admired Milly. Or, anyway, he wanted to marry her. Do you think Kate took the money from Densher at last and married Lord Mark?"

"Why should you care?"

"Oh, one oughtn't to care, of course, in reading Mr. James. But with any one else, you would like to know who married who. It is all too wretched. Why should he want to picture such life?"

"Perhaps because it exists."

"Oh, do you think the English are really so bad? I'm glad he made such a beautiful character as Milly, American."

"My notion is that he didn't 'make' any of the characters."

"Of course not. And I suppose some people in England are actually like that. We have not got so far here, yet. To be sure, society is not so all-important here, yet. If it ever is, I suppose we shall pay the price. But *do* you think he ought to picture such life because it exists?"

"Do you find yourself much the worse for *The Wings of a Dove?*" I asked. "Or for *The Sacred Fount?* Or for *The Awkward Age?* Or even for *What Maisie Knew?* They all picture much the same sort of life."

"Why, of course not. But it isn't so much what he says—he never *says* anything—but what he insinuates. I don't believe that is good for young girls."

"But if they don't know what it means? I'll allow that it isn't quite *jeune fille* in its implications, all of them; but maturity has its modest claims. Even its immodest claims are not wholly

ungrounded in the interest of a knowledge of our mother-civilization, which is what Mr. James's insinuations impart, as I understand them."

"Well, young people cannot read him aloud together. You can't deny that."

"No, but elderly people can, and they are not to be ignored by the novelist, always. I fancy the reader who brings some knowledge of good and evil, without being the worse for it, to his work is the sort of reader Mr. James writes for. I can imagine him addressing himself to a circle of such readers as this REVIEW'S with a satisfaction, and a sense of liberation, which he might not feel in the following of the family magazines, and still not incriminate himself. I have heard a good deal said in reproach of the sort of life he portrays, in his later books; but I have not found his people of darker deeds or murkier motives than the average in fiction. I don't say, life."

"No, certainly, so far as he tells you. It is what he *doesn't* tell that is so frightful. He leaves you to such awful conjectures. For instance, when Kate Croy—"

"When Kate Croy—?"

"No. I *won't* discuss it. But you know what I mean; and I don't believe there ever was such a girl."

"And you believe there was ever such a girl as Milly Theale?"

"Hundreds! She is true to the life. So perfectly American. My husband and I read the story aloud together, and I wanted to weep. We had such a strange experience with that book. We read it half through together; then we got impatient, and tried to finish it alone. But we could not make anything of it apart; and we had to finish it together. We could not bear to lose a word; every word—and there were a good many!—seemed to tell. If you took one away you seemed to miss something important. It almost destroyed me, thinking it all out. I went round days, with my hand to my forehead; and I don't believe I understand it perfectly yet. Do you?"

IV.

I pretended that I did, but I do not mind being honester with the reader than I was with my interlocutress. I have a theory that it is not well to penetrate every recess of an author's meaning. It robs him of the charm of mystery, and the somewhat

labyrinthine construction of Mr. James's later sentences lends itself to the practice of the self-denial necessary to the preservation of this charm. What I feel sure of is that he has a meaning in it all, and that by and by, perhaps when I least expect it, I shall surprise his meaning. In the meanwhile I rest content with what I do know. In spite of all the Browning Clubs—even the club which has put up a monument to the poet's butler-ancestor—all of Browning is not clear, but enough of Browning is clear for any real lover of his poetry.

I was sorry I had not thought of this in time to say it to my interlocutress; and I was sorry I had not amplified what I did say of his giving you a sense of things, so as to make it apply to places as well as persons. Never, in my ignorance, have I had a vivider sense of London, in my knowledge a stronger sense of Venice, than in *The Wings of a Dove*. More miraculous still, as I have tried to express, was the sense he gave me of the anterior New York where the life flowered which breathed out the odor called Milly Theale—a heartbreaking fragrance as of funeral violets—and of the anterior New England sub-acidly fruiting in Mrs. Stringham. As for social conditions, predicaments, orders of things, where shall we find the like of the wonders wrought in *The Awkward Age?* I have been trying to get phrases which should convey the effect of that psychomancy from me to my reader, and I find none so apt as some phrase that should suggest the convincingly incredible. Here is something that the reason can as little refuse as it can accept. Into quite such particles as the various characters of this story would the disintegration of the old, rich, demoralized society of an ancient capital fall so probably that each of the kaleidoscopic fragments, dropping into irrelevant radiance around Mrs. Brookenham, would have its fatally appointed tone in the "scheme of color." Here is that inevitable, which Mr. Brander Matthews has noted as the right and infallible token of the real. It does not matter, after that, how the people talk,—or in what labyrinthine parentheses they let their unarriving language wander. They strongly and vividly exist, and they construct not a drama, perhaps, but a world, floating indeed in an obscure where it seems to have its solitary orbit, but to be as solidly palpable as any of the planets of the more familiar systems, and wrapt in the aura of its peculiar corruption. How bad the bad people on it may be, one does not

know, and is not intended to know, perhaps; that would be like being told the gross facts of some scandal which, so long as it was untouched, supported itself not unamusingly in air; but of the goodness of the good people one is not left in doubt; and it is a goodness which consoles and sustains the virtue apt to droop in the presence of neighborly remissness.

I might easily attribute to the goodness a higher office than this; but if I did I might be trenching upon that ethical delicacy of the author which seems to claim so little for itself. Mr. James is, above any other, the master of the difficult art of never doing more than to "hint a fault, or hesitate dislike," and I am not going to try committing him to conclusions he would shrink from. There is nothing of the clumsiness of the "satirist" in his design, and if he notes the absolute commerciality of the modern London world, it is with a reserve clothing itself in frankness which is infinitely, as he would say, "detached." But somehow, he lets you know how horribly *business* fashionable English life is; he lets Lord Mark let Milly Theale know, at their first meeting, when he tells her she is with people who never do anything for nothing, and when, with all her money, and perhaps because of it, she is still so trammelled in the ideal that she cannot take his meaning. Money, and money bluntly; gate-money of all kinds; money the means, is the tune to which that old world turns in a way which we scarcely imagine in this crude new world where it is still so largely less the means than the end.

But the general is lost in the personal, as it should be in Mr. James's books, earlier as well as later, and the allegory is so faint that it cannot always be traced. He does not say that the limitless liberty allowed Nanda Brookenham by her mother in *The Awkward Age* is better than the silken bondage in which the Duchess keeps her niece Aggie, though Nanda is admirably lovable, and little Aggie is a little cat; that is no more his affair than to insist upon the loyalty of old Mr. Longdon to an early love, or the generosity of Mitchett, as contrasted with the rapacity of Mrs. Brookenham, who, after all, wants nothing more than the means of being what she has always been. What he does is simply to show you those people mainly on the outside, as you mainly see people in the world, and to let you divine them and their ends from what they do and say. They are presented with in-

finite pains; as far as their appearance (though they are very little described) goes, you are not suffered to make a mistake. But he does not analyze them for you; rather he synthetizes them, and carefully hands them over to you in a sort of integrity very uncommon in the characters of fiction. One might infer from this that his method was dramatic, something like Tourguénieff's, say; but I do not know that his method is dramatic. I do not recall from the book more than one passage of dramatic intensity, but that was for me of very great intensity; I mean the passage where old Mr. Longdon lets Vanderbank understand that he will provide for him if he will offer himself to Nanda, whom he knows to be in love with Vanderbank, and where Vanderbank will not promise. That is a great moment, where everything is most openly said, most brutally said, to American thinking; and yet said with a restraint of feeling that somehow redeems it all.

Nothing could well be more perfected than the method of the three books which I have been supposing myself to be talking about, however far any one may think it from perfect. They express mastery, finality, doing what one means, in a measure not easily to be matched. I will leave out of the question the question of obscurity; I will let those debate that whom it interests more than it interests me. For my own part I take it that a master of Mr. James's quality does not set out with a design whose significance is not clear to himself, and if others do not make it clear to themselves, I suspect them rather than him of the fault. All the same I allow that it is sometimes not easy to make out; I allow that sometimes *I* do not make it out, I, who delight to read him almost more than any other living author, but then I leave myself in his hands. I do not believe he is going finally to play me the shabby trick of abandoning me in the dark; and meanwhile he perpetually interests me. If anything, he interests me too much, and I come away fatigued, because I cannot bear to lose the least pulse of the play of character; whereas from most fiction I lapse into long delicious absences of mind, now and then comfortably recovering myself to find out what is going on, and then sinking below the surface again.

The Awkward Age is mostly expressed in dialogue; *The Wings of a Dove* is mostly in the narration and the synthesis of emotions. Not the synthesis of the motives, please; these in both books are left to the reader, almost as much as they are in *The Sacred*

Fount. That troubled source, I will own, "is of a profundity," and in its depths darkles the solution which the author makes it no part of his business to pull to the top; if the reader wants it, let him dive. But why should not a novel be written so like to life, in which most of the events remain the meaningless, that we shall never quite know what the author meant? Why, in fact, should not people come and go, and love and hate, and hurt and help one another as they do in reality, without rendering the reader a reason for their behavior, or offering an explanation at the end with which he can light himself back over the way he has come, and see what they meant? Who knows what any one means here below, or what he means himself, that is, precisely stands for? Most people mean nothing, except from moment to moment, if they indeed mean anything so long as that, and life which is full of propensities is almost without motives. In the scribbles which we suppose to be imitations of life, we hold the unhappy author to a logical consistency which we find so rarely in the original; but ought not we rather to praise him where his work confesses itself, as life confesses itself, without a plan? Why should we demand more of the imitator than we get from the creator?

Of course, it can be answered that we are *in* creation like characters in fiction, while we are outside of the imitation and spectators instead of characters; but that does not wholly cover the point. Perhaps, however, I am asking more for Mr. James than he would have me. In that case I am willing to offer him the reparation of a little detraction. I wish he would leave his people more, not less, to me when I read him. I have tried following their speeches without taking in his comment, delightfully pictorial as that always is, and it seems to me that I make rather more of their meaning, that way. I reserve the pleasure and privilege of going back and reading his comment in the light of my conclusions. This is the method I have largely pursued with the people of *The Sacred Fount,* of which I do not hesitate to say that I have mastered the secret, though, for the present I am not going to divulge it. Those who cannot wait may try the key which I have given.

But do not, I should urge them, expect too much of it; I do not promise it will unlock everything. If you find yourself, at the end, with nothing in your hand but the postulate with which

the supposed narrator fantastically started, namely, that people may involuntarily and unconsciously prey upon one another, and mentally and psychically enrich themselves at one another's expense, still you may console yourself, if you do not think this enough, with the fact that you have passed the time in the company of men and women freshly and truly seen, amusingly shown, and abidingly left with your imagination. For me, I am so little exacting, that this is enough.

The Sacred Fount is a most interesting book, and you are teased through it to the end with delightful skill, but I am not going to say that it is a great book like *The Awkward Age*, or *The Wings of a Dove*. These are really incomparable books, not so much because there is nothing in contemporary fiction to equal them as because there is nothing the least like them. They are of a kind that none but their author can do, and since he is alone master of their art, I am very well content to leave him to do that kind of book quite as he chooses. I will not so abandon my function as to say that I could not tell him how to do them better, but it sufficiently interests me to see how he gets on without my help. After all, the critic has to leave authors somewhat to themselves; he cannot always be writing their books for them; and when I find an author, like Mr. James, who makes me acquainted with people who instantly pique my curiosity by "something rich and strange," in an environment which is admirably imaginable, I gratefully make myself at home with them, and stay as long as he will let me.

V.

"But,"—here is that interlocutress whom I flattered myself I had silenced, at me again,—"do you like to keep puzzling things out, so? I don't. Of course, the books *are* intensely fascinating, but I do not like to keep guessing conundrums. Why shouldn't we have studies of life that are not a series of conundrums?"

"Dear lady," I make my answer, "what was I saying just now but that life itself is a series of conundrums, to which the answers are lost in the past, or are to be supplied us, after a long and purifying discipline of guessing, in the future? I do not admit your position, but if I did, still I should read the author who keeps you guessing, with a pleasure, an edification, in the suggestive, the instructive way he has of asking his conundrums beyond that I take in any of the authors who do not tax my

curiosity, who shove their answers at me before I have had a chance to try whether I cannot guess them. Here you have the work of a great psychologist, who has the imagination of a poet, the wit of a keen humorist, the conscience of an impeccable moralist, the temperament of a philosopher, and the wisdom of a rarely experienced witness of the world; and yet you come back at me with the fact, or rather the pretence, that you do not like to keep puzzling his things out. It is my high opinion of you that you precisely do like to keep puzzling his things out; that you are pleased with the sort of personal appeal made to you by the difficulties you pretend to resent, and that you enjoy the just sense of superiority which your continual or final divinations give you. Mr. James is one of those authors who pay the finest tribute an author can pay the intelligence of his reader by trusting it, fully and frankly. There you are; and if you were not puzzling out those recondite conundrums which you complain of, what better things, in the perusal of the whole range of contemporary fiction, could you be doing? For my part I can think for you of none. There is no book like *The Awkward Age*, as I said, for it is sole of its kind, and no book that at all equals it, since Mr. Hardy's *Jude*, for the intensity of its naturalness. I don't name them to compare them; again I renounce all comparisons for Mr. James's work; but I will say that in the deeply penetrating anguish of *Jude*, I felt nothing profounder than the pathos which aches and pierces through those closing scenes of *The Awkward Age*, in Nanda's last talk with Vanderbank, whom she must and does leave for her mother's amusement, and her yet later talk with old Mr. Longdon, to whom she must and does own her love for Vanderbank so heartbreaking. What beautiful and gentle souls the new-fashioned young girl and the old-fashioned old man are, and how beautifully and gently they are revealed to us by the perfected art of the book in which they continue to live after we part with them! How—"

"Ah, there," my interlocutress broke in, as if fearful of not having the last word, "I certainly agree with you. I wish you were as candid about everything else."

W. D. Howells.

THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART I.

I.

STRETHER'S first question, when he reached the hotel, was about his friend; yet on his learning that Waymarsh was apparently not to arrive till evening he was not wholly disconcerted. A telegram from him bespeaking a room "only if not noisy," with the answer paid, was produced for the inquirer at the office, so that the understanding that they should meet at Chester rather than at Liverpool remained to that extent sound. The same secret principle, however, that had prompted Strether not absolutely to desire Waymarsh's presence at the dock, that had led him thus to postpone for a few hours his enjoyment of it, now operated to make him feel that he could still wait without disappointment. They would dine together at the worst, and, with all respect to dear old Waymarsh—if not even, for that matter, to himself—there was little fear that in the sequel they should not see enough of each other. The principle I have just mentioned as operating had been, with the most newly-disembarked of the two men, wholly instinctive—the fruit of a sharp sense that, delightful as it would be to find himself looking, after so much separation, into his comrade's face, his business would be a trifle bungled should he simply arrange that this countenance should present itself to the nearing steamer as the first "note," for him, of Europe. Mixed with everything was the apprehension, already, on Strether's part, that it would, at best, throughout, prove the note of Europe in quite a sufficient degree.

This note had been meanwhile — since the previous afternoon, thanks to this happier device—such a consciousness of personal freedom as he had not known for years; such a deep taste of change and of having, above all, for the moment, nobody and nothing to consider, as promised already, if headlong hope were not too foolish, to color his adventure with cool success. There were people on the ship with whom he had easily—so far as ease could, up to now, be imputed to him—consorted, and who for the most part plunged straight into the current that set, from the landing-stage,

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to London; there were others who had invited him to a tryst at the inn and had even invoked his aid for a "look round" at the beauties of Liverpool; but he had stolen away from every one alike; had kept no appointment and renewed no acquaintance; had been indifferently aware of the number of persons who esteemed themselves fortunate in being, unlike himself, "met"; and had even, independently, unsociably, alone, without encounter or relapse and by mere quiet evasion, given his afternoon and evening to the immediate and the sensible. They formed a qualified draught of Europe, an afternoon and an evening on the banks of the Mersey, but such as it was he took his potion at least undiluted. He winced a little, truly, at the thought that Waymarsh might be already at Chester; he reflected that, should he have to describe himself at Chester as having "got in" so early, it would be difficult to make the interval look particularly eager; but he was like a man who, finding in his pocket, with joy, more money than usual, handles it a while and idly, pleasantly chinks it before addressing himself to the business of spending. That he was prepared to be vague to Waymarsh about the hour of the ship's touching, and that he both wanted extremely to see him and enjoyed extremely the duration of delay—these things, it is to be conceived, were early signs in him that his relation to his actual errand might prove none of the simplest. He was burdened, poor Strether—it had better be confessed at the outset—with the oddity of a double consciousness. There was detachment in his zeal and curiosity in his indifference.

After the young woman in the glass cage had held up to him, across her counter, the pale pink leaflet bearing his friend's name, which she pronounced, he turned away to find himself, in the hall, facing a lady who met his eyes as with an intention suddenly determined, and whose features—not freshly young, not markedly fine, but expressive and agreeable—came back to him as from a recent vision. For a moment they stood confronted; then the moment placed her: he had noticed her, the day before, at his previous inn, where—again in the hall—she had been briefly engaged with some people of his own ship's company. Nothing had actually passed between them, and he would as little have been able to say what had been the sign of her face for him on the first occasion as to name the ground of his present recognition. Recognition, at any rate, appeared to prevail on her own side as well—which would only have added to the mystery. All she now began by saying to him, none the less, was that, having chanced to catch his inquiry, she was moved to ask, by his leave, if it were possibly a question of Mr. Waymarsh of Milrose, Connecticut, Mr. Waymarsh the American lawyer.

"Oh yes," he replied, "my very well-known friend. He's to meet me here, coming up from Malvern, and I supposed he would already have arrived. But he doesn't come till later, and I'm relieved not to have kept him. Do you know him?" Strether wound up.

It was not till after he had spoken that he became aware of how much there had been in him of response; when the tone of her own rejoinder, as well as the play of something more in her face—something more, that is, than its apparently usual restless light—seemed to notify him. "I've met him at Milrose—where I used sometimes, a good while ago, to stay; I had friends there who were friends of his, and I've been at his house. I won't answer for it that he would know me," Strether's interlocutress pursued; "but I should be delighted to see him. Perhaps," she added, "I shall—for I'm staying over." She paused an instant, while our friend took in these things, and it was as if a good deal of talk had already passed. They even vaguely smiled at it, and Strether presently observed that Mr. Waymarsh would, no doubt, be easily to be seen. This, however, appeared to affect the lady as if she might have advanced too far. She was frank about everything. "Oh," she said, "he won't care!"—and she immediately thereupon remarked that she believed Strether knew the Munsters; the Munsters being the people he had seen her with at Liverpool.

But he didn't, as it happened, know the Munsters well enough to give the case much of a lift; so that they were left together as if over the mere laid table of conversation. Her qualification of the mentioned connection had rather removed than placed a dish, and there seemed nothing else to serve. Their attitude remained, none the less, that of not forsaking the board; and the effect of this, in turn, was to give them the appearance of having accepted each other with an absence of preliminaries practically complete. They moved along the hall together, and Strether's companion remarked that the hotel had the advantage of a garden. He was aware by this time of his strange inconsequence: he had shirked the intimacies of the steamer and had muffled the shock of Waymarsh only to find himself forsaken, in this sudden case, both of avoidance and of caution. He passed with his new friend, before he had so much as gone up to his room, into the garden of the hotel, and at the end of ten minutes had agreed to meet her there again as soon as he should have made himself tidy. He wanted to look at the town, and they would forthwith look together. It was almost as if she had been in possession and received him as a guest. Her acquaintance with the place presented her in a manner as a hostess, and Strether had a rueful glance for the lady in the glass cage. It was as if this personage had seen herself instantly superseded.

When, in a quarter of an hour, he came down, what his hostess saw, what she might have taken in with a vision kindly adjusted, was the lean, slightly loose figure of a man of the middle height and something more, perhaps, than the middle age—a man of five-and-fifty, whose most immediate signs were a marked bloodless brownness of face, a thick, dark mustache, of characteristically American cut, growing strong and falling low, a head of hair still abundant,

but abundantly streaked with gray, and a nose of bold, free prominence, the even line, the high finish, as it might have been called, of which, had a certain effect of mitigation. A perpetual pair of glasses astride of this fine ridge, and a line, unusually deep and drawn, the prolonged pen-stroke of time, accompanying the curve of the mustache from nostril to chin, did something to complete the facial furniture which an attentive observer would have seen to be catalogued, on the spot, in the vision of the other party to Strether's appointment. She waited for him in the garden, the other party, drawing on a pair of singularly fresh, soft and elastic light gloves and presenting herself with a superficial readiness which, as he approached her over the small smooth lawn and in the watery English sunshine, he might, with his rougher preparation, have marked as the model for such an occasion. She had, this lady, a perfect plain propriety, an expensive subdued suitability, that her companion was not free to analyze, but that struck him, so that his consciousness of it was instantly acute, as a quality quite new to him. He stopped on the grass, before reaching her, and went through the form of feeling for something, possibly forgotten, in the light overcoat he carried on his arm; yet the essence of the act was no more than the impulse to gain time. Nothing could have been more odd than Strether's feeling, at that moment, that he was launched in something of which the sense would be quite disconnected from the sense of his past, and which was literally beginning there and then. It had begun, in fact, already, upstairs, before the dressing-glass that struck him as blocking further, so strangely, the dimness of the window of his dull bedroom; begun with a sharper survey of the elements of Appearance than he had for a long time been moved to make. He had felt during those moments that these elements were not so much to his hand as he should have liked, and then had fallen back on the thought that they were precisely a matter as to which help was supposed to come from what he was about to do. He was about to go up to London, and hat and necktie might wait. What had come as straight to him as a ball in a well-played game—and caught, moreover, not less neatly—was just the air, in the person of his friend, of having seen and chosen, the air of achieved possession of those vague qualities and quantities that figured to him, collectively, as the advantage snatched from lucky chances. Without pomp or circumstance, certainly, as her original address to him, equally with his own response, had been, he would have sketched to himself his impression of her as: "Well, she's more subtly civilized—!" If "More subtly than *whom?*" would not have been for him a sequel to this remark, that was just by reason of his deep consciousness of the bearing of his comparison.

The amusement, at all events, of a civilization more subtle was what—familiar compatriot as she was, with the full tone of the compatriot and the rattling link, not with mystery, but only with

dear dyspeptic Waymarsh — she appeared distinctly to promise. His pause while he felt in his overcoat was positively the pause of confidence, and it enabled his eyes to make out as much of a case for her, in proportion, as her own made out for himself. She affected him as almost insolently young; but an easily-carried five-and-thirty could still do that. She was, however, like himself, marked and wan; only it naturally couldn't have been known to him how much a spectator looking from one to the other might have discerned that they had in common. It would not for such a spectator have been altogether insupposable that, each so finely brown and so sharply spare, each confessing so to dents of surface and aids to sight, to a disproportionate nose and a head delicately or grossly grizzled, they might have been brother and sister. On this ground, indeed, there would still have been a residuum of difference; such a sister having known, surely, in respect to such a brother the extremity of separation, and such a brother feeling now, in respect to such a sister, the extremity of surprise. Surprise, it was true, was not, on the other hand, what the eyes of Strether's friend most showed him while she gave him, stroking her gloves smoother, the time he appreciated. They had taken hold of him straightway, measuring him up and down, as if they knew how; as if he were human material they had already in some sort handled. Their possessor was in truth, it may be communicated, the mistress of a hundred cases or categories, receptacles of the mind, subdivisions for convenience, in which, from a full experience, she pigeon-holed her fellow-mortals with a hand as free as that of a compositor scattering type. She was as equipped in this particular as Strether was the reverse, and it made an opposition between them which he might well have shrunk from submitting to if he had fully suspected it. So far as he did suspect it he was, on the contrary, after a momentary shake of his consciousness, as pleasantly passive as might be. He really had a sort of sense of what she knew. He had quite the sense that she knew things he didn't, and though this was a concession that, in general, he found not easy to make to women, he made it now as good-humoredly as if it lifted a burden. His eyes were so quiet behind his eternal nippers that they might almost have been absent without changing his face, which took its expression mainly, and not least its stamp of sensibility, from other sources, surface and grain and form. He joined his guide in an instant, and he then felt that she had profited still better than he by his having been, for the moments just mentioned, so at the disposal of her intelligence. She knew even intimate things about him that he had not yet told her and perhaps never would. He was not unaware that he had told her rather remarkably many for the time, but these were not the real ones. Some of the real ones, however, precisely, were what she knew.

They were to pass again through the hall of the inn to get into

the street, and it was here, presently, that she checked him with a question. "Have you looked up my name?"

He could only stop with a laugh. "Have you looked up mine?"

"Oh dear, yes—as soon as you left me. I went to the office and asked. Hadn't *you* better do the same?"

He wondered. "Find out who you are, after the uplifted young woman there has seen us thus scrape acquaintance?"

She laughed on her side now at the shade of alarm in his amusement. "Isn't it a reason the more? If what you're afraid of is the injury for me—my being seen to walk off with a gentleman who has to ask who I am—I assure you I don't in the least mind. Here, however," she continued, "is my card, and as I find there is something else again I have to say at the office, you can just study it during the moment I leave you."

She left him after he had taken from her the small pasteboard she had extracted from her pocket-book, and he had extracted another from his own, to exchange with it, before she came back. He read thus the simple designation "Maria Gostrey," to which was attached, in a corner of the card, with a number, the name of a street, presumably in Paris, without other appreciable identity than its foreignness. He put the card into his waistcoat pocket, keeping his own meanwhile in evidence; and as he leaned against the door-post he met with the smile of a straying thought what the expanse before the hotel offered to his view. It was positively droll to him that he should already have Maria Gostrey, whoever she was—and he hadn't really the least idea of it—in a place of safe keeping. He had somehow an assurance that he should carefully preserve the little token he had just tucked in. He gazed with unseeing, lingering eyes as he followed some of the implications of his act, asking himself if he really felt admonished to qualify it as disloyal. It was prompt, it was possibly even premature, and there was little doubt of the expression of face the sight of it would have produced in a certain person. But if it were "wrong"—why then he had better not have come out at all. At this, poor man, had he already—and even before meeting Waymarsh—arrived. He had believed he had a limit, but the limit had been transcended within thirty-six hours. By how long a space on the plane of manners or even of morals, moreover, he felt still more sharply after Maria Gostrey had come back to him and with a gay, decisive "So now—!" led him forth into the world. This counted, it struck him as he walked beside her with his overcoat on an arm, his umbrella under another and his personal pasteboard a little stiffly retained between forefinger and thumb—this struck him as really, in comparison, his introduction to things. It hadn't been "Europe" at Liverpool, no—not even in the dreadful, delightful, impressive streets the night before—to the extent his present companion made it so. She had not yet done that so much so as when, after their walk had lasted a few minutes and he had had time to wonder if

a couple of sidelong glances from her meant that he had best have put on gloves, she almost pulled him up with an amused challenge. "But why—fondly as it's so easy to imagine your clinging to it—don't you put it away? Or if it's an inconvenience to you to carry it, one is often glad to have one's card back. The fortune one spends in them!"

Then he saw both that his way of marching with his own prepared tribute had affected her as a deviation in one of those directions he couldn't yet measure, and that she supposed this emblem to be still the one he had received from her. He handed her, accordingly, the card, as if in restitution, but as soon as she had it she felt the difference and, with her eyes on it, stopped short for apology. "I like," she observed, "your name."

"Oh," he answered, "you won't have heard of it!" Yet he had his reasons for not being sure but that she perhaps might.

Ah, it was but too visible! She read it over again as one who had never seen it. "'Mr. Lewis Lambert Strether'"—she sounded it almost as freely as if a stranger were in question. She repeated, however, that she liked it—"particularly the Lewis Lambert. It's the name of a novel of Balzac's."

"Oh, I know that!" said Strether.

"But the novel's an awfully bad one."

"I know that too," Strether smiled. To which he added with an irrelevance that was only superficial: "I come from Woollett, Massachusetts." It made her for some reason—the irrelevance or whatever—laugh. Balzac had described many cities, but he had not described Woollett, Massachusetts. "You say that," she returned, "as if you wanted one immediately to know the worst."

"Oh, I think it's a thing," he said, "that you must already have made out. I feel it so that I certainly must look it, speak it, and, as people say there, 'act' it. It sticks out of me, and you knew, surely, for yourself, as soon as you looked at me."

"The worst, you mean?"

"Well, the fact of where I come from. There, at any rate, it *is;* so that you won't be able, if anything happens, to say that I've not been straight with you."

"I see"—and Miss Gostrey looked really interested in the point he had made. "But what do you think of as happening?"

Though he was not shy—which was rather anomalous—Strether gazed about without meeting her eyes; a motion that, in talk, was frequent with him, yet of which his words often seemed not at all the effect. "Why, that you should find me too hopeless." With which they walked on again together, while she answered, as they went, that the most "hopeless" of her countryfolk were precisely those, in general, she liked best. All sorts of other pleasant small things—small things that were yet large for him—flowered in the air of the occasion; but the bearing of the occasion itself on matters still remote concerns us too closely to permit us to multiply

our illustrations. Two or three, however, in truth, we should perhaps regret to lose. The tortuous wall—girdle, long since snapped, of the little swollen city, half held in place by careful civic hands—wanders, in narrow file, between parapets smoothed by peaceful generations, pausing here and there for a dismantled gate or a bridged gap, with rises and drops, steps up and steps down, queer twists, queer contacts, peeps into homely streets and under the brows of gables, views of cathedral tower and waterside fields, of huddled English town and ordered English country. Too deep almost for words was the delight of these things for Strether; yet as deeply mixed with it were certain images of his inward picture. He had trod this walk in the far-off time, at twenty-five; but that, instead of spoiling it, only enriched it for present feeling and marked his renewal as a thing substantial enough to share. It was with Waymarsh he should have shared it, and he was now, accordingly, taking from him something that was his due. He looked repeatedly at his watch, and when he had done so for the fifth time Miss Gostrey took him up.

"You're doing something that you think not right."

It so touched the place that he quite changed color, and his laugh was almost awkward. "Am I enjoying it as much as *that?*"

"You're not enjoying it, I think, so much as you ought."

"I see"—he appeared thoughtfully to agree. "Great is my privilege."

"Oh, it's not your privilege! It has nothing to do with *me.* It has to do with yourself. Your failure's general."

"Ah, there you are!" he laughed. "It's the failure of Woollett. *That's* general."

"The failure to enjoy," Miss Gostrey explained, "is what I mean."

"Precisely. Woollett isn't sure it ought to enjoy. If it were it would. But it hasn't, poor thing," Strether continued, "any one to show it how. It's not like me. I have somebody."

They had stopped, in the afternoon sunshine—constantly pausing, in their stroll, for the sharper sense of what they saw—and Strether rested on one of the high sides of the old stony groove of the little rampart. He leaned back on this support with his face to the tower of the cathedral, now admirably commanded by their standpoint, the high red-brown mass, square and subordinately spired and crocketted, retouched and restored, but charming to his long-sealed eyes and with the first swallows of the year weaving their flight all round it. Miss Gostrey lingered near him, full of an air, to which she more and more justified her right, of understanding the effect of things. She quite concurred. "You've indeed somebody." And she added: "I wish you *would* let me show you how!"

"Oh, I'm afraid of you!" he declared.

She kept on him a moment, through her glasses and through his own, a certain pleasant pointedness. "Ah no, you're not! You're

not in the least, thank goodness! If you had been we shouldn't so soon have found ourselves here together. I think," she comfortably said, "you trust me."

"I think I do! — but that's exactly what I'm afraid of. I shouldn't mind if I didn't. It's falling thus, in twenty minutes, so utterly into your hands. I dare say," Strether continued, "it's a sort of thing you're thoroughly familiar with; but nothing more extraordinary has ever happened to me."

She watched him with all her kindness. "That means simply that you've recognized me—which *is* rather beautiful and rare. You see what I am." As on this, however, he protested, with a good-humored headshake, a resignation of any such claim, she had a moment of explanation. "If you'll only come on further as you *have* come, you'll at any rate make out. My own fate has been too many for me, and I've succumbed to it. I'm a general guide—to 'Europe,' don't you know? I wait for people — I put them through. I pick them up—I set them down. I'm a sort of superior 'courier-maid.' I'm a companion at large. I take people, as I've told you, about. I never sought it—it has come to me. It has been my fate, and one's fate one accepts. It's a dreadful thing to have to say, in so wicked a world, but I verily believe that, such as you see me, there's nothing I don't know. I know all the shops and the prices—but I know worse things still. I bear on my back the huge load of our national consciousness, or, in other words—for it comes to that—of our nation itself. Of what is our nation composed but of the men and women individually on my shoulders? I don't do it, you know, for any particular advantage. I don't do it, for instance—some people do, you know—for money."

Strether could only listen and wonder and weigh his chance. "And yet, affected as you are then to so many of your clients, you can scarcely be said to do it for love." He waited a moment. "How do we reward you?"

She had her own hesitation, but "You don't!" she finally exclaimed, setting him again in motion. They went on, but in a few minutes, though while still thinking over what she had said, he once more took out his watch; but mechanically, unconsciously, and as if made nervous by the mere exhilaration of what struck him as her strange and cynical wit. He looked at the hour without seeing it, and then, on something again said by his companion, had another pause. "You're really in terror of him."

He smiled a smile that he almost felt to be sickly. "Now you can see why I'm afraid of you."

"Because I've such illuminations? Why, they're all for your help! It's what I told you," she added, "just now. You feel as if this were wrong."

He fell back once more, settling himself, as if to hear more about it, against the parapet. "Then get me out!"

Her face fairly brightened for the joy of the appeal, but, as if

it were a question of immediate action, she visibly considered. "Out of waiting for him?—of seeing him at all?"

"Oh no—not that," said poor Strether, looking grave. "I've got to wait for him—and I want very much to see him. But out of the terror. You did put your finger on it a few minutes ago. It's general, but it avails itself of particular occasions. That's what it's doing for me now. I'm always considering something else; something else, I mean, than the thing of the moment. The obsession of the other thing is the terror. I'm considering at present, for instance, something else than *you.*"

She listened with charming earnestness. "Oh, you oughtn't to do that!"

"It's what I admit. Make it, then, impossible."

She continued to think. "Is it really an 'order' from you?—that I shall take the job? *Will* you give yourself up?"

Poor Strether heaved his sigh. "If I only could! But that's the deuce of it—that I never can. No—I can't."

She was not, however, discouraged. "But you desire to, at least!"

"Oh, unspeakably!"

"Ah then, if you'll try!"—and she took over the job, as she had called it, on the spot. "Trust me!" she exclaimed; and the action of this, as they retraced their steps, was presently to make him pass his hand into her arm in the manner of a kind, dependent, paternal old person who wishes to be "nice" to a younger one. If he drew it out again, indeed, as they approached the inn, this may have been because, after more talk had passed between them, the relation of age, or at least of experience—which, for that matter, had already played to and fro with some freedom—affected him as incurring a readjustment. It was at all events perhaps lucky that they arrived in sufficiently separate fashion within range of the hotel-door. The young lady they had left in the glass cage watched as if she had come to await them on the threshold. At her side stood a person equally interested, by his attitude, in their return, and the effect of the sight of whom was instantly to determine for Strether another of those responsive arrests that we have had so repeatedly to note. He left it to Miss Gostrey to name, with the fine, full bravado, as it almost struck him, of her "Mr. Waymarsh!" what was to have been, what—he more than ever felt as his short stare of suspended welcome took things in—would have been, but for herself, his doom. It was already upon him, even at that distance, that Mr. Waymarsh was, for *his* part, joyless.

II.

He had none the less to confess to this friend that evening that he knew almost nothing about her, and it was a deficiency that Waymarsh, even with his memory refreshed by contact, by her own prompt and lucid allusions and inquiries, by their having par-

taken of dinner, in the public room, in her company, and by another stroll, to which she was not a stranger, out into the town to look at the cathedral by moonlight—it was a blank that the resident of Milrose, though admitting acquaintance with the Munsters, professed himself unable to fill. He had no recollection of Miss Gostrey, and two or three questions that she put to him about those members of his circle had, to Strether's observation, the same effect he himself had already more directly felt—the effect of appearing to place all knowledge, for the time, on this original woman's side. It interested him indeed to mark the limits of any such relation for her with his friend as there could possibly be a question of, and it particularly struck him that they were to be marked altogether in Waymarsh's quarter. This added to his own sense of having gone far with her—gave him an early illustration of a much shorter course. There was a certitude he immediately grasped—a conviction that Waymarsh would quite fail, as it were, and on whatever degree of acquaintance, to profit by her.

There had been, after the first interchange among the three, a talk of some five minutes, in the hall, and then the two men had adjourned to the garden, Miss Gostrey, for the time, disappearing. Strether, in due course, accompanied his friend to the room he had bespoken, and had, before going out, scrupulously visited; where, at the end of another half hour, he had no less discreetly left him. On leaving him he repaired straight to his own room, but with the effect, very soon, of feeling the compass of that chamber resented by his condition. There he had, on the spot, the first consequence of their reunion. A place was too small for him after it that had seemed large enough before. He had awaited it with something that he would have been sorry, have been almost ashamed, not to recognize as emotion, yet with a tacit assumption, at the same time, that emotion would in the event find itself relieved. The actual oddity was that he was only more excited; and his excitement—to which, indeed, he would have found it difficult instantly to give a name—brought him once more downstairs and caused him for some minutes vaguely to wander. He went once more to the garden; he looked into the public room, found Miss Gostrey writing letters and backed out; he roamed, fidgeted and wasted time; but he was to have his more intimate session with his friend before the evening closed.

It was late—it was not till Strether had spent an hour upstairs with him—that this subject consented to betake himself to doubtful rest. Dinner and the subsequent stroll by moonlight—a dream, on Strether's part, of romantic effects rather prosaically merged in a mere missing of thicker coats—had measurably intervened, and this midnight conference was the result of Waymarsh's having—when they were free, as he put it, of their fashionable friend—found the smoking-room not quite what he wanted, and yet bed what he wanted still less. His most frequent form of words was

that he knew himself, and they were applied on this occasion to his certainty of not sleeping. He knew himself well enough to know that he should have a night of prowling unless he should succeed, as a preliminary, in getting as tired as he wanted. If the effort directed to this end involved, till a late hour, the presence of Strether—consisted, that is, in the detention of the latter for full discourse—there was yet an impression of minor discipline involved, for our friend, in the picture Waymarsh made as he sat, in trousers and shirt, on the edge of his couch. With his long legs extended and his large back much bent, he nursed alternately, for an almost incredible time, his elbows and his beard. He struck his visitor as extremely, as almost wilfully, uncomfortable; yet what had this been for Strether, from that first glimpse of him disconcerted in the porch of the hotel, but the predominant note? It was a discomfort that was in a manner contagious, as well as also, in a manner, inconsequent and unfounded; the visitor felt that unless he should get used to it — or unless Waymarsh himself should—it would constitute a menace for his own prepared, his own already confirmed, consciousness of the agreeable. On their first going up together to the room that Strether had selected for him Waymarsh had looked it over, in silence, with a sigh that represented for his companion, if not the habit of disapprobation, at least the despair of felicity; and this look had recurred to Strether as the key of much that he had since observed. "Europe," he had begun to gather from these things, had, as yet, then, for him, rather failed of its message; he had not got into tune with it, and had almost, at the end of three months, renounced any such expectation.

He really appeared at present to insist on that by just perching there with the gas in his eyes. This of itself somehow conveyed the futility of single rectifications in a multiform failure. He had a large, handsome head, and a large, sallow, seamed face—a striking, significant physiognomic total, the upper range of which, the great political brow, the thick, loose hair, the dark, fuliginous eyes, recalled even to a generation whose standard had dreadfully deviated the impressive image, familiar by engravings and busts, of some great national worthy of the earlier part of the mid-century. He was of the personal type—and it was an element in the power and promise that in their early time Strether had found in him—of the American statesman, the statesman of "Congressional halls," of an elder day. The legend had been, in later years, that, as the lower part of his face, which was weak, and slightly crooked, spoiled the likeness, this was the real reason for the growth of his beard, which might have seemed to spoil it for those not in the secret. He shook his mane; he fixed, with his admirable eyes, his auditor or his observer; he wore no glasses and had a way, partly formidable, yet also partly encouraging, as from a representative to a constituent, of looking very hard at those who approached

him. He met you as if you had knocked and he had bidden you enter. Strether, who had not seen him for a long interval, apprehended him now with a freshness of taste, and had perhaps never done him such ideal justice as on this occasion. The head was bigger, the eyes finer, than they need have been for the career; but that only meant, after all, that the career was itself expressive. What it expressed at midnight in the gas-glaring bedroom at Chester was that the subject of it had, at the end of years, barely escaped, by flight in time, a general nervous collapse. But this very proof of the full life, as the full life was understood at Milrose, would have made, to Strether's imagination, an element in which Waymarsh could have floated easily had he only consented to float. Alas, nothing so little resembled floating as the rigor with which, on the edge of his bed, he hugged his posture of prolonged impermanence. It suggested to his comrade something that always, when kept up, worried him—a person established in a railway-coach with a forward inclination. It represented the angle at which poor Waymarsh was to sit through the ordeal of Europe.

Thanks to the stress of occupation, the strain of professions, the absorption and embarrassment of each, they had not, for some five years before this sudden brief and almost bewildering reign of comparative ease, found, at home, so much as a day for a meeting; a fact that was in some degree an explanation of the sharpness with which, for Strether, most of his friend's features stood out. Those he had lost sight of since the early time came back to him; others that it was never possible to forget struck him now as sitting, clustered and expectant, like a somewhat defiant family-group, on the doorstep of their residence. The room was narrow for its length, and Strether's friend on the bed thrust so far a pair of slippered feet that he had almost to step over them in his recurrent rebounds from his chair to fidget back and forth. There were marks they made on things to talk about, and on things not to, and one of the latter, in particular, fell like the tap of chalk on the blackboard. Married at thirty, Waymarsh had not lived with his wife for fifteen years, and it came up vividly between them in the glare of the gas that Strether was not to ask about her. He knew they were still separate and that she lived at hotels, travelled in Europe, painted her face, and wrote her husband abusive letters, of not one of which, to a certainty, that sufferer spared himself the perusal; but he respected without difficulty the cold twilight that had settled on this side of his companion's life. It was a province in which mystery reigned, and as to which Waymarsh had never spoken the informing word. Strether, who wanted to do him the highest justice wherever he *could* do it, singularly admired him for the dignity of this reserve, and even counted it as one of the grounds—grounds all handled and numbered—for ranking him, in the range of their acquaintance, as a success. He *was* a success, Waymarsh, in spite of overwork, of prostration, of sensible shrink-

age, of his wife's letters and of his not liking Europe. Strether would have reckoned his own career less futile had he been able to put into it anything so handsome as so much fine silence. One might, oneself, easily have left Mrs. Waymarsh; and one would assuredly have paid one's tribute to the ideal in covering with that attitude the derision of having been left by her. Her husband had held his tongue, and had made a large income; and these were the achievements, in especial, as to which Strether envied him. Our friend had had indeed, for his part too, a subject for silence, which he fully appreciated; but it was a matter of a different sort, and the figure of the income he had arrived at had never been high enough to look any one in the face.

"I don't know as I quite see what you require it for. You don't appear sick to speak of." It was of Europe that Waymarsh thus finally spoke.

"Well," said Strether, falling as much as possible into step, "I guess I don't *feel* sick now that I've started. But I had pretty well run down before I did start."

Waymarsh raised his melancholy look. "Ain't you about up to your usual average?"

It was not quite pointedly sceptical, but it seemed somehow a plea for the purest veracity, and affected our friend, proportionately, as the very voice of Milrose. He had long since made a mental distinction—though never, in truth, daring to betray it—between the voice of Milrose and the voice, even, of Woollett. It was the former, he felt, that was most in the real tradition. There had been occasions in his past when the sound of it had reduced him to temporary confusion, and the present, for some reason, suddenly became such another. It was no light matter, none the less, that the very effect of his confusion should be to make him again prevaricate. "That description hardly does justice to a man to whom it has done such a lot of good to see *you*."

Waymarsh fixed on his washing-stand the silent, detached stare with which Milrose in person, as it were, might have marked the unexpectedness of a compliment from Woollett; and Strether, on his side, felt once more like Woollett in person. "I mean," his friend presently continued, "that your appearance isn't as bad as I've seen it: it compares favorably with what it was when I last noticed it." On this appearance Waymarsh's eyes yet failed to rest; it was almost as if they obeyed an instinct of propriety, and the effect was still stronger when, always considering the basin and jug, he added: "You've filled out some since then."

"I'm afraid I have," Strether laughed: "one does fill some with all one takes in, and I've taken in, I dare say, more than I've natural room for. I was dog-tired when I sailed." It had the oddest sound of cheerfulness.

"*I* was dog-tired," his companion returned, "when I arrived, and it's this wild hunt for rest that takes all the life out of me.

The fact is, Strether—and it's a comfort to have you here at last to say it to; though I don't know, after all, that I've really waited; I've told it to people I've met in the cars—the fact is, such a country as this ain't my *kind* of country, any way. There ain't a country I've seen over here that *does* seem my kind. Oh, I don't say but what there are plenty of pretty places and remarkable old things; but the trouble is that I don't seem to feel anywhere in tune. That's one of the reasons, I suppose, I've gained so little. I haven't had the first sign of that lift I was led to expect." With this he broke out more earnestly. "Look here—I want to go back."

His eyes were all attached to Strether's now, for he was one of the men who fully face you when they talk of themselves. This enabled his friend to look at him hard and immediately to appear in his own eyes, by doing so, to the highest advantage. "That's a genial thing to say to a fellow who has come out on purpose to meet you!"

Nothing could have been finer than, on this, Waymarsh's sombre glow. "*Have* you come out on purpose?"

"Well—very largely."

"I thought, from the way you wrote, there was something back of it."

Strether hesitated. "Back of my desire to be with you?"

"Back of your prostration."

Strether, with a smile made more dim by a certain consciousness, shook his head. "There are all the causes of it!"

"And no particular cause that seemed most to drive you?"

Our friend could at last conscientiously answer. "Yes. One. There *is* a matter that has had much to do with my coming out."

Waymarsh waited a little. "Too private to mention?"

"No, not too private—for *you*. Only rather complicated."

"Well," said Waymarsh, who had waited again. "I *may* lose my mind over here, but I don't know as I've done so yet."

"Oh, you shall have the whole thing. But not to-night."

Waymarsh seemed to sit stiffer and to hold his elbows tighter. "Why not—if I can't sleep?"

"Because, my dear man, I *can!*"

"Then where's your prostration?"

"Just in that—that I can put in eight hours;" and Strether brought it out that if Waymarsh didn't "gain" it was because he didn't go to bed: the result of which was, in its order, that, to do the latter justice, he permitted his friend to insist upon his really getting settled. Strether, with a kind coercive hand for it, assisted him to this consummation, and again found his own part in their relation auspiciously enlarged by the smaller touches of lowering the lamp and seeing to a sufficiency of blanket. It somehow ministered for him to indulgence to feel Waymarsh, who looked unnaturally big and black in bed, as much tucked in as a patient in a hospital and, with his covering up to his chin, as much simplified

by it. He hovered in vague pity, in fine, while his companion challenged him out of the bedclothes. "Is she really after you? Is that what's behind?"

Strether felt an uneasiness at the direction taken by his companion's vision, but he played a little at uncertainty. "Behind my coming out?"

"Behind your prostration, or whatever. It's generally felt, you know, that she follows you up pretty close."

Strether's candor was never very far off. "Oh, it has occurred to you that I'm literally running away from Mrs. Newsome?"

"Well, I haven't *known* but what you are. You're a very attractive man, Strether. You've seen for yourself," said Waymarsh, "what that lady downstairs makes of it. Unless indeed," he rambled on with an effect between the ironic and the anxious, "it's you that are after *her*. Is Mrs. Newsome *over* here?" He spoke as with a droll dread of her.

It made his friend—though rather dimly—smile. "Dear no; she's safe, thank goodness—as I think I more and more feel—at home. She thought of coming, but she gave it up. I've come in a manner instead of her; and come, to that extent—for you're right in your inference—on her business. So you see there *is* plenty of connection."

Waymarsh continued to see at least all there was. "Involving accordingly the particular one I've referred to?"

Strether took another turn about the room, giving a twitch to his companion's blanket and finally gaining the door. His feeling was that of a nurse who had earned personal rest by having made everything straight. "Involving more things than I can think of breaking ground on now. But don't be afraid—you shall have them from me: you'll probably find yourself having quite as much of them as you can do with. I shall—if we keep together—very much depend on your impression of some of them."

Waymarsh's acknowledgment of this tribute was characteristically indirect. "You mean to say you don't believe we *will* keep together?"

"I only glance at the danger," Strether paternally said, "because when I hear you wail to go back I seem to see you open up such possibilities of folly."

Waymarsh took it—silent a little—like a large snubbed child. "What are you going to do with me?"

It was the very question Strether himself had put to Miss Gostrey, and he wondered if he had sounded like that. But *he* at least could be more definite. "I'm going to take you right down to London."

"Oh, I've *been* down to London!" Waymarsh more softly moaned. "I've no use, Strether, for anything down there."

"Well," said Strether, good-humoredly, "I guess you've some use for *me*."

"So I've got to go?"

"Oh, you've got to go further yet."

"Well," Waymarsh sighed, "do your damnedest! Only you *will* tell me before you lead me on all the way—?"

Our friend had again so lost himself, both for amusement and for contrition, in the wonder of whether he had made, in his own challenge that afternoon, such another figure, that he for an instant missed the thread. "Tell you—?"

"Why, what you've got on hand."

Strether hesitated. "Why, it's such a matter as that, even if I positively wanted, I shouldn't be able to keep it from you."

Waymarsh gloomily gazed. "What does that mean, then, but that your trip is just *for* her?"

"For Mrs. Newsome? Oh, it certainly is, as I say. Very much."

"Then why do you also say it's for me?"

Strether, in impatience, violently played with his latch. "It's simple enough. It's for both of you."

Waymarsh at last turned over with a groan. "Well, *I* won't marry you!"

"Neither, when it comes to that—!" But Strether had already laughed and escaped.

III.

He had told Miss Gostrey that he should probably take, for departure with Waymarsh, some afternoon train, and it thereupon in the morning appeared that this lady had made her own plan for an earlier one. She had breakfasted when Strether came into the coffee-room; but, Waymarsh not having yet emerged, he was in time to recall her to the terms of their understanding and to pronounce her discretion overdone. She was not, surely, to break away at the very moment she had created a want. He had met her as she rose from her little table in a window, where, with the morning papers beside her, she reminded him, as he let her know, of Major Pendennis breakfasting at his club—a compliment of which she professed a deep appreciation; and he detained her as pleadingly as if he had already—and notably under pressure of the visions of the night—learned to be unable to do without her. She must teach him at all events, before she went, to order breakfast as breakfast was ordered in Europe, and she must especially sustain him in the problem of ordering for Waymarsh. The latter had laid upon his friend, by desperate sounds through the door of his room, dreadful divined responsibilities in respect to beefsteak and oranges—responsibilities which Miss Gostrey took over with an alertness of action that matched her quick intelligence. She had weaned the expatriated before from traditions compared with which the matutinal beefsteak was but the creature of an hour, and it was not for her, with some of her memories, to falter in the path; though she freely enough declared, on reflection, that

there was always, in such cases, a choice of opposed policies. "There are times when to give them their head, you know—!"

They had gone to wait together in the garden for the dressing of the meal, and Strether found her more suggestive than ever. "Well, what?"

"Is to bring about for them such a complexity of relations—unless indeed we call it a simplicity!—that the situation *has* to wind itself up. They want to go back."

"And you want them to go!" Strether gayly concluded.

"I always want them to go, and I send them as fast as I can."

"Oh, I know—you take them to Liverpool."

"Any port will serve in a storm. I'm—with all my other functions—an agent for repatriation. I want to re-people our stricken country. What will become of it else? I want to discourage others."

The ordered English garden, in the freshness of the day, was delightful to Strether, who liked the sound, under his feet, of the tight, fine gravel, packed with the chronic damp, and who had the idlest eye for the deep smoothness of turf and the clean curves of paths. "Other people?"

"Other countries. Other people—yes. I want to encourage our own."

Strether wondered. "Not to come? Why then do you 'meet' them?—since it doesn't appear to be to stop them?"

"Oh, that they shouldn't come is, as yet, too much to ask. What I attend to is that they come quickly and return still more so. I meet them to help it to be over as soon as possible, and though I don't stop them I've my way of putting them through. That's my little system; and, if you want to know," said Maria Gostrey, "it's my real secret, my innermost mission and use. I only seem, you see, to beguile and approve; but I've thought it all out and I'm working all the while underground. I can't perhaps quite give you my formula, but I think that, practically, I succeed. I send you back spent. So you stay back. Passed through my hands—"

"We don't turn up again?" The further she went, always, the further he seemed to see himself able to follow. "I don't want your formula—I feel quite enough, as I hinted yesterday, your abysses. Spent!" he echoed. "Thank you—if that's how you're arranging so subtly to send me—for the warning."

For a minute, in the pleasant place—poetry in tariffed items, but all the more, for guests already convicted, a challenge to consumption—they smiled at each other in confirmed fellowship. "Do you call it subtly? It's a plain, poor tale. Besides, you're a special case."

"Oh, special cases—that's weak!" She was weak enough, further still, to defer her journey and agree to accompany the gentlemen on their own, might a separate carriage mark her independence; though it was, in spite of this, to befall, after luncheon, that she

went off alone, and that, with a tryst taken for a day of her company in London, they lingered another night. She had, during the morning—spent in a way that he was to remember, later on, as the very climax of his foretaste, as warm with presentiments, with what he would have called collapses—had all sorts of things out with Strether; and among them the fact that though there was never a moment of her life when she wasn't "due" somewhere, there was yet scarce a perfidy to others of which she was not capable for his sake. She explained, moreover, that wherever she happened to be she found a dropped thread to pick up, a ragged edge to repair, some familiar appetite in ambush, jumping out as she approached, yet appeasable with a temporary biscuit. It became, on her taking the risk of the deviation imposed on him by her insidious arrangement of his morning meal, a point of honor for her not to fail with Waymarsh of the larger success too; and her boast, later, to Strether, was that she had made their friend fare—and quite without his knowing what was the matter—as Major Pendennis would have fared at the Megatherium. She had made him breakfast like a gentleman, and it was nothing, she forcibly asserted, to what she would yet make him do. She made him participate in the slow reiterated ramble with which, for Strether, the new day amply filled itself; and it was by her art that he somehow had the air, on the ramparts and in the Rows, of carrying a point of his own.

The three strolled and stared and gossipped, or at least the two did; the case really yielding, for their comrade, if analyzed, but the element of stricken silence. This element, indeed, affected Strether as charged with audible rumblings, but he was conscious of the care of taking it, explicitly, as a sign of pleasant peace. He wouldn't appeal too much, for that provoked stiffness; yet he wouldn't be too freely tacit, for that suggested giving up. Waymarsh himself adhered to an ambiguous dumbness that might have represented either the growth of a perception or the despair of one; and at times and in places—where the low-browed galleries were darkest, the opposite gables queerest, the solicitations, of every kind, densest—the others caught him fixing hard some object of minor interest, fixing even at moments nothing discernible, as if he were indulging it with a truce. When he met Strether's eye on such occasions he looked guilty and furtive, fell the next minute into some attitude of retractation. Our friend couldn't show him the right things for fear of provoking some total renouncement, and was tempted even to show him the wrong in order to make him differ with triumph. There were moments when he himself felt shy of professing the full sweetness of the taste of leisure, and there were others when he found himself feeling as if his passages of interchange with the lady at his side might fall upon the third member of their party very much as Mr. Burchell, at Dr. Primrose's fireside, was influenced by the high flights of the visitors from London. The smallest things so arrested and amused him that he repeatedly almost

apologized—brought up afresh, in explanation, his plea of a previous grind. He was aware at the same time that his grind had been as nothing to Waymarsh's, and he repeatedly confessed that, to cover his frivolity, he was doing his best for his previous virtue.

Do what he might, however, his previous virtue was still there, and it seemed fairly to stare at him out of the windows of shops that were not as the shops of Woollett, fairly to make him want things that he shouldn't know what to do with. It was, by the oddest, the least admissible, of laws, demoralizing him now; and the way it boldly took was to make him want more wants. These first walks in Europe were in fact a kind of finely-lurid intimation of what one might find at the end of that process. Had he come back, after long years, in something already so like the evening of life, only to be exposed to it? It was at any rate over the shop-windows that he made, with Waymarsh, most free; though it would have been easier had not the latter most sensibly yielded to the appeal of the merely useful trades. He pierced with his sombre detachment the plate-glass of ironmongers and saddlers, while Strether flaunted an affinity with the dealers in stamped letter-paper and in neckties. Strether was in fact recurrently shameless in the presence of the tailors, though it was just over the heads of the tailors that his countryman most loftily looked. This gave Miss Gostrey a grasped opportunity to back up Waymarsh at his expense. The weary lawyer—it was unmistakable—had a conception of dress; but that, in view of some of the features of the effect produced, was just what made the danger of insistence on it. Strether wondered if he by this time thought Miss Gostrey less fashionable or Lambert Strether more so; and it appeared probable that most of the remarks exchanged between this latter pair about passers, figures, faces, personal types exemplified in their degree the disposition to talk as "society" talked.

Was what was happening to himself then, was what already *had* happened, really that a woman of fashion was floating him into society, and that an old friend, deserted on the brink, was watching the force of the current? When the woman of fashion permitted Strether—as she permitted him at the most—the purchase of a pair of gloves, the terms she made about it, the prohibition of neckties and other items till she should be able to guide him through the Burlington Arcade, were such as to fall upon a sensitive ear as a challenge to just imputations. Miss Gostrey was such a woman of fashion as could make without a symptom of vulgar blinking an appointment for the Burlington Arcade. Mere discriminations about a pair of gloves could thus at all events represent—always for such sensitive ears as were in question—possibilities of something that Strether could make a mark against only as the peril of apparent wantonness. He had quite the consciousness of his new friend, for their companion, that he might have had of a Jesuit in petticoats, a representative of the recruiting interests of

the Catholic church. The Catholic church, for Waymarsh—that was to say the enemy, the monster of bulging eyes and far-reaching, quivering, groping tentacles—was exactly society, exactly the multiplication of shibboleths, exactly the discrimination of types and tones, exactly the wicked old Rows of Chester, rank with feudalism; exactly, in short, Europe.

There was light for observation, however, in an incident that occurred just before they turned back to luncheon. Waymarsh had been for a quarter of an hour exceptionally mute and distant, and something or other—Strether was never to make out exactly what—proved, as it were, too much for him after his comrades had stood for three minutes taking in, while they leaned on an old balustrade that guarded the edge of the Row, a particularly crooked and huddled street-view. "He thinks us sophisticated, he thinks us worldly, he thinks us wicked, he thinks us all sorts of queer things," Strether reflected; for it was wondrous, the vague quantities that our friend had, within a couple of short days, acquired the habit of conveniently and conclusively lumping together. There seemed moreover a direct connection between some such inference and a sudden grim dash taken by Waymarsh to the opposite side. This movement was startlingly sudden, and his companions at first supposed him to have espied, to be pursuing, the glimpse of an acquaintance. They next made out, however, that an open door had instantly received him, and they then recognized him as engulfed in the establishment of a jeweller, behind whose glittering front he was lost to view. The act had somehow the note of a demonstration, and it left each of the others to show a face almost of fear. But Miss Gostrey broke into a laugh. "What's the matter with him?"

"Well," said Strether, "he can't stand it."

"But can't stand what?"

"Anything. Europe."

"Then how will that jeweller help him?"

Strether seemed to make it out, from their standpoint, between the interstices of arrayed watches, of close-hung dangling gewgaws. "You'll see."

"Ah, that's just what—if he buys anything—I'm afraid of: that I shall see something rather dreadful."

Strether studied the finer appearances. "He may buy everything."

"Then don't you think we ought to follow him?"

"Not for worlds. Besides, we can't. We're paralyzed. We exchange a long, scared look; we publicly tremble. The thing is, you see, we 'realize.' He has struck for freedom."

She wondered, but she laughed. "Ah, what a price to pay! And I was preparing some for him so cheap."

"No, no," Strether went on, frankly amused now; "don't call it that: the kind of freedom *you* deal in is dear." Then as to justify himself: "Am I not, in *my* way, trying it? It's this."

"Being here, you mean, with me?"

"Yes, and talking to you as I do. I've known you a few hours, and I've known *him* all my life; so that if the ease I thus take with you about him isn't magnificent"—and the thought of it held him a moment—"why, it's rather base."

"It's magnificent!" said Miss Gostrey, to make an end of it. "And you should hear," she added, "the ease *I* take—and I above all intend to take—with Mr. Waymarsh."

Strether thought. "About *me?* Ah, that's no equivalent. The equivalent would be Waymarsh's serving me up—his remorseless analysis of me. And he'll never do that"—he was sadly clear. "He'll never remorselessly analyze me." He quite held her with the authority of this. "He'll never say a word to you about me."

She took it in; she did it justice; yet after an instant her reason, her restless irony, disposed of it. "Of course he won't. For what do you take people, that they're able to say words about anything, able remorselessly to analyze? There are not many like you and me. It will be only because he's too stupid."

It stirred in her friend a sceptical echo which was at the same time the protest of the faith of years. "Waymarsh stupid?"

"Compared with you."

Strether had still his eyes on the jeweller's front, and he waited a moment to answer. "He's a success of a kind that I haven't approached."

"Do you mean he has made money?"

"He makes it—to my belief. And I," said Strether, "though with a back quite as bent, have never made anything. I'm a perfectly-equipped failure."

He was afraid, an instant, that she would ask him if he meant he was poor; and he was glad she didn't, for he really didn't know to what the truth on this unpleasant point mightn't have prompted her. She only, however, confirmed his assertion. "Thank goodness you're a failure—it's why I so distinguish you! Anything else to-day is too hideous. Look about you—look at the successes. Would you *be* one, on your honor? Look, moreover," she continued, "at me."

For a little, accordingly, their eyes met. "I see," Strether returned. "You too are out of it."

"The superiority you discern in me," she concurred, "announces my futility. If you knew," she sighed, "the dreams of my youth! But our realities are what has brought us together. We're beaten brothers in arms."

He smiled at her kindly enough, but he shook his head. "It doesn't alter the fact that you're expensive. You've cost me already—!"

But he had hung fire. "Cost you what?"

"Well, my past—in one great lump. But no matter," he laughed: "I'll pay with my last penny."

Her attention, however, had now been engaged by their comrade's return, for Waymarsh met their view as he came out of his shop. "I hope he hasn't paid," she said, "with *his* last; though I'm convinced he has been splendid, and has been so for you."

"Ah no—not that!"

"Then for me?"

"Quite as little." Waymarsh was by this time near enough to show signs his friend could read, though he seemed to look almost carefully at nothing in particular.

"Then for himself?"

"For nobody. For nothing. For freedom."

"But what has freedom to do with it?"

Strether's answer was indirect. "To be as good as you and me. But different."

She had had time to take in their companion's face; and with it, as such things were easy for her, she took in all. "Different—yes. But better!"

If Waymarsh was sombre he was also indeed almost sublime. He told them nothing, left his absence unexplained, and though they were convinced he had made some extraordinary purchase they were never to learn its nature. He only glowered grandly at the tops of the old gables. "It's the sacred rage," Strether had had further time to say; and this sacred rage was to become, between them, for convenient comprehension, the description of one of his periodical necessities. It was Strether who eventually contended that it did make him better than they. But by that time Miss Gostrey was convinced that she didn't want to be better than Strether.

(To be continued.)

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

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who has been prominently identified with many of the larger operations connected with the financial and industrial development of modern America, is a Southerner by birth. He was born in Nelson County, Virginia, on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, in 1851. By the time he was ready to begin the serious work of life, the Old Dominion was just emerging from the devastation of the Civil War, and offered but the scantiest opportunity to an active and ambitious young man. At the age of seventeen, therefore, he went to Baltimore to seek his fortune. There he remained for two years, when he removed to New York to fill a position which had been secured for him in a banking-house. Having by dint of close application acquired an insight into the principles of finance, he formed a partnership, in his twenty-first year, with a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and he was so successful that he was soon able to purchase for himself a seat on the floor of the Exchange. For ten or eleven years thereafter he was engaged in business as a stock-broker, and since 1886, he has been active in the reorganization of steam railways, in the consolidation and extension of electric street-railway lines and electric light properties, and in the management of industrial corporations and financial institutions.

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was admitted to the bar of his native State, Tennessee, in 1860, in his twenty-sixth year. He was attracted to journalism, and between 1862 and 1871 he edited *The Daily Sun,* of Columbus, Ga., and *The New Era,* of Atlanta, Ga. He was United States Minister to Colombia from 1871 to 1877, and again from 1881 to 1887, and during the four years between these two terms he was United States Consul at Chin-Kiang, and Canton in China. From 1889 to 1893, he was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Venezuela. During the Anglo-Venezuelan boundary dispute, he was the legal adviser and special agent of the Venezuelan government. Among the volumes which have proceeded from his

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is one of the best known of living American authors. He was born in New Orleans in 1852, and studied at Columbia College, where he graduated in 1871. He was admitted to the New York bar, but he turned from law to literature, to which, for many years, he has devoted an indefatigable and versatile pen. He was one of the founders of the Authors Club and of The Players in New York, and he was among the organizers of the American Copyright League. In 1892, he was appointed Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. His works—comprising novels, tales, plays, essays and treatises on various subjects—form of themselves a considerable library; let it suffice to mention here "Studies of the Stage," "Introduction to the Study of American Literature," "The Theatres of Paris," and "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century."

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has for many years been interested in the cause of temperance. In 1874, she assisted in organizing the Maine Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for three years thereafter she was its Treasurer, and when she relinquished that post, she became its President. In 1894, she was elected Vice-President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union; on the death of Miss Willard in 1898, she became acting-President; and at the next convention of the Union she was elected President, an office to which she has every year since then been re-elected. Mrs. Stevens has also displayed a public spirit by activities in other directions. For several years she was the Maine representative in the National Conference of Charities and Correction; she was one of the lady-managers of the World's Columbian Exposition; and for some time she was treasurer of the National Council of Women.

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was born in Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. For several years he was Assistant and, later, Deputy Magistrate at Murshidabad, in Lower Bengal, and afterwards at Cuttack, in the District of Orissa. In 1891, he returned to England from India, and

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is a minister of the Congregational Church, who is widely known in the United States for his interest in social reforms. His writings on that subject, being animated by the broadest sympathy with those of all creeds who desire to elevate the moral and spiritual character of the community, have exerted a profound silence on the public mind. Born at Pottsgrove, Pa., in 1830, he graduated at Williams College in 1859; and having held several pastorates and editorial positions, he became, in 1882, pastor of his present charge, the First Congregational Church in Columbus, Ohio. Among

his published works are: "Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living," "Workingmen and Their Employers," "The Young Men and the Churches," "Applied Christianity," "The Church and the Kingdom," "Ruling Ideas of the Present Age," and "Social Facts and Forces."

W. J. Gaynor,

the eminent American jurist, was born in Whitestown, Oneida County, New York, in 1851. From Boston, where he completed his academic education, he went to Brooklyn in 1873, and engaged in journalistic work while pursuing the study of the law. In 1875, he was admitted to the bar and soon took a prominent place among the leaders of his profession, appearing before the courts in a number of important cases. He became known and feared as a relentless foe of corruption in public life, and gained a national reputation by his effective work in breaking up "rings" within the Democratic party, of which party he was himself an adherent, and by the part he took in securing the conviction of a notorious and powerful Democratic "boss" for election frauds. He was elected Justice of the Supreme Court of New York in 1893, on the nomination of the Republicans and Independent Democrats.

Howard S. Gans

was born in New York in 1872. He entered Harvard in 1889 and was graduated, *cum laude*, in 1892. After a course in the New York Law School, he was admitted to the bar in 1894, but it was not till 1898 that he began the practice of his profession on his own account. In 1900, Mr. Philbin appointed him Deputy-Assistant District Attorney; and in the following year he was directed to make a special study of the law affecting the police and their duties, and assigned to assist Mr. George W. Schurman, who was then in charge of police prosecutions. The police work of the office was subsequently entrusted to Mr. Gans, who prepared the cases against Bissert, Herlihy, and Diamond, and had general supervision over cases pending against other officers. He represented the District-Attorney's office in its coöperation in the work of the Committee of Fifteen. When Mr. Jerome became District Attorney, he appointed Mr. Gans one of his assistants and placed him in charge of the appellate work of the office.

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THE POLITICAL OPPORTUNITY OF THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS F. RYAN.

THE Democrats of the South for many years controlled the policy of the Democratic Party, and the Democratic Party directed the policy of the nation. Until the question of slavery divided North and South, the influence of the Democracy of the South was always cast in favor of those conservative policies which had the approval of the best intellects of the North, and which tended to the equal benefit of both sections. For the period of sixty years ending in 1861, out of fifteen administrations there were only two which were not Democratic; and of the thirteen Presidential terms served by Democratic Presidents, nine were served by men from the Southern States and six by the three founders of Democracy—Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

During these sixty years, the nation moved steadily forward in a path of prosperity, which was interrupted only by those checks which are almost inevitable in the rapid expansion of a young and undeveloped country. The territory of the Union was extended from the narrow fringe along the Alleghenies to Florida, the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande on the south, and to the shores of the western ocean. The productive and civilized population of the country spread across the Mississippi Valley and began the line of settlements which was to link the Middle West

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with the Pacific Coast. The gold standard had become the monetary system of the country; and, in spite of the errors usual in new countries, the banking system of the more conservative Southern States, like Virginia, Louisiana and South Carolina, had been adjusted on sound and safe principles. Federal legislation was confined in the main to the province prescribed for it by the Constitution. Taxes were levied in a manner to afford some degree of protection to young industries, without the attempt to legislate in favor of classes and sections which became too conspicuous a feature of the legislation of the forty years which followed. The Constitution as it stood after the adoption of the "Bill of Rights" remained substantially unaltered; and no President had ventured to advocate an amendment to the Constitution, changing the relation of the States to the Federal Union, simply as a political expedient to meet a popular clamor.

The question which now confronts the Democrats of the South is, whether these conditions can be restored and a return made, for another period of half a century or more, to conservative Democratic government, with the healthy progress which marked those early years of the creation and building of the nation. It lies largely with the Democrats of the South to determine whether this shall be, or whether the Democratic Party shall continue, by pursuing false gods and strange doctrines, to alarm those who by the sweat of their brow have acquired some stake in the wealth of the country, and shall turn its back upon the principles of Jefferson and Madison to adopt those of Karl Marx and the state socialists of Europe.

Democratic Party leadership at the present time carries a responsibility such as has rarely fallen to the lot of a statesman. It involves success or failure in the effort to preserve, in this country, those conditions of well-ordered liberty which have drawn to our shores the poor and oppressed of other lands, by the guarantees afforded by our form of government that here should prevail for every man freedom of conscience, freedom to labor and to contract for his labor or its products, and equality of opportunity to seek for his products a free market, unfettered by restrictive national laws such as erect artificial barriers between State and State or citizen and citizen.

It would be fitting that the delegates to the next Democratic National Convention from all the States of the South should act

together in support of a policy and candidates. Such a policy and such candidates need not and should not be sectional. To make them so would defeat the very purpose of the union of the South, which should be to appeal to the confidence of the voters of those Northern States which are capable of contributing to the election of a Democratic President and Vice-President.

The Democrats of the Southern States, if they act together, can exercise the same controlling voice in the next Democratic National Convention which they exercised in so many conventions previous to the fatal break over slavery at Charleston. The slavery issue, with all that pertained to it, has been eliminated from Federal politics. If the embers of a radicalism which desires to inflict negro rule upon the Southern States occasionally flicker into a flame in Washington, it is all the more the duty of the men of the South to stand together for policies which mean conservatism and promise victory; and it is certain that in so doing they will not lack the support of every Democrat and of many conservative Republicans in the Northern States.

The next Democratic National Convention will consist of 994 delegates. This total includes the allotment made at the last National Convention of six votes each to all the Territories, including Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. Of this number 498 will constitute a majority, and 663 will be necessary to make up the two-thirds required to nominate candidates under the time-honored rule of a Democratic convention. The votes of 332 delegates would constitute more than one-third of the Convention and would prevent an unwise nomination. The Southern States, including Maryland, Delaware and the other border States, will have in the National Convention a total of 338 votes. These votes are sufficient to prevent an unwise nomination.

It is obvious, however, that, if the Democrats of the South decide to cast their influence in favor of conservative policies and candidates, they will receive powerful support from the Northern States, and especially from those of the East and the Middle West. The eastern group of States alone, comprising New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, will have 252 votes in the Convention, and with the South would make up a total of 590 votes. In order to obtain the remaining 73 votes required to make two-thirds of the National Convention, it would be necessary to look to such States of the Middle West as Indiana

with 30 votes, Illinois with 54, Michigan with 28, Minnesota with 22, and Wisconsin with 26. The delegates of Indiana and Illinois, with those of the South and East, would constitute two-thirds of the Convention and give overwhelming preponderance to any policy upon which those States agreed. Illinois and Wisconsin, or the group made up of Indiana, Michigan and Minnesota, would also be sufficient, with the South and East, to make two-thirds.

In determining what shall be the policy of the next Democratic National Convention, the action of the South will be almost decisive, if the conservative men of that section exert themselves to resume their old influence in the party. It is high time that the Democrats of the South realized that they have nothing to gain by coquetting with Populism, or by following vagaries which have excited the distrust of conservative and thoughtful men everywhere, and which, during the last six years, have too often united against the Democratic Party all who had a dollar to lose by the debasement of the metallic standard, or whose success was to be sought by the exertion of their hands or brains. The Democratic Party won its repeated victories from 1800 to 1860, and its victories of 1876, 1884 and 1892, because it advocated those conservative policies which lay at the foundation of party doctrine in the time of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and which inspired in the country the conviction that a Democratic administration meant strict adherence to the Constitution, careful economy in public expenditures, and the administration of laws regarding taxation and privilege which would conform most nearly to the theory of equal rights and privileges for all and the greatest good to the greatest number. Among those policies, a return to which at the present time would bring strength to the party, these may be enumerated:

(1) A moderate tariff for revenue, without prejudice to domestic industries;

(2) A sound currency;

(3) Moderation in public expenditures;

(4) The restriction of the Federal government to its legitimate functions, and opposition to the further extension of its powers over the acts and industries of the people of the States.

In the formulation of a tariff policy the question of free trade in its absolute sense may properly be eliminated. It has always

been the policy of our government, as it is of nearly every civilized government, to rely upon customs duties for a considerable part of its revenue. The only method of doing this which departs radically from the American system is the English method of levying duties on articles, like sugar, tobacco, tea and coffee, which are produced exclusively abroad, and which therefore do not compete with domestic products. It is safe to say that no Democratic administration in the near future will seriously propose such a policy. The cry of free trade, directed against any policy which has ever been seriously proposed by a responsible Democratic statesman, is grossly misleading. It has been used simply as a bugaboo to scare children and to "fry the fat" out of protected interests.

The question of the tariff, therefore, reduces itself to this: whether, in distributing duties over a long list of articles, certain reductions shall be made upon those articles which are most highly taxed, and which may come into competition with the products of American mills. It is safe to say that no Democratic Congress which can be elected will pass a measure that will wipe out protection or reduce it upon highly finished products below a reasonable protective point. Upon what constitutes a reasonable protective point there will be wide differences of opinion between the manufacturer, for whom every increase of duty means additional profits and a special license for the use of inferior machinery and antiquated plants, and the consumer, who believes that he should be free to purchase what he needs in the cheapest market. Upon these questions it is not worth while to enter here. It is sufficient to say that whatever is done by the Democratic Party, if again placed in power by the support of the South, should have due regard to the reasonable needs of American manufactures, but should not prostitute Congress to the contemptible part of acting as the pliant tool of special interests. Upon this proposition, in spite of the outcry and outlay of these interests, the Democratic Party may safely appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the nation.

The Democratic Party was the first champion of the gold standard in the United States, and its leaders have been among the foremost in advocating an intelligent reform of the bank-note currency. When the gold standard first became law in 1834, it was largely by the efforts of Thomas Benton and Andrew Jack-

son, both Southern men, one of whom earned the epithet of "Old Bullion" by his firm devotion to that standard. At a later date, after the country had been plunged into the abyss of depreciated paper, against the advice of the conservative bankers of New York, and when faltering steps were being taken to restore gold payments, it was Southern men, like Bayard of Delaware, Hill of Georgia, Lamar of Mississippi, and Garland of Arkansas, who lent their votes in critical emergencies in support of the return to specie payments and sound money and in saving the Republican Party in Congress from its own worst elements.

It is needless to recite the history of the resolute fight made by the last two Democratic administrations for the gold standard and against the debasement of the currency. While Democratic Secretaries of the Treasury, like Daniel Manning, Charles S. Fairchild and John G. Carlisle, were struggling to counteract the effects of Republican silver legislation, Republican Presidents, Secretaries and Senators were denouncing their action, and sending roving bimetallic commissions abroad to demonstrate their desire to make new concessions to the enemies of the gold standard. It is the testimony of John Sherman that the silver law of 1890 was passed because a Republican President could not be counted upon to veto a free coinage bill. How different the record of the Democratic President who followed, who was willing to sacrifice his party, if need be, to the preservation of the gold standard and the maintenance of the national honor! Both Presidents followed the historic precedents of their parties,—the Republican, in looking to government interference with monetary laws as a means of creating value; the Democrat, in looking to the bullion in the coin as the test of value, which law might recognize but could not alter.

Secretary Carlisle was the pioneer in the official presentation to Congress of a comprehensive plan of bank-note reform, which has since received the approval in principle of such eminent Republican Secretaries of the Treasury as Mr. Gage and Mr. Shaw. This question is one which the South might well take up as peculiarly related to its prosperity. The bank-note does not differ essentially in its character from the certified check or certificate of deposit, except that it is issued in printed form for even amounts in order to pass conveniently from hand to hand. The government is not justified in putting restrictions on the issue

of bank-notes any more than on the acceptance of deposits by a bank, except so far as those restrictions are necessary to the security of the public and for carrying out the purpose of a note as a convenient means of transferring credit and capital.

The question of a proper paper currency is more important to the South than to the commercial centres of the North, because the bank-note is better adapted to communities where banking facilities are widely separated and where comparatively few people keep bank accounts, than to communities where banks are on almost every corner and a check-book is in every man's drawer. Republican legislation has imposed a tax of ten per cent. upon instruments of credit in the form of bank-notes when issued by State banks, and has imposed a tax of one per cent. and other serious fetters upon such issues by a national bank. This is not the place to argue the question whether State banks should be again permitted to issue notes. To a certain extent, the knitting together of all parts of the country by the railway, telegraph and telephone systems makes it desirable that whatever currency is used should be uniform throughout the nation. When this point is conceded, however, it by no means follows that restrictions should be imposed by law upon the use of bank-notes beyond such as are required to secure the safety and uniformity of the notes and thereby insure their convenience to the public who use them.

Laws which impose such restrictions upon the issue of notes in printed form and impose no restrictions upon the use of credit in the form of the certified check, the deposit receipt and the pass book, are an injurious discrimination against the agricultural sections of the West as well as the South. Such a discrimination it should be one of the first cares of a Democratic administration to remove. Secretary Carlisle pointed the way in his admirable report to Congress in 1894. His Republican successors have followed in his footsteps, but a Republican Congress has thus far refused to accept their suggestions. The Republican Party, by perpetual discussion and continued inaction, apparently confesses its incompetence to deal with the question. It should be one of the first duties of a Democratic administration to take up this problem and solve it, in accordance with the needs of the great commercial development to which the country has attained. For this purpose a Democratic administration would have the support and aid of the ablest men of both parties.

Moderation in public expenditures has been one of the historic policies of the Democratic Party. If there has ever been a tendency to carry economy too far, it has been more than counterbalanced by Republican extravagance, and is an error which is too rare in the administration of modern governments. The ordinary expenditures of the United States have increased from $260,226,935 or $4.63 *per capita* for 1885, to $487,713,791 or $6.39 *per capita* for 1900, and $509,967,353 or $6.56 *per capita* for 1901. A part of this great increase has, no doubt, been occasioned by the growth of the country and by the new classes of functions imposed by Republican legislation upon the Federal government; but the question whether these new expenditures are justified goes deeper than the mere salary roll of a new bureau, and touches the vital Democratic doctrine whether these new functions ought in any case to be imposed upon the Federal government. Upon this issue of economy and the strict scrutiny of public expenditures, Mr. Tilden achieved his victory of 1876, and Mr. Cleveland commended himself to the confidence of the Democrats of New York and the nation. The South, which profits only in a limited degree by the wealth arising from new inventions, railway extension, and the economies in production obtained by improved industrial management, is less disposed, perhaps, than the North to witness with patience the lavishing of the money raised by taxation upon objects of doubtful utility or beyond the legitimate scope of Federal action.

Upon the vital question of the scope of Federal power, the Democrats of the South can afford to take a position which conforms to the historical teachings of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. The people of the South have suffered enough from abuse of Federal power,—from the presence of United States deputy-marshals at their elbows when they are seeking to govern themselves, from the intervention of Federal courts to foist upon them laws and decisions which would not be enacted by their own Legislatures and could not be enforced by their local courts,—to make them think twice before giving their sanction to the further extension of Federal authority. They are likely to realize more clearly perhaps than the people of the North and West, whose domestic institutions have been less subject to such interference, what it would mean if a constitutional amendment or a statute should extend the power of the Federal government to all the

many questions affecting corporations established under the laws of the States. They would again have Federal judges invading every province of their domestic life, passing upon the legality and interpretation of those laws which they had formed to regulate limited liability in stock companies, to provide for the distribution of the assets of such companies and to regulate their employment of labor and all the points at which they come in contact in production, transportation and distribution with the individual in his private life. The South can well afford to support a policy of conservatism and candid examination of the great economic problems which have been raised by combinations of capital and the consolidation of industries, without being swept off its feet by the clamor for some action, however hasty and ill considered, to prove that the party in power is ready to cater to the popular prejudice of the moment. In judging of the attitude of the two parties on this and kindred questions, thoughtful men are not likely to overlook the contrast drawn by a powerful New York newspaper, which was among the most earnest supporters of McKinley and Roosevelt in 1900, regarding "the tremendous service" rendered by the last Democratic administration "in the summer of 1894 as the conservator of property rights and government by law, when it never once thought of proposing arbitration with mob violence, but inaugurated other and effective measures under the existing statutes of the United States."

Local self-government and the rights reserved to the States are among the most essential safeguards of our institutions. A system of checks and balances, which shall prevent encroachment by one department of government upon another, or by either upon the people, is the essential feature which distinguishes our Republic from those centralized bureaucracies which mimic representative government on the Continent of Europe and in Latin America. It will be a day of dark portent for the future of our institutions when the Federal government lays its heavy hand on every man's shoulder, and reaches down into his private business and his household life. Such interference is tolerated at the customhouses and in the manufacture of liquor and cigars, because it is limited to the special purposes of taxation; but if the time ever comes when the same degree of interference is extended to all the relations of life, the American republic will represent a systematized machine only waiting the firm hand of a Cæsar or a

Napoleon to divert its potent enginery to personal and dangerous ends. If a President can lawfully interfere between one class of employers and their employees, he can interfere in all, and the safeguards of State law and local courts will become as impotent as the empty forms of the Roman constitution under Augustus.

It should be the policy of the Democratic Party of the South to turn the keen sunlight of sound principles upon present-day questions, and to seek solutions in harmony with our institutions instead of destructive of them. So jealous were the American people of the undue extension of Federal power that, in many of the States, they voted for ratification of the Constitution only upon the implied condition that it should be amended so as to better guard their rights. The first ten amendments, popularly known as "The Bill of Rights," crystallized this popular demand. They were adopted by the First Congress and were promptly ratified. The last of these ten amendments declared that: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." To guard the rights of the States and of the people under the Constitution has been the historic mission of the Democratic Party, and is more than ever its obligation of to-day. To guard the Constitution against those who would impair or destroy it, is necessary to prevent our system of checks and balances from being perverted into a centralized bureaucracy, capable of being turned by incompetence, ambition, or misdirected zeal, in moments of popular passion, against those political attributes of the citizen which "the Bill of Rights" declares to be sacred. "The Constitution as it is," is a battle-cry which may come to have a vital meaning, and which may again array those who love their country under the banner of the Democratic Party.

"Let me exhort and conjure you," wrote Junius, "never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by, without a determined, persevering resistance." There has of late been an evasion of the Constitution which was but the first step to an invasion of it. Nothing has happened in forty years that has given more concern to all thoughtful men than the usurpation by the Executive of the power to interfere between the employer and the employed. Furthermore, it is impossible to disconnect

it from the expressed intention to force an amendment to the Constitution, for ends wholly at variance with its spirit and with the intent of its framers—ends than which nothing could ultimately prove more subversive of the rights of the States or more destructive of the very foundations of the Government itself. It will be for the Democracy to offer a determined, persevering and overwhelming resistance to all such trespass. Fealty to the Constitution and a proper respect to the principles therein inculcated by our fathers, are a sufficient guide and inspiration to party conduct. With them, defeat may be honorable and success be at least deserved.

All these suggestions of policy for the Democratic Party of the South hark back to the vital Democratic principle, that there shall be the least possible interference by the state with private rights, and that the citizen shall be free under equal laws to seek and welcome opportunity wherever it is found. In this freedom of action by individuals, acting singly and in voluntary association, to follow their own bent, lies the secret of the industrial efficiency which has made us the envy of the over-governed, centralized and paternal states of the Old World. Their economic history should be a warning to us against the application here of those principles of government interference which shut up industry in the narrow rut of official routine, and which stifle invention, enterprise and energy by seeking to rob the possessor of those qualities of the fruits of their exercise. The fundamental policy of the Democratic Party is the policy of industrial freedom. This policy, heretofore respected by all parties within our own broad limits, if not in our relations with other peoples, is now threatened by the application of the nostrums which handicap the industry of Germany, France and Russia. The ball and chain of government interference with manufactures, with the Bourse and with exchanges, which they are compelled to drag along in the unequal race with America, it is now proposed that we shall fasten upon our own free limbs, in order that our industries may not reduce the cost of their products to too low a point, and may not reap too rich a reward for their economy and efficiency!

Against these new follies of budding state-socialism, the Democratic Party of the Union can afford to array itself with unflinching faith, and in such a movement the Democrats of the

South should be the leaders. Such an attitude would be in harmony with the Democratic faith of the past; it would be in harmony with the best aspirations of the Democracy for the future. Upon the subject of the tariff, freedom from undue favors to special interests; upon the currency, freedom for the use of credit in all forms which are useful to industry, without any further regulation than public safety and convenience require; upon public expenditures, freedom from waste and excessive taxation; upon the regulation of corporations, freedom from special favors and from any interference except such as is necessary to the maintenance of equal opportunity for all under equal laws,—these doctrines, adapted to present conditions, are in harmony in each case with the fundamental teachings of the fathers of Democracy; they are in harmony with the interests of the South; and, what is more, they are in harmony with the true interests of the nation, and the continuance of its progress in the paths marked out by the founders of the Republic and the framers of the Constitution.

THOMAS F. RYAN.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—III.

BY MARK TWAIN.

IV.—LATER.

Four years ago (1898-9) I wrote the preceding chapters. I was assured by the wise that Christian Science was a fleeting craze and would soon perish. This prompt and all-competent stripe of prophet is always to be had in the market at ground-floor rates. He does not stop to load, or consider, or take aim, but lets fly just as he stands. Facts are nothing to him, he has no use for such things; he works wholly by inspiration. And so, when he is asked why he considers a new movement a passing fad and quickly perishable, he finds himself unprepared with a reason and is more or less embarrassed. For a moment. Only for a moment. Then he waylays the first spectre of a reason that goes flitting through the desert places of his mind, and is at once serene again and ready for conflict. Serene and confident. Yet he should not be so, since he has had no chance to examine his catch, and cannot know whether it is going to help his contention or damage it.

The impromptu reason furnished by the early prophets of whom I have spoken was this:

"There is nothing *to* Christian Science; there is nothing about it that appeals to the intellect; its market will be restricted to the unintelligent, the mentally inferior, the people who do not think."

They called that a reason why the cult would not flourish and endure. It seems the equivalent of saying:

"There is no money in tinware; there is nothing about it that appeals to the rich; its market will be restricted to the poor."

It is like bringing forward the best reason in the world why Christian Science should flourish and live, and then blandly offering it as a reason why it should sicken and die.

That reason was furnished me by the complacent and unfright-

ened prophets four years ago, and it has been furnished me again to-day. If conversions to new religions or to old ones were in any considerable degree achieved through the intellect, the aforesaid reason would be sound and sufficient, no doubt; the inquirer into Christian Science might go away unconvinced and unconverted. But we all know that conversions are seldom made in that way; that such a thing as a serious and painstaking and fairly competent inquiry into the claims of a religion or of a political dogma is a rare occurrence; and that the vast mass of men and women are far from being capable of making such an examination. They are not capable, for the reason that their minds, howsoever good they may be, are not trained for such examinations. The mind not trained for that work is no more competent to do it than are lawyers and farmers competent to make successful clothes without learning the tailor's trade. There are 75,000,000 men and women among us who do not know how to cut out and make a dress-suit, and they would not think of trying; yet they all think they can competently think out a political or religious scheme without any apprenticeship to the business, and many of them believe they have actually worked that miracle. But indeed the truth is, almost all the men and women of our nation or of any other get their religion and their politics where they get their astronomy—entirely at second hand. Being untrained, they are no more able to intelligently examine a dogma or a policy than they are to calculate an eclipse.

Men are usually competent thinkers along the lines of their specialized training only. Within these limits alone are their opinions and judgments valuable; outside of these limits they grope and are lost—usually without knowing it. In a church assemblage of five hundred persons, there will be a man or two whose trained minds can seize upon each detail of a great manufacturing scheme and recognize its value or its lack of value promptly; and can pass the details in intelligent review, section by section, and finally as a whole, and then deliver a verdict upon the scheme which cannot be flippantly set aside nor easily answered. And there will be one or two other men there who can do the same thing with a great and complicated educational project; and one or two others who can do the like with a large scheme for applying electricity in a new and unheard-of way; and one or two others who can do it with a showy scheme for revolutionizing

the scientific world's accepted notions regarding geology. And so on, and so on. But the manufacturing experts will not be competent to examine the educational scheme intelligently, and their opinion about it would not be valuable; neither of these two groups will be able to understand and pass upon the electrical scheme; none of these three batches of experts will be able to understand and pass upon the geological revolution; and probably not one man in the entire lot will be competent to examine, capably, the intricacies of a political or religious scheme, new or old, and deliver a judgment upon it which any one need regard as precious.

There you have the top crust. There will be four hundred and seventy-five men and women present who can draw upon their training and deliver incontrovertible judgments concerning cheese, and leather, and cattle, and hardware, and soap, and tar, and candles, and patent medicines, and dreams, and apparitions, and garden truck, and cats, and baby food, and warts, and hymns, and time-tables, and freight-rates, and summer resorts, and whiskey, and law, and surgery, and dentistry, and blacksmithing, and shoemaking, and dancing, and Huyler's candy, and mathematics, and dog fights, and obstetrics, and music, and sausages, and dry goods, and molasses, and railroad stocks, and horses, and literature, and labor unions, and vegetables, and morals, and lamb's fries, and etiquette, and agriculture. And not ten among the four hundred—let their minds be ever so good and bright—will be competent, by grace of the requisite specialized mental training, to take hold of a complex abstraction of any kind and make head or tail of it.

The whole five hundred are thinkers, and they are all capable thinkers—but only within the narrow limits of their specialized trainings. Four hundred and ninety of them cannot competently examine either a religious plan or a political one. A scattering few of them do examine both—that is, they think they do. With results as precious as when I examine the nebular theory and explain it to myself.

If the four hundred and ninety got their religion through their minds, and by weighed and measured detail, Christian Science would not be a scary apparition. But they don't; they get a little of it through their minds, more of it through their feelings, and the overwhelming bulk of it through their environment.

Environment is the chief thing to be considered when one is proposing to predict the future of Christian Science. It is not the ability to reason that makes the Presbyterian, or the Baptist, or the Methodist, or the Catholic, or the Mohammedan, or the Buddhist, or the Mormon; it is *environment.* If religions were got by reasoning, we should have the extraordinary spectacle of an American family with a Presbyterian in it, and a Baptist, a Methodist, a Catholic, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, and a Mormon. A Presbyterian family does not produce Catholic families or other religious brands, it produces its own kind; and not by intellectual processes, but by association. And so also with Mohammedanism, the cult which in our day is spreading with the sweep of a world-conflagration through the Orient, that native home of profound thought and of subtle intellectual fence, that fertile womb whence has sprung every great religion that exists. Including our own; for with all our brains we cannot invent a religion and market it.

The language of my quoted prophets recurs to us now, and we wonder to think how small a space in the world the mighty Mohammedan Church would be occupying now, if a successful trade in its line of goods had been conditioned upon an exhibit that would "appeal to the intellect" instead of to "the unintelligent, the mentally inferior, the people who do not think."

The Christian Science Church, like the Mohammedan Church, makes no embarrassing appeal to the intellect, has no occasion to do it, and can get along quite well without it.

Provided. Provided what? That it can secure that thing which is worth two or three hundred thousand times more than an "appeal to the intellect"—an *environment.* Can it get that? Will it be a menace to regular Christianity if it gets that? Is it time for regular Christianity to get alarmed? Or shall regular Christianity smile a smile and turn over and take another nap? Won't it be wise and proper for regular Christianity to do the old way, the customary way, the historical way—lock the stable door after the horse is gone? Just as Protestantism has smiled and nodded this long time (while the alert and diligent Catholic was slipping in and capturing the public schools), and is now beginning to hunt around for the key when it is too late?

Will Christian Science get a chance to show its wares? It has

already secured that chance. Will it flourish and spread and prosper if it shall create for itself the one thing essential to those conditions—an environment? It has *already* created an environment. There are families of Christian Scientists in every community in America, and each family is a factory; each family turns out a Christian Science product at the customary intervals, and contributes it to the Cause in the only way in which contributors to Churches are ever made on a large scale—by the puissant forces of personal contact and association. Each family is an agency for the Cause, and makes converts among the neighbors, and starts some more factories.

Four years ago there were six Christian Scientists in a certain town that I am acquainted with; a year ago there were 250 there; they have built a church, and its membership numbers 400 now. This has all been quietly done; done without frenzied revivals, without uniforms, brass bands, street parades, corner oratory, or any of the other customary persuasions to a godly life. Christian Science, like Mohammedanism, is "restricted" to the "unintelligent, the people who do not think." There lies the danger. It makes Christian Science formidable. It is "restricted" to four hundred and ninety-five hundreths of the human race, and must be reckoned with by regular Christianity. And will be, as soon as it is too late.

V.—(LATER STILL.)—A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.*

Passages from the Introduction to the "Secret History of Eddypus, the World-Empire":

The First Part of this Introduction—which deals with Book I. of my narrative—being now concluded, and the outlines of that portion of the ancient world's history which preceded the rise of what was in time to be the sole Political and Religious Power in the earth—Christian Science—being clearly defined in the reader's mind, as I trust, I now arrive at the Second Part of my Introduction, which will tersely synopsize Book II. of my History.

Accuracy is not claimed for Book I., as the reader will see when he comes to examine it. One of the first acts of the Christian Science (or Divine Science) Popes when they had attained to supreme power in the globe, was the destruction of all secular libraries, the suppression of all secular seats of learning, and the

* Written A.D. 2902.

prohibition of all literature not issued by the papal press at Eddy-flats (called by another name previously). This extinction of light was begun nearly nine hundred years ago, at the time that the Roman Catholic Church gave up the struggle and ceased to exist as an independent body, turning over what was left of its assets to the Christian Science Church on exceedingly good terms, and merging itself in that giant Trust, about the beginning of the reign of Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy IV.—"Viceroy of God"—as the official formula of that remote age words it, a formula still used in our own day under Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy LXIX. Within a century after the beginning of this extinction of light, all the ancient history-books had disappeared from the world. Within two centuries more, the tale of the ancient world had ceased to be history, properly speaking, and had become legend. And mainly fantastic legend, too, as the reader will admit when he comes to study it.

But my Book II. deals not with legend, but with fact. Its materials are drawn from the great find of seven years ago, the inestimable Book which Mark Twain, the Father of History, wrote and sealed up in a special vault in an important city of his day, whose ruins were discovered under mounds in the desert wastes a hundred and fifty years ago, and in recent years have been clandestinely explored by one whose name I must not reveal, lest the Church learn it and bring the traitor to the rack and the stake.

This noble book was written during the time of the Rise of Christian Science, and is the only authentic one in existence which treats of that extraordinary period, the Church histories being—what we know them to be, but do not speak it out except when we are writing as I am now, secretly and in the fear of consequences. The translation of the Book's quaint and mouldy English into the Language Universal, the English of our day, has been a slow and most difficult work—and withal dangerous; but it has been accomplished. The best reward of our handful of brave scholars is not publicity of their names!

What we know of the Father of History is gathered from modest chance admissions of his own, and will be found in the proper places in my succeeding volumes. We know that he was a statesman and moralist of world-wide authority, and a historian whose works were studied and revered by all the nations and colleges in

his day. He has tacitly conceded this in chapter 4 of volume IX. of his immortal Book. It is apparent that he had defects. This we learn by his attempts to conceal them. He often quotes things that have been said about him; and not always with good discretion, since they "give him away"—a curious phrase which he uses so frequently that we must suppose it was a common one in his time. In one place he quotes—with an evident pang, though he thinks he conceals the hurt—this remark from a book, by an unknown author, entitled the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat:* "He possesses every fine and great mental quality except the sense of humor." Nine-tenths of this verdict is nobly complimentary; yet, instead of being satisfied with it and grateful for it, he devotes more than five pages to trying to prove that he *has* the sense of humor. And fails—though he is densely unaware of it. There is something pathetic about this. He has several other defects; the reader will find them noted in their proper places.

His Book is inestimably valuable, because of its transparent truthfulness, and because it covers the whole of that stupendous period, the birth and rise of Christian Science. He was born fifteen years after Our Mother, in the autumn of the year 15 of our era, which corresponds to the year 1835 of the so-called Christian Era, and was educated in five foreign and domestic Universities. He lived throughout Our Mother's earthly sojourn, and several years after her Translation in the Automobile of Fire. From him we learn that he was 246 years old when he finished his Book and buried it, but the date of his death is shrouded in obscurity.

Briefly, then, let us outline the contents of my Book II.

In A.M. (year of Our Mother) 55, (A.D. 1875), Our Mother's Revelation was published. It bore the title "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," and in the early days it was read by her disciples in connection with a volume, now long ago obsolete and forgotten, called the Old and New Testaments, as a translation of the meanings of that volume. A generation or two after her Ascension, she re-wrote "Science and Health," and discarded its previous contents, and also its title. She sent this perfected work down from on high by Revelation. From that day to ours, her book has borne the simple title, "The Holy Bible, by Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy I." By command,

left in her Will, the term "Christian Science" was changed to "Divine Science" as soon as her Church's universal dominion in the earth was secure. This happened at the time of the merger, when Her Divine Supremacy, Pope Mary Baker G. Eddy IV. ascended the throne. He was the first male Pope. By the terms of the Will, all Popes must officially bear Our Mother's name and be called "She," regardless of sex. Almost as a rule, our Popes have been males since the earliest days.

The world's events are not ordered by gods nor by men, but solely by Circumstance—accidental, unplanned, and unforeseen. One circumstance creates another, that one a third, and so on: just as a seed, falling in a barren place, creates a plant, the plant creates a forest, the forest condenses the humidity of the atmosphere and creates streams, the streams make the region fruitful, this invites men, a community results, a nation grows from it, a civilization develops, and with it its sure and inevitable crop of ambitions, jealousies, quarrels, wars, and squabbling little religions: the ages go on and on and on, and from century to century histories are written, wherein it is told how this and that and the other vast event was the work of such-and-such a king, or such-and-such a statesman, and not a word about *Accidental and Inevitable Circumstance,* which alone did those things, and would have done them anyhow, whether those kings and statesmen had existed or not. Meantime, that small seed which fell in the desert in the beginning has been long ago forgotten, and no man takes it into account; yet it was the Circumstance which produced all the other Circumstances, without knowing it or intending it; and without it the desert had remained a desert and there had been no nation, no kings, and no history.

Out of a Circumstance of a million years ago grew the world's entire history—every minute detail of it; and there was never at any time a possibility of changing or preventing any Circumstance in the whole crop, nor of postponing it a fraction of a second, nor of hastening it a fraction of a second by the ingenuity of any man or body of men. That pregnant Circumstance was the very first act or motion of the very first microscopic living germ that Nature produced. From that wee Circumstance proceeded all history of the past, and from it will proceed all happenings of the future, to the end of time.

Nothing could have prevented it, a million years ago, from pro-

ducing, in its due and far distant season, the discovery of America, the colonization of it, the Rebellion against the crown, the creation of the Republic, the birth and flowering of its sordid and mighty civilization, the advent of the unfruitful Quimby, the fertilizing of his world-old and bald-headed idea by Our Mother, the degrading of that wholesome idea into a fantastic religion, the unforeseen and unexpected expansion of that religion by the accident of Circumstances which no man could control nor direct nor delay, the growth abreast of it of the giant forces of Labor and Capital, their destruction of the Republic, the erection of the Absolute Monarchy, the swallowing up of the civil Monarchy in the colossal religious Autocracy of the World-Empire of Eddypus, the exalting of the Founder of Divine Science to the Second Place in the Holy Family, the extinction of the world's civilizations, and the closing down of the Black Night through whose sombre and melancholy shadows the human race has now been groping, hopeless and forlorn, these eight hundred years.

About the year 1870 of the so-called Christian era (A.M. 50), ingenious men massed together a multitude of small and unprofitable oil-industries under the control of a restricted body of able managers—and that was the first Trust. Circumstances had compelled this. These Circumstances were railways and telegraphs. Businesses which had been wide apart before could live upon their local markets; but the new Circumstances compelled them to send their products from their widely separated sources to the great centres of commerce, and meet the resulting competition with a new device—concentration of the streams, and control of them. Thus, Circumstances created the first Trust and furnished the Opportunity.

The first Trust created the second, the second the third, and so on. In the course of a generation they created hundreds. Little by little, steadily and inevitably, the movement grew. It forced each industry to band its capital and its companies together, whether it wanted to or not; for Circumstances are arbitrary and are not affected by any man's opinions or principles or desires.

Meantime, Circumstances had been doing some other notable work. For many, many ages, in the world, the masters of each old-time industry had formed themselves into close corporations —guilds—for their protection: to control trade and regulate competition. But each guild concerned itself with its own interest

only; the ironmongers did not combine with the silk mercers nor with the furriers (skinners), nor did any two or more unrelated industries pool their affairs and thus secure each other's protection. Also, for ages, the wage-earning servants of each guild had compacted themselves into close unions, for protection against intruding and alien practisers of their trades, and to limit the number of apprentices, prevent the making of too many journeymen, and keep up the wages. But the subordinates of no two or more, or of all the trades, thought of banding together and commanding the situation. This formidable idea was not born until the world was old and gray.

Circumstances gave it birth. A Circumstance—what it was is centuries ago forgotten—compelled a pair of unrelated unions to join together; this bred another and another combination; the movement grew and spread, according to the law of Circumstance, and by ten or fifteen years after the formation of the Oil Trust, the Knights of Labor were in business. It was smiled at by the wise and the sarcastic, but the smile was premature. It had its ups and downs, but it grew in strength, nevertheless, and prospered. In time it discarded its fantastic title and adopted a sober and dignified one.

It was itself a Trust, of course, and by the end of its birth-century was become the mightiest and the most merciless and remorseless of all; yet, with the dearest and sweetest and most engaging dulness and innocence, it preached a lofty and immaculate holy war against all other Trusts!

It marched side by side with the commercial Trusts for a good while; then it marched ahead of them. It was the first Trust that bound all its vast machinery, all its multitudinous unrelated parts, in one bond of iron—accomplishing this extraordinary thing years before Circumstances did the same with the nation's commercial Trusts.

Side by side with the Labor Trust and the Commercial Trusts was moving the Christian Science Trust—quite unheeded, except to be despised by the wise and smiled at by the sarcastic. Prematurely. All attention was upon the other two—those busy servants that were opening and smoothing the road for their and the world's future master without suspecting it.

The years drifted on. Labor whipped Capital, Capital whipped Labor—turn about. All the railways, ships, telegraphs, tele-

phones, manufactures, newspapers—all the industries of the nation, in a word—became combined in one prodigious Trust, and in its home office its Board directed all the affairs of the country.

Its chairman uttered his command, and next day every newspaper in the land spoke his views with one voice; he touched a button and delivered his orders, and the Conventions nominated his candidate for President, and on election day the people elected that candidate; he dictated the President's policy and was obeyed; he dictated the laws, and the Congress passed them; he officered the army and the navy, to suit the Board; he made war when he pleased and peace when he chose.

In its regular and recurrent turn, the Labor Trust swept him and his Board away, and took over the government and continued it on the same lordly plan until Capital got the upper hand once more.

In the course of one of its innings, Capital abolished the spectre Republic and erected a hereditary Monarchy on its ruins, with dukes and earls and the other ornaments; and, later, Labor rose and seized the whole outfit, and turned out the Billionaire Royal Family and set up a Walking Delegate and his household in their place.

Meantime the Science was growing, relentlessly growing, ceaselessly growing. When it numbered 10,000,000, its presence began to be privately felt; when it numbered 30,000,000, its presence began to be publicly felt; when it numbered 50,000,000, it began to take a hand—quietly; when it numbered half the country's population, it lifted up its chin and began to dictate.

It was time for the intellect of the land to realize where power and profit were to be had, and it went over to the Science, solid—just as had happened in all times with all successful vast movements of all kinds.

The game was made. Four-fifths of the nation skurried to the Church, the rest were *lashed* into it. The Church was master, supreme and undisputed; all other powers were dead and buried; the Empire was an established perpetuity; its authority spread to the ends of the earth; its revenues were estimable in astronomical terms only, they went to but one place in the earth—the Treasury at Eddyflats, called "Boston" in ancient times; the Church's dominion covered every land and sea, and made all previous con-

centrations of Imperial force and wealth seem nursery trifles by contrast.

Then the Black Night shut down, never again to lift!

Thus stand briefly outlined the contents of Book II. In that Book I have set down the details.

The reader must not seek to know the author's name. Lest the Church learn it also!

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET HISTORY OF EDDYPUS."

[*To be Concluded in April Number.*]

THE MONROE DOCTRINE—ITS ORIGIN AND IMPORT.

BY WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO VENEZUELA AND TO COLOMBIA.

I.

In December, 1823, when President Monroe promulgated the great American doctrine of non-intervention which bears his name, we were hardly as yet a nation. Forty-seven years had elapsed since our Declaration of Independence, and even if we concede the contention of the mother country and date our birth from the Treaty of Peace of 1782, we had been autonomous communities nearly forty years. But, as our Federal Constitution was then generally interpreted, we were not, strictly speaking, a nation. A nation, in the strict legal sense of that term, cannot be said to exist without individual citizens or subjects who owe it direct and paramount allegiance; and at that time the United States as a national entity had neither citizens nor subjects. The theory of our Constitution was, that a person could be a citizen of the United States only as he was such incidentally by reason of his being a citizen of some one of the constituent commonwealths or "States" of the Union. And the necessary conclusion from such a premise was, that his paramount allegiance was due to the State, and not to the Federal Government. In other words, to adopt the language of that school of politics whereof Mr. Monroe himself was understood to be an adherent, we were but a league or confederation of "sovereign and independent States," any one of which, "for reasons satisfactory to itself," might legally withdraw from the Federal compact.

We had, indeed, become accustomed to the phrases "American citizen" and "citizen of the United States." These were quite common in our political and judicial nomenclature. But

they had no very definite meaning. There had never been an attempt at a constitutional definition of either; and our statutes and judicial decisions were searched in vain for some authentic statement of their meaning. The complex term "citizen of the United States" was as little understood, and as much open to speculative criticism, as it had been at the foundation of government. It was not till forty-five years after the Monroe declaration that the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment established a citizenship of the United States wholly independent of State lines, and thus, for the first time, made us a nation in fact as well as in name.

I refer to this anomaly in our constitutional and political history only for the purpose of showing that what we call the "Monroe Doctrine" had attained to its full maturity far in advance of our national sentiment. Nor was Mr. Monroe its founder; he was not even the first to proclaim it. From the very beginning of our career as autonomous communities, there had been a settled conviction in the public mind that it would be impolitic and dangerous for us to meddle in European political broils; and the opinion was even more general that it would seriously menace our peace and safety for European nations to obtain any new foot-hold, or to extend in any manner the sphere of their political influence on this hemisphere.

But, whilst this sentiment was deep-seated and practically unanimous, it did not find formal official utterance until twenty years after our Declaration of Independence, and a little over twenty-seven before the Monroe declaration. I allude, of course, to President Washington's Farewell Address of September, 1796, wherein he recommended "the extension of our commercial relations to European countries," but coupled with the solemn warning to "have as little political connection with them as possible." In so far as we had already formed engagements with them, "our obligations should be fulfilled with perfect good faith;" but there we should "stop." The reasons which he assigned for this were, that "European nations have a set of primary interests which have no relation to us as a free people;" that "the causes of their frequent quarrels are essentially foreign to our concerns;" and that we should, therefore, "hold ourselves aloof," and avoid complicating ourselves, "by artificial ties," in the vicissitudes of their politics. "Our detached and distant situation"

would, he thought, "enable us to do this;" our attitude of "strict neutrality" would soon come to be respected; belligerent nations, "realizing the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us," would "not lightly hazard giving us provocation;" and we should thus be "free to choose peace or war as our own interests, guided by justice, might direct or counsel."

The Monroe declaration of December, 1823, was but the logical outcome of this warning, and, like it, needed but the occasion to bring it forth. It was not, however, the first official reiteration of the principles involved in Washington's warning; in point of fact, it was the third in chronological order. There had been an animated controversy between England, Russia and the United States involving title to what was then known as the "Northwest Territory," comprehending large portions of what are now Oregon and Alaska. During that controversy, the fact was disclosed that both England and Russia considered certain alleged "unoccupied" portions of North and South America as *res nullius*, or "vacant lands" open to colonization. This raised an issue of law and fact which was promptly met by the Monroe administration. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, under date of July 2nd, 1823, addressed an official letter to Benjamin Rush, our Minister at London, wherein, speaking of the Latin-American republics, he said:

> "Those independent nations will possess all the rights incident to that condition, and their territories will, of course, be subject to no exclusive right of navigation in their vicinity, or access to them by any foreign nation. A necessary consequence of this will be that the American continents henceforth will no longer be subject to colonization. Occupied by civilized nations, they will be accessible to Europeans on that footing alone."*

This letter, written presumably by direction of the President, was something more than an ordinary "instruction" to the Minister for his own personal information and guidance. It was intended as a formal notice to the British Government, directed through the regular diplomatic channel, that thenceforth the American continents were to be considered closed to European colonization; that there were no more unoccupied or "vacant lands" over which European Powers might contend for pos-

* Adams's Diary, VI., 163; Arch. State Department: Whart. Dig., Sec. 57.

session; and there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Canning, the British Premier, to whom its contents were made known, so understood it.

Fifteen days later—that is to say, on the 17th of the same month—Mr. Adams orally repeated the substance of the same statement to Baron Tüyl, the Russian Minister at Washington; and, in the course of the interview, he took occasion to add that the United States would "contest Russia's right to any new territorial establishment" on this continent, and "would assume distinctly the principle that the American continents were no longer subjects for any new colonial establishments."*

II.

It has been said, and repeated often enough to gain some degree of credence, that the Monroe Doctrine had an European origin. The claim is that the British Premier, Mr. Canning, suggested it to Mr. Rush during their personal conference in September, 1823, relative to the hostile designs of the so-called "Holy Alliance" upon the newly enfranchised Spanish-American republics. The absurdity of this claim seems to me too manifest to merit serious consideration. In the first place, the Canning-Rush conference did not take place until two months after the date of Mr. Adams's note to Mr. Rush, in which, as we have seen, the Doctrine was clearly outlined. It did not take place until a month and a half after Mr. Adams's interview with the Russian Minister, in which he re-asserted and emphasized the same principle. Hence the impossibility that the first suggestion of it could have come from Mr. Canning at the time and place indicated; and it has never been intimated, much less asserted, that it came from him at any time prior to the date of his "private and confidential" note of August 20th, addressed to Mr. Rush. Nor did that note embody any one of the three propositions which constitute what afterwards became known as the Monroe Doctrine.† In the second place, we have Mr. Canning's own words in refutation of the claim, which, in the absence of rebutting evidence, ought to be conclusive. In a letter addressed to the British Minister at Madrid, dated December 21st, 1823, he said:

* Adams's Diary.

† See the document itself, as printed for the first time in Mr. W. C. Ford's "John Quincy Adams and the Monroe Doctrine," p. 47.

"Monarchy in Mexico and Brazil would cure the evils of universal democracy, and prevent the drawing of a demarcation which I most dread, namely, America *versus* Europe."

And further on in the same letter, speaking of his conference with Mr. Rush, he says:

"While I was yet hesitating, in September last, what shape to give the proposed declaration and protest" (against the designs of the Holy Alliance) "I *sounded* Mr. Rush, the American Minister here, as to his powers and disposition to join in any step which we might take to prevent a hostile enterprise by European Powers against Spanish America. He had no powers; but he would have taken upon himself to join us if we would have begun by recognizing the independence of the Spanish-American States. This we could not do, and so we went on without. But I have no doubt that his report to his Government of this *sounding*, which he probably represented as an overture, had something to do in hastening the explicit declaration of the President."*

This letter, it will be observed, was written nineteen days after the date of Mr. Monroe's message to Congress, and related to an event that had occurred three months before. At that time, there was no steamship nor telegraphic communication between the capitals of the two countries, and it usually took about three weeks for mail matter to pass from one to the other. Moreover, the marine mails were infrequent and irregular. Whilst, therefore, it is barely possible that a copy of the Message may have reached London as early as December 21st, (the date of Mr. Canning's letter), the greater probability is that it had not, and that Mr. Canning's allusion to "the explicit declaration of the President" related to the Adams note of July 2nd, (which, as he assumed, had been written by direction of the President), and not to the Message itself. This, however, is not material. The essential point is, that Mr. Canning placed himself on record as opposed to the doctrine enunciated in both the message and the note, and hence could not have inspired either.

Mr. Rush's report of the conference substantially corroborates Mr. Canning's statement, except that what the latter called a mere "sounding," Mr. Rush represented as a distinct "proposal." The "proposal" was that England and the United States should publish to the world "a joint declaration" against the designs of the Allied Powers with respect to Spanish Amer-

* Stapleton's "Canning and his Times," 395; Wharton's Dig., Sec. 57.

ica; setting forth that, while the two governments did not desire any portion of those colonies for themselves, they "would not view with indifference any foreign intervention in the affairs of those colonies or their attempted acquisition by any third Power." As an inducement to Mr. Rush to join in the proposed declaration, Mr. Canning stated, according to Mr. Rush's report, that there was going to be "a call for a general European Congress for the consideration of the Spanish-American question," but that "England would take no part therein unless the United States should be represented." To which Mr. Rush says he replied that "the traditional policy of the United States was opposed to any participation in the political affairs of Europe;" but that, with respect to the proposed joint declaration, he would, on his own responsibility, "agree to it if England would first acknowledge the independence of the Spanish-American republics." This Mr. Canning declined to do, and so there was no joint declaration.*

From this time forth, Mr. Canning seems to have lost interest in the subject, so far, at least, as the United States was concerned. He may have subsequently "sounded" the French Minister on the subject with better prospects of success, as Mr. Rush appears to have suspected; but, in any case, it is manifest that his real object in approaching Mr. Rush was to obtain from the United States some public pledge, ostensibly against the designs of the Holy Alliance, but really and specifically against the acquisition by our government itself of any portion of Spanish America. By joining in the proposed declaration, we would have given England a substantial and perhaps inconvenient pledge against ourselves, without obtaining anything in return. Hence the independent declaration of a distinctly American policy, as advocated by Mr. Adams.†

Thus disappears the historical fiction that Mr. Canning "inspired," if he did not originate, the Monroe Doctrine. So far from that, he distinctly disapproved of it, except in so far as it related specifically to the designs of the Holy Alliance. He was ready to take steps to prevent the Allied Powers from interfering on behalf of Spain in her contest with her revolted American colonies; and he was equally anxious to prevent the partitioning

* MSS. Cor. State Department.

† See Adams's Memoirs, VI., pp. 177, 178.

of those colonies among those Powers. But he was not willing to go the length of recognizing the independence of the new republics; nor was he willing to concede the main point in Mr. Adams's note—namely, that the American continents were thenceforth to be considered closed to European colonization. On the contrary, he held distinctly, as his biographer tells us, that "the United States had no right to take umbrage at the establishment of new colonies from Europe on any unoccupied parts of the American continent."*

It was only when the political sky had been cleared by the bold stand taken by the United States, and when, as a consequence, the "Holy Alliance" had been practically dissolved, that England recognized the independence of the Spanish-American colonies, and hailed the policy of the United States as "a happy solution of the South-American question."† This, of course, was tantamount to an endorsement of the Monroe Doctrine; but to say that the Doctrine originated with the British Premier, or that he was the moving force behind it, or even that he "played an important part in its promulgation," is to ignore the facts of history.

The "Holy Alliance," (or the Allied Powers, as Mr. Canning called them), was, as every one knows, the celebrated League between Austria, Russia and Prussia, formed at Paris in September, 1815, soon after the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte, which at one time received the moral support of nearly every European Power, including both England and France. England, however, had begun to regard it with disfavor, even prior to the first disclosure of its real purpose. Its professed object was the "regulation of the relations between Christian countries by the principles of Christian charity;" but its real purpose, as partially disclosed as early as 1821, and as made manifest at the Verona Conference of 1822, was the conservation of existing European dynasties, the reconquest of the Spanish-American states, and the extension of the power and influence of the Allies into the Western hemisphere. The United States had recognized the independence of those republics as early as March, 1822; and one of the immediate results of that action was the breaking down of

* Stapleton's Canning, pp. 195, 196.

† Br. Parl. Papers, Speeches of Lord Brougham and Sir James McIntosh.

old Spanish trade restrictions in South America and the opening of those countries to the world's commerce. England, ever ready to seize upon such opportunities for extending her commercial power and influence, had already established a profitable trade there; hence, while for political reasons she had refused to recognize the independence of the new republics, she had for commercial reasons opposed the ultimate designs of the Holy Alliance.

III.

It was under these circumstances that President Monroe and his Cabinet were considering the expediency of some more advanced step than had been hitherto taken diplomatically. The President was about to throw down the gauntlet, and to appeal to Congress and to the moral sense of the world. But he was pre-eminently a cautious and conservative man, and, before taking final action, he solicited the written opinions of ex-Presidents Madison and Jefferson in regard to it. Mr. Madison replied that "the circumstances and our relations to the new republics" were "such as to call for our efforts to defeat the meditated crusade." Mr. Jefferson, whose opinions had undergone a healthful change since the collapse of the French Revolution, was even more explicit. "Our first and fundamental maxim," he wrote, "should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." Then, following still more closely the words in Washington's Farewell Address, he added: "America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from Europe."

The famous Message to Congress, of December 2nd, 1823, was the result of this deliberation. It is not probable that the original draft of that document is now in existence. If it were, and could be brought into evidence, it might possibly justify the claim, so often put forth, that Mr. Adams was its real author. But the fact would still remain that it was the President himself, and not his Secretary of State, who announced its principles to the world. It was he who stood responsible for it. It was his official sanction which gave authority to its phrases, no matter by whom it may have been written, and which lifted it above the plane of personal opinions.

After briefly alluding to the Northwest Boundary dispute, then in process of settlement, the Message proclaimed that the occasion had been "judged proper for asserting a principle in which the rights of the United States are involved—namely, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European Powers."

This was but a repetition of what had been announced diplomatically six months before, to both England and Russia. But the Message adds:

"In the wars of European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately concerned, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. The difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments."

Here, again, in the last paragraph, we have an almost verbal repetition of Washington's warning. Then follows this paragraph:

"We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Next, we have the pledge of non-intervention in the affairs of pre-established colonies, as follows:

"With existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere; but with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. . . . It is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our Southern brethren if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference."

Again, one year later, in his annual Message of December 1st, 1824, referring to South-American affairs, he said:

"Separated as we are from Europe by the great Atlantic Ocean, we can have no concern in the wars of European Governments, nor in the causes which produce them."

The Message proceeds:

"It is the interest of the United States to preserve the most friendly relations with every Power, and on conditions fair, equal, and applicable to all. But in regard to our neighbors, our situation is different. It is impossible for European Governments to interfere in their concerns without affecting us; indeed, the motive which might induce such interference in the present state of war between the parties, (if war it may be called), would appear to be equally applicable to us."

Such, in brief, was the origin of the "Monroe Doctrine." There is no room for doubt as to its genesis or its meaning. Like the principle of "Free ships, free goods," now an acknowledged part of modern international law, it had purely an American origin; and its scope and meaning may be conveniently stated in three short sentences, viz:

1. No participation by the United States in the political broils of Europe; no interposition by Europe in the political affairs of the American republics.

2. No more European colonies on the American continents; those already established not to be interfered with.

3. No extension of European political systems on this hemisphere; no territorial expansion of existing European colonies thereon.

That is essentially all there is of it. It needs no construction. It never contemplated interference, in any manner, with vested European rights on these continents. It never contemplated intervention by the United States to prevent European governments from enforcing legitimate international obligations against the American republics, for international responsibility is the necessary concomitant of national sovereignty; but, in enforcing such obligations, European powers are prohibited from seizing and permanently holding American territory in satisfaction for debt, or as indemnity for torts. It has never embarrassed European governments in the free and legitimate administration of their affairs in pre-established American colonies; but it has been more than once successfully invoked and applied to prevent any

expansion of those colonies. It has steadily kept us aloof from all "entangling alliances," expressed or implied, with European Powers in their ambitious schemes of conquest; but it has never embarrassed us in any legitimate effort to extend our commercial relations to any part of the world. In this sense, and in this sense alone, it has always responded to intelligent public sentiment in this country, and has had the support of all political parties.

IV.

It has been said that the Monroe Doctrine, even as thus limited and understood, has never received the assent of Europe, nor even the sanction of our own Congress; consequently, that it has no legal validity. It seems to me that such an assumption, totally unsupported as it is by either fact or law, scarcely needs refutation. Even if the facts were as alleged, they would not warrant the conclusion drawn from them. But since the facts are not as alleged, the conclusion is doubly erroneous.

As a matter of fact, there has never been a formal protest against the Monroe Doctrine by any European Power. On the contrary, all have passively acquiesced in it for nearly a whole century, and passive acquiescence is tantamount to assent. And, whilst our national legislature has never specifically, and in so many words, reaffirmed it, that body has many times either taken its validity for granted or constructively affirmed it. Every resolution or other measure bearing upon it that has ever been introduced into either House of Congress, has been in support of it; never has there been one against it. That of 1824, by Mr. Clay, was never called up, because, under the change of circumstances which soon followed, the measure was deemed superfluous. That of 1864, which passed both Houses without a dissenting vote, took the validity of the Monroe Doctrine for granted, and resulted, as everybody knows, in the almost immediate evacuation of Mexico by the French. That of 1879 was never reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs—possibly because the occasion for it had already passed. That of 1880 was unanimously sustained by the Foreign Affairs Committee, but the session closed before it could be acted upon. That of 1895-6, in relation to the Anglo-Venezuelan question, passed both Houses without a dissenting voice, and led to the settlement of the dispute by arbitration.

The Resolution of 1826, relative to the proposed Panama Congress, constitutes no exception. In the first place, it was not germane to the case at all. Its passage turned upon totally different issues, as is manfest from the very words of the Resolution itself. It merely expressed the opinion that the United States ought not, under the then existing circumstances, to be represented in that particular conference "except in a purely diplomatic character;" that we ought not, at that particular time, to form "any alliance with all or any of the Spanish-American states," but be left free to act, in any crisis that might arise, in "such manner as our feelings of friendship towards our sister republics and our own honor and traditional policy may at the time dictate." In the next place, viewed at this distance of time, it is easy to see just why that Congress failed. Not the Monroe Doctrine, but Negro Slavery was the rock on which it was wrecked. One of the questions proposed for discussion by the Congress was "the consideration of means to be adopted for the entire abolition of the African slave trade." Cuba and Porto Rico, then slave-holding provinces of Spain, were certain to be made subjects of discussion; Hayti, already a Negro republic, would be represented; and there were then over four millions of negro slaves in the United States, right of property in which was guaranteed by our fundamental law. Here, then, was an awkward dilemma to be avoided; and in avoiding it—in yielding to the necessity of preserving a class of vested interests in our slave-holding States—we lost the opportunity of giving permanent direction to the political and commercial connections of the newly enfranchised South-American republics, and the bulk of their trade passed into other hands. But the principles of the Monroe Doctrine were not, in any manner, abridged or modified thereby.

Again, it has been said that the so-called "Clayton-Bulwer Treaty," of 1850, was a material modification, if not a virtual abandonment, of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. That that compact was a monumental diplomatic blunder, cannot be denied. Even British statesmen could not conceal their amazement at our short-sightedness in entering into such a one-sided agreement. It kept us on the stool of repentance for nearly half a century. But there were no circumstances connected with its negotiation, nor anything in the Treaty itself as ratified by the Senate, to warrant an inference that it contemplated the aban-

donment, or even a modification, of the Monroe Doctrine. The primary object was to obtain from Great Britain a solemn pledge never to attempt to colonize any alleged "unoccupied" portions of Central America. The secondary object was to stimulate investment of foreign capital in a great American enterprise, at a time when capital for such purposes was difficult to obtain. The blunder consisted in overlooking a covert (and perhaps doubtful) recognition of a British colony already illegally established in Central America. But aside from this, and the incautious "agreement to agree" (in Article VIII.) relative to the control and management of some possible future isthmian canal, the Treaty could not be construed as, in any way, derogatory of the Monroe Doctrine. Moreover, the Treaty itself, as finally proclaimed, was of very doubtful legality. It lacked the Senate's concurrence in Mr. Clayton's incautious assent to certain written constructions of it by the British Government, presented for the first time at the exchange of ratifications, which materially altered its meaning as understood by the slender majority of Senators who had ratified it. It never had much real vitality, even before our Government formally denounced it in 1881; it had still less after England abandoned her pretended "Protectorate" in Nicaragua, fourteen years later; and it has now happily ceased to have even a nominal existence.

Strangely enough, the intervention by the United States in the Anglo-Venezuelan case, in 1895-6, already alluded to, has been cited as an instance in which we disregarded the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. The contention is that, since the controversy was over a disputed divisional line between a long established and duly recognized European colony and a free American state, our interests were in nowise involved; and that our interposition, contrary to the expressed wish of one of the parties to the dispute, even with the laudable purpose of bringing it to friendly arbitration, was at once a violation of our traditional policy of neutrality and of our pledge not to interfere with European colonies "already established." But this is a total misconception of the facts in the case, as well as of the real principles involved. The important feature of that controversy was, England's assertion of right to extend the area of her colony in Guiana over adjacent "unoccupied territory;" for she claimed sovereignty in virtue of alleged "British settlements" made as

late as 1881, and she furthermore claimed eminent domain, even beyond those "settlements," in virtue of alleged "treaties made with the native Indian tribes."* It needs no argument to show that both of these contentions were wholly untenable—one being a palpable violation of a well settled principle of international law, the other being in open defiance of the Monroe Doctrine. If either of them were once conceded with respect to a particular region in South America, it would have to apply to others; and, if applied to South America in general, it would have to be admitted with respect to North America as well. It was precisely this covert, but ever present, feature of the case which gave it such international importance. Hence, so far from being a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, our interposition was directly and affirmatively in support of it.

Nor was that interposition an attempt to "expand" the Monroe Doctrine, as has been thoughtlessly charged. England had seized and fortified whole districts hitherto acknowledged to be Venezuelan territory. She had done this in defiance of repeated remonstrances and formal protests; and had persistently refused to evacuate those places, or to submit her claim of title to impartial arbitration. Under such circumstances, her acquisition involved either an act of war or an act of piracy; and, in either case, it was as much a violation of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine as if those districts had been seized by British troops or covered by British guns. The situation, therefore, presented one of two alternatives—either the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, or its total abandonment.

Finally, as every one knows, or is presumed to know, the great body of what we call International Law, like that of the English common law, is made up of precedent sanctioned by usage. In its last analysis, it is, as Lord Chief-Justice Russell once aptly expressed it, "little more than crystallized public opinion." And I think it has been sufficiently shown that the principles of the Monroe Doctrine are precedents as old as our Government itself. They have been sanctified by unbroken usage, and have given direction to our foreign policy for more than a century. Every one of our Presidents, from the first to the present, who has ever had occasion to refer to it, has specifically reaffirmed it. Every one of the Latin-American republics has, at one time or another,

* Br. Blue Book, 1896, p. 295.

and in some form or other, affirmatively supported it. Not one of the European Powers has ever entered formal protest against it; on the contrary, all have acquiesced in it, and thus tacitly assented to it. It is, therefore, a valid part of the public law of this continent; and until abandoned by us, or until formally challenged by Europe, or until modified or abrogated by public treaty, it will continue to be recognized as part of the modern International code of the Christian world.

WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS.

THE ART OF THE DRAMATIST.

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I.

It is out of crude efforts, such as may still be observed among the Eskimo and the tribes of the Amazon, that the dramatic art was toilfully developed by our own predecessors as taste refined and civilization advanced. The traditions of these rude play-makers were passed down from generation to generation, and the art slowly discovered itself. The true dramatist is like the true statesman in recognizing that nothing substantial can be made out of hand, and that nothing survives which is not a development of institutions already existing. Art must always make haste slowly; and no art ever sprang, like Minerva, full grown from the head of Jove—not even the dramatic art in the city of the violet crown, where Phidias wrought the towering statue of the wise goddess.

In these earlier attempts at the drama, there is no tincture of literature; and more often than not these primitive plays are even unwritten, being wrought out by word of mouth. Sometimes they are a combination of pantomimic action with song and dance; and sometimes the dramatic element serves solely to emphasize the important passages of a narrative chant. In the childhood of a race or of an individual, we discover that the lyric, the dramatic, and the narrative are only imperfectly differentiated from one another; and we can gain some insight into primitive conditions of the drama by going back to our own childhood, since youth is the special season of make-believe, strong as that instinct is in all the seven ages of man. The child is ever imitative and mimetic. The little girl is willing to credit her doll with feelings like her own and to hold converse with it; she is

glad to pretend that it is ill; and she is delighted to be able to change the sheets on its bed as the trained nurse changed hers when she herself lay sick. One of the most striking discoveries of modern science has made it plain that we must each of us follow the development of our ancestors, and pass through the successive stages of animal and social evolution. Much of this journey takes place before we are born, but not a little is left for the years of infancy and of youth.

It is from the observation of children and from the study of savages that the comparative anthropologist has been able to throw so much light on the earlier stages of human progress. Professor Grosse, in his illuminating discussion of the "Beginnings of Art," points out that pure narrative "requires a command of language and of one's own body which is rarely found," and that "children and primitive peoples likewise are indeed unable to make any narration without accompanying it with the appropriate demeanor and play of gesture." Professor Grosse notes that common usage means by a drama, "not the relation of an event enlivened by mimicry, but its direct mimic and verbal representation by several persons"; and he asserts the existence of this in even the lowest stages of culture. He recognizes as one root of a more elaborate drama the duet of the Greenlanders, for example, in which "the two singers are not only relating their adventure, but are representing it by mimic gestures"; and he finds a second source in the mimic dance. Out of one or the other a true drama gets itself evolved at last; and its slow rise in the dramatic scale is in strict proportion to the rise of the people itself in the scale of civilization. The form is enlarged and enriched; it develops in various directions; it will lack literature for long years, until at last there arrives a dramatic poet who takes the form as he finds it, with all its imperfections and inconsistencies. He accepts it without hesitation, certain that it will serve his purpose, since it has already proved that it is satisfactory to the contemporaries whom he has to please. In time, after he has mastered the form as he has received it from his predecessors, he makes it his own and remodels it to his increasing needs, when he has gained confidence in himself, and when he has broadened his outlook on life.

Pantomime itself is proof positive that the drama can be absolutely independent of literature, that it can come into being

without the aid of the written word, and that it can support itself by its own devices. In the earliest periods of culture the drama does exist without literature; and it is only when the people among which it is cherished reaches a very high state of civilization that the drama is able to appear as the loftiest form of poetry.

These inherent tendencies do not cease to be effective with the advent of civilization; if they are truly inherent in humanity they must be at work to-day. And although the action of these instinctive forces is not now with us what it was when our remote ancestors were yet uncivilized, still it is visible if only we take the trouble to look for it. There are few periods when the spontaneous growth of the unliterary drama is not to be seen somewhere; and the history of the theatre supplies many instances of the reinvigoration of the regular drama by the irregular forms. For example, the Italian comedy-of-masks seems to have originated in the humorous jesting of mediæval village-festivals; and nothing could well be more frankly unliterary than these performances, since the plays were absolutely unwritten, the chief of the company explaining the plot to his companions, and the several comedians then improvising the dialogue during the performance itself. Yet this comedy-of-masks was lifted into literature by Molière, whose first long play, the "Etourdi," is nothing more or less than a comedy-of-masks carefully written out in brilliant verse.

In like manner, the melodrama, which had been elaborated year by year in the variety-shows of the eighteenth-century fairs of Paris, served early in the nineteenth century as a model for the striking plays of Victor Hugo and of the elder Dumas. In Hugo's case the rather violent framework of the melodrama was so splendidly draped and decorated by his incomparable lyric magnificence, that a critic so susceptible as Mr. Swinburne was moved to hail the French poet as of the race and lineage of Shakespeare. The French melodrama and the Italian comedy-of-masks were, each of them at one stage of its career, almost as unliterary as the pantomimes of the Aleutians and the Australians; and yet we can see how each of them in turn has been elevated by a poet.

II.

It is, perhaps, going a little too far to assert that the drama can be as independent of literature as painting may be, or as

sculpture; and yet this is an overstatement only: it is not an untruth. The painter seeks primarily for pictorial effects, and the sculptor for plastic effects—just as the dramatist is seeking primarily for dramatic effects. On the other hand, there is no denying that the masterpieces of the graphic arts have a poetic quality in addition to their pictorial and plastic qualities. To be recognized as masterpieces, they must needs possess something more than merely technical merits; but without these technical merits they would not be masterpieces. No fresco, no bas-relief, is fine because of its poetic quality alone. In like manner, we may be sure that there is no masterpiece of the drama in which the poetic quality, however remarkable it may be, is not sustained by a solid structure of dramaturgic technic. The great dramatist must be a poet, of course; but first of all he must be a theatre-poet, to borrow the useful German term. And it is a German critic—Schlegel—who has drawn attention to the difference in dramatic capacity which subsists between nations equally distinguished for intellect, "so that theatrical talent would seem to be a peculiar quality, essentially distinct from the poetic gift in general." By the phrase "theatrical talent" Schlegel obviously means the dramaturgic faculty, the skill of the born play-maker. Voltaire says somewhere that the success of a poem lies largely in the choice of a subject; and it is even more certain that the success of a play lies in the choice of the special aspects of the subject which shall be shown in action on the stage. If the poet is not a playwright, or if he cannot acquire the playwright's gift of picking out the scenes which will unfailingly move the hearts of the spectators, then his sheer poetic power will not save him, nor any affluence of imagery—just as no luxuriance of decoration would avail to keep a house standing if the foundations were faulty.

This dramaturgic faculty, without which the most melodious poet cannot hope to win acceptance as a dramatist, seems to be generally instinctive. It is a birthright of the play-maker, from whom it can sometimes be acquired by poets not so gifted by nature. For example, Victor Hugo was a poet who was not a born playwright, but who managed to attain the essential principles of the craft—essential principles which poets of the power and sweep of Byron and Shelley were never able to grasp. These British bards were without the dramaturgic faculty which was

possessed, in some measure, by the unliterary play-makers who devised the Italian comedy-of-masks.

In the early days of any art there is always imperfect differentiation; and the polychromatic bas-reliefs of the Egyptians remind us that it was long before painting and sculpture were separated. Not only are comedy and tragedy not carefully kept apart, but the drama itself is commingled with much that is not truly dramatic, and only by slow degrees is it able to disentangle itself from these extraneous matters. Even in the days of the great Greeks, a lyric element survived in their tragedies which was often quite undramatic; and even in England, under Elizabeth, the stage was sometimes made to serve as a pulpit on which a sermon was preached, or as a platform on which a lecture was delivered, while the action of the play was forced to stand still.

There is also to be noted in every period of play-making a frequent element of mere spectacle. The rhythmic movements of the Greek chorus in the orchestra and their statuesque attitudes were meant to take the eye, like the coronation processions in the English chronicle-play of "Henry VIII." Anything of this sort is in its appropriate place in the masks of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, or in the *comédies-ballets* which Molière was so fertile in inventing for Louis XIV.; but it is quite out of keeping with the serious drama, being wholly spectacular. Equally undramatic are the so-called "jigs" of the Elizabethan comic actors and the ground-and-lofty tumbling of the acrobatic performers who took part in the Italian comedy-of-masks. The persistent exhibition of trained animals of one kind or another, and their arbitrary inclusion within the story of the play itself, belongs to this frankly amusing aspect of theatrical entertainment. Here again the mere poet is likely to be unyielding where the born playwright is tolerant, sometimes even finding his account in this taste of the public for the tricks of an over-educated quadruped. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" Shakespeare wrote a part for a trained dog, whereas it was a trained dog that led Goethe to resign the control of the Weimar theatre—but then, Goethe was a poet rather than a theatre-poet.

III.

All these dogs and dances and processions are mere accidental accessories; and they have no vital relation to the essential prin-

ciples of dramaturgy. By slow degrees the dramatist gets control of his material, and comes to a conscious appreciation of the necessities of his art. He may not be able to formulate the conditions which these necessities impose, but he has an intuitive perception of their requirements. These dramaturgic principles are not mere rules laid down by theoretical critics, who have rarely any acquaintance with the actual theatre; they are laws, inherent in the nature of the art itself, standing eternal, as immitigable to-day as when Sophocles was alive, or Shakespeare, or Molière. It is because these laws are unchanging that the observation of the modern theatre helps to give us an insight into the methods of the ancient theatre. And we can go a step further, and confess that the latest burlesque in a music-hall, with its topical songs and its parodies, may be of immediate assistance to us in seizing the intent and in understanding the methods of Aristophanes.

To M. Ferdinand Brunetière—who profited, perhaps, by a hint of Hegel's—we owe the clearest statement of one important law only dimly perceived by earlier critics. He declares that the drama differs from the other forms of literature in that it must always deal with some exertion of the human will. If a play is really to interest us, it must present a struggle; its chief character must desire something, striving for it with all the forces of his being. Aristotle has defined tragedy as "the imitation of an action," but by action he does not mean mere movement—the fictitious bustle often found in melodrama and in farce. Perhaps the Greek critic intended *action* to be interpreted *struggle,* a struggle in which the hero knows what he wants, and wants it with all his might, and does his best to get it. He may be thwarted by some overpowering antagonist, or he may be betrayed by some internal weakness of his own soul; but the strength of the play and its interest to the spectator will lie in the balance of the contending forces.

Prometheus, riveted to the rock, is determined, at any cost to himself, not to reveal the secret which the unjust god is seeking to wrest from him. Oedipus, the king, insists vehemently and irrevocably on discovering the secret that can bring only his own doom. Romeo is headstrong to marry Juliet, and Juliet is resolved to wed Romeo, no matter who says them nay, and in spite of the fierceness of the deadly feud of the two families. Shylock is bound to have his pound of flesh, and is not to be turned aside

from his lust of revenge by any magnanimous appeals for mercy. Tartuffe is resolved to go any length to get Orgon's money, and he is ready to run any risk to get Orgon's wife. Lady Teazle is set on having her own way, and on gratifying her varying whims, even though she ruins herself.

A determined will, resolute in seeking its own end, this is what we always find in the dramatic form; and this is what we do not find in the lyric or the epic. In the lyric the poet is satisfied if he is able to set forth his own sentiment. The epic poet—with whom the novelist must needs be classed nowadays—has to do mainly with adventure and with character. His narrative is not necessarily dramatic; it may, if he should so prefer, be as placid as a mill-pond. There is no obligation on the novelist to deal with what Stevenson has finely called the great passionate crises of existence "when duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple." He may do so if he chooses, and if he does, his novel is then truly dramatic; but he need not deal with this conflict unless he likes, and not a few novels of distinction are not intended to be dramatic. Gil Blas, Tom Jones, and Waverley, Mr. Pickwick and Tartarin of Tarascon, Silas Lapham and Huckleberry Finn, are none of them beings of unfaltering determination, nor do they exert a controlling influence over the conduct of the stories to which they have given their names. Each of them is more or less a creature of accident and a victim of circumstance. No one of them is master of his own fate, or even steersman of his own bark on the voyage of life. M. Brunetière has drawn our attention to the many resemblances between "Gil Blas" and the "Marriage of Figaro" in local color and in moral tone; and then he points out that the comic hero of the novel is the sport of chance—he is passive; while the comic hero of the play is active, he has made up his mind to defend his bride against his master; and this struggle is the core of the comedy. The play of Beaumarchais might be turned into a narrative easily enough; but the story of Le Sage could never be made into a play. And here we may perceive a reason why the modern novel of character-analysis can very seldom be dramatized successfully.

This law of the drama formulated by M. Brunetière carries with it certain interesting corollaries. For example, if the drama demands a display of the human will, then we are justified in expecting to find the theatre feeblest in the races of little energy

and most flourishing among the more self-assertive peoples, and especially in the periods of their outflowering and expansion. This is precisely what we do find; and here we have the explanation of Schlegel's assertion that "in the drama nationality shows itself in the most marked manner." The native Egyptian has been the slave of many masters for scores of centuries, never strong enough of purpose to rise against them and rule himself; and to-day the fellahs of the valley of the Nile appear to be exactly what their ancestors were three and four thousand years ago. Since the dawn of history they seem never to have had souls of their own; and a careful search amid the abundant material in their museums fails to find any trace of a native drama.

The drama has no place in the existence of the weak-willed Egyptians; but it is likely to have a place of honor among the more determined nations, more particularly in the years that follow hard upon the most abundant expression of their vitality. And this is why we find the golden days of the drama in Greece just after Salamis; in Spain not long after the conquest of Mexico and Peru; in England about the time of the defeat of the Armada; and in France when Louis XIV. was the foremost king of Europe. Golden days like these do not always follow the periods of energetic self-expression, even among the most vigorous races, or else there would have been a noble dramatic literature in English in the nineteenth century, when both Great Britain and the United States were expanding exuberantly, but when the abundant vitality of the Americans and the British found other outlets than the theatre. Yet it is only among the energetic races that the drama flourishes vigorously. If any people begins to relax its will and be languid, then its drama is likely soon to flag also and to become enfeebled; and this is what seems to have happened in France in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. If any people, virile enough in other ways, accept a doctrine benumbing to the individual responsibility of man, they are not likely to develop a drama; and this is perhaps the reason why the theatre did not establish itself among the sturdy Saracens, who bade fair more than once to overpower all Europe, those valiant warriors having believed in foreordination rather than in free-will.

There is yet another corollary of this law of M. Brunetière's; or at least there is a chance to use it here to elucidate a principle

often insisted upon by another French critic. The late Francisque Sarcey maintained that every subject for a play, every theme, every plot, contained certain possible scenes which the playwright was bound to present on the stage. These he called the *scènes à faire,* the scenes which had to be done, which could not be shirked, but had to be shown in action. He asserted that the spectator vaguely desires these scenes, and is dumbly disappointed if they take place behind closed doors and if they are only narrated. Now, if the drama deals with a struggle, then the incidents of the plot most likely to arouse and sustain the interest of the audience are those in which the contending forces are seen grappling with one another; and these are therefore the *scènes à faire,* the scenes that must be set upon the stage before the eyes of the spectators.

Thus, it is in the presence of the public that Sophocles brings Oedipus to the full discovery of the fatal secret he has persisted in seeking. Thus Shakespeare lets us behold a street-brawl of the Montagues and Capulets before making us witnesses of the love at first sight of Romeo and Juliet. Nor is Shakespeare satisfied to have some minor character tell us how Iago dropped the poison of jealousy into Othello's ear: he makes us see it with our own eyes, just as Molière makes us hear Tartuffe's casuistical pleading with Orgon's wife. One of the most obvious defects of French tragedy, especially in its decadence toward the end of the eighteenth century, is the frequent neglect or suppression of these necessary scenes and the constant use of mere messengers to narrate the episodes which the spectator would rather have beheld for himself. Victor Hugo remarked that at the performance of a tragedy of this type the audience was ever ready to say to the dramatist that what was being talked about seemed as though it might be interesting—"then why not let us see it for ourselves?"

IV.

M. Brunetière's law helps us to perceive the necessary subject-matter of the drama; and M. Sarcey's suggestion calls our attention to the necessary presentation of the acutest moments of the struggle before our eyes. The drama has other laws also, due to the fact that it is an art; it has its conventions by which alone it is allowed to differ from nature. In every art there is an implied contract between the artist and the public, permitting him to vary from the facts of life, and authorizing him to translate these

facts and to transpose them as his special art may require. The painter, so Mr. John La Farge has reminded us, arrests and stops upon a little piece of paper "the great depth and perspective of the world, its motion, its never resting"; while the sculptor transmutes "this soft, moving, fluctuating, colored flesh in an immovable, hard, rigid, fixed, colorless material." As Goethe once tersely phrased it, "Art is called art only because it is not nature."

The conventions of the drama, its permitted variations from the facts of life, are some of them essential, and therefore permanent; and some of them are accidental only, and therefore temporary. It is a condition precedent to any enjoyment of a play that the fourth wall of every room shall be removed, so that we can see what is going on, also that the actors shall keep their faces turned toward us, and that they shall raise their voices so that we can hear what they have to say. It is essential, moreover, that the dramatist, having chosen his theme, shall present it to us void of all the accessories that would encumber it in real life, showing us only the vital episodes, omitting whatever may be less worthy of our attention, and ordering his plot so that everything is clear before our eyes, to enable us to understand at once every fresh development as the story unfolds itself. And as the action is thus compacted and heightened, so must the dialogue also be condensed and strengthened. It is only a brief time that we have to spend in the theatre; and therefore must the speech of every character be stripped of the tautology, of the digressions, of the irrelevancies which dilute every-day conversation.

These things are essential, and we find them alike in the ancient drama and in the modern. But it is a matter of choice whether the characters shall employ prose or verse, Racine using rhyme, Calderon using assonance, and Shakespeare using prose or verse or even rhyme as occasion serves. Verse and rhyme and assonance are all arbitrary variations from the customary speech of every day, but so also is the picked and polished prose of Sheridan, of Augier, and of Ibsen. Still further removed from the mere fact is the convention of the lyric drama—that all the characters shall sing, as though song was their sole means of expression; and the convention of pantomime—that all the characters shall communicate with each other, and reveal their feelings to us, by gestures only, as though the art of speech had not yet been elaborated.

Temporary and accidental conventions seem natural to us if we happen to be accustomed to them, but they strike us as grossly unnatural when they are unfamiliar. We do not object if a flimsy frame of canvas is lowered before our eyes to represent the castle of Elsinore, or if a stone wall suddenly becomes transparent that Faust may have a vision of Margaret. But we are inclined to smile at the black-robed attendant who hovers about the Japanese actor to provide a fan or a cushion, and who is supposed to be invisible or even non-existent. We should be taken aback if, after a murder was committed off the stage, a door suddenly flew open, revealing the criminals and the corpse posed in a living picture; and yet this is said to have been a device of the Greek theatre. And we should laugh outright if we could listen to one of the mediæval mysteries as they were acted in Portugal, when we heard the devil speaking Spanish, as it was always the custom of the Portuguese to represent him doing.

It is of these conventions that Sir Joshua Reynolds was thinking when he asserted that "in theatric representation great allowance must always be made for the place in which the exhibition is represented, for the surrounding company, the lighted candles, the scenes visibly shifted in our sight, and the language of blank verse so different from common English, which merely as English must appear surprising in the mouths of Hamlet and of all the court and natives of Denmark. These allowances are made; but their being made puts an end to all manner of deception." This last assertion we must qualify, since actual deception is no more the aim of the dramatic art than of the pictorial; in either case the illusion is ours only because we are willing that it should be. But when the painter requires us to make allowances for "the place in which the exhibition is represented," and also for "the surrounding company," he names two of the three conditions under which the playwright has to work perforce.

V.

As a drama is intended to be performed by actors, in a theatre, and before an audience, the dramatist, as he composes, must always bear in mind the players, the play-house, and the play-goers. The lyric poet needs to take thought only for the fit expression of his mood of the moment; and even the epic poet, if haply he had a patron, could be independent of his contempo-

raries. But no dramatic poet can be satisfied until he has seen his work in the theatre itself, where his characters are made flesh and blood before his eyes, and where he can feel the thrill of the audience at his communicable emotion.

Of these three conditions in conscious conformity with which the dramatist labors, probably the least variable is the personality of the actor. The play-house has taken many shapes in different climes, and the spectator must change with civilization itself; whereas the histrionic temperament is very much the same throughout the ages. It is well to remember that the actor must always do his work, not in private, like the poet or the painter, but in public, like the orator; and that the instrument of his art is always his own person. These are reasons why it is hard for him to escape self-consciousness. For the opportunity to perform he is dependent on the dramatist, although he cannot help believing that he must understand the principles of his own art better than any one else. This is a reason why he may seem sometimes intolerant or overmasterful. But he loves his art loyally, and clutches eagerly at every chance to exercise it and to develop his own virtuosity. This loyalty of the actor the dramatists have always relied on; and his virtuosity they have always been glad to utilize. So it need surprise no one to be told that Sophocles was said to write his plays for a given actor, just as M. Sardou has composed certain of his pieces to fit a given actress. If we find that Hamlet is getting fat and scant of breath, we may wonder whether this was not, perhaps, because Burbage was putting on flesh about the time when Shakespeare was revising the tragedy; and if we discover that a certain character in one of Molière's comedies has a limp, we may surmise that this is merely because the part was to be played by Béjart, the author's lame brother-in-law. It is this dependence of the dramaturgic artist on the histrionic which makes the drama so complex an art. The work of the dramatist can be revealed adequately only by the labor of the actors; and one reason why there was no masterpiece of the drama in the Middle Ages is to be found in the fact that the mediæval actors were all of them only amateurs.

However little the psychology of the tragic comedians has changed in the succeeding centuries, there have been many modifications in the shape and size and circumstances of the theatres in which they perform; and these modifications have exerted a

potent influence on the successive forms of the drama. We can see one cause for the massive simplicity of Egyptian statuary in the fact that it had to be wrought in tough granite and in obstinate porphyry; and we can ascribe to the more delicate Parian marble a part, at least, of the exquisite perfection of Greek sculpture, while the capricious grotesquery of carving in the mediæval cathedral may be due to the ease with which the friable sandstone of northern Europe could be worked. Perhaps the severe dignity of Greek tragedy was caused by the immense size of the Theatre of Dionysus, where many thousand citizens gathered under the open sky; and, in like manner, may not some portion of the rapidity and variety of the Elizabethan drama have been due to the unadorned platform thrust out into the yard of the Globe Theatre?

The tragedies of Shakespeare were performed by daylight in a play-house modelled on the court-yard of an inn and not wholly roofed; the comedies of Molière were brought out in an altered tennis-court, on a shallow stage lighted by candles; the "School for Scandal" was written for the huge Drury Lane Theatre, with its broad proscenium-arch, dimly lit by flaring oil-lamps; and the "Gay Lord Quex" was produced in one of the smaller theatres of London, with a proscenium like a picture-frame, brilliantly illumined by the electric light. After these examples, it is absurd to deny that the condition of the building in which a play is performed may modify the structure of the play itself.

Far more powerful than the influence of the theatre or of the actor upon the dramatist is the influence of the audience. As those "who live to please must please to live," so the play must be what the audience makes it. If the spectators are all coarse brutes, the drama will be coarse and brutal; and if they are fun-loving and free from sickly sentimentality, then it is possible for the playwright to indulge in romantic-comedy. The drama is thus, of necessity, the most democratic of the arts; and any attempt to organize it on an aristocratic basis—such as Goethe ventured upon in Weimar—is foredoomed to failure. The drama appeals always to the broad public, and never to any self-styled upper class. A great poet may be haughty and reserved, and ready to retire into an ivory tower; but a great dramatist must needs have an understanding of his fellow-man—he must have toleration and, above all, sympathy.

The influence of the spectator upon the playwright is like the pressure of the atmosphere upon man; he may never even think about it, but all his organs are adjusted to it none the less. Schlegel remarked that "much must always depend on the capacities and humors of the audience, and, consequently, on the national character in general, and the particular degree of mental culture"; and he might have gone further and asserted that the particular degree of moral culture was equally important. Before a Greek audience, the husband of Alcestis could, without losing sympathy, accept his wife's offer to die in his stead—although to us the fellow seems a pitiful coward. Before a Spanish audience, the husband who is the "Physician of his Own Honor" could, without losing sympathy, kill the wife whom he knows to be innocent, because there is a scandal about her—although to us the man is merely a murderer. This sympathy of the audience is what even the most primitive playwright is always seeking. In his "Medea," Euripides apparently brought in Ægeus mainly that he might flourish a claptrap eulogy of Athens, the city where the play was to be acted; and in "Henry V." Shakespeare descends to a hyperbole of praise of England, which in the mouth of any one else might sound like the acme of jingoism.

The dramatist does not appeal to the spectators as individuals; he appeals to the audience as a whole, the audience having a collective soul which is not quite the same as the sum total of their several souls. A crowd, as such, is not a mere composite-photograph of its constituent persons; it has a certain personality of its own. By sheer force of juxtaposition the characteristics which the majority have in common are made more powerful, while the divergent characteristics of the individuals are subordinated or eliminated. When he is one of a multitude a man feels and thinks for the moment like the multitude, although when he is alone again he may wonder why he yielded. Dramatists cannot consider the special likings or the special knowledge of any single man or of any minor group of men. They must try to find the greatest common denominator of the throng. That is to say, they must ever seek the universal—for it is only at their peril that they can use the particular.

VI.

Desiring to please the audience as a whole, the dramatists are always ready to accept its verdict as final. There is no immediate

appeal from this judgment, rendered in the theatre itself, whether it is favorable or adverse. As Regnard makes the comedian say, "It is the public which determines the fate of works of wit—and our fate; and when we see it come in crowds to a new play we judge that the piece is good, and we do not care for any other assurance." And here the comedian was indisputably right; the approval of the public is the first proof of worthy success, for there are no good plays save those which have been applauded in the play-house. The recognized masterpieces of the drama have all of them been popular in their own day. Sophocles and Shakespeare, Lope de Vega and Molière, Sheridan and Beaumarchais, were, every one of them, widely appreciated by their contemporaries. True it is, also, that there have been other playwrights whose contemporary success was undeniable and whose fame is now faded—Heywood, for example, and Kotzebue and Scribe, in whose works posterity has failed to find the element of permanency.

Although the works of Heywood and Kotzebue and Scribe call for no consideration from a lover of literature only, since purely literary merit is just what they lack, they still demand attention from a student of dramatic literature, who can spy out in them the selfsame qualities which gave immediate success also to the masterpieces of the great dramatists. The drama is an art which has developed slowly and steadily, and which is still alive; its history has the same essential unity, the same continuity, that we are now beginning to see more clearly in the history of the whole world. Its principles, like the principles of every other art, are eternal and unchanging, whatever strange aspects the art may assume. As history is said to be only past politics, and politics to be in fact only present history, so in dramatic literature what once was helps us to understand what now is, and what now is aids us to appreciate what once was. If we could only behold all the links, we should be able to trace an unbroken chain from the crudest mythological pantomime of primitive man down to the severest problem-play of the stern Scandinavian whose example has been so stimulating to the modern stage.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHY THE ARMY CANTEEN SHOULD NOT BE RESTORED.

BY MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

I HAVE read with deep interest the article in the January number of the REVIEW, "Why the Army Canteen Should be Restored." Representing a great army of temperance workers in this country, known as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I am grateful for the privilege accorded me of replying in brief to the statements contained in that article.

The writer of the article is correct in thinking that the proposition to restore the Canteen will "meet with severe opposition," but he is wrong when he states that the proposition is destined to meet with opposition "through ignorance." It may be well for a moment to consider who the opponents of the Canteen have been and now are, in order to see if they can rightfully be classed as ignorant.

The attitude of the churches throughout the country is well known. The following declaration of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, made in 1900, plainly defines the views of that body on the Canteen question:

"We deeply regret that, after the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages at army posts and in forts, camps, and reservations used for military purposes, a law plainly intended to effectuate this result and so understood by its friends and foes in and out of Congress and by the Chief Magistrate who signed it, by a construction which seems to us forced and unnatural placed upon the law by the Attorney-General, its plain intent was defeated, and the Government of the United States, amid the exultation of all sympathizers with the liquor traffic, resumed the practice of selling intoxicating beverages to its soldiers. Aroused and indignant at the aggressiveness of the liquor power, at the inexcusable miscarriage of the anti-Canteen law, and at the new perils in which the nation is involved in its new possessions, the Church

will summon and pledge all her ministers and people to a more determined struggle against this enormous evil and urge each to contribute thereto according to his judgment, his testimony, his example, and his ballot."

The stand there taken against the Canteen has been upheld ever since by the leading papers and people of that denomination.

No less pronounced is the attitude of nearly all the other denominations.

"The Standard," a leading Baptist paper published in Chicago, about a year after the passage of the present anti-Canteen law, said:

"A systematic attempt has already been made to magnify the drunkenness and disorder of the army posts since the Canteens were abolished. The daily newspapers print frequent accounts of drunken riots at various army posts, with the comment that this is what might have been expected now the soldiers are deprived of the Canteen beer. There is no doubt, of course, that soldiers still get drunk on whiskey obtained at saloons near the posts. This they have done from time immemorial, and the sale of beer in the post exchanges does not prevent a flourishing trade at the outside saloons. The argument offered in favor of the beer Canteen, that it prevented the soldiers from getting whiskey, never had the support of facts."

The temperance organizations of the country and young people's societies, like the Christian Endeavor, are against the Canteen, and like the church they do not represent the *ignorant* people. On the contrary, many of those who belong to and work in the temperance organizations are specialists on matters relating to the use of alcoholics, spending their entire time in study and investigation concerning the nature and effects of alcoholic liquor and the best methods of restricting its sale. Many such men may be found in the Anti-Saloon League, a society which numbers among its members and officers many who stand high in professional life, and who study this question in a non-partisan and non-sectarian way. This Society, at its annual convention assembled in Washington a few weeks ago, resolved to do its utmost to defeat any attempt to repeal the anti-Canteen law, and to "continue agitation until the public and those who control the army understand that liquor-selling in the army Canteen is a question of national morality, and not alone one of military regulation."

I might also quote expressions to the same effect from leading men in the Prohibition Party and the National Temperance Society, who certainly are well informed concerning the Canteen

and the results of its abolishment; likewise from representatives of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose members have been studying and discussing the question of liquor-selling in the army for more than twenty years. We all feel that we have conclusive proof that the effect of the anti-Canteen law is good for the soldier, and hence good for the country.

The interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in abolishing the Canteen system is of long standing. In 1883, Miss Frances E. Willard recommended in her annual address before the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she was President, the appointment of a Superintendent of Gospel Work among soldiers and sailors. It came about in this way: Miss Willard was visiting in a Southern home, when she met a beautiful young woman who was closely related to an army officer. Miss Willard talked with her about the many departments of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the young lady with great earnestness said: "I wish you would add one more department for the soldiers, for my brother is a soldier." Miss Willard said: "It seems like poetic justice that a pure and gentle girl, tenderly interested to protect her brother from the bad habits so often induced by army life, should have been the procuring cause of this beneficent department of our work."

The last report of the Surgeon-General plainly indicates that there has been a decrease of disease in the army since the Canteen was abolished. In 1900, prior to its abolishment, the number admitted to the hospitals in the whole army, compared with the number admitted in 1902, showed a decrease of 25 per cent. for the latter year; and insanity has decreased in somewhat greater proportion than have other diseases. The courts-martial report shows that, since the anti-Canteen law was passed, there has been a decrease of about forty per one thousand men.

General Miles has said:

"The prediction that the change would prevent enlistments and increase desertions has not been fulfilled. Since the law was approved, namely, on February 2, 1901, the recruiting stations have been thronged with men seeking enlistment for the service, 25,944 men having enlisted since that date, and the percentage of desertions is now far less than in former years. Desertions most usually occur during the first six months of enlistment, and a much larger percentage of enlistments has been made during the past six months than heretofore. In many cases, the men that have deserted belong to a class whose presence in the service

was not desirable under any conditions, but whose real character was not known at the time of enlistment."

Major Seaman thinks the name Canteen as used is "illogical and unrighteous." In General Orders 69, of the War Department, we find the description of a Post Exchange with a Canteen provision to be:

"(*a*) A well-stocked general store in which such goods are kept as are usually required at military posts, and as extensive in number and variety as conditions will justify; (*b*) a well-kept lunch counter supplied with as great a variety of viands as circumstances permit, such as tea, coffee, cocoa, non-alcoholic drinks, soup, fish, cooked and canned meats, sandwiches, pastries, etc.; (*c*) a Canteen at which, under the conditions hereinafter set forth, beer and light wines, by the drink, and tobacco, may be sold; (*d*) reading and recreation rooms, etc."

The "Canteen" has certainly been an unrighteous place. The Secretary of the National Reform Bureau thus describes one of them:

"I saw the Canteen in operation on a pay-day, not in an extemporized volunteer camp in time of war, but in a New England fort, at Newport, R. I., in time of peace—between the Cuban and Philippine war—in charge of regular army soldiers, though volunteers also patronized it. The bar was almost 'the whole thing.' The eating tables were in the kitchen, and the cigar stand was in a small corner. Behind the bar stood a soldier and a professional bar-tender, both drenched in perspiration and beer, dealing out drinks as fast as they could to the soldiers, who stood four deep in front howling for it, in all stages of intoxication, while a 'skin game' of gambling, on the floor at one end of the bar, was making away with all the money that had not been spent, then or in advance, for beer in the case of many a soldier. Instead of the Canteen keeping the soldiers from outside saloons, they went from that preparatory course in beer to deeper drinking in the city saloons, which they crowded, where they had more gambling; and from this second course, many went on to a third that I need not mention. Talk about Canteens keeping men from deserting! Fully half of the regiment deserted that pay-day night as a part of the spree. Canteens are not all alike, any more than outside saloons; but I have pictures and testimony to prove *that* one fairly representative."

General A. S. Daggett has aptly said:

"The Canteen stands as a constant invitation to the total abstainer to drink, as a temptation to the moderate drinker to drink more, and as a convenience to the drunkard to load up on beer when he has not the means to obtain anything stronger."

Seventy-five per cent. of the army consists of young men, and a great many of them come from country homes. Many had never drunk, and some had never seen a saloon; but, removed from home influences, with the temptation of the legalized sale of alcoholics, such as the Canteen afforded, in their midst, it is not strange that many of them yielded, and that some of them, if they lived to return to their homes, were spoken of as those who were "ruined by army life."

According to the views of the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, those people who are well informed, who fully understand the waste and misery caused by alcoholic drinks and who are true patriots, must rejoice that "the sale or dealing in beer, wine, or any intoxicating liquors by any person in any Post Exchange or Canteen or army transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States, is prohibited." And, by the same token, such people will work for the retention and enforcement of this beneficent law.

I forbear to give in detail the opinions of the Generals who have approved of the anti-Canteen measure, but I may mention the names of some of them: Generals Wheeler, Howard, Ludlow, Henry, Boynton, Willcox, Stanley, Rochester, Harris, Carr, Carlin, Graham, Castleman, Bliss, Lee; I have already referred to the position of Generals Miles and Daggett. It may not be out of place to give the opinion of some of the Post Chaplains. Chaplain Bateman, who is stationed at Vancouver Barracks, several months after the passage of the anti-Canteen law said:

"The Mayor of Vancouver, Mr. Johnson, informs me that the town has never been so quiet as it is now, nor disorderly conduct on the part of the soldiers so infrequent. I do not say that this is the result of the abolishment of the Canteen, but can only point to it as an undisputed fact."

Chaplain Nave has said:

"The Government Canteen doctrine is dangerous to inculcate into the minds of hundreds of thousands of young men destined to return to citizenship, and be fathers of children of the future republic. It will result in undoing the best work of these days. The business success of the Canteen gained the adherence of many who did not seriously consider their moral influence."

At Fort Wadsworth previous to the passing of the anti-Canteen law there were 21 prisoners in the guard-house, while under

the new law the next pay-day the number was reduced to 9, which is said to be the lowest in years.

The claim that cheap saloons and disreputable resorts have multiplied near by the forts or posts is, to a great extent, erroneous. It has been reliably stated that nothing of this kind has occurred in the neighborhood of Fort Wadsworth or near Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn, whereas an old and rather notorious place near the latter fort was closed for lack of business a few months after the enactment of the anti-Canteen law.

I am in receipt of many letters from those who represent both sides of the controversy. I have a letter from a soldier in which he says that, while the Canteen existed, many of those who became intoxicated were shielded, but that now, when the men go to a saloon and return to their post intoxicated, they are speedily tried and placed in the guard-house with a fine; and he adds: "We believe this is done to get the public interested and have a bill passed to open the Canteen again."

Colonel Myrick, Commandant at Fort Preble, Maine, in an interview which he granted us in regard to the effects of the abolishment of the Canteen, said:

"I think there was a disposition on the part of captains, when the Canteen was in vogue, to rather overlook cases where men were intoxicated. They had a sort of feeling that it wasn't quite just to put the temptation before the men and then punish them for drinking; now it is a matter of going outside the post, and the army officers do not hesitate to punish the men for the same indulgence, in the same way they hesitated when the beer was sold to them legally in the Canteen."

There is no Canteen in the navy. The order against the sale of beer or any other kind of liquor in the navy, Secretary Long has said, was brought about by "the solicitation of naval officers themselves, who were actuated by a sense of duty to the service."

Secretary Long added:

"The sale of beer on shipboard was regarded by many of them as an evil, and they sought to abate it. . . . The matter was first suggested to the Department by Captain Folger, of the cruiser 'New Orleans.' After his return from the war, he wrote a letter in which he fully explained the evils which, in his judgment, resulted from permitting the sale of liquor on shipboard.

"This letter I referred to a number of other captains. Among them were Captains Barker, Higginson, Crowninshield, and Bradford. After a careful consideration of the matter they reported; the majority

of them favoring the absolute prohibition of beer and liquor on board. Then it was that the order was issued. The Department felt that its duty to the boys and men in the service required such an order."

We wish to emphasize the opinion of General Joseph Wheeler, that it is "wise for corporations and business men to require total abstinence from their employees. It is also wise for the government to encourage a total abstinence in the army." Surely the United States Government should be able to control its soldiers as well as business corporations control their employees; the discipline of the United States army should be as good and effectual as that of any railroad company or any other corporation, and there is an increasing sentiment to the effect that it is morally wrong for the United States Government to engage in the saloon business.

In regard to the statement in Major Seaman's article referring to the action of the American Medical Association, at its St. Paul meeting, deploring the action of Congress in abolishing the Canteen and recommending its re-establishment, I beg to quote from a letter written by Dr. Didama to the Syracuse "Post Standard." Dr. Didama is one of the leading physicians in New York State, and Dean of the Medical College of Syracuse University. Dr. Didama's statement is of great importance, because it illustrates the manner in which much of the testimony in favor of the Canteen is secured and reported. Dr. Didama writes:

"At a meeting of army surgeons, mostly veterans, held at St. Paul just prior to the assembling of the National Medical Association, a resolution was offered urging Congress to restore the Canteen or 'Post Exchange.' . . . At a general meeting of the American Medical Association, when a majority of the 1500 members were present, the Soldier's Committee appeared and had their resolution presented. A speech in advocacy of the Canteen, commenced by one of the soldiers, a member of the Association, became so violent and abusive that it was suppressed by the clamor of the Convention, and the resolution was not adopted, but referred to a legislative committee acting in Washington.

"The Canteen advocates, determined to secure a decision in their favor, rallied their forces the next morning, when not more than fifty members of the Association were present—the rest being at work in the various sections—and secured an affirmative vote, which the President declared unanimous, although he did not put the negative. This vote, secured by a trick, was the heralded unanimous action of the great American Medical Association."

Dr. Didama further says:

"The Canteen is the primary school, the kindergarten, for the saloons.

Many a new recruit tasted alcoholic beverage for the first time in the Canteen. The taste acquired there led him with boon companions to the grog-shop."

Temperance advocates are well pleased with the result thus far of the non-beer exchange, but the eighteen months' trial has been made under the most unfavorable circumstances. The army has been reorganized, and new and inexperienced officers have been put in command of companies. Inspector Breckinridge says in his report: "In the Philippines especially, many companies are without captains, and the companies are in command of new and untried officers."

Again, substitutes for the Canteen have not been established; the half million dollars appropriated by Congress last spring for libraries, amusement buildings, etc., has not been used. A leading General has said, what temperance specialists believe to be true, "that, if all the improvements recommended could be faithfully carried out for five years, the majority of officers would probably favor the plan; continue it for ten years and, I believe, but very few would wish to return to the Canteen system."

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.

MACEDONIA'S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, RETIRED.

THE pen of a Shakespeare could hardly do justice to the tremendous dramatic contrasts of the last six months in Macedonia. On the one hand, a splendid pageantry of mimic warfare, the great Balkan campaign of five-and-twenty years ago fought over again in the presence of many of the men who wrote that page of red world-history with their swords; the swift dash for the Shipka Pass, the beleaguering of Plevna, the final surging of the Russian armies over the Balkans, and the last wild stand of the Turks at Sheinovo, with the snow-covered mountains as background, and in front the Vale of Roses. On the other hand, the wild misery of Turkish misrule through the three Macedonian provinces; the man-hunts among the mountains, Turks and Bulgarians dogging each other like wild beasts; the burning of Christian villages; the insults to women; the sufferings of the helpless children and the aged; starving bands of fugitives crossing the northern frontier, while battalions of Turkish troops from the Asiatic provinces of the Sultan were being hurried into the southern villages. Here is such a mingling of splendor and misery, of pageantry and passion, of piteousness and hate, in a setting of such wonderful stateliness and color, that only a master of masters could fitly portray it.

We can gain some understanding of this new page of world-history by separating the elements, with their intricate entanglements of contending races and policies, their jarring discords of rival religions, their profound obscurities and contradictions, which have made the Eastern Question almost impossible of solution. We shall begin with the conditions of anarchic misery which have existed so long in Macedonia. For years back, every spring has seen fighting among the Macedonian mountains;

with the disappearance of the snows, there comes an opportunity to the Bulgarian mountaineers and peasants, who form the bulk of the population, to take vengeance on their oppressors, the Turkish soldiery and police. Ambushes are set for the patrols, or for small bands of soldiers; men disappear among the caves and forests in the hills; villages are attacked and burned; murders are common everywhere throughout the three provinces. Then come the extreme heats of summer, when the contest slackens, and dies away, to be revived in the coming spring. By that time, there are new outrages to avenge, new injustices and insults to be paid for; the insolence of office, and the law's delays, bribery, corruption, violence, have opened new scores, and added to old reckonings. Above all, and as the cause of all, stands the Turk's administrative impotence, the powerlessness of a dying race to conceive and carry out sound schemes of organization and order founded on large ideas and broad imaginative grasp; a lack of that collective insight and will which is the foundation stone of settled government. With this power lacking, good or bad intentions, humane or savage impulses, alike lead to anarchy; and throughout Macedonia anarchy has reigned for generations.

But this wild misery and cruelty alone would never have brought the Macedonian question into world politics. For this were necessary the binding forces of thought and will that make aggregations of power; and these forces were found in the rising aspirations and growing national consciousness of the Balkan Slavs, and in the sympathies and antipathies thereby aroused beyond their northern frontiers. Of the three million inhabitants of Macedonia, five-sixths are of Bulgarian race and speech, the minority being Turkish soldiers and officials, Greek merchants, priests and settlers along the Ægean, and a district of Vlacks among the Pindus mountains. To this we must add the Old Servian region in the northwest, very important, as representing the arena of two contesting nationalities. But setting aside these scattered fragments, Macedonia is a land of Bulgarian Slavs, Christians of the Oriental rite, under Mussulman rulers, largely of Turkish race. The inevitable resultant anarchy, which has its cause not so much in the malevolence of the Turk as in his administrative impotence, has long attracted the hearty sympathy of the four million Bulgarian subjects of Prince Ferdinand.

It is to aid their three million brothers in Macedonia, that the Bulgarians of the Principality form the Macedonian Committees we have heard so much of; and the aims and ideals of these Committees have the sympathy of all Bulgarians, including the governing powers, though the means they employ may be repudiated, as is inevitable so long as Bulgaria remains, even nominally, a vassal state of the Sultan.

The presiding genius of the Macedonian Committees of Bulgaria is Colonel Zontcheff, a former officer and an enthusiast, touched with that zealous readiness for martyrdom, that fiery exaltation of will which is so characteristic of the Slavonic genius. Colonel Zontcheff and his Committee have a loose organization spreading through the three Macedonian provinces, and having branches in nearly every village inhabited by Bulgarians. These branches are centres of revolutionary propaganda, and there can hardly be a doubt that they have a strong rallying centre in the monastic communities of the Hagion Oros, or Mount Athos. For the work of the Macedonian Committee is as much religious as political, and it is the bond of common religion and worship which so strongly attracts the sympathies of the Russian nation to the Bulgarian struggle for freedom. After months of organization, the friends and emissaries of Colonel Zontcheff found themselves ready to act at the beginning of September. On the first of the month, an armed band of the Macedonian Committee attempted to cross the frontier from Bulgaria into Macedonia, but was prevented by the Government, which, as a nominal vassal of Turkey, could not openly connive at an insurrection against Turkish misrule. On the day following, the papers of the Macedonian Committee were seized; Colonel Zontcheff was arrested at Dubnitza, and there was a momentary lull in the work of preparation.

During the week of quiescence, certain remarkable events took place at Agram in Croatia, a province under the direct rule of Hungary—events not connected with the Macedonian question, but valuable as shedding light on the complex problems of race and faith in the Balkans. A Servian paper published at the capital, Belgrade, had foreshadowed the formation of a Greater Servia, to include Croatia and Sclavonia, and part of northern Macedonia. This was reprinted in Agram, where the majority of the Slavs are Catholics, who look for the formation of a

Greater Croatia under the crown of the Dual Monarchy. The claim of Orthodox Servia to dominate Catholic Croatia, though both are Slav, caused a fury of excitement in Agram, several days rioting being only ended by the exodus of nearly the whole Servian population. Threats of retaliation on the Catholics were made at Belgrade, but fortunately were not carried out. This outburst of religious passion throws a flood of light on the lasting antagonism between Austrian and Russian policy in the Balkan peninsula.

Another incident of three or four days later sheds further light on this tangled race-problem. Outside of Constantinople, the real Osmanli Turks are a mere handful in European Turkey. Their ranks are strengthened by many Mussulmans of Slav blood, so that it is said of the Balkans: "Scratch the Turk, and you will find the Slav." But a far more formidable buttress of the Turkish power is found in Albania along the Adriatic, where there are eight hundred thousand Mussulman Arnauts—a name corrupted from Albanian—who in stalwart valor and fanatical zeal vie with the early followers of the Prophet. These Arnauts remind us of the Highland clans in the Middle Ages. Kilted mountaineers, like the Highlanders, they are full of passionate tribal loyalty. An apprenticeship of cattle-raiding and brigandage is part of the training of every young man, and they hold intrusive foreigners in utter detestation. For all Slavs, they have a traditional hatred and contempt.

Russia recently decided to plant a consulate in the midst of these Moslem clansmen, choosing Mitrovitza as its site, and sending forward certain lesser employees, who were at first well received by the Turkish officials. Then one of the great Albanian chiefs, Issa Boljetinaz, arrived in the town with a swarm of clansmen, their belts stuck full of pistols and knives. Chief Issa was furious when he heard of the proposed Russian consulate; and, summoning a mass meeting, he denounced the interloping foreigners without mercy. As a result, the consulate advance-guard was turned out of the inn, bidden to quit the town without a moment's delay; and a town-crier announced in Albanian that, if any one harbored the Russians, his throat would be cut and his house burned to the ground.

As a climax and crown to these doings, Chief Issa published abroad that the Russian consul was to be shot, the moment he

appeared at the railway station. No wonder that a writer in Athens a few days later described northern Macedonia in the following terms:

"Official incompetence, negligence, corruption and oppression are doing their worst, and the condition of the subject population is one of indescribable misery. Here the Albanians are supreme, and their arrogance, cruelty and rapacity are daily becoming more intolerable. The Christian peasants are more than ever a prey to their violence and extortions."

Meanwhile, the revolutionists in Macedonia, whether native Bulgarians, or members of the Macedonian Committee from the Principality, were pressing forward the work of insurrection. Towards the end of September, news of outbreaks began to be reported from points scattered throughout the three Macedonian provinces of Kossova, Monastir and Salonika, each with an area of about ten thousand square miles, and a population of a million. At Kastoria, a Turkish police patrol of three men was ambushed and shot by Bulgarians; at Babsof and Vizjana, there were further collisions, in which several of both sides were killed. At Zelinice, two Turks were shot by Bulgarians, and in a neighboring village three Turkish soldiers were killed. Towards the close of the month, Colonel Zontcheff escaped from prison, only to be recaptured on the following day.

Then telegrams began to pour into Constantinople, telling of the appearance of armed bands of Bulgarians everywhere throughout Macedonia. One considerable band, numbering three hundred, was surrounded by Turkish troops in the Salonika district, but succeeded in forcing its way through, with heavy loss to both sides. Three Turkish battalions pursued the survivors. Before the month was ended, every Bulgarian village in the province of Monastir was said to have risen in arms. Sanguinary collisions with Turkish troops took place, Turkish and Bulgarian villages were raided; and it is probable that excesses and outrages were committed by both sides in this fierce war of races and religions. The matter was further complicated by the Mussulman Arnauts, who raided not only Macedonia, but the southern borders of Servia also, killing and wounding many frontier guards and peasants. A pitched battle was fought between the Albanian clansmen, under their chief Mustapha Agha, and the Turkish regulars under Schemei Pasha, the Turks shell-

ing the Albanian villages of Kaprin and Babronitch, and reducing them to ashes.

The dominant figure in the insurrection of Macedonian Bulgarians was the former Bulgarian lieutenant-colonel Jankoff, who had at least three thousand men directly under his orders, operating around Kastoria, Vodena, Gievgili and Neglena. Telegraphic and railroad communication was interrupted, the whole country was in a state of siege. At the beginning of October, five hundred Turkish troops were sent to Vodena, and a like number to Mitrovitza, where, it will be remembered, the Arnaut chief had threatened to shoot the Russian consul at sight. Near Vodena, the Macedonian Committee had a force of two hundred men, who compelled or induced the villagers to join them. At this time, the Turks had not less than three hundred battalions divided among the Macedonian garrisons. Colonel Jankoff issued a proclamation in the first week of October, inviting all Bulgarians in Macedonia,—practically the entire population—to take up arms for the liberty of their country. He declared that all other Balkan States had won their freedom by fire and blood, but urged his followers to abstain from injuring non-combatant Mussulmans. Five hundred Bulgarians were thrown into prison in Monastir.

Meanwhile, the Macedonian Committee in Sofia was urging the Bulgarian Government to invite the intervention of the Great Powers in the Macedonian dispute; and it is evident that the whole campaign was organized with this hope, for the Macedonian peasants could not possibly stand unaided against the Turkish armies. But considerations of politics put any such intervention at that time quite out of the question, and the Macedonians were left to fight their battles single-handed.

There were the usual incidents of semi-barbarous warfare. The villagers in the Karajova district, north of Vodena, who had fled to the hills, were invited by the Turkish authorities to send a deputation to arrange for their peaceful return to their homes. Ten were sent, including a priest, a school-master and a doctor, but they were immediately seized, and imprisoned by the Turks. At Constantinople, an *iradé* was issued, branding all fugitives as outlaws, and therefore giving them over to the tender mercies of the Turkish troops. It is said, however, that the Turkish officers showed considerable zeal in suppressing outrage and violence.

In the second week of October, a proclamation was issued at Sofia by Lieutenant-Colonel Nicoleff, president of the revolutionary committee, declaring that a state of insurrection existed in the districts of Djumaia, Melnik, Petritch, Nevrekop, Demirhissar, Poroia, Doiran, Malochevo, Strumnitza, Uskub, and Razlog. On the day following, appeared a proclamation by the militant leader, Colonel Jankoff, declaring that the sanguinary drama had begun, that the whole of Macedonia was ablaze; the duty of all was to rally round the Macedonian flag, to shed their blood for the emancipation of their homes. He called on the Macedonians to remember the Emperor Samuelo, Marko Kraljevics, and the Panslavist heroes, declaring that, from Heaven above, they looked down and blessed the work of liberation. He concluded with the following stirring appeal:

"Brethren, consider the free Balkan peoples that surround us, and you will find that their liberty was purchased at the cost of streams of blood. Let us follow their example; freedom is not bestowed as a gift—it must be won. Macedonians in exile, the hour has come, the battle has begun. Return, therefore, to your homes to take part in the liberation of our serfs. The moment is at hand when you must forget all personal interests and all differences, and hasten to the assistance of your fatherland. Shame upon you, if you turn a deaf ear to the cry for help. Twenty-five years ago, the masters of Europe signed, with the blood of two hundred thousand Russians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Servians and Montenegrins, the Treaty of Berlin, whereby the autonomy of our country was guaranteed. It also bore the signature of the ruler of the Mussulmans, Sultan Abdul Hamid II., but up to the present day that treaty has not been executed, and tyranny has not ceased to oppress our fatherland. We, who join in the insurrection for human rights and a life worth living, call upon you Christian peoples to force your leaders to support our sacred rights. Know that we will not lay down our arms until we have obtained the privileges which have been promised us, and have secured the freedom of Macedonia."

All this time, the Turks were struggling, not only against the Bulgarian Christians, but also against the Mussulman Albanians. General Schemei Pasha captured the mountain strongholds of a number of Arnaut clans, seizing their cattle in payment of arrears of taxes. Some days later, the redoubtable Issa Boljetinaz was defeated and captured, and at present he is confined in an Asiatic fortress. In spite of his blood-thirsty intention, the Russian consulate at Mitrovitza has been established.

In the second week of October, the Turks attacked a Bulgarian

band numbering two hundred, at Djumaia, killing fifty and capturing thirty-five. Another band of insurgents planned an attack on the railroad from Constantinople through Salonika to Monastir, which crosses the river Struma at Demirhissar. Their intention was to break the line of communication, thus preventing the arrival of Turkish reinforcements. They failed, however; and Generals Talat and Shakir Pasha hurried forward by special trains with a large body of troops. Colonel Zontcheff escaped from prison for the second time within a fortnight, and joined the insurgents in Macedonia. A band of Bulgarians, led by Captain Stoianoff, routed four detachments of Turkish soldiers, numbering two hundred men, near Serbinovo. The villages of Geleznitza and Padege were destroyed; and the insurgents near Djumaia captured three Turkish guns. A band of eight hundred Bulgarians was defeated in the Razlog district, losing a tenth of their number in killed, as well as many wounded. Six hundred women, children and old men crossed the frontier into Bulgarian territory near Dubnitza, to escape the Turkish soldiery. They reported the complete destruction of the Christian villages of Stamer, Drenovo, Serbinovo and Pirin. The village of Oranovo was in flames, and its inhabitants had been massacred. The church at Serbinovo had been desecrated and burned.

All this time, Turkish troops from the Asiatic provinces were being poured into Macedonia through Salonika, and it gradually grew clear that the insurrection would be suppressed by sheer weight of numbers. Snow fell on the mountains in the last week of October, and this was a general signal for a relaxation of hostilities, the key-note of the situation being struck by the "*Novoe Vremya*" in the following sentence:

"The result will probably be that Turkish injustice and severity will heap up material for a fresh conflagration in the spring, when a new revolt will have more chance of success than at the present advanced season of the year."

Having given a pretty complete picture of the events of two or three months ago in Macedonia, of which only occasional and hardly intelligible echoes found their way into the American papers, we shall now inquire into the moral, social and political situation that lies beneath this surging sea of revolutionary chaos, which entails such boundless misery on the Bulgarian popula-

tion of the three Macedonian provinces. For high political reasons, to which we shall return, official Russia was hostile to this Macedonian revolutionary movement throughout; so that we may take it as certain that Russian writers are not likely to exaggerate the miserable anarchy which gives these movements their justification. We may, therefore, accept as thoroughly reliable the following picture of the condition of Uskub, the chief town of the northern Macedonian province of Kossova, which appeared in the *Russian Messenger*, in September:

"Murder is such a common occurrence in Uskub that people have agreed not to speak of it. The normal life of the city could not go on without it. The cynicism and license of the people have gone so far that they commit murder in sight of the consuls, or before their houses; and the consuls can only protest with horror. But under the present régime, these protests are rarely effective; for the most part, no attention is paid to them, and the consuls can only resign themselves, and accustom their nerves to these things, considering them as an unavoidable evil. In Uskub, no one talks about the daily murders. They are somewhat more interested in general cutting affrays and street battles, or in the open insurrections which are periodically renewed at intervals of less than a year."

This is a description of Uskub as it normally is, and was written some little time before the exceptional outbreaks of last autumn. We may judge of the condition of the remaining towns in Macedonia, and of the remote and little known country districts, by what goes on in this important city only a few hours by rail from the frontier of Christian civilization. We may add a few touches of color from a semi-official pamphlet on the Macedonian question, recently published at Sofia. Here is a characteristic incident:

"Last April, a band of Turkish gendarmes, under the command of Captain Malik Effendi, met and arrested a certain Constantine Silyanoff, on his way from Kostintsa. The captain suspected him of being a possible revolutionary, and ordered him to be beaten; then they impaled him with a bayonet, drove nails into his flesh, and burned his body with a red-hot iron, to extort confessions of the doings of the revolutionary committee. Silyanoff died a few hours later."

Here is an incident of a different type:

"In the village of Mustapha, in the province of Adrianople, there is a Turkish garrison, which terrorizes the population by incessant acts of

violence. In April, the soldiers noticed the daughters of the peasant Christak, and attempted to assault them. The neighbors were attracted by their cries, and after a fierce battle succeeded in freeing the unfortunate girls. On the same day, three Bulgarian women returning from market to their village were assaulted by Turkish soldiers. These outrages are of daily occurrence, wherever there are Turkish garrisons."

The Turks are accused of making raids in search of revolutionary propaganda, and, in order to make conviction the more certain, of bringing circumstantial evidence with them, in the shape of inflammatory pamphlets and speeches, which they scatter through the houses of suspects, who are presently tried and condemned to exile in Asian dungeons on the strength of the evidence thus found. The better class of Bulgarians, merchants, priests and school-teachers, are considered most dangerous, as being best fitted to arouse and cherish national feeling; and no expedients are spared to obtain their conviction, on Turkish evidence, before Turkish judges. On such grounds Bachevaroff, a teacher in the Adrianople gymnasium, was imprisoned for three years, and then banished to Asia; in March last, Antoff, a teacher in Prilip, was arrested under like conditions, and has since died in prison; in April, Mikhoff, superintendent of the Bulgarian schools in Veles, was suspected of complicity in the revolutionary movement, arrested, and taken to Uskub for trial. He was tortured, but confessed nothing—as was only natural, seeing that he knew nothing of the proposed outbreaks. The authorities, deeming it inexpedient to liberate him with the marks of torture on his body, decided to make away with him, and he was shot in prison. The matter was brought to light by the efforts of the French consul, who had evidently failed to "accustom his nerves" to the amenities of Turkish rule.

To show the continuity of this state of things, let us add a few incidents chronicled by E. de Laveleye some fifteen or sixteen years ago: in the town of Kratovo, certain Turkish officials went to eat and drink in the house of a well-to-do Bulgarian, then drove away the parents to assault their daughters; in the village of Zeletovo, a Bulgarian's ox entered the yard of a Turk, who in a rage killed the Bulgarian; in the village of Maslonko, Traitchoff, a Bulgarian peasant, and his two daughters were found murdered; in the village of Negilovo, three Bulgarians, Storanoff, Georgnieff and Istkoff, were taken and killed, their captors

first putting out their eyes, and flaying them. The assassins, though known, were not brought to justice.

It is useless to multiply instances, or to speak of the perpetual brigandage, or the religious persecution of Orthodox Bulgarians by the bishops of the Church of Greece. Mr. Gladstone, writing in 1879, said: "The See of Constantinople, and its followers, little to their credit, ostensibly took the side of the Turks during the late war," and there is evidence that they have been true to their allegiance, thwarting every expression of Bulgarian national feeling by every means in their power, and losing no opportunity to call down the penalties of the Turkish inquisition on the schools, churches, language and aspirations of the Macedonian Bulgarians. If we add this two-fold religious persecution to the conditions of civil anarchy already described, the outbreaks of the autumn, which we have chronicled, and the probable uprisings of the coming spring need no further explanation. With the oppression of Turks, Albanians and Greek ecclesiastics combined, the Bulgarians of Macedonia would be more or less than human, if they did not rebel.

To turn now to the political question: How is it that the Great Powers do not intervene? How is it that Russia in particular, which for generations has done so much for the cause of Orthodox Slav nationality in the Balkans, does not compel Turkey to liberate Macedonia, or at least to make the autonomy promised in 1878 something more of a reality? The answer of history is all-sufficient, so far as Russia is concerned. Russia did in fact intervene, and, in a campaign which made the battles of the Franco-Prussian war seem somewhat theatrical by comparison, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of Russian lives, and at an immense national sacrifice, did free the Slavs of the Balkans from their Turkish oppressors, including the whole of the three provinces of Macedonia, whose condition we have so fully described.

For more than four months,—from March 3rd to July 13th, 1878,—Macedonia was a free province of independent Bulgaria, in virtue of the treaty of San Stefano, dictated by the victorious Russian armies, almost under the walls of Constantinople, after the splendid and dearly bought victories of the Shipka Pass, Lovcha, Plevna, and finally Sheinovo, where the Turks made their last stand under the shadow of the snow-swept Balkans.

Count Ignatieff, the framer of the treaty of San Stefano,

which was signed on March 3rd, 1878, was one of those who took part in the manœuvres in the Balkans two months ago; General Kuropatkin, then Chief of the Staff to Skobeleff, and now War Minister of Russia, was another. They could have told, and they did tell, of the efforts and sacrifices made by Russia five-and-twenty years ago, in behalf of the Orthodox Slavs of the Balkans, and most of all on behalf of the Bulgarians, whether of the Principality, of Eastern Rumelia, or of Macedonia. To these Bulgarians, all Russian hearts were especially drawn; for Bulgaria is in a signal sense the sacred land of the Orthodox Slavonic race; the Gospels first came to Russia from the Bulgarian apostles, and ancient Bulgarian is still the liturgical language of the Russian Church. Therefore, the Russian people were unanimous in their desire to see all Bulgaria free from oppression, from the Danube to the Ægean; and it was the pressure of the popular will,—as effective in autocratic Russia as in the most democratic of Republics,—and by no means the decision of diplomatists, which drove Russia to declare war against Turkey in the summer of 1877. With the recent pageantry before us, in which many of the great battles of that war were once more fought, we need not recall the steps by which the Russian and allied armies marched to victory; it is enough to say that that victory was complete, and that, by the treaty signed at San Stefano, the Bulgarians, from the Danube to the Ægean, were set free.

Many of us can recall the wave of Chauvinism in England and the political intrigues in Austria which made that victory of no avail: the apparition of British war-vessels in the Bosphorus, the massing of Mussulman soldiers from India in the Mediterranean depots of the British army; the secret treaty between England and Turkey, whereby the latter paid for protection by surrendering Cyprus; all this forms a chapter of national history which cannot easily be forgotten. Then followed the understanding between England and Austria, and the Berlin Conference, resulting in the treaty of July 13th, which thrust the Bulgarians of Eastern Rumelia and Macedonia once more under the Turkish yoke.

Speaking of the part Great Britain had played in the Crimean War, Lord Salisbury declared, in his cynical way, that he had come to the conclusion that England "had put her money on the wrong horse." With far greater justice, he might have said the same thing of England's action at the Berlin Conference, in

which he himself played such a conspicuous part. It is true that Eastern Rumelia, with its million Bulgarian inhabitants, escaped from the clutches of Turkey seven years after the Berlin Treaty, and that the signatory Powers agreed to connive at this breach of established conditions. But Macedonia still suffers the measureless misery and debasement of Turkish oppression; and the responsibility for this lies, not with Russia, who once set the Macedonian Bulgarians free, and exalted them into a free nationality, but with the Austrian and English Chauvinists who destroyed that nationality, and gave the Macedonians up to the tender mercies of Abdul Hamid and his chosen instruments.

With Macedonia, Crete and Armenia were substantially liberated by Russia in 1878,—and returned to subjection by Austria and England four months later. There has been international action in regard to Armenia, though without much profit, and the Great Powers have intervened in concert to restore good government in Crete. The work of the Berlin Congress has, therefore, been condemned, in both Crete and Armenia, by the stern logic of events; and in Macedonia its action, as we have seen, was not less fatal and destructive. The time is evidently coming soon when the Great Powers must approach the question of Macedonia, as they have already approached that of Crete.

But pending such action by the Powers, and especially by those whose Chauvinism in 1878 has had such dire results, we cannot logically expect Russia to intervene. Therefore, Russia has discouraged all attempts of the Macedonian Committees, acting with the Bulgarian Government, to draw her into the Macedonian controversy. She has done what lay in her power, acting through her consuls, establishing new consulates, exercising pressure on the Sultan, cultivating the warmest and most friendly relations with both Servia and Bulgaria. But these are only half-effective palliatives; the real cure lies in the liberation of Macedonia, and the responsibility for that cure lies with the two nations, Austria and England, who thrust once liberated Macedonia back again under the iron heel of the Turks.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS IN THE PHILIPPINES AND THE REMEDY.

BY BREWSTER CAMERON, OFFICIAL DELEGATE TO WASHINGTON FROM THE ALLIED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE OF THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO.

THE great capital of the foreign business houses in the Philippines, ranging from $1,000,000 to $15,000,000, gold, and the immense sums they have spent in providing improved facilities for handling the inter-Island trade—such, for instance, as their own lines of steamships and their own lighterage plants and warehouses throughout the Islands—and the fact that one of these foreign houses (as was disclosed in a recent public hearing in Manila) pays $75,000, gold, per month into the Philippine treasury in customs duties alone, all go to show that our Islands, under normal conditions, will be a fruitful field for American trade and commerce, and that the appeal of the commercial bodies of the Philippines to Congress should receive the thoughtful consideration not only of Senators and Representatives, but of the whole American people.

We hope to make it plain that the legislation we desire will not be in any degree prejudicial to any interest of the people of the United States. Having no selfish interest to subserve, we seek only such legislation as will promote alike the welfare of the people of this country and of the Philippines. Our movement is intended to benefit all of the people of the Philippines, natives and foreigners, by upbuilding the business interests of the Islands, in which prosperity we all hope to share. While we do not desire to pose as philanthropists, we do desire to state, with the greatest emphasis, that the success or failure of our appeal to Congress for the amendment of certain restrictive laws, will count more for good or evil to the Filipinos who live by labor, than the success

or failure of any other industrial movement ever undertaken for their welfare.

To promote the permanent welfare of the Philippines it is necessary, first, that we should have an absolutely stable currency; second, that there should be some further temporary reduction of the Dingley tariff; and, third, that the Philippine Act of Congress should be amended in certain important particulars.

First of all, we need a stable currency. The Mexican dollar, which is now the unit of value, fluctuates in price every day. The Philippine government has already directly lost over $1,000,000, gold, in the fluctuations of the Mexican dollar. In addition to this, the indirect losses to the government are variously estimated at from $100,000 to $250,000. And these losses, large as they are, are small in comparison with the losses that have been sustained by the business and commercial interests through that cause.

When the government changed the ratio between the Mexican dollar and the gold dollar from 2 to 1, to the ratio of 2.10 and later 2.27 to 1, the merchants suffered great losses on goods previously sold to the Philippine government, to be paid for in Mexican silver at the official ratio at time of delivery of the goods from America. These large and continued losses to our merchants compelled them to increase their silver prices to the government and to private customers beyond all reasonable profits, in anticipation of the further great depreciation of silver, so that all of the business of the Archipelago, excepting the transactions that can be completed on the very day, must be done on a gambling basis.

The result is that no goods are now being imported, other than those required to fill orders firm in hand. The conservative business houses that formerly carried large stocks of goods have been letting them run lower and lower. Prices have been advancing, accordingly, under the inevitable law of supply and demand. A stable currency is the only relief from this deplorable condition of affairs, which is being misconstrued by the natives as a conspiracy to increase the cost of the necessaries of life to the poor.

As a concrete example of innumerable individual losses, a prominent lumberman and contractor in Manila took a contract to build a hospital for a stipulated price in Mexican silver, to be paid upon the completion of the work. During the time necessarily occupied in the construction of the building, the depreciation of Mexican silver was so great that he lost $22,000, Mexican.

The facts in this case, which is not an extreme one, fairly illustrate the peril that besets every business in the Philippines to-day, through a fluctuating currency. We need the gold standard. Is there any reason why we should not have it? What possible advantage can come to the people of the United States from exposing the business interests of the Philippines any longer to the perils and losses that are incident to a fluctuating currency?

It is variously estimated that the losses to the business and commercial interests of the Islands, through the fluctuations of the currency, have been from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. But this is not the only, nor perhaps the greatest, damage that will result to the people of the Islands, from the depreciation of Mexican silver. The poor natives in the provinces who are engaged in agricultural pursuits, the people upon whose contentment and prosperity the welfare of the Islands depends, are unable to reconcile the benevolent purposes of our national Congress, which Governor Taft has proclaimed throughout the Islands, with a financial policy that has depreciated the value of their money, thereby depriving them of the rewards of their toil. They argue that even the Spanish government did not thus depreciate the earnings of their labor, but maintained a fairly stable currency.

Every consideration of trade and commerce, political expediency and national honor demands that Congress should give a stable currency to the Philippines. The fact that this can be done without risk or responsibility to the United States aggravates the injustice of denying this blessing to the Filipino people.

It is not possible or necessary here to outline the details of the plan that has been agreed upon by the Philippine Commission and the allied Chambers of Commerce, after consultations with the Filipino business men. For the information of those who have the time to make a study of the matter, it is fully set out in the report of the Secretary of War for 1901, pages 176-289, which embodies the voluminous reports of the Philippine Commission and Mr. Conant, the financial expert sent to the Islands by the Secretary of War to examine into the subject.

We assume that American interest in the development of the Philippines must surely cause some anxiety lest the Islands should meet with the disaster that sooner or later befalls every country that has a fluctuating currency. For that reason, we count with confidence upon the cordial support of Senators and Representa-

tives in Congress; and, having observed that the members of Congress, without regard to party, have manifested an unselfish desire to uplift the Filipino people, the members of the American Chamber of Commerce of Manila, who are members of both of the great political parties of the United States, have indulged the hope that there may be no objection, by any man or party in our national Congress, to speedily granting our prayer for such a stable currency as has given a stupendous impetus to every business interest in the United States.

The second need of the Philippines is a large temporary reduction of the Dingley tariff. This reduction is not asked for on the ground that the Islands are an American possession, but on the higher plea of humanity and mercy. This appeal is now being made to Congress, because millions of the Filipinos have recently been visited with one of the greatest afflictions that have ever befallen any agricultural people. The catastrophe which overwhelmed Martinique, while infinitely more tragic, is small in comparison with the miseries that will result from the rinderpest plague to the poor natives who live by agricultural labor, if Congress should deny this prayer to the Filipino people.

Owing to the disasters that have befallen the Islands, in the form of plague and impending famine, there should immediately be granted, as proposed in the bill which has passed the House of Representatives, a reduction of the tariff to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley duties. During the next four years, the Philippine planters can grow but little, so that the utmost production during that time could not materially affect any article grown in the United States. The chief gain to the Islands in the reduction of the Dingley tariff now, would be in the encouragement it would give to our planters to make whatever sacrifice might be necessary to restock their plantations, thus providing labor for thousands of suffering people, who, within the past year, have been thrown out of work on the plantations by the wholesale destruction of the carabao or Philippine ox, through the rinderpest plague. Unless this reduction of the tariff is now made, those who are most familiar with the present deplorable agricultural conditions in the Philippines, apprehend great distress, if not actual famine.

While we do not ask Congress to admit the products of the Philippine Islands into free competition with the products of the United States, we cannot see that any possible injury could result

to the farmers of the United States from permitting the free entry into this country of those Philippine products of which the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, and Porto Rico do not altogether produce the full amount that the people of the States consume.

To encourage the agricultural and industrial development of the Philippines, the tariff should be immediately removed from all American machinery imported into the Islands for those purposes. It is an unfortunate fact that the Philippine tariff on all American products cannot be removed at this time. It is maintained solely because the Philippine government cannot exist without it. We regret its necessity. We are eagerly looking forward to the time when it can be repealed. That time can be immeasurably hastened by Congress, through the amendment of certain laws to which I shall now refer.

The third need of the Islands is the immediate repeal of certain provisions of the Philippine Act which have operated to prevent the rehabilitation of the agricultural interests. We believe that Congress will amend that act as soon as the fact is made plain that the planters and land-owners can find no relief, because of its severe restrictions.

It is estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the Filipinos who live by labor are engaged or employed in agricultural pursuits. Whatever laws, therefore, affect agriculture, favorably or otherwise, affect the very existence of the whole Filipino people.

In a few words let us state the trouble and the remedy. Not only have the Filipino land-owners and the Filipino laborers been impoverished by an exhausting war, but they have met a tenfold greater calamity through the rinderpest. This plague has destroyed ninety per cent. of the carabao, or water buffalo, which is to the Filipino farmer what the horse, the mule and the ox together are to the American farmer. To indicate the appalling consequences of this loss, not only to the land-owners, but to the Filipinos who live by employment as farm laborers, it is only necessary to state some specific facts.

A Filipino business house in the City of Manila owns several plantations. On one of these plantations they have for years employed 30,000 Filipino laborers. The plantation produced among other things 200,000 piculs (of 137 lbs. each) of sugar annually. They had 12,000 carabaos, male and female, of which all but fifty were swept away within the past year. It is difficult

to measure the loss resulting from a plague, when its ravages on a single plantation thus throw 30,000 people out of employment.

Prior to the passage of the Philippine Act, the owners of this plantation could have mortgaged it (75,000 acres) to a corporation for the money required to restock it with carabaos; but, as the Philippine Act limits the holdings of any corporation to 2,500 acres, it is now impossible for the owners to do so. Carabaos are now worth about seventy-five dollars, in gold, owing to the great demand. This makes each animal worth from three to five acres of land, according to their fertility and location. During Spanish times, carabaos on this plantation were only worth about ten dollars, in gold.

Under the most favorable circumstances, with laws encouraging to agriculture, it will require approximately five years fully to revive the agricultural industry. Under the present law, which has paralyzed every agricultural interest in the Islands, the development of the Philippines will be indefinitely delayed.

The present law, as stated above, limits the ownership of land by corporations to 2,500 acres. It is known to every one who has made even a superficial study of the business that a 2,500-acre plantation will not furnish enough cane to operate economically a modern sugar-milling plant. Under the operations of this unfortunate law, men who are rich in lands, but without money, have been unable to get corporate interests to equip their plantations with modern sugar plants. Thus it will be seen that this law, which was enacted by Congress with the benevolent purpose of protecting the Filipino people against the selfish exploitation of the Philippines, has been the unfortunate cause of bringing the laborers who have been employed for years in sugar fields to the very verge of famine. It has not only prevented the legitimate development of the Islands, such as the reclamation of virgin lands, which would have given additional employment to laborers, but it has, by its severe restrictions, made it impossible for the planter who suffers some great loss, such as the death of his carabaos, to pledge more than 2,500 acres, no matter how large his plantation may be, as security to any corporation that would loan him the money to buy a new equipment. Thus the owner of every plantation that suffers a serious loss must see his lands revert to a tropical wilderness, unless he has a bank account sufficiently large to repair the loss, whether it be in animals or equipment.

The first misfortune of this law fell on native labor, whom it was designed to help; the next to suffer were the planters, who were chiefly Filipinos; and, finally, in preventing the reclamation and development of lands suitable for growing sugar, it greatly retarded the general trade and commerce of the Islands.

This act of Congress, limiting the holdings of corporations in the Philippines to 2,500 acres, was doubtless intended to prevent corporate bodies from acquiring title to large tracts of public land for speculative purposes. It is vital to the welfare of all the people of the Islands that no corporation or individual should be permitted to purchase and hold unimproved a large body of land, but this result can be even better attained by a law that will not retard the agricultural development of the Islands. For example, the law might provide that a corporation applying for title to a tract of public land in excess of 2,500 acres should be required, first, to satisfy the Philippine Commission that the additional acreage is absolutely necessary to the purposes of their business; second, to reclaim and plant say one-fifth of such additional area each year, until the entire tract has been brought under cultivation; and, third, to bring the whole tract under cultivation before final title passes from the government. This would not only prevent any speculation in public lands to the injury of future generations, but it would give immediate employment to labor by encouraging the development of the country, so vital at this time to the prosperity, happiness, contentment and peace of the people.

It is a misfortune not only to the Filipino people, but to the people of the United States, that any law should indefinitely delay the agricultural and industrial development of the Philippines; and corporations have become such an essential element in conducting large business affairs in modern times that it is impossible to secure the necessary amount of capital to develop the Islands except through corporations.

A time will surely come when the American people will want the customs tariff removed from all American products going into the Philippines. The income derived from that tariff is now necessary to support the Philippine government. It will continue to be necessary so long as the present restrictive laws make it impossible for the business men of the Islands to create a new source of wealth for taxation. If Congress will so amend these

restrictive laws that it may be possible to develop the agricultural and industrial wealth of the Islands, we shall soon be able to defray all the expenses of the Philippine government from the income derived from the internal taxation. Then the Philippine tariff can be removed from American products; then the foreign merchants who now purchase their goods in Europe will buy them in the United States.

Many thoughtful people in the Philippines believe it to be to the highest welfare of the Filipino people that the internal affairs of the Archipelago should be controlled by the Philippine Commission.

We yield to none in our admiration for the American Congress, or its individual members whose long and illustrious services have given our national Congress an envied place among the legislative bodies of the world. But we, nevertheless, believe that the Philippine Commission, being on the ground, and having acquired a more or less intimate knowledge of the Asiatic temperament and character, and having a thorough knowledge of local conditions and needs, and being composed of able, honest, patriotic men, can legislate more effectively for the Filipino people, in all matters affecting their internal affairs, than a legislative body ten thousand miles away, even of the best and wisest of men.

Without coming into constant personal contact with the Filipino people, which Congress cannot do, it will be impossible for our National legislature to keep in that close touch with the ever-changing conditions in the Philippines, which is so necessary to the prompt enactment of wise laws to meet special emergencies.

The success of our government in the Philippines will depend upon the ability of the Commission to gain and retain the full confidence and co-operation of the Filipino people, a most difficult thing to do. This being true, the Commission should be clothed with the broadest powers, so as to be able to do promptly whatever the welfare of the Filipinos imperatively demands. If deemed advisable, Congress might provide that the vote of the Commission should be unanimous whenever they exercise extraordinary powers, so as to require the assent of the three Filipino members of the Commission. It would add immensely to the usefulness of the Commission if it had supreme power to enact all legislation affecting local matters, subject to the power in the President or in Congress to suspend or annul.

One year ago events had not perhaps sufficiently advanced to

have justified Congress in giving this power to the Commission, but since then the insurrection has been crushed and civil government has been established throughout the Archipelago. The Commission has meantime greatly increased its hold upon the affections of the Filipinos. By its unswerving devotion to high ideals of duty, the Commission has won the implicit confidence even of those who from the first insisted that civil government was doomed to failure, because it had been instituted too soon.

Governor Taft has won the friendship of the Filipinos by toleration for their weaknesses, patience with their vices, forgiveness for their offences; by innumerable proofs of his affection for the natives, and his sincere desire to help them to better things, to encourage them to higher ideals; by his assured belief that the Filipinos are a capable people, who need only to be patiently taught "the art of wise self-government" to fit them to ultimately rule themselves.

The Governor has won the confidence of the Americans and Europeans, not only by the fact that his own high office has been conducted in such a manner as to deserve all praise, but by making fidelity to public duty the cardinal doctrine of his administration; by exercising such care in the selection of judges, chiefs of bureaus, and other high officers, as to make the civil service of the Philippines a matter of national pride and congratulation.

Every business man in the Islands, rich or poor, has equal opportunities before the departments, equal rights before the law.

The efficiency of the customs, for example, is disclosed by the official records, which show that the collections at the Port of Manila are made at less cost than at ports in the United States where the customs receipts are approximately the same.

And in the collection and disbursement of the Philippine government funds during the last fiscal year, there has been a smaller percentage of loss through default than in the United States.

The Governor departed from the rule which exists in the United States of letting each department or bureau purchase its own supplies, by appointing one Purchasing Agent for the whole Philippine government. The wisdom of this change was doubted by some of us, through fear of an abuse of power; but the Governor was either wise or fortunate enough to select an Insular Purchasing Agent who has discharged that great trust with singular ability and without the breath of scandal.

The General Superintendent of Public Instruction, who recently resigned, has done a work that will endure. Foreseeing that it was impossible to secure unity of thought or purpose among the Filipino people, so long as they were broken into fragments through the use of innumerable languages and dialects, his first act was to make English the language of instruction in the schools. His next act was to select as Superintendent of the Normal School a practical educator, a man of scholarly attainments and good executive ability, to train an efficient corps of native teachers. A small army of these Filipino teachers are now being brought to such a gratifying state of efficiency that the value of the work of the Superintendent of the Normal School has been second only in importance to the work of the General Superintendent himself. The progress made in English by the native teachers and normal students cannot be realized by one who has not visited these schools. In recognition of the results of his work this Superintendent of the Normal School has since been promoted to the position of General Superintendent of Public Instruction. It is quite certain that, within five years, far more natives will speak English than learned to speak Spanish during the four centuries of Spanish rule in the Islands.

The Commission has established other bureaus of importance to the government and the people. The most important of all to the natives is the Bureau of Agriculture, which is ably conducted by practical agriculturists of large experience in tropical countries. On the government's experimental farms, where modern methods and modern machinery are being introduced under the personal observation of practical native farmers, a work is being done that will add vastly to the wealth of the Islands and to the prosperity and happiness of the people.

It seems almost an invidious distinction thus to single out a few matters for favorable mention where so many others deserve high praise. The truth is that Governor Taft's claim to public gratitude does not rest on a few notable achievements. The history of his whole administration is a brilliant record of a great work faithfully done.

BREWSTER CAMERON.

THE KING OF ITALY.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

THERE are to-day two monarchs in Europe of whom all things may be hoped and little said. Alphonso XIII. of Spain is one of them; the King of Italy is the other. Both are young, both wield an immensity of power which may save or destroy their kingdoms; both are seated on thrones that are only half secure, and have to grapple with problems that are as menacing as they are insistent; and both are still largely unknown quantities, to their subjects as well as to the outside world of eager onlookers. In neither case is there much that one may go upon with any confidence. Alphonso, in spite of the precocity natural in princes, has not yet found himself, is still in the making, and may turn out anything or nothing. Victor Emmanuel is thirty-three, and his character, did we but know what it was, must by now have taken a definite shape. But he has been only a little over two years on the throne, two years of comparative uneventfulness, and he lived as Prince of Naples behind a veil that was rarely lifted by others and never by himself. Even Italians do not profess to be sure what manner of man their ruler may be. There is, of course, the disposition to hope everything from a new king, especially in a country where the parliamentary system has lost what little prestige it ever had, and the monarch, if he chooses, may rule as well as reign.

The time of trial that will really test him is still to come. There are, however, signs and a few detached incidents out of which may be built some sort of estimate of the man. The evidence, though meagre and largely presumptive, is still interesting; and interesting in a way that seems to justify the hope that deeds will corroborate it. Italy being what she is, by deeds and deeds alone will her King be weighed. Leadership, initiative, the ability to "put things through," are what are required of him.

The King's infancy and boyhood were passed in studious ill-health. Queen Margherita, herself one of the most cultured ladies in Italy, took charge from the first of his education, and possibly drove him too hard. At any rate, his health suffered to a degree that alarmed even his easy-going father. King Humbert had spent his youth in the saddle, had fought for Italian unity, and was the only monarch in Europe who could show a scar received on the field of battle. For his son to grow up a nervous, impressionable boy, averse to open-air life, and absorbed in his books as though he were qualifying for a professorship, was a development so far from welcome to the stout-hearted Savoyard that it stirred him out of his constitutional inertia into action. He interfered decisively, confiscated the books, and almost drove his son out-of-doors, there to ride and shoot and yacht and harden himself. The change has done its work. Victor Emmanuel III., though neither so tall nor so muscular as his father and grandfather, has the wiriness and endurance that belong to the House of Savoy. He can sit for hours in the saddle without feeling fatigued, and he has the rarer capacity for going long without food. Years of ocean life and hard exercise on shore have dispelled the fear, at one time not unjustified, that he might fall a victim to consumption. It was not only his studious habits that gave his father some disquietude. He showed as a youth a haughtiness and self-will even more alien to King Humbert's nature, and was frequently punished for his escapades by being put under arrest and banished to lonely fortresses. Even as late as 1896, just before his marriage, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, he was sentenced by his father to a month's confinement for upbraiding Crispi. In the army, which he entered at eighteen, he made himself felt as a keen, if bookish, soldier, and an exacting disciplinarian. But both court and people agreed in thinking him of little account. A student-prince, who is also undersized and frail-looking, is never a popular prince. The masses do not care to hear details of the royal progress in mathematics, and they always seem to think that a prince who is really capable must also be a paladin in externals, an impressive, martial figure, like the late Emperor Frederick. They like a prince at least to "look the part," even if he cannot act it. The Prince of Naples scarcely did the first, and they therefore jumped to the notion that he could not do the second.

The Prince did nothing to alter what he must have known to be the general impression. He deliberately courted the shadows, never put himself forward, never advertised himself, as a prince may without offence, never interfered in politics. His private tastes and hobbies seemed to engross him utterly, and even in these directions he appeared out of touch with his future subjects. His favorite pastime was and still is coin-collecting. He is one of the first numismatists in Europe, and his collection of over twenty thousand coins ranks among the finest in the world. But this is not the sort of hobby that moves the popular imagination. Neither is electricity. No one felt stirred to extra loyalty when he heard that the Prince of Naples had turned one of his rooms in the Quirinal into a chemical laboratory, and was there experimenting with X-rays and the application of electricity to light, motive power, sound, and photography. Such avocations struck people as professional to a most unkingly degree. Nor did the Prince try to atone for them by lending himself to public pageantry. On the contrary, he took every opportunity of getting out of Italy. His yacht was constantly in commission, and one heard of him now in the Mediterranean, now taking a trip in Morocco, now spending months in the Far East—always, so report said, accompanied by stacks of books through which he diligently ploughed. He never travelled in state, but as quietly and with as little ceremony as though he had been a mere nobody.

Naturally enough, the public could make nothing of such a prince. It thought him, to speak candidly, rather a fool; first, because he preferred staying behind the scenes when he might have been in the centre of the stage; secondly, because he did nothing to make headway against the manifold influences that, thanks to his father's weakness and the incapacity or timidity of his ministers, threatened the stability of the throne itself. Once only did he break from his retirement and assert himself in politics. The disaster of Adowa, when seven thousand Italians were slaughtered by Menelek's army, under the guidance, as is believed, of French and Russian officers, sent the Crown-Prince hurrying to his father's side. He found the King closeted with Crispi, and then and there, in the presence of the King, he dealt out to the veteran intriguer a quite merciless tongue-lashing, ending in a demand for his dismissal. King Humbert sentenced his son to a month's confinement in a fortress, but Crispi was dis-

missed, and for the first time the Prince of Naples found a transient popularity with the masses. He emerged once more in this same year of 1896 to marry Princess Hélène of Montenegro, the "daughter of a strong race," as he afterwards described her in his first speech to Parliament.

They had met for the first time at Moscow during the Czar's coronation festivities. Princess Hélène must have watched that ceremony with some confusion of feeling. But for a turn of the wheel, she might have been one of the two central figures in it. Alexander III., who used to call her father his only friend in Europe, had destined her as the wife of his eldest son, the present Czar. Nicholas II., however, was unexpectedly not to be dictated to in such matters. He fell in love on his own account with Princess Alix of Hesse, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and a Protestant. There was an immense commotion among the royal match-makers, and Nicholas was packed off on a tour round the world to cure him of his whim. The old trick failed, as it had failed before. He returned more devoted than ever, and Princess Hélène went back to her father's court at Cettinje. She was destined, however, to be a queen, after all. Her betrothal to Prince Victor was announced a few weeks after their first meeting. There were no politics in it, though it has had political results in drawing the Russian and Italian courts together in bonds of the friendliest intimacy.

These, practically, were the only two public appearances of the heir-apparent before he was suddenly called upon to ascend the throne; and when one reflects how utterly popular estimates of princes are at fault, even when they mix freely in social and public life, one is not inclined to judge the Italians harshly if they failed to see Prince Victor as he really was. They did not know —how could they?—that beneath his quiet, unimpressive exterior a strong will was being forged and an alert intelligence trained against the hour of his country's need. They did not know that this reserved little man was watching things from afar, silently, but with a thorough sweep; or that in his background of refined leisure he was gathering the invaluable outside point of view. They hardly suspected that in his studies there might be a serious purpose, or that when he travelled he was other than a fortunately placed sight-seer. They did not even guess that on all he saw this young Prince was turning a quick and questioning eye, was

seeing and thinking for himself, was collecting something more valuable than rare coins, was developing that peculiar faculty, of which Goethe frankly boasted, that enables a man to learn something from everybody.

Outside of Italy the significance of King Humbert's assassination has been rather missed. The tragedy of Monza was the murder of a monarch, but it was the salvation of the monarchy. What said Giovanni Bovio, the great philosopher and leader of the Republican party in the Chamber?—"The crime of Bresci may have shortened the reign of King Humbert by ten years, but it has added perhaps two centuries to the monarchy." That may be even an under-statement of the truth. There are many Italians who believe that Bresci saved Italy from an almost immediate civil war, which might have pulled down the House of Savoy in one wild *débâcle*. Over-taxed, hungry, utterly disillusionized, the nation was plunging towards the edge of the precipice when the bloody dagger interposed to sober and save it. How and why the fair hopes of the *risorgimento* had come to such a pass, it would take too long to explain. But one, and not the least important, of the contributory causes was the character of King Humbert himself. He had courage, but it was all wholly physical and personal. He was a dashing cavalry leader, and showed the true spirit of the House of Savoy on the battle-field and in the cholera hospitals. But politically he made himself a mere figure-head of the state. Except in arranging and upholding the Triple Alliance and in keeping the army up to the mark, he went out of his way to efface himself. He had, it was said, "constitutionalism on the brain." A fatalist by nature, nothing could move him to the point of self-assertion in domestic affairs. "*Vogliamo Re Umberto assoluto,*" cried out all that was law abiding in Italy—"We want King Humbert, and Humbert an absolute monarch,"—but the cry was so much wasted breath. The imperturbable and immovable decision with which King Humbert did nothing was the one strong point in his character. He watched disaffection spread out into open rebellion, saw Parliament falling year by year into disrepute and uselessness, and Socialism and Republicanism menacing the throne itself—and yet kept neutral, passive, seemingly unconcerned. He tried to reign and yet not to rule, and, unhappily for Italy, he succeeded. The trend of the age is not against kings, but only against

fainéant kings. King Humbert never realized this, and that is why, chivalrous, stout-hearted gentleman though he was, his reign must be written down a failure.

His son, there can now be no question, saw the flaws of both reasoning and character that made such an attitude possible, and had, one supposes, resolved that when his time came the country should at least never have reason to call him Victor Emmanuel Do-Nothing. The people, of course, were far from suspecting any such resolve. To them he was still much of an enigma and more of a weakling. It was the poignancy of the occasion, and not the man himself, that gave interest to his début. But before he had spoken five minutes he had conquered the misunderstandings of years. The past almost ceased to exist as in confident ringing tones he pointed masterfully to the future and called on Italy to follow him. Even now, one cannot read that speech without a quickened pulse. It was a splendid scene. In the great hall of Montecitorio, standing before a brilliant concourse of princes, ambassadors, nobles, ministers, senators, and deputies, who were watching with well-concealed weariness what they expected to be a mere formal ceremony, the young King read out his speech—his own speech in very truth, as the first sentence convinced them all. This was no amiable concoction of ministers; the King was speaking his own thoughts, making his own pledges.

"Sacred was the word of the magnanimous Carlo Alberto who granted liberty, sacred that of my great ancestor who accomplished the union of Italy, sacred also the word of my august father, who in every act of his life showed himself worthy heir of the virtues of 'Padre della Patria.' Splendor and grace were lent to the work of my father by my august and venerable mother, who planted in my heart and imprinted on my mind feelings of princely and Italian duty. Even thus to my work will be joined that of my august consort, who, born of a strong race, will dedicate herself entirely to the country of her adoption. . . . May Monarchy and Parliament go hand in hand. . . . Unabashed and steadfast, I ascend the throne, conscious of my rights and of my duties as a King. Let Italy have faith in me, as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human force shall destroy that which with such self-sacrifice our fathers builded. It is necessary to keep watch and to employ every living force to guard intact the great conquests of unity and of liberty. The serenest trust in our liberal charter will never fail me, and I shall not be wanting, either in strong initiative or in energy of action in vigorously defending our glorious institutions, precious heritage from our great dead. Brought up in the love of religion and of the father-

land, I take God to witness of my promise that from this day forward I offer my heart, my mind, my life, to the grandeur of our land."

Brave and stirring words, with such overwhelming response of cheers and weeping and wild tumult of cries as to be at times almost inaudible, the young King emphasizing his earnestness by a dig now and then with his scabbard, but otherwise showing an impenetrable, collected face, masking the stern elation of his heart. On the morrow Italy had but one phrase in which to give her verdict—"The master has come." Such vibrant notes of decision and resoluteness had not been heard in the Peninsula since the days of Charles Albert of Sardinia and the great Victor Emmanuel.

Nor were they to be the last in the same strain. In a speech that followed shortly after, he said:

"In Italy, no man does his duty. From the highest to the lowest the *laissez faire* and laxity are complete. Now it is to the accomplishment of their several duties that all, without distinction, must be called. I begin with myself, and am trying to do my duty conscientiously and with love. This must serve as an example and a spur to others. My ministers must help me in everything. They must promise nothing that they cannot certainly perform; they must not create illusions. Him who fulfils his duty, braving every danger, even death, I shall consider the best citizen."

Again one seems to catch in this the accent of the inevitable leader.

But do his actions accord with his clear-edged words? They do. He began well by calling to power the veteran Liberal, Signor Zanardelli. That in itself was a proof that repression and revenge were not to be his policy, and that when he spoke of reform he meant it. He went on to reorganize and considerably reduce the royal household; he made thorough inspections of the public institutions and military depots in Naples and Rome, praising and blaming as seemed right; he broke down the barrier that formerly kept King and politicians apart, and now he gives audience to public men once every day; he took from the first an active share in cabinet councils, and has done all in his power to stimulate and brace up his ministers. It was by his personal intervention that the excavations in the Forum are now being continued. It was he who saved the Vittorio Emanuele Library, the glory of Rome, with its 360,000 volumes and 5,000 priceless

manuscripts, from being crippled by a cheese-paring minister. It was his influence that probed the Casale trial to its depths of infamy, that insisted on the Mafia and its archleader, Palizzolo, being brought to justice. To him and his energy and inflexible sense of duty it is largely due that reform is no longer in the air, but on the statute-book, that a beginning is being made towards an impartial administration of the laws.

We may therefore judge Victor Emmanuel III. to be a really strong King, who will not only lead, but control, who will not hesitate to command when suggestions fail, and who will see to it that his commands are obeyed. And a strong King of Italy, as wise as his best advisers, irremovable, and armed with that magic power of propulsion which is one of the attributes of royalty, might be the most efficient of premiers. He is the working head of the army and navy; he can select any man for minister he chooses, and practically compel him to resign; he can dissolve or prorogue Parliament at discretion; he can personally insist that no criminal be pardoned; he can appeal directly in his own name to his people; and whenever order is menaced he can issue decrees that have the force of law. He has, in short, the combined powers of an American President and an English premier, and he holds them for life, with this further advantage, that no Italian Parliament would for a moment oppose the will of a popular, visibly efficient ruler. This is an immense amount of authority to be vested in one man, but it would really seem that Victor Emmanuel, by his breadth of comprehensive sympathy and insight, his serious cultivation, his manly and determined temperament, is worthy to wield it. So dramatically complete is the conquest he has won over his subjects, that the half-despised Prince of three years ago is now the sheet-anchor of the nation's best hopes. A colossal task lies ahead of him, to equalize taxation without reducing revenue, to foster education, to see that justice is done in deed as well as in name, to bring meaning and vitality back into public life, local as well as national, to steer a safe course between the Clericals on the one side and the Socialists on the other, and to guide and uplift the country through a new and more lasting *risorgimento,* of which his own efficiency is perhaps the surest pledge.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

You did not think, who blindly were forsworn
In alien arms, that I might come some day
And greet you from the first dawn of my youth,
Clean and unsullied by a worldly chance.
You did not dream once in those hot bright dreams,
When earth so madly called you from the height,
And your soul answered, stumbling down the path,
That you might wake one day, and you might crave
Another soul as fair as once you were.
You did not think to keep yourself withdrawn
From things that soil, that one day you might look
With equal courage into equal eyes.
You did not think of this when self besought
The gifts of selfishness, nor dared to spurn
The contumacious alms you paid your soul
To keep its silence.

Then, as morning light
Comes to a night of tempest,—thus you say—
I came. My path led close beside your own;
You stretched your arms and plead with eloquent eyes—
I knew not then the uses of your eyes,
What they had charmed, nor how, nor when, nor where.
To me they seemed the eyes of chivalry,
Of all that I had loved in union blent.
They drew me no less surely than your arms,—
I knew not then what others these had held.
Knew! I knew nothing! Maiden solitude
Had never brooded deeper than had mine,
Rapt in the contemplation of a world

Serenely good. Nay, listen, I'll not weep;
I am too sad for tears; their time is past.

Well, thus I came, unquestioning; and thus
You loved me, as a young and saving grace
Borne from far heaven to lift your spirit up
And teach you new philosophies of life—
A pool where you might bathe and wash you white.
And I—God help me!—loved you as the rare
Bloom of my life; the ultimate good of things;
The crown of all—my husband; blushing even
To speak the name, so sacred seemed the sound
To the child-soul of the incipient woman.
Then, passing all the rest, the pride, the hope,
The exquisite trust, the simple hidden faith
In worshipping you—aye, there I sinned indeed,
For true it is, in thinking thus of you
I thought less of my God: a costly fault,
As later I have learned in weary pain.

Then, after this fresh happiness had passed
Into a calmer joy, one day you paused
Beside me, and, with strange-accoutred words
That needed some translation to my ear,
You told me of the others you had loved;
Told me the ancient story of the world;
Told me the inmost secret of your past,
And spared me nothing, not a single lash
Of the enscorpioned whip that struck me dumb.
I rose up, you remember. It was night,
And darker night within my stricken soul.
I rose and looked at you when you had done,
Nor knew the pain you smothered with your words:
(I told you I knew nothing. 'Twas in me
The ignorance of my virtue, as in you
The ignorance had been sin—I know not why).
I looked, but could not speak. I went away
To hide myself, to hide the shame your own
Had put on me, your wife, your second self,
Your—there's the wound—your very worshipper.

From then, even as you say . . . . I have been changed;
Yet you were brave in the confessional,
And I not brave. I dreamed alone for hours,
And moaned a thousand times you had not kept
Your heart unsullied for my special shrine;
Shut your face out, cried often unto God
To know why you were you, and I was I,
Or some such infant-prattling in His ears.
And when the strain was over, came out pale,
And trembled in your arms, and saw your eyes
Were full of tears I had not seen before,
And felt my heart slow melting against yours—
You cried out at my kisses, "they were cold."
I pressed you closer. Was it pity or love
That surged into my soul? I do not know.
Yet all these years it has sufficed; for Love
Has infinite vistas, and through aisles of stars
Moves, humbly, toward the eternal Altar Light.

Now leave me, love; I weary, and would rest.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

PHILLIPS BROOKS: AN ESTIMATION.

BY THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D., LL.D.

MR. BRYCE'S study of "The American Commonwealth" has been styled a full-length portrait of a great nation. Professor Allen's "Life of Phillips Brooks" deserves to be called the full-length portrait of a great personality. It is more than a life-size picture, and it ought to be. It is colossal, monumental; only so could it be a true representation. In physical stature, Phillips Brooks overlooked the multitude; intellectually and morally, his proportions were no less exceptional. To tell the story of the development of such a character required large room, because there was much to tell, and little had been told. Few men have occupied so large a space in public attention about whose inner life so little was known. Mr. Allen says that, in his college days:

> "He was marked by a profound reserve. He would not talk of himself or reveal his utmost thoughts. He had many friends; he was greatly admired; his favor and friendship were counted by many as a prize. Something of the feeling which showed itself in later years in the extravagance of devotion already existed. But to know him intimately was impossible. When efforts were made to draw him out they invariably ended in failure. He appeared to be frankness and simplicity, but the inner citadel of his being was in his own possession. * * * This characteristic reserve, which remained unbroken through his life, might seem to call for some explanation. It was the symbol, at least, of a great personality, capable of standing alone and facing the world, when the time should come, in independence and freedom."

So it was that Phillips Brooks lived and died. Perhaps this very power of veiling from the vulgar gaze "the abysmal deeps of personality" was one of the traits which gave him so strong a hold upon human hearts. A divinity whose nature we could explore, we could not worship. At all events, the revelation of this man was never made during his lifetime. Those to

whom his words have been medicine and food and light and music have always found in him much that was remote and mysterious. Yet that inner history was fully written by the only one who could have written it, and this book spreads it before us, without any violation of sacred confidences; so that we are now able to know Phillips Brooks more intimately than we know almost any man who has lived. Few things which have fallen to the lot of the writers of this generation have been better worth doing, and Professor Allen has done it adequately. No intelligent student of the Christian religion—certainly, no minister of the gospel—can afford to leave this book unread, can even afford merely to borrow it. Better do without newspapers, novels and commentaries for a year than fail to possess it.

Dr. Holmes's well-worn saying, that the education of a child ought to begin a hundred years before he is born, is more than fulfilled in the record of Phillips Brooks. The Phillipses and the Brookses, whose blood commingled in his veins, were among the elect of New England. The first American Phillips was the Reverend George, who came in 1630, with Governor Winthrop, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and the rest, in the ship "Arbella," from Norfolk County, England, to Massachusetts Bay. He was an English University man, and had separated from the English Church, of which he had formerly been a member; he was a radical Congregationalist, and became pastor of the church at Watertown, adjoining Cambridge on the west. The race of Phillipses which sprang from this root produced many graduates of Harvard, and most of these were ministers, though now and then one of them dropped into trade, and a good share of the wealth thus accumulated was devoted to the purposes of the higher education, as witness the two most famous academies of New England, Phillips Academy of Andover, and Phillips Academy of Exeter, as well as the great Theological Seminary at Andover, founded and maintained by members of this family.

The first of the Brookses—who spelled his name Brooke, and was baptized Thomas—arrived in Massachusetts Bay not long after 1630, and soon became a resident of Watertown and a parishioner of the Rev. George Phillips. Thus, the two families began life in America together; but the Brookses soon went further west, to Concord; and the divergent streams did not again commingle until the last generation. The Brooks family was less

scholastic than the Phillips family; there were fewer Harvard graduates and Congregational ministers among them; to a larger degree they were men of affairs; one of them was Governor of Massachusetts for seven years. One ancestor of Phillips Brooks, the Rev. Edward Brooks, became a minister in the days when New England Calvinism was first challenged by the Arminian protest, and Edward Brooks found himself among the protestants, for which cause he was courteously requested by his parishioners to depart from among them. In the best of temper he laid down his charge, beseeching God's blessing upon his people, and betaking himself to the service of his country, in which, during the Revolution, he took an active part on land and sea.

With these two ancestral streams much good blood had been mingled in their progress through the generations; the Phillipses had been invigorated by alliance with Emersons and Whites, and Foxcrofts and Gorhams; and the Brookses had been reinforced by Boylstons and Browns, and, most notable of all, by a direct inheritance of the life of the man who, next to Governor Winthrop, was the most conspicuous figure in the Massachusetts Colony, the Rev. John Cotton. The great-granddaughter of John Cotton was the great-grandmother of Phillips Brooks.

It is evident, therefore, that when William Gray Brooks and Mary Ann Phillips were married, in 1833, in North Andover, Mass., and took up their abode in Boston, Dr. Holmes's recipe for the education of children had, in their case, been abundantly complied with. If there is anything in heredity the children born to them ought to have begun life with the best prospects of sound and strong manhood. It was a great heritage. We have no right to try to explain Phillips Brooks without taking it into account. The possibilities of genius are beyond prediction; but it may be questioned whether we ever get such a complete and symmetrical character as this, except from long lines of virtuous ancestry.

The household in which he was reared was worthy of the lineage. In the scale of material advantages it occupied the golden mean; there was comfort without luxury, and plenty without profusion. The parents had nothing to do with fashionable society; their life was devoted to their children. Says Mr. Allen:

"It need hardly be said that this was a religious family. The usage of family prayer was rigidly observed, in the morning before going forth to the work of the day and again in the evening at nine

o'clock. The evenings were spent by the whole family together around the common table in the 'back parlor,' the father busy at the many literary tasks which his interests and his ingenuity imposed on his leisure; the mother with her sewing and with her deeper meditations, and the boys at their books, preparing their lessons for the next day. Visitors came in occasionally for a call or to spend the evening, but this was rare; the avocations of the family were pursued without interruption. There was abundance of hilarity and boisterous demonstration of the natural gladness with which the whole family was endowed, but the undercurrent flowed in a deep-set channel of serious and direct endeavor."

The religious life of this family was somewhat disturbed in its earliest years by the theological ferment. It was about the time of the Unitarian secession, and some of the more cautious and peace-loving people had hardly yet taken sides. Mrs. Brooks had come from a congregation in North Andover which was ranked with the Unitarians, but her own tendencies were very conservative. Mr. Brooks had also been counted with the Unitarians, but he was a moderate man, with no strong theological bias. When they set up their home in Boston they attached themselves to the First Church, of which the distinguished Dr. Frothingham, a kinsman of theirs, was pastor; but when the Unitarian teaching of that pulpit became more pronounced, Mrs. Brooks found herself out of sympathy with it, and it was her unhappiness that led to the transfer of the church relations of the family to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, then one of the leading congregations of the Low Church school. With the warm evangelistic tendencies of that wing of the Episcopalians Mrs. Brooks was heartily in sympathy. Says Mr. Allen:

"Her mind was not theological, but it was intensely religious, and her religion moved in the grooves of the ancient piety. Her power of feeling and emotion was the source of her knowledge, for she was no wide discursive reader. She had a deep interior life of the soul, whose phases were more real and vital than the phenomena of the passing world. Religion to her was a life in Christ and hidden with Christ in God."

In the intensity of her desire for the spiritual welfare of her children, and with her narrowness of mental vision, this woman might easily have driven her six sons into infidelity if she had not possessed a saving common sense which taught her that their personality must be respected, that there was a limit beyond which she must not press her importunities. The result was that she won them all to the obedience of that faith which was the

staff of life to her, and had the happiness of seeing four of them in the Christian ministry.

It is profoundly interesting to see how perfectly Phillips Brooks united in his own person the highest qualities of his father and of his mother, so blending them that they produced a personality indefinitely stronger than either. Mr. Brooks, as one who knew him well says, was "a typical Boston merchant, solid, upright, unimaginative, unemotional." But he possessed considerable humor, and a good deal of literary skill; he was fond of history; he had a taste for architecture; he was a keen observer of men and things; he was the soul of honor. Mrs. Brooks, says the same witness, "gave me the notion of an intense, emotional nature, the very tones of her voice vibratory with feeling, deep spiritual life, the temperament of genius, saintly character." And while the great preacher was indebted to his father for his clear understanding, his broad sympathy, and his literary art, the testimony is credible that:

> "What made Phillips Brooks a prophet, a leader, a power among men, was from the Phillips side of the family. The big heart, the changeful countenance, the voice that so easily grew tremulous with feeling, the eager look and gesture, the magnetism, the genius, seemed to me, and I believe seemed to him, his mother's."

Phillips Brooks was the second of the six sons, and he was born on December 13th, 1835. At a dame's school kept by Miss Capen, before the age of eight, afterward at the public grammar school until he was eleven, and at the Boston Latin School until he was sixteen, he was prepared for Harvard, which he entered in the autumn of 1851. Of his schoolboy life the reminiscences are not notable. He was not much addicted to the sports of the playground; he was growing too fast. At fourteen he was five feet eleven inches in height, and weighed one hundred and thirty-three pounds; when he entered college at sixteen he was six feet three and one-half inches tall, and weighed one hundred and sixty-one pounds. With the bioplasts working at such a tremendous rate, it could hardly be expected that the intellectual powers would find much space for their operation, yet the school work of Phillips Brooks was always creditable. Especially well done were his exercises in English composition. This was the line in which he excelled during his college course. In the languages he was then proficient, especially in Greek, in which he led his class,

and in Latin, in which he was close to the first; he gained also a good reading knowledge of German and of French; in the sciences and in natural history he did fairly well, and in mathematics only tolerably; but in English he was distinguished above all his fellows. He read widely and deeply in the English classics of the eighteenth century. Johnson, Goldsmith, Dryden, Swift, Leigh Hunt, Washington Irving and Walter Scott attracted him; Carlyle came later, with a powerful hold upon his thought, but Tennyson, more than all the rest, was his master during his college days; for Wordsworth and Browning he was not yet ready.

He graduated six months before his twentieth birthday, and soon accepted a position as assistant in the Boston Latin School. The class assigned to him included a turbulent set of young fellows, only two or three years younger than himself, who had already driven out two or three teachers, and who tackled the new one with confidence in their ability to make life a burden for him. They were abundantly successful. With little backing from his superiors, and with a task upon his hands which should have been given to none but the most experienced disciplinarian, the young schoolmaster made a signal failure—the only real failure of his life. It was a bitter disappointment and humiliation for him; the six months that followed his resignation were the only unhappy period of a very happy life. But he would not yield to despondency; he took up his studies with new purpose, and his note-books, now first resorted to, show that he is working out his problem with the aids of a genial philosophy. These note-books, for the next two years, become the witnesses of his spiritual struggles, and the mirror of his growing mind. They were not intended for any other eye; it does not appear that he showed them to anybody; they simply served his need of self-expression. He is beginning to think, deeply and patiently, of life, and he knows that the only fruitful thought is that which finds expression. Mere reverie is unprofitable; let us not be content with formless conceits and imaginings; let us get the conceptions which present themselves to our minds clearly before us, so that we can criticize and verify them. Our reading suggests related thoughts; our minds work over the materials of the book in our hands; let us save the product. Such seems to be the explanation of these voluminous note-books. Their contents are, for the most part, wholly impersonal. The record is devoid of egotism. It is not

the effect of these ideas and experiences upon himself that he is noting; he identifies himself with humanity and looks at everything in a universal way. And yet, we have in these note-books the most complete self-revelation; we see how the great questions of the inner life present themselves to his mind, and how he reaches clearness with regard to them.

During the six months following his unhappy experiment at teaching he began to keep this sacred record; and, although he was barely twenty years of age, there is a maturity, an elevation and a beauty in these confessions which are astonishing.

It does not appear that he has yet favorably considered for himself the ministerial calling. His mind is profoundly serious, and there appears to be no lack of faith in the essential religious realities; but he has never yet been confirmed, as a church-member, and there are indications that he is not in sympathy with the view of religion with which he has been familiar. The Christian life, as it has been represented to him, called

"for a renunciation of much which he knew or believed to be good. The conventional denunciation of the intellect as a dangerous guide, and of wealth as a thing to be avoided, the condemnation of the natural joy in life and its innocent amusements, the schism between religion and life—against all this he inwardly protested. If this was what devotion to the law of God demanded, he was not ready to make the sacrifice of his will."

This was the cause, no doubt, of his hesitation to enter the ministry. Somehow, during these desolate months, he found his way to a better theory of the Christian life. His pastor, Dr. Vinton, sent for him to come and see him, but his wise father knew better than to repeat the message. Instead of that, Phillips went to see President Walker, of Harvard, a large-minded and sympathetic man. That was the critical moment of his history. Dr. Walker's counsel brought home to him the possibility of the ministerial vocation, and confronted him with a great responsibility. Says Mr. Allen:

"President Eliot, at that time a tutor in the college, was on his way to Dr. Walker's, and recalls how he met Phillips Brooks at the door coming from the interview. He was struck by his appearance; his face was of a deathly whiteness, the evidence of some great crisis. Once again in Phillips Brooks's life, President Eliot saw him under a similar situation, in 1881, when he called to decline the offer of a professorship at Harvard. Then again his face was strangely white, under some extraordinary emotion, and President Eliot remembered the vision of 1856."

When Dr. Vinton was spoken to about this plan of studying for the ministry, he answered that confirmation was supposed to precede theological study, and that conversion was regarded as a requisite for confirmation. Phillips Brooks answered that he did not know what conversion meant. The reply is somewhat startling. Probably, the conventional notion of conversion which had been enforced upon him was one that he did not then understand, and, perhaps, never did. But if conversion means the resolute turning of the soul to God with the purpose of obedience, he had, beyond a doubt, already experienced it. Dr. Vinton knew the young man too well to be troubled by this frank confession, and he counselled him to go at once to the Seminary of the Episcopal Church at Alexandria, Virginia. Thither he betook himself, and there, for three memorable years, he devoted himself to the work of preparing himself for his chosen calling.

To the history of these three years Mr. Allen devotes 158 solid octavo pages of this biography. Not many theological students need so much space, but this is not excessive. We are dealing with a great character and the manner of its development deeply concerns us.

The first thing to be noted is the amazing industry of this young man. The routine work of the Seminary, to begin with, was thoroughly done. It was not attractive work; the theology of this school of the prophets was mainly a valley of dry bones. One teacher there was whose influence was stimulating; the rest could do little for him. Yet, Phillips Brooks held himself steadily to this drudgery; there was no shirking of the dullest tasks; he always received the commendation of his instructors. Perhaps this was the best place for him. He was thrown upon his own resources, and they were ample. There was a good library, and he devoured it. The range of his reading is amazing. It was not all light reading. He seems to have bent himself, with all the energies of his soul, to the work of training and equipping his mind for its future tasks. He had been, as we have seen, a fine linguist in college; now he takes up his tools, finds that he can handle them, and goes to work with them. Professor Allen says:

"The moment had come when Greek and Latin were no longer dead languages, but were at his disposal as means of entering into other worlds of human experience. It was a thrilling moment in his life when this revelation flashed over him, turning what had before

been labor and drudgery into keenest pleasure, into the consciousness, as it were, of new faculties. Thus, in the few months after he reached the seminary, we find him reading Herodotus and Æschylus, and among Latin writers Plautus, Lucretius and Lucan; of ecclesiastical writers Augustine, Tertullian and the Venerable Bede. * * * From all these writers he was making extracts, sometimes in the original, or translating as an exercise for the mastery of the language. Schiller's 'Wallenstein' also attracted him, and he was tempted to try his hand in translation. He kept up his French by reading Saint Pierre's *'Etudes de la Nature.'* "

His work in the English classics is even wider:

"Coleridge (his poetry and Biographia), Wordsworth and Shelley, Shakespeare, Milton, Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Cowley, Waller, Henry Taylor, Landor, Keats, Southey, Johnson, Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Barry Cornwall, Whittier, Sir Thomas Overbury, Ossian, Pope, Swift, Charlotte Brontë, Kingsley, Holmes, Dryden, Chatterton, Lowell, Carlyle, Cowper, Shaftesbury, Ruskin, Jones Very, the Salem mystic—these are the authors into whom he is dipping at will, from whom he is making extracts in his note-books. The quotations he copies reveal the character of his mind, becoming his own mental furniture."

Into archæology he was also going deeply; the life of the ancient peoples had for him a strong fascination, while modern history and theology were by no means neglected.

This is a mere suggestion of his first year's study in the Seminary; the other two years' work is no less noteworthy. The acquisition is simply prodigious. If culture is, as Matthew Arnold tells us, "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit," Brooks was winning the amplest culture.

For this was not a mere process of gorging; the assimilation was rapid and constant. To this the note-books give abundant witness. All these notes represent the reaction of a subtle and masterful intellect upon the knowledge gathered from so many sources. There is, withal, the open eye that keenly scans all that is going on in the world about, especially as it relates to human character, and a power of self-observation which is able to interpret, in the most luminous way, and without a trace of morbidity, the deepest secrets of the soul. This is the work of a youth of twenty-one or twenty-two, but it possesses the breadth, the maturity, the poise of a man of forty; there is no extravagance or exaggeration; he does not seem to be cultivating the art of saying things; he is expressing himself.

A surprise to most of those who have been familiar with his published works is the amount of verse which these note-books contain. The beautiful Christmas hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem," is familiar to many, and one or two other brief lyrics have appeared in print; but it is probable that few, even among his intimate friends, knew of the extent to which Phillips Brooks exercised his gift of poetic expression. It seems to have been the simple outlet of deep and strong emotion.

In an address delivered at a school near Alexandria during the last year of his seminary life, he thus explains his verse-making, without referring to himself:

"It seems to me that there are times when it is good for any man to perpetrate a page or two with lines ending similarly. There are moods of mind and circumstances of condition where utterance, and utterance in that form which we call verses, is eminently healthy. But note the distinction between general and special poetry. There is a good deal of poetry that is perfectly justifiable to write, but utterly inexcusable to show when written—verses, like the papers in lost pocketbooks, of no possible value except to the owner, yet of real, genuine use to him. They help him to establish his identity, to prove his right to old hopes and thoughts and fancies, to his whole past self. * * * If any one of you has written poetry by stealth and is ashamed of it, don't show it; but if it came from the heart, thank God who put it into your heart to write it. Keep it so long as it can sing itself to you. Only, don't show it, least of all publish it. You break the spell as soon as any one but yourself sees it."

Here is the reason why so much of his most interesting work never saw the light of day until he had passed from earth. The power of self-restraint, the genuine modesty of intellect, are here revealed. A few of these verses will make it plain that most other men would have had less misgivings about publishing them:

"O for a wider life, where flower
With more of breath gains more of bloom;
With more of peace since more of power,
And more of rest since more of room."

"Some purity and peace will evermore
Break in upon our life of care and sin,
As heedless ears that pass the church's door
Catch fragments of the swelling psalm within."

Here is a sonnet written after finishing, on a bright summer's day, the "Agamemnon"; how perfect is the resilience of a strong and sane spirit from the depression of that ancient tragedy!

"The story's ended. Fling the window wide;
Let the June sunlight leap across the room.
How like a spirit it comes through the gloom,
And draws the old, black, tragic veil aside.
All day the passion of the Argive queen,
All day Cassandra's fate-words, half unsung,
Like a dark storm-cloud o'er my soul have hung,
With choral thunders breaking through between.
We've heard the tale a human life can tell;
Come, hear the stories Nature's heart can speak;
Hear June's rich rhythms die adown the dell,
And each tree's chorus, grander than the Greek!
Cassandra-thoughts with more than Loxian spell
Come singing to us from the mountain's peak."

I have given but a faint suggestion of the wealth of these note-books, and of the extraordinary mental activity of Phillips Brooks during the three years which he spent in the theological seminary. But enough has transpired to make it plain that the power of Phillips Brooks was nothing accidental. On the intellectual side, his skill, his facility, his mastery of his resources, are the result of such a course of training as few men have ever undertaken. In the technique of the literary art his drill was prodigious. He knew his instrument as Paderewski knows his, and in precisely the same way. But it was not merely in literary technique that he was proficient. In the lore of the spirit he was a master. He had looked into his own heart deeply and steadily; he had searched, with the intuition of sympathy, the secrets of the lives of his companions and his neighbors, and through the eyes of hundreds of the greatest students of the human soul he had gazed into the depths of human experience. Perhaps not in the same way, and certainly not to the same degree, yet in some rare measure it had come to be true of him, as of his Master, that he knew what was in man. Nor had this study of human nature been that of a cynic or a satirist; it had been that of a man whose heart was warm with human sympathy, who believed in men and longed to help them.

But what kind of help could he give them? He was to be a Christian minister; with the gospel of Jesus Christ he was to be put in trust. What was that gospel—the essential Christianity? With the traditional and conventional Christianity, as we have seen, he did not find himself in sympathy; it seemed to him too negative. Life, as he saw it, was larger and richer than the

Christian types with which he had been familiar. He could not believe that to save his soul he must lose his life.

This was his deepest question in his seminary days. And it was a question upon which he came at length to perfect clearness, so that his answer to it was, as one might say, the characteristic note of his ministry. The one thing of which he became sure was that the Christian life is, as the Apostle says, life indeed; that it leaves out nothing—"no manner of thing that is good"; that it means for every man, not the mutilation of his life, but the completion and the coronation of his manhood; that it unites him with all his fellows and helps him to build on the earth the Kingdom of Heaven. So it was that his first sermon in the seminary upon "The Centralizing Power of the Gospel," strikes out boldly along this line. The opening paragraph of this remarkable sermon presents this thought in a telling illustration:

"It is just as when we come near a great city, we see life becoming more and more centralized every mile; the scattered interests and pleasures and pursuits of village life begin to look cityward; the great roads begin to run in long, straight lines on to the distant centre; the little lanes creep on between their hedges, striving the same way; houses begin to take on the city look; men are working for city needs with an eye to the demand of city taste or necessity; and each newcomer falls into the great stream and is carried on to the market place with the rest. * * * Thus, Christianity, if it claim to be a complete and not a partial system for the redemption of our life, must come with its central truth, broad enough and true enough to save it all. * * * God's ban lies upon no fair exercise of the faculties of labor, if they be but exercised as he directs. * * * All heaven is working for us, if we will, as the little child digs his well on the seashore, and then the great ocean comes and fills it for him. * * * This new Christian simplicity is not perfect till it recognizes the world's hope in its own. Then there comes the true 'liberality' of our religion. The man begins to identify himself with the race, and wins a share in its collective faith and power. He multiplies his life eight hundred million fold. The world was made, and sun and stars ordained, and salvation sent to earth, for humanity and him. The history of the race becomes his experience, the happiness of the race his glory, the progress of the race his hope. He begins to say, '*We* shall do thus, and thus win new secrets from nature and new truth from God,' for this man goes hand in hand with humanity down the highways of its life, till they stand together before the throne of God in heaven."

It is a wonderful sermon—for a youth of twenty-two; its reach and range and grasp are exceptional. It may not seem to readers of to-day anything novel, but those who were living and listening

to sermons forty years ago know that this kind of doctrine was not the sort of thing which men were accustomed to hear in those days. I will not say that it was a new note, for Maurice and Kingsley and Robertson and Bushnell had struck it; but each of these men had mixed it with a good deal of speculation about other things; but here was one who saw that it was central and regnant in Christianity, and who had the power to gather it up and deliver it with the force of a mighty conviction.

He had found himself, he had found his work, he knew his message, he knew his Master: he was ready. With a great and solemn joy, he took up his task. Would he be compelled to wait and search for a field of labor? Just as much as the summer shower has to wait for a meadow that will make it welcome.

Nor is it any strange or mysterious thing that this man, with such an equipment of mind and heart, with such a conception of Christianity, with such a passion for service, found the people, from the very first, thronging his ministry, hanging upon its utterances, moved and quickened in a way they had not known! It is no more mysterious than the Matterhorn, or the Mississippi, or the giant sequoias of Mariposa; though it is far more sublime than any of them.

Not long before the close of his seminary course, a committee from the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia came to Alexandria, and pressed upon him a call to become their rector. After much deliberation and many misgivings, he consented to supply the church for three months, at the expiration of which time the vestry might, if they chose, renew the call.

The Church of the Advent was a small organization, with about 150 communicants; the salary offered was $1,000, with prospects of increase; it was a humble field, and there was plenty of hard work in sight. On the first day of July, 1859, he was ordained as deacon, in the chapel of the seminary, and on the 10th of July he preached his first sermon in his new pulpit.

It does not appear that he took the town by storm; the newspaper notices of his first sermon are favorable, but not unequivocal. The reporters apparently do not know what to do with him. One of them remarks, oracularly:

"The sermon which followed was delivered in good style and bore marks of preparation which would not have compared unfavorably with the productions of some of his more experienced brethren in the ministry."

Mr. Brooks himself relates that after he had been serving the church some weeks, as he was walking home on Sunday night with one of the vestrymen, he said to his companion that perhaps he had better leave at once, and not wait till the three months were out, whereupon the other replied: "Well, as long as you have begun, perhaps you had better stay out the time for which you are hired." The remark may have been facetious; at all events, there was not for long any serious question as to whether the ministry was successful. The empty pews steadily filled up; the crowded congregations soon quite reassured any who might have feared that the young minister was not equal to his task. After the three months' probation, the call was confirmed.

So the first year went by, full of labor and reward. The hearts of his people were drawn to him with a deepening devotion; he was making many friends, and the best social circles of Philadelphia were open to him. It was not alone his immediate neighbors who valued him. His fame had extended with surprising rapidity. A dozen calls came to him, within a year, from New England, from the interior, and from the Pacific Coast.

It was not, however, to any of these distant fields that he was to go; the neighboring Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia laid its commands on him, and after once declining its call, and waiting for a year while it was vainly striving to unite on some one else, he at last surrendered to its importunity.

The new opportunity was not too large for him. He was now just twenty-six years old, and he was pastor of one of the leading churches of his denomination; his position was one of great influence and responsibility. There were few more striking figures in the public eye. Although he had reached the weight of two hundred pounds, his great height still gave the impression of slenderness; but his biographer tells us that as his form filled out

"there came a new and unexpected ease and grace of manner, which seemed in keeping with the inward spirit. There were now apparent an exquisite physical symmetry and a manly beauty, which called for comment and description as much as did his power in the pulpit. There was here the physical basis of oratory, but there was something more—the outer man became the reflection of the inward grace and refinement."

The great church rallied round him, and felt in every fibre the impulse of his abounding life. It had never before known

such prosperity. The lines of his influence ran out in all directions.

There is no room here to speak of the service rendered by Phillips Brooks to the cause of the nation during the Civil War. It was a great fight he fought with prevailing social influences in Philadelphia which were in deadly hostility to the national government; to him, more than to any one else, was due the awakening of patriotic feeling and purpose in that community. He was an active member of the Union League; his addresses and sermons on the war had a national circulation.

So, in the fateful Lenten days of 1865, when the whole land one Saturday morning was lifted to the heights of exultation by the tidings of Lee's surrender, and on the following Saturday morning was plunged into the depths of gloom by the news of Lincoln's assassination, this voice was heard again, giving more adequate expression to the throbbing heart of the nation than almost any other in the land.

It is not wonderful, then, that when Harvard University prepared to commemorate her sons who had perished in the war, Phillips Brooks should have been invited to officiate as chaplain of the day and to make the prayer. It was a great day at Harvard —perhaps the greatest day of its history; many of the general officers of the army were there, with Meade at the head of them; an address was delivered by Dr. George Putnam; poems were read by Julia Ward Howe, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and, greatest of all, by James Russell Lowell, that Commemoration Ode which is, perhaps, the noblest poem ever written in America. Of Phillips Brooks's sacred part in that commemoration it seems almost improper to speak; but so powerful was the impression which it made that we cannot pass it by.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, who was present, confesses that when the prayer began he put himself into a mood of endurance.

> "But with the first sentence from those burning lips, his attitude changed. He found himself listening breathless. He felt that he had never heard living prayer before; that here was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart, of God. When the 'Amen' came it seemed to him that the occasion was over, that the harmonies of the music had been anticipated, that the poem had been read and the oration already uttered; that after such a prayer every other exercise might well be dispensed with."

President Eliot testifies that

"it was the most impressive utterance of a proud and happy day. Even Lowell's Commemoration Ode did not at the moment so touch the hearts of his hearers; that one spontaneous and intimate expression of Brooks's noble spirit convinced all Harvard that a young prophet had risen up in Israel."

Of this inspired utterance no record remains. It lives only in the memories of those who heard it. But it should be noted that such an outpouring of the full heart in prayer was no unusual experience for Phillips Brooks. His Prayer Book was not to him a fetter. In the seminary, his classmates testified that his prayers made you feel that God was very near to him, and throughout his ministry he often proved that he could not only read prayers but could pray.

It is not surprising that this young prophet, received with such honor in his own country, should have been favorably considered by Boston churches when a vacancy occurred in their pulpits, and the determination to remove him from his Philadelphia pastorate probably dates from this time. But the removal was not effected for four years, one of which was spent in Europe and the other three in hard work with the church which had grown to great strength under his ministry. In the spring of 1867, he was offered the presidency of the new Theological School at Cambridge, but he felt constrained to decline the honor. In the autumn of 1868, Trinity Church in Boston opened its pulpit door to him, but again he turned away. He seems at that time to have entertained a serious doubt as to his ability to do the work expected of him in that most important field. But in July of the following year the invitation was renewed, and with a sore heart he accepted it. It was hard for him to pluck himself out of the life that had become so dear to him, but the opportunity was one that he dared not refuse. He must, by this time, have been able to discern the conditions by which he would be surrounded in Boston; he must have known that the people were ready for the message which had been given him to deliver. Boston had been the fighting ground of the Unitarian controversy, and every such controversy terribly hurts both the combatants; on both sides, negations are magnified and the deeper unities are ignored; spiritual realities always suffer. Boston orthodoxy greatly needed to be more tolerant and catholic, and Boston Unitarianism needed to become less critical and more devout. What

was wanted in Boston was the work of a reconciler—of one who, by ignoring controversy, and preaching affirmatively the doctrine of the Larger Christ, could bring men together in the bonds of peace.

At once it is evident that the place and the hour and the man have met; we are in the presence of one of the great conjunctions of the spiritual world.

No space is here for a report, ever so meagre, of the twenty-one years of that Boston pastorate, or of the brief service in the Episcopate which followed it; no room to tell of the thronging congregations which soon made the old Trinity too strait, and compelled the church to take steps toward the erection of the noblest ecclesiastical edifice in America, and which, while the new temple was building, filled Huntington Hall every Sunday to overflowing; or to trace the swift and sure steps by which Phillips Brooks advanced to intellectual and moral leadership, becoming, without one ambitious thought or effort, the first citizen of Boston; or to repeat the narrative of the honors and distinctions showered upon him, in his own country, and in England, where, on his repeated visits, he was welcomed to all the prominent pulpits and received with the most open-hearted hospitality by all the great ones of the land—scholars and writers and poets and artists—and where the most ancient University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity; or to speak of his almost romantic relation to Harvard University, of which he became, very early, a sort of unofficial chaplain, and in which he came to be the very centre of great moral and spiritual forces, which have wrought mightily toward the uplifting of its whole life.

His call to be the preacher of that University and the Professor of Christian Ethics therein, which came to him in the spring of 1881, was one of the crises of his life. Few men have had to pass through a sorer trial. In the hour when the question was settled, as President Eliot has told us, his face was white with the strain of the ordeal. It was a bitter thing to turn away from that opportunity, and it would have been a bitter thing to forsake Trinity Church, with its throne of power. Whichever way he turned, suffering must be his portion. The call to Harvard mightily drew him; he loved the University with all his heart; he had such power over young men as few have possessed, and he could not have been unaware of it. The act of the University in

ignoring its Unitarian traditions and inviting a man to be its religious teacher whom it knew to be a Trinitarian, was itself a challenge to his chivalry, and the pressure brought to bear on him, not only by friends of the college but also by public leaders in all parts of the country, was hard to resist. On the other side, he was not permitted to lose sight of the fact that his work in Boston was one which no one else could do. Professor Allen writes:

"Boston had taken him to its heart as well as its head. He had no superior, no rival in its affection. It had been impossible, even had he wished it, to confine his influence to the limits of his parish. He spoke to all, and his heart went forth alike to all, without regard to distinctions of class or religious sects. He had the freedom of the city and its many suburban towns, and he had the freedom of all religious denominations. * * * The clergy of Boston knew better than most the deeper significance of Phillips Brooks's position. Nor was there a better test of their manhood or of their Christian character or power of appreciation than when they asked him to remain in Boston. There were some who thought it would have been a gain to every one of them had he left. They did not take this view. They knew, and they said to him, that every church was stronger for his presence in the city, that they themselves were stronger to do their work, that every agency for good was more effective under the stimulus of his inspiration."

Mr. Allen tells us that the mass of letters which flowed in upon him every day from all parts of the country, from scholars and statesmen and thinkers, from lawyers and men of business, from women in all ranks of life as well as men, convey a most striking impression of the sense of proprietorship in him which multitudes had come to feel.

"To Phillips Brooks it must have proved a strange revelation. In his simplicity he had thought he could act in such a juncture as did other men. Now it was borne in upon him that he did not belong to himself, and was no longer living for himself. Others were claiming him for their possession, each for his own. * * * Those who spoke and wrote to him broke the customary reticence of life, and told him all they thought and felt. It was like listening to a long eulogy while he was yet alive. It must have had its effect. It humiliated him to the very dust. He could never again be quite the same that he had been. There was from this time a change in his face and bearing, as of one who had seen a vision of things unspeakable."

Doubtless, it was the larger interest that prevailed, and held him to his work in Boston. But it was permitted to him still to maintain a close relation to the University, for the board of preachers and chaplains, which was then organized and of which

for a number of years he was a member, gave him the privilege of ministering most effectively to the students of that institution.

Another grave juncture in his life came later, when he was called to be Bishop of Massachusetts. There was little question then concerning his duty; but the manner in which the people of all faiths took the matter up and assumed that anything relating to him concerned them is something phenomenal.

But the election by the diocese of Massachusetts must be confirmed by the standing committees and the bishops of the other dioceses; and a strong attempt was made to prevent this confirmation. He was accused of being a Unitarian, a Pelagian, and many other kinds of heretic; he was even suspected of being a Congregationalist; all sorts of stories were set afloat concerning his teachings and practices. Letters were written to him asking him pointed questions as to what he believed, and what he had said and done. To all these questions he answered never a word. Some of his intimate friends begged him to set at rest some of these foolish cavils, but his answer was:

> "I have been for thirty-two years a minister of the church, and I have used her services joyfully and without complaint. I have preached in many places and with the utmost freedom. I have written and published many volumes, which I have no right to ask anybody to read, but which will give to any one who chooses to read them clear understanding of my way of thinking. My acts have never been concealed. Under these circumstances, I cannot think it well to make any utterance of faith or pledge of purpose at the present time. Certainly, I made none to my brethren here, when they chose me to be their bishop, and I cannot help thinking that you will think I am right in making none now when the election is passing to its final stages."

After ten weeks of suspense, the majority of the Bishops of the Episcopal Church came to the conclusion that Phillips Brooks was good enough to be one of them. It is strange that there could have been any question in any mind concerning the fitness for that great office of the man who was incomparably greater than any other man who ever filled it.

His brief service in the episcopate illustrated another phase of his power. He was not only a great preacher, he was a great administrator. Bishop Lawrence, his successor, declares that he excelled in executive ability. But in all these large affairs, the personal touch was never forgotten; he kept himself close to those

who most needed him; he was still, as always, the shepherd and bishop of souls.

Can we gather up in a few paragraphs some of the salient features of this great personality?

Phillips Brooks, the man—how large he was! His commanding and beautiful figure was no unfit symbol of his magnanimity, his generosity, his nobility. Of his rare reticence I have spoken; but that was no bar to a most cordial companionship. No man ever needed friendship more or prized it more highly. If there were secret chambers in his life where he dwelt alone with God, there was still large room outside of them, to the freedom of which he welcomed his friends with a glad heart. He was not only courteous and cordial, he was jovial and hilarious, the merriest of companions, bubbling over with fun. This temper seems to have deepened as his hold upon the great spiritual realities grew firmer; the more sure he was of the Divine Fatherhood, the freer and the lighter hearted he became. As his biographer says:

> "He was bearing testimony to the truth of his own experience, that the joy of living, the pleasure of social converse, the talk which turned upon little things, the wit and the humor natural to man, were not incompatible with religion; that to turn from the one to the other, or always to be ready for either, was only to recognize the divine purpose in God's creation."

His correspondence bears witness to the intimacy of his friendships; often he writes in a vein of rollicking humor, and the boyish terms of endearment which he uses show what his relations were. With children he was perfectly at home. Neither Hans Christian Andersen, Lewis Carroll nor Eugene Field knew the heart of a child better than did Phillips Brooks. After he was bishop, when people in society began to stand in a certain awe of so great a personage, he would break away to the children and have them about him in a twinkling, winning their confidence without an effort. "Why don't you talk to us as Bishop Brooks did?" the little folk were wont, after he was gone, to demand of Bishop Lawrence.

In the sick room his presence was a benediction. "A mysterious influence seemed to go forth from him for good, for strength and life, even when he sat down in silence by the bedside, and no need was felt of words." Of his relations to the poor there are many testimonies. Dr. Donald tells a pathetic incident of a

working-man who had been told at the hospital that he must undergo a critical surgical operation the next day. The evening was before him—perhaps the last on earth; and he and his wife determined to call on Phillips Brooks. Neither of them knew him, but in their great extremity they turned to him. He talked with them and soothed them and promised to be with them the next day at the hospital. Here is a testimony, of the same character, found among his papers—a letter from the working-man who describes himself as "one of the crowd who do not go to church, but am consciously better because you are here."

"I wonder if you have any sort of conception how many there are of us who are made better, and try to be more useful, as a result of your example. To me you reveal God as no other man does. What I mean by that is, I can't think of you for ten consecutive minutes without forgetting all about you and thinking of God instead; and when I think of God and wonder how he will seem to me, it always comes round to trying to conceive of you, infinitely enlarged in every way."

He was a blameless knight of God. No shadow of suspicion ever rested on his character. There was, indeed, one editor in Philadelphia who had evidently taken up the belief entertained by some persons that all ministers of the gospel are selfish and insincere, and who therefore found occasion to carp at Phillips Brooks along with the rest; but the reasons which he gave were so absurd that no one heeded him. There were heresy hunters, also, in his own church, who impugned his integrity; they lived so far below the plane on which he moved that they never caught a glimpse of him. But criticisms from such sources are hardly to be considered; the truth remains that Phillips Brooks stood before the world the one conspicuous figure of the century whom calumny could not touch nor envy belittle.

Of Phillips Brooks as preacher, it is safe to say that he is the greatest of his generation. This appears to be the verdict of the public, for his printed sermons have had an unprecedented circulation. In his manner there was no attempt at what men call oratory; the great majority of his sermons were written and read from the manuscript; there was almost never any gesticulation; his voice was not particularly musical, and his delivery was in defiance of all the rules of elocution; nevertheless, he held and swayed his audiences as few preachers have done in any age.

Let me present a few sketches of his manner, written after he went to Boston:

"He is exceedingly portly and also very tall; in bearing, one of the most commanding men of his day. He has a fine, well-proportioned head, covered with a short growth of thick, black hair, which he wears easily, without careless indifference and also without dainty niceness. * * * A certain throwing of his head up and a little to one side is his most prominent gesture, and it is all the more effective that it is not strictly elegant. There is nothing in his face, voice or manner which can explain his almost unexampled popularity. For popular he is almost beyond precedent."

Another says:

"His style was simplicity itself. Illustration and imagery are not profuse but perfect. His power, however, is what no one less gifted than he can describe to another who has not felt it. It seems to come from a deep, personal experience which gives his message authority."

Few have been better qualified to speak of him as a preacher than James Bryce, the great English interpreter of America. After alluding to other great preachers he had heard, Bishop Wilberforce, Dr. Candlish, Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Liddon and Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Bryce goes on:

"All these famous men were, in a sense, more brilliant, that is to say, more rhetorically effective, than Dr. Brooks, yet none of them spoke so directly to the soul. With all of them it was impossible to forget the speaker in the words spoken, because the speaker did not quite seem to have forgotten himself, but to have studied the effect he sought to produce. With him it was otherwise. * * * The listeners never thought of style or manner, but only of the substance of the thoughts. * * * In this blending of perfect simplicity of treatment with singular fertility and elevation of thought, no other of the famous preachers of the generation that is now vanishing approached him."

Dr. Alexander Balmain Bruce, the great Scottish divine, on being asked how Brooks compared with the great preachers of Scotland and England, replied:

"It is this way: Our great preachers take into the pulpit a bucket full, or half full, of the word of God, and then, by the force of personal mechanism, they attempt to convey it to the congregation. But this man is just a great water-main, attached to the everlasting reservoir of God's truth and grace and love, and streams of life by a heavenly gravitation pour through him to refresh every weary soul."

To one thing all bear testimony. His power of enkindling the feelings of his auditors was marvellous, and it seemed to in-

crease with his years. Yet there was no apparent attempt to arouse emotion. His own mood was so intense that it communicated itself. It was in his afternoon sermons at Trinity Church these impressions were deepest. Says Robert Treat Payne:

> "These were the times when the glory of his preaching culminated. In words blazing with fire or melting in exquisite tenderness, or radiant with hope, and changing quickly from one emotion to another, often with his head thrown back and eyes on high as piercing through the veil, his great figure would rise and dilate to its utmost majesty, as he threw his arms wide open with that mighty gesture of loving invitation, and then his face would melt into that angel smile of tenderness never seen by some of us on any other mortal face."

As a religious teacher, what shall we say of him? There is no system of doctrine, there are few attempts to set forth Christian truth in philosophical form. In his Lectures on Preaching, in his essay on Tolerance and in his Bohlen Lectures on "The Influence of Jesus," as well as in his sermons, there are many implications, but the fashioning of dogmatic formulas was not his work. For this reason, some have declared that he was no theologian, but that is a superficial judgment. You might as well say that the elm is no builder because it does not furnish you, before it goes to work, a front and side elevation, and architect's drawings. Brooks was a teacher whose business it was to organize doctrine into life. He thought, profoundly, upon all the themes with which the theologian deals, but he gave you the results of his thinking, not its processes. It was not the chemist's method, but the artist's, that he employed. But just as Michelangelo was a great anatomist, so was Phillips Brooks a great theological thinker.

Some characteristics of his teaching should be emphasized.

It was always positive and constructive, never critical or controversial. He rarely denied anything. He never attacked anybody. He gave to the truth he believed the clearest and most winning affirmation he could find for it, and trusted it to make its way. He took your assent for granted. He was no satirist, no censor; he did not spend his life in pointing out the errors and shortcomings of his fellows; he showed men the better way; he supplanted error with truth; he overcame evil with good.

This quality was close akin to that intellectual sympathy by which he sought the deeper meaning of those dogmas of the church which are passing into desuetude, through defects of form.

In every one of them, as he believed, a great truth was enclosed; and the thing which the framers of those dogmas were blindly groping after was the truth which he sought and rejoiced to find. Then he was not an iconoclast or a come-outer; he felt himself to be in vital union with historic Christianity, with the glorious company of the Apostles and the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs, and the Holy Church throughout all the world.

And what, in fine, was his message? It was that simple Gospel of Christ which he outlined in his first sermon—the truth of the Divine Fatherhood and the human brotherhood; the truth of the presence of God in His world and in the lives of His children; the truth that "the moral life is the expression of the Divine Will"; above all, the truth that Jesus Christ is the revelation of God, and also of man; so that if you want to know God you must look at Him, and if you want to find God you must follow Him; and in looking to Him and following Him, you come to yourself, you realize your own manhood. These elementary Christian truths, which, in our theologizing, we have so grievously qualified and mystified, he brought to light and clothed with power. He made men believe that they not only may be but are the children of the Father in heaven, capable, indeed, of disobeying Him and ruining themselves, but His children still, and sinning against His love every moment they stay away from Him.

"The Incarnation meant to him," says Mr. Allen, "that God and man had met together in the person of Christ—the fulness of God and the complete perfection of humanity." And this was no incomprehensible thing. "This new life," he says, "into which God comes, seems to be the most quietly natural human life that was ever seen upon the earth. It glides into its place like sunlight. It seems to make it evident that God and man are so near together that the meeting of their natures in the life of a God-man is not strange." Therefore, his whole conception of the Christian life is that it is as natural as green grass and daisies and blue skies; that it is as simple and wholesome as daily bread; that it is human as mother-love and the trust of childhood; that it is simply coming to ourselves; getting possession of our own powers; becoming what God made us to be, and stands by, at every moment, to help us to be. That was about the whole of it. Especially in his last years, when his power as a preacher became

so wonderful, when he was swaying great congregations as never before by the overmastering earnestness of his appeal, these few truths were always on his lips. "I have but one sermon," he said, "Come, you men!"—this was the tenor of his appeal—"Come to the Father! Come to the Master who reveals Him! Come to yourselves! Be men! Your manhood is a glorious thing. Do not despise and destroy it! Be men! Be men!"

One who wishes to find the substance of his message in condensed form may read his sermon on "The Light of the World," or his sermon on "The Candle of the Lord"; one who desires a fuller statement should read "The Influence of Jesus."

For myself, I must confess that it is difficult for me, without seeming extravagance, to convey the impression which has been growing upon me during the weeks that I have spent on this biography. That the Christian type and ideal are higher and finer to-day than ever before in history must be taken as the postulate of faith. The best Christian of this generation must be a better man than any former generation could have produced. And if I were called to name the highest and finest example of Christian manhood which this age has brought forth, my choice would rest on Phillips Brooks. I have permitted my thought to range over the lists of noble men of whom I have had some knowledge, and no one appears who, in mind and heart and life, comes up to his stature. He seems to me to have comprehended and expressed and incarnated, better than any one else I know, the Christianity of the last half of the nineteenth century. He took the religion of Christ, stripped it of the traditions and confusions and heathenisms with which men have bound it, penetrated to the heart of it, clearly taught it, and gloriously lived it. If any one should ask me to give him my idea of the Christianity of to-day, I should bid him read the sermons and study the life of Phillips Brooks.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

A GOVERNMENT OF LAWS, NOT OF MEN.

BY MR. JUSTICE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

THERE is a story of a king of Spain being burned to death in his own palace because there was no one present of sufficient rank to approach the unhappy monarch and pull off his burning clothes. And we have among us persons, standing on ceremony quite as punctilious, who, while admitting that it is high time that some one should speak out concerning the lawlessness of the police of New York city—or, rather, of the sort of persons who have usually been put in rule over them — profess to think that one holding the office of Judge should not do so, even though the fundamental guaranties of individual rights and liberties on which free government rests are being trampled under foot and degraded. Some canon of etiquette, actual or fancied, prevents a Judge (so they say) from saying a word on the subject while off the bench. It is with some diffidence, therefore, that I comply with a request to write a supplement to my article which appeared last month in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on the "Lawlessness of the Police in New York." But when I search my memory and my library very little indeed, I find so many instances (even recent ones) of Judges speaking and writing on legal and governmental subjects while off the bench, without any one carping over their action, that I feel quite reassured that, though a Judge off the bench may not say everything, he may say very much more than that his soul is his own, without violating any rule of etiquette. Nor among Judges generally is there any notion that a Judge may not with propriety write or speak about questions of law and government while off the bench.

There seems also to be a considerable number of persons whose

vague understanding is, that the prohibitions under Anglo-Saxon law and tradition against arrests and house invasions without warrants, and which are expressed in our laws and fundamental instruments of government everywhere in this country, are meant only for the protection of "good" people, with whom they of course class themselves; and that therefore they need not trouble themselves about such things. They do not seem to understand that it is not for the prosecuting officers or the police to determine that a given individual is guilty. Some also seem to think that such prohibitions may be suspended when we have a "good" District Attorney or a "good" Commissioner of Police in office. They do not seem to realize that what "good" police officials and prosecuting officers assume to do will be done by their "bad" successors. Free government is divided into the legislative, executive, and judicial branches, each with a separate sphere of jurisdiction and action. The legislative branch makes the laws, except in so far as the citizens at large make them by their direct vote, as is the case with our state constitutions, which are laws made by the direct vote of the people; the executive branch, through its subdivisions and branches (of which the police force is one), carries out the laws; and the judicial branch determines who are guilty under the laws, and interprets the laws where disputes arise, and in that way holds in check or prevents all acts and conduct of the other two branches which are in excess of their powers. If the police could make and interpret laws, and also say who was good and who bad, who innocent and who guilty, there would be no limitation on their power, and they could do as they please. But that would not be free government; it would be despotism.

No one should forget for a day that our government, like all free governments, is one of laws and not of men. The people enact their laws, and then put some of their number in official positions to carry them out. They do not put persons in office to do as they please, but to keep within the laws. They do not tolerate that persons put in office to enforce the criminal laws shall themselves exceed or violate the laws defining their powers and duties, and the method and procedure they must follow. When a prosecuting attorney, or a police official, says, "I can't detect crime, I can't discover gamblers or wayward women, in their privacy, by keeping within the law," the emphatic answer of the law is, "Then don't." Experience has shown in all ages that it

is far more important to the common weal that officials should not be permitted to transgress the laws, than that even all of the malefactors, let alone petty offenders, should be arrested. When officials assume to override the law and do as they please, instead of following and carrying out the law, they pervert the government into one of men and not of laws. It was to the end that our government should be one of laws and not of men—especially of unscrupulous, sensational, or unbalanced men—that it was divided into the three branches, legislative, executive, and judicial, as is expressed in that eloquent clause of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights which Rufus Choate declared could not be read without a "thrill of sublimity," viz.:

"In the government of this Commonwealth, the Legislative Department shall never exercise the Executive and Judicial powers, or either of them: the Executive shall never exercise the Legislative and Judicial powers, or either of them: the Judicial shall never exercise the Legislative and Executive powers, or either of them: to the end that it may be a government of laws and not of men."

There are some extraordinary provisions in the charter of the city of New York in respect of the powers and duties of the police. A member of the last commission for the revision thereof, who was probably the ablest man on it, saw and noted their dangerous character, and the gross abuses which could be committed under them; and, no doubt, they will be the subject of further consideration. Section 315 gives the police the power and makes it their duty "at all times of the day and night," to:

"carefully observe and inspect all places of public amusement, all places of business having excise or other licenses to carry on any business; all houses of ill-fame or prostitution, and houses where common prostitutes resort or reside; all lottery offices, policy shops, and places where lottery tickets or lottery policies are sold or offered for sale; all gambling-houses, cock-pits, rat-pits, and public common dance houses, and to repress and restrain all unlawful and disorderly conduct or practices therein."

We have here lawful and unlawful businesses and places enumerated in one common class, with a provision that the police shall "carefully observe and inspect them," and "repress and restrain all unlawful and disorderly conduct or practices therein." Any one can understand how policemen may be detailed to duty in licensed public places, such as theatres and other places of

public amusement, to "carefully observe and inspect" them, and "repress and restrain all unlawful or disorderly conduct or practices" therein. But does this statute mean, for instance, that policemen may be detailed to do such duty in houses of ill-fame, *i.e.*, to sit or stand about in them, and "carefully observe and inspect them," and keep order in them? If so, was it intended to legalize such places, and put them under the visitation, inspection, and management of the police? It is not for the present writer to express an opinion on that head. The higher courts would probably find no difficulty in construing and limiting this statute; but how those in control of the police would construe it for their purposes is another thing. The community has not understood that such places have been legalized; but that fraction of the community who are observant see very clearly how this rather obscure and confused statute may be used by those in control of the police to assert a right of visitation over such places, and thereby levy an immense blackmail upon them. Under it such places might be and, it is said, have been in effect really licensed by the police authorities, and a vast illegal revenue derived from them and divided among officials and outside politicians. There are persons who believe it was cunningly devised for that very purpose. Do the zealous persons who uphold the police in visiting and intruding themselves into houses without warrants, and want that order of things continued, ever realize what dupes they are, and what a purpose they are serving? If there be anything known to persons familiar with history, and the origin and growth of evils and abuses in government, it is that if those who control the police are suffered to use the police to visit and enter houses at will without warrants, they will accept a weekly or monthly price to stay out, or not to interfere. The lesson derived from experience, and which Anglo-Saxon law and liberty epitomize and teach, is that the place for the police is out of doors, to preserve the public peace and keep outward order and decency, and that they may not enter houses without a warrant in their hands, except in the extreme cases provided for by law—such as when in pursuit of one who is escaping from arrest, or when some one cries out for help therein, and the like. If the simple law in this respect were put in force in the city of New York by a general order to the police force, followed up by a dismissal from the force of every one, high or low, who violated it, the immense system of

police blackmail which is claimed to exist, and which officials bewail that they are unable to cope with, would at once be destroyed. The problem of how to break the alleged alliance between the police and crime would be solved. Whether such an alliance exists is not to be asserted or discussed here.

If the purpose of the provision of the charter cited above is to allow the police to enter houses without warrants, then it is obviously contrary to the prohibition in the Bill of Rights (cited in my former article) against entering and searching houses without a warrant obtained on oath from a magistrate or court.

Section 318 of the charter provides as follows:

"If any two or more householders shall report in writing, under their signature, to the police commissioner or to a deputy police commissioner, that there are good grounds (and stating the same) for believing any house, room or premises within the said city to be kept or used as a common gambling house, common gaming room, or common gaming premises, for therein playing for wagers of money at any game of chance, or to be kept or used for lewd and obscene purposes or amusements, or the deposit or sale of lottery tickets or lottery policies, it shall be lawful for the police commissioner or either of his deputies, or a deputy chief of police to authorize, in writing, any member or members of the police force to enter the same, who may forthwith arrest all persons there found offending against law, but none others; and seize all implements of gaming, or lottery tickets, or lottery policies, and convey any person so arrested before a magistrate, and bring the articles so seized to the office of the property clerk."

This is also contrary to the prohibition in the Bill of Rights already mentioned, which allows a house to be entered only on a warrant, obtained on oath, of a court or magistrate. It purports to permit a house to be entered on the unsworn statement of two householders, and without obtaining a warrant. Its prototype seems to be a temporary law passed by the Legislative Assembly during the French Revolution. It is out of place in the Anglo-Saxon world, and wherever else free government now exists. It is not at all probable that responsible householders could be found who would run the risk of an action for damages for being instrumental in causing a house to be entered in such a loose and extraordinary way. This is probably the reason why the enactment is a dead letter. The possibility exists, however, that, by the police instigating irresponsible householders to act in accordance with its provisions, it may be made an instrument of abuse.

W. J. GAYNOR.

IN THE MATTER OF THE LAWLESSNESS OF THE POLICE—A REPLY TO MR. JUSTICE GAYNOR.

BY HOWARD S. GANS, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

By far the most insidious form of a lie is a half truth told with a false emphasis. Such a lie has all the dangerous charm of a misapplied table of statistics. The public accepts the statistics, and has neither the leisure nor the means to find out wherein they have been misapplied. It is precisely this kind of a lie that Justice Gaynor—unwittingly, of course—has told in his paper published in the Review for January.

Though that paper is entitled "Lawlessness of the Police in New York," he has confined himself to a discussion of the over-zealousness of the police and of others in making arrests, and has not even touched on those serious forms of lawlessness the existence of which all who know anything of the police admit, and the persistence of which may well be regarded as a real source of danger to our institutions.

For the purpose of this discussion, Judge Gaynor's paper may be divided into three parts. First, his discussion of the technical rules of law governing the right to arrest, coupled with the assertion that the police frequently overstep the bounds set by these rules—this constitutes the half truth. Second, the assertion that this abuse of authority is the cause and mainstay of corruption in the police department, and the insistence that these illegal arrests are of a character that constitutes them a serious menace to our institutions. This is the half that is untrue, and, coupled with the title prefixed to the paper, gives the false emphasis which makes the whole in essence untrue. Third, a recital of a specific instance of such abuse of authority, coupled with the expression

of the author's sense of outrage that the flagrant abuse in that specific instance had not resulted in a popular uprising and in the disgrace of the official in question; in regard to which the learned author has been grossly misinformed, and has been led into an attitude of serious error and grave injustice.

I.—THE HALF TRUTH.

As to the law governing the right to arrest, what Judge Gaynor has said, of course, constitutes the truth, as any one may find for himself by consulting our Penal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure, or any elementary work on criminal procedure.

It is also true, in all probability, that arrests are frequently made and that houses are sometimes broken into by the police in excess of authority. A policeman on post is informed that Mulligan has come home drunk, and that there is a likelihood that he will reduce Mrs. Mulligan and the children to mince-meat. The officer happens to know that it is Mulligan's custom thus to divert himself in his cups; that Mulligan's last exhibition of playfulness cost Mrs. Mulligan a month in the hospital and Mulligan six months on the island. The policeman, knowing these trifling details, climbs to the top floor of the tenement, and, finding the door of the Mulligan apartment locked, breaks in, just as Mulligan is about to carry out the promise which for the past half hour he has been making, volubly but incoherently, to kick Mrs. Mulligan into a jelly. The policeman has committed an act of unpardonable lawlessness. He has broken into the castle of a freeman, and has prevented the freeman from manhandling his wife, and from spending six months in jail in consequence thereof. Had he been a faithful servant of the people, and had he observed his sworn duty of upholding the Constitution, he would have waited outside until the freeman had consummated his design, and until he was quite sure that the assault which was being committed was felonious—and not till then would he have invaded the freeman's castle. We have no doubt that it will amaze the unthinking millions of the County of New York to learn that such outrages are committed in the name of the law daily, and that, in spite of these outrages, the respect for the Constitution persists and the ship of state sails serenely on with its rottenness unsuspected even by the rats.

It may be true also, though we believe that it is rarely true,

that, in addition to such outrages as we have described, organized "raids" are sometimes made on houses of prostitution which are being conducted in such fashion as to constitute a public nuisance, and that in such cases arrests have been made promiscuously and without warrants. But we believe that such promiscuous arrests have been infrequent; that the raids have almost always been made under the authority of a warrant of arrest for the alleged proprietor of the place, that the places in which they have been made have uniformly been notorious and unsavory public resorts, and that such arrests as have been made therein without warrants have been made on the theory that all those thus arrested were assisting in committing a public nuisance and were guilty of conduct which outraged public decency.*

We have ventured to insist upon the rarity of arrests of this character in the face of the learned Judge's insistence upon their frequency, because—since from the nature of things there can be no trustworthy statistics on the subject—our own estimate is as authoritative as that of the learned Judge, and because the character of the learned Judge's information with regard to some of the matters as to which he has chosen to be specific, tested by such data as we have at hand, does not impress us with a belief in his infallibility. We are confident, therefore, that a careful investigation of the subject will reveal that abuses of power on the part of the police, in the matter of unlawful arrests, are neither so frequent nor so flagrant as to warrant any serious concern that they are undermining our institutions.

II.—THE ERRONEOUS DEDUCTION.

The learned Judge is of the opinion, however, that these unlawful arrests are threatening our institutions in another direction; that they are the source and mainstay of corruption and blackmail in the police force. If he were right in this conclusion, there could be no doubt that his paper, however ill-considered and unfair in other directions, would still be justified by the importance of the evil that he was pointing out. Plainly, however, he is too far removed from the tangle and muck of the underworld to know the workings of its underground machinery, or he could never have fallen into such an error. Those who are blackmailed pay the police, not for freedom from illegal interference, but for pro-

* See sections 385, 387, 675 of the Penal Code.

tection from legal interference; and, the moment the payment of blackmail ceases, the proprietor of the illegal resort finds his resort suppressed, not by an illegal raid, but by a legal prosecution. This is one of the A. B. C.'s to those who know aught of the police and their methods.

III.—THE FALSE EMPHASIS.

This brings us to the real point of our dissent from the learned Judge's paper. Had his paper been entitled "The Right to Arrest" and had the paper been free from misstatement of modern instances, we should have regarded it as an interesting, popular discussion of elementary principles of law, as little harmful as novel; and though it had contained, as it does contain, what we would have believed, as we do believe, to be gross exaggeration—unwitting, of course—we should have thought that even the eminence of the author would not have required or justified a reply from even so humble a pen as the present writer's. It is the false emphasis conveyed by the title and the reference to specific instances, that make it seem important to refute the article.

And, first, as to the falseness of the emphasis conveyed in the title. By entitling his article "The Lawlessness of the Police," the learned author impliedly asserted that what he would discuss would be the chief element of their lawlessness; that part of their conduct which it behooved the good citizen to scrutinize in order that he might safeguard his own interests. By discussing under that head the occasional illegal arrest, he has lulled the good citizen into security by distracting attention from the true lawlessness of the police,—their systematized corruption and blackmail, their alliance with the keepers of brothels and of gambling houses, their partnership with criminals and their acceptance of the proceeds of thefts and burglaries, their stolid and compact organization for perjury as an offensive and defensive measure. Also, he has actually afforded a new line of defence to the blackmailer.

Heretofore, the great instrument in the hands of those who have undertaken to weed out the corrupt among the police, and thus to institute reform, has been the prosecution, civil and criminal, for neglect of duty. It is rarely possible to prove blackmail, and experience shows that the witnesses by whom it is proved are even more rarely credited by juries. But reputable witnesses can be

adduced to show that duties have been neglected; and convictions can sometimes be had before intelligent juries, and always, when the evidence justifies it, before an honorable police commissioner. Manifestly, the corrupt among the police are always eager for defences to this form of prosecution; and, manifestly, they hail with joy any judicial utterance which emphasizes the difficulties of successful prosecution. Manifestly, too, anything which imposes limitations upon their lawful activities in the suppression of crime tends to increase the plausibility of the excuse always tendered for a failure to suppress an illegal resort, namely, that it has been impossible to do so. Therefore, so much of Judge Gaynor's article as emphasizes the unlawfulness of entry into a house until after a demand for admission has been made and warrant of authority has been shown with great formality and circumstance, will be a boon to any officer who is called upon to explain his failure to carry to a successful issue an attempt to make an arrest of the proprietor of a gambling house or of a house of prostitution. For he has only to say: "I did all the law permitted. But, while I was doing those things Judge Gaynor has said I must do, the criminals escaped over the roof or into the next house or through the yard."

Moreover, the natural result of Judge Gaynor's article will be to inspire the honest policeman with timidity in the performance of his duty. Certainly, no officer desires to call down upon his head such condemnation as the learned Justice has meted out to Inspector Brooks for his raid upon Canfield's; and, certainly, no officer, however zealous, will fail to underestimate, rather than to overestimate, his authority in such a case, when he realizes that by failing to make an arrest he may be called to account solely for mistake of judgment, whereas by making the arrest in excess of his authority he runs the risk of a criminal prosecution.

Had the learned author been in the position of private counsel, retained to prepare a brief for criminals upon their right to avoid and resist arrest, he could have done no greater service to the criminal classes.

IV.—THE PART WHICH IS NOT EVEN HALF TRUE.

Hitherto, we have been discussing the false impressions that result from the half truth and the false emphasis. The article contains, however, that which is entirely false in a cruder sense,

namely, a complete, though, of course, unintentional, misstatement of facts.

In support of his thesis, the learned author has deemed it proper to cite two modern instances; and, though he has omitted names and dates, he has cited them in such detail as to make mistake as to the identity of the persons and places referred to impossible. The first of these is the recent raid on Canfield's gambling house. The second is the shooting of an alleged felon, by a county detective attached to the District Attorney's office, in a raid earlier in the year. It will be conceded by all, we take it, that it is incumbent upon a judicial officer, if in a public utterance he adverts to matters pending in the courts, that he shall confine himself to undisputed facts gathered from sure and impartial sources. With regard to the Canfield incident, the learned author certifies that he has done so and thus adds to the weight which his judicial position gives to the utterance the additional force which comes from the presumption of an impartial investigation by a trained mind. He says:

> "All accounts agree as to the particulars of it. And the writer of this article verified them by obtaining a statement from a truthful and careful person who was present throughout."

According to a subsequent statement made by the learned Judge, in his letter to Mr. Jerome, the District Attorney, the "truthful and careful person who was present throughout" was Mr. Canfield's private attorney, than whom no other could have a greater motive to give a biased and colored narrative; and, upon the basis of his *ex parte* statement, the learned Judge has published, over his own signature, a story of the occurrence as to which it is not only not true that "all accounts agree," but which is in direct conflict, in all essential particulars, with the sworn testimony of a number of trustworthy witnesses.

The truth about that raid is as follows: For years it has been well known that No. 5 East 44th Street was being conducted as a gambling house by one Richard A. Canfield; but, since the patrons of that house were of the wealthier class, it was believed that a paid detective or a police officer would find it impossible to get evidence to justify an arrest of the proprietor of the house or of any of his accomplices. Finally, such evidence was obtained and a warrant was issued by a magistrate. This warrant was intrusted to In-

spector Brooks to execute. He was fortified, not only by a warrant for one of the dealers in the house who was charged with the commission of a felony, but also with a search warrant which would justify him in breaking open interior doors and cabinets for the purpose of discovering gambling paraphernalia. Armed with this authority and acting under the instruction of his superior officer, the Commissioner of Police, he went with a squad of men to the neighborhood of No. 5 East 44th Street. He posted his men so as to bar, as far as possible, all avenues of escape. He then tried the outer door of the premises, a heavy, nail-studded, double door. Finding no bell, he knocked and pushed at the door. Receiving no response, he went into the area-way, and rattled an iron gate leading into what are ordinarily the servants' quarters of a house, with such vigor that the noise could be heard two or three doors away. He also pushed an electric button. Again he received no response. Then, finally, he attacked the outer door with a small sledge and gave his officers instructions to seek an entry by the window. These facts have been sworn to in a judicial proceeding by the Inspector and by a number of policemen who were present under his command. We would seem, therefore, to be justified in saying that these are the facts.

Judge Gaynor's account of these occurrences is as follows:

"Several typical instances of the lawless invasion of houses by the police in the City of New York occurred only last month. It will suffice to describe one of them. All accounts agree as to the particulars of it, and the writer of this article verified them by obtaining a statement from a truthful and careful person who was present throughout. The house invaded was said to be a place of private gaming. A large posse of policemen suddenly surrounded it and violently attacked it. They smashed in a window by means of some heavy weapon, and entered pell-mell by the breach thus made, some of them flourishing revolvers and others armed with axes. After entering, the same course of lawless violence was continued. They had a search warrant from a magistrate, but did not act under it in getting in. They did not present it at the door, nor give any notice of it, nor ask for admittance under it (nor at all, for that matter), before breaking in; whereas section 799 of the Code of Criminal Procedure (which only follows the common law) prescribes that an officer having a search warrant may break into the house to be searched only 'if, after notice of his authority and purpose, he be refused admittance;' and section 120 of the Penal Code makes it a criminal offence to exceed the authority which a search warrant confers by law. Their conduct in breaking in was just as lawless as though they had no warrant, because they did not act under the warrant."

The learned writer then proceeds:

"The 'raid,' as it is aptly called (for a lawless word best describes a lawless act), was, according to all accounts, planned and led by the District Attorney of New York County in person—the chief officer elected by the people to guard their rights and liberties, and maintain law and order in the community; but this seems quite incredible. The grand jury was in session, but no inquiry was made by it into the matter; nor did any one in the government of the city call the police to account, or make any protest; nor has any one made any complaint to the Governor of the State to enable him to exercise the constitutional power given to him for investigation, and for redress and relief to the People, in such cases."

In this statement, clearly, there are many errors and not a little unfairness. In the first place, it is said that the place invaded was alleged to be a place of *private* gaming. We are at some loss to know what the learned author may mean by that term. It was not public, to be sure, in the sense that any one might enter, for otherwise it would long since have been suppressed. But it was run by a public gambler for his own gain and for his own gain solely, and it was no more a place of private gaming than is any other gambling hell in the City of New York.

Secondly, since the Inspector had a warrant of arrest for a felon supposed to be upon the premises—a fact of which the learned author was in ignorance—it was, manifestly, but proper that he should take with him a posse of police and that he should surround the place to prevent escape.

Thirdly, the violence of the attack consisted, according to all accounts, in the striking of the door with a small sledge, the accidental breaking of a window by a ladder which was being raised for the purpose of seeking entrance through the window, and, perhaps, the unnecessary flourishing of a revolver by some overzealous officer.

Fourthly, no force was used at all until repeated efforts had been made to gain admittance to the house in the ordinary way.

Fifthly, as to the "course of lawless violence pursued after entering the house," it may suffice to say that, at the close of the proceeding, Mr. Canfield thanked the Inspector for the courtesy that had been displayed, and that in the criminal proceedings subsequently instituted, counsel for the complainant (Mr. Canfield's manager) expressly disclaimed any complaint based on that which occurred after the entrance had been effected.

It is obvious, therefore, that, as to this incident, the learned author has been seriously misinformed, and that the Inspector complied not only with the spirit but with the very letter of the law—unless it shall be contended that an officer, armed with criminal process to apprehend a felon, need stand in the middle of the street and read his warrant to the bare walls, when once he has made reasonable efforts to obtain admittance and when no one has come to the door in response to those efforts.

As to the second incident to which Judge Gaynor refers, he says:

> "In a similar raid not long ago, a retainer or officer of the District Attorney's office shot down a man. He has not been tried for it nor even indicted, although no lawful cause or justification for his act is known to the public."

As to this, it may, perhaps, suffice to say that officers employed by the District Attorney, lawfully engaged in executing a warrant, were shot at by persons whom they were endeavoring to arrest for complicity in a felony. One of these officers returned the fire, and a man was wounded. The officer who did the shooting was arrested and has been held for the action of the grand jury. The District Attorney, believing, for obvious reasons, that he ought not to conduct the case, has asked the Attorney-General to undertake the prosecution. These facts have all been published widely in the newspapers, and the learned author was, therefore, grossly misinformed when he was told that no lawful cause or justification for the act was known to the public.

V.—OF CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.

Clearly, therefore, the learned author is flagrantly at fault in his facts. Were he an ordinary citizen, this would be, perhaps, no very grave matter; but he is a Judge of our court of highest original jurisdiction, an officer of great power, a personage of immense influence for good or ill; at the very least, a distinguished member of the community; and, merely by reason of his influence and his distinction, it is a grave thing to any man that this judicial officer should write for publication in condemnation of his acts. But the thing has a still graver aspect. At the time when Judge Gaynor's paper appeared, there was pending in the magistrate's court a prosecution of Inspector Brooks, upon precisely the lines suggested in that paper, founded upon the sec-

tions of the law therein quoted, instituted, perhaps, after the interview between Judge Gaynor and that "truthful and careful person," Mr. Canfield's attorney—at all events, instigated and prosecuted by Mr. Canfield's manager, Mr. Bucklin, and conducted by his private attorneys.

Shortly after Judge Gaynor's article appeared, the magistrate before whom the hearing was pending held Inspector Brooks for trial.

Speaking of constitutional rights, it is, perhaps, not one of the least important safeguards of our system of government that no man shall be condemned unheard; nor is it one of the least honored or honorable of the traditions of our judiciary that a judicial officer shall not express in public an opinion as to matters pending before the courts, since his opinion may have weight in determining the matter thus pending, and since thus a man may be in a measure deprived of his liberty or of his property without his day in court, and in spirit at least be deprived of his liberty or his property without due process of law.

We venture to say, therefore, that this magazine article, issued over the signature of a judge of the Supreme Court and condemning unheard two men accused of serious crimes, constitutes a greater offence against the spirit of our institutions than a thousand unwarranted arrests by the police.

It has been with some hesitation that we have undertaken this reply to Judge Gaynor's paper, because we realized that the reply, if made, involved plain speaking with regard to one who held a judicial office. It involved, therefore, an attitude that might be construed as a lack of reverence for the bench. On reflection, however, we have concluded that the character of our bench is such, and the respect it has earned is so deep-rooted, that no public interests demand that a judicial officer shall be shielded from adverse criticism, based upon and merited by a non-judicial act.

HOWARD S. GANS.

THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART II.

IV.

THOSE occasions on which Strether was, in association with the exile from Milrose, to see the sacred rage glimmer through would doubtless have their due periodicity; but our friend had meanwhile to find names for many other matters. On no evening of his life perhaps, as he reflected, had he had to supply so many as on the third of his short stay in London; an evening spent, by Miss Gostrey's side, at one of the theatres, to which he had found himself transported, without his own hand raised, on the mere expression of a conscientious wonder. She knew her theatre, she knew her play, as she had known, triumphantly, for three days, everything else, and the moment filled to the brim, for her companion, that apprehension of the interesting which, whether or no the interesting happened to filter through his guide, strained now to its limits his brief opportunity. Waymarsh had not come with them; he had seen plays enough, he signified, before Strether had joined him—an affirmation that had its full force when his friend ascertained by questions that he had seen two and a circus. Questions as to what he had seen had on him indeed an effect only less favorable than questions as to what he hadn't. He liked the former to be discriminated; but how could it be done, Strether asked of their constant counsellor, without discriminating the latter?

Miss Gostrey had dined with him at his hotel, face to face over a small table on which the lighted candles had rose-colored shades; and the rose-colored shades and the small table and the soft fragrance of the lady—had anything to his mere sense ever been so soft?—were so many touches in he scarce knew what positive high picture. He had been to the theatre, even to the opera, in Boston, with Mrs. Newsome, and been more than once her only escort; but there had been no little confronted dinner, no pink lights, no whiff of vague sweetness, as a preliminary: one of the results of which fact was that at present, mildly rueful, though with a sharpish accent, he actually asked himself *why* there hadn't. There was much

the same difference in his impression of the noticed state of his companion, whose dress was "cut down," as he believed the term to be, in respect to shoulders and bosom, in a manner quite other than Mrs. Newsome's and who wore round her throat a broad red velvet band with an antique jewel—he was rather complacently sure it was antique—attached to it in front. Mrs. Newsome's dress was never in any degree "cut down," and she never wore round her throat a broad red velvet band: if she had, moreover, would it ever have served so to carry and complicate, as he now almost felt, his vision?

It would have been absurd of him to trace into ramifications the effect of the ribbon from which Miss Gostrey's trinket depended, had he not, for the hour, at the best, been so given over to uncontrolled perceptions. What was it but an uncontrolled perception that his friend's velvet band somehow added, in her appearance, to the value of every other item—to that of her smile and of the way she carried her head, to that of her complexion, of her lips, her teeth, her eyes, her hair? What, certainly, had a man conscious of a man's work in the world to do with red velvet bands? He wouldn't, for anything, have so exposed himself as to tell Miss Gostrey how much he liked hers; yet he *had*, none the less, not only caught himself in the act—frivolous, no doubt, idiotic, and above all unexpected—of liking it: he had, in addition, taken it as a starting-point for fresh backward, fresh forward, fresh lateral flights. The manner in which Mrs. Newsome's throat *was* encircled suddenly represented for him, in an alien order, almost as many things as the manner in which Miss Gostrey's was. Mrs. Newsome wore, at operatic hours, a black silk dress—very handsome, he knew it was "handsome"—and an ornament that his memory was able further to identify as a ruche. He had his association indeed with the ruche, but it was rather imperfectly romantic. He had once said to the wearer—and it was as "free" a remark as he had ever made to her—that she looked, with her ruff and other matters, like Queen Elizabeth; and it had after this, in truth, been his fancy that, as a consequence of that tenderness and an acceptance of the idea, the form of this special tribute to the "frill" had grown slightly more marked. The connection, as he sat there and let his imagination roam, was to strike him as vaguely pathetic; but there it all was, and pathetic was doubtless, in the conditions, the best thing it could possibly be. It had existed, assuredly, at any rate; for it seemed now to come over him that no gentleman of his age, at Woollett, could ever, to a lady of Mrs. Newsome's, which was not much less than his, have embarked on such a simile.

All sorts of things in fact now seemed to come over him, comparatively few of which his chronicler can hope for space to mention. It came over him for instance that Miss Gostrey looked perhaps like Mary Stuart: Lambert Strether had a candor of fancy which could rest for an instant gratified in such an antithesis. It came

over him that never before—no, literally, never—had a lady dined with him at a public place before going to the play. The publicity of the place was just, in the matter, for Strether, the rare, strange thing; it affected him almost as the achievement of privacy might have affected a man of a different experience. He had married, in the far-away years, so young as to have missed the natural time, in Boston, for taking girls to the Museum; and it was absolutely true of him that—even after the close of the period of conscious detachment occupying the centre of his life, the gray middle desert of the two deaths, that of his wife and that, ten years later, of his boy—he had never taken any one anywhere. It came over him in especial—though the monition had, as happened, already sounded, fitfully gleamed, in other forms—that the business he had come out on had not yet been so brought home to him as by the sight of the people about him. She gave him the impression, his friend, at first, more straight than he got it for himself—gave it simply by saying with off-hand illumination: "Oh yes, they're types!"—but after he had taken it he made to the full, both while he kept silence for the four acts and while he talked in the intervals, his own use of it. It was an evening, it was a world of types, and this was a connection, above all, in which the figures and faces in the stalls were interchangeable with those on the stage.

He felt as if the play itself penetrated him with the naked elbow of his neighbor, a great stripped, handsome, red-haired lady, who conversed with a gentleman on her other side in stray dissyllables which had for his ear, in the oddest way in the world, so much sound that he wondered they hadn't more sense; and he recognized by the same law, beyond the footlights, what he was pleased to take for the very flush of English life. He had distracted drops in which he couldn't have said if it were actors or auditors who were most true, and the upshot of which, each time, was the consciousness of new contacts. However he viewed his job, it was "types" he should have to tackle. Those before him and around him were not as the types of Woollett, where, for that matter, it had begun to seem to him that there must only have been the male and the female. These made two exactly, even with the individual varieties. Here, on the other hand, apart from the personal and the sexual range—which might be greater or less—a series of strong stamps had been applied, as it were, from without; stamps that his observation played with as, before a glass case on a table, it might have passed from medal to medal and from copper to gold. It befell that in the drama, precisely, there was a bad woman, in a yellow frock, who made a pleasant, weak, good-looking young man, in perpetual evening dress, do the most dreadful things. Strether felt himself, on the whole, not afraid of the yellow frock, but he was vaguely anxious over a certain kindness into which he found himself drifting for its victim. He hadn't come out, he reminded himself, to be too kind, or indeed to be kind at all, to Chadwick New-

some. Would Chad also be in perpetual evening dress? He somehow rather hoped it—it seemed so to add to *this* young man's general amenability; though he wondered too if, to fight him with his own weapons, he himself (a thought almost startling,) would have likewise to be. This young man, furthermore, would have been much more easy to handle—at least for *him*—than appeared probable in respect to Chad.

It came up for him with Miss Gostrey that there were things of which she would really perhaps, after all, have heard; and she admitted when a little pressed that she was never quite sure of what she heard as distinguished from things such as, on occasions like the present, she only extravagantly guessed. "I seem, with this freedom, you see, to have guessed Mr. Chad. He's a young man on whose head, at Woollett, high hopes are placed, whom a wicked woman has got hold of, and whom his family, over there, have sent you out to rescue. You've accepted the mission of separating him from the wicked woman. Are you quite sure she's very bad for him?"

Something in his manner showed it as quite pulling him up. "Of course we are. Wouldn't *you* be?"

"Oh, I don't know. One never does—does one?—beforehand. One can only judge on the facts. Yours are quite new to me; I'm really not in the least, as you see, in possession of them; so it will be awfully interesting to have them from you. If you're satisfied, that's all that's required. I mean if you're sure that you *are* sure: sure that it won't do."

"That he should lead such a life? Rather!"

"Oh, but I don't know, you see, about his life; you've not told me about his life. She may be charming—his life!"

"Charming?"—Strether stared before him. "She's base, venal—out of the streets."

"I see. And *he*—?"

"Chad, wretched boy?"

"Of what type and temper is he?" she went on as Strether had hesitated.

"Well—the obstinate." It was as if for a moment he had been going to say more and had then controlled himself.

That was scarce what she wished. "Do you like him?"

This time he was prompt. "No. How *can* I?"

"Do you mean because of your being so saddled with him?"

"I'm thinking of his mother," said Strether after a moment. "He has darkened her admirable life." He spoke with austerity. "He has worried her half to death."

"Oh, that's of course odious." She had a pause as if for renewed emphasis of this truth, but it ended on another note. "Is her life very admirable?"

"Extraordinarily."

There was so much in the tone that Miss Gostrey had to devote

another pause to the appreciation of it. "And has he only *her*? I don't mean the bad woman in Paris," she quickly added—"for I assure you I shouldn't, even at the best, be disposed to allow him more than one. But has he only his mother?"

"He has also a sister, older than himself and married; and they're both remarkably fine women."

"Very handsome, you mean?"

This promptitude—almost, as he might have thought, this precipitation, gave him a brief drop; but he came up again. "Mrs. Newsome, I think, is handsome, though she's not, of course, with a son of twenty-eight and a daughter of thirty, in her very first youth. She married, however, extremely young."

"And is wonderful," Miss Gostrey asked, "for her age?"

Strether seemed to feel with a certain disquiet the pressure of it. "I don't say she's wonderful. Or rather," he went on the next moment, "I do say it. It's exactly what she *is*—wonderful. But I wasn't thinking of her appearance," he explained—"striking as that doubtless is. I was thinking—well, of many other things." He seemed to look at these as if to mention some of them; then took, pulling himself up, another turn. "About Mrs. Pocock people may differ."

"Is that the daughter's name—'Pocock'?"

"That's the daughter's name," Strether sturdily confessed.

"And people may differ, you mean, about *her* beauty?"

"About everything."

"But *you* admire her?"

He gave his friend a glance as to show how he could bear this. "I'm perhaps a little afraid of her."

"Oh," said Miss Gostrey, "I see her from here! You may say then I see very fast and very far, but I've already shown you I do. The young man and the two ladies," she went on, "are at any rate all the family?"

"Quite all. His father has been dead ten years, and there's no brother, nor any other sister. They'd do," said Strether, "anything in the world for him."

"And you'd do anything in the world for *them*?"

He shifted again; she had made it perhaps just a shade too affirmative for his nerves. "Oh, I don't know!"

"You'd do at any rate this, and the 'anything' they'd do is represented by their *making* you do it."

"Ah, they couldn't have come—either of them. They're very busy people, and Mrs. Newsome, in particular, has a large, full life. She's moreover highly nervous—and she's not strong."

"You mean she's a bad invalid?"

He carefully distinguished. "There's nothing she likes less than to be called one. But she's delicate, sensitive, high-strung. She puts so much of herself into everything—"

Ah, Maria knew these things. "That she has nothing left for any-

thing else? Of course she hasn't. To whom do you say it? High-strung? Don't I spend my life, for them, jamming down the pedal? I see moreover how it has told on you."

Strether took this more lightly. "Oh, I jam down the pedal too!"

"Well," she lucidly returned, "we must from this moment bear on it together with all our might." And she reappeared further on. "Have they money?"

But it was as if, while her energetic image still held him, her inquiry fell short. "Mrs. Newsome," he wished further to explain, "hasn't moreover your courage on the question of contact. If she had come it would have been to see the person herself."

"The woman? Ah, but that's courage."

"No—it's exaltation, which is a very different thing. Courage," he, however, accommodatingly threw out, "is what *you* have."

She shook her head. "You say that only to patch me up—to cover the nudity of my want of exaltation. I've neither the one nor the other. I've mere battered indifference. I see that what you mean," Miss Gostrey pursued, "is that if your friend *had* come she would take great views, and the great views, to put it simply, would be too much for her."

Strether looked amused at her notion of the simple, but he adopted her formula. "Everything's too much for her."

"Ah then, such a service as this of yours—"

"Is more for her than anything else? Yes—far more. But so long as it isn't too much for *me—!*"

"Her condition doesn't matter? Surely not; we leave her condition out; we take it, that is, for granted. I see it, her condition, as behind and beneath you; yet at the same time I see it as bearing you up."

"Oh, it does bear me up!" Strether laughed.

"Well then, as yours bears *me,* nothing more is needed." With which she put again her question. "Has Mrs. Newsome money?"

This time he heeded. "Oh, plenty. That's the root of the evil. There's money, in quantities, in the concern. Chad has had the free use of a great deal. But if he'll pull himself together and come home, all the same, he'll find his account in it."

She had listened with all her interest. "And I hope to goodness you'll find yours!"

"He'll take up his definite material reward," said Strether without acknowledgment of this. "He's at the parting of the ways. He can come into the business now—he can't come later."

"Is there a business?"

"Lord, yes—a big, brave, bouncing business. A roaring trade."

"A great shop?"

"Yes—a workshop; a great production, a great industry. The concern's a manufacture—and a manufacture that, if it's only properly looked after, may well be on the way to become a monopoly.

It's a little thing they make—make better, it appears, than other people can, or than other people, at any rate, do. Mr. Newsome, being a man of ideas, at least in that particular line," Strether explained, "put them on it with great effect, and gave the place altogether, in his time, an immense lift."

"It's a place in itself?"

"Well, quite a number of buildings; almost a little industrial colony. But above all it's a thing. The article produced."

"And what *is* the article produced?"

Strether looked about him as in slight reluctance to say; then the curtain, which he saw about to rise, came to his aid. "I'll tell you next time." But when the next time came he only said he would tell her later on—after they should have left the theatre; for she had immediately reverted to their topic, and even for himself the picture of the stage was now overlaid with another image. His postponements, however, made her wonder—wonder if the article referred to were anything bad. And she explained that she meant improper or ridiculous or wrong. But Strether, so far as that went, could satisfy her. "Unmentionable? Oh no, we constantly talk of it; we are quite familiar and brazen about it. Only, as a small, trivial, rather ridiculous object of the commonest domestic use, it's rather wanting in—what shall I say? Well, dignity, or the least approach to distinction. Just here, therefore, with everything about us so grand—!" In short he shrank.

"It's a false note?"

"Sadly. It's vulgar."

"But surely not vulgarer than this." Then on his wondering as she herself had done: "Than everything about us." She seemed a trifle irritated. "What do you take this for?"

"Why, for—comparatively—divine!"

"This dreadful London theatre? It's impossible, if you really want to know."

"Oh then," laughed Strether, "I *don't* really want to know!"

It made between them a pause, which, she, however, still fascinated by the mystery of the production at Woollett, presently broke. "Rather ridiculous? Clothes-pins? Saleratus? Shoe-polish?"

It brought him round. "No—you don't even 'burn.' I don't think, you know, you'll guess it."

"How then can I judge how vulgar it is?"

"You'll judge when I do tell you"—and he persuaded her to patience. But it may even now frankly be mentioned that he, in the sequel, never *was* to tell her. He actually never did so, and it moreover oddly occurred that, by the law, within her, of the incalculable, her desire for the information dropped, and her attitude to the question converted itself into a positive cultivation of ignorance. In ignorance she could humor her fancy, and that proved a useful freedom. She could treat the little nameless object as indeed unnameable—she could make their abstention enormously

definite. There might indeed have been for Strether the portent of this in what she next said.

"Is it perhaps then because it's so bad—because your industry, as you call it, *is* so vulgar—that Mr. Chad won't come back? Does he feel the taint? Is he staying away not to be mixed up in it?"

"Oh," Strether laughed, "it wouldn't appear—would it—that he feels 'taints'! He's glad enough of the money from it, and the money's his whole basis. There's appreciation in that—I mean as to the allowance his mother has hitherto made him. She has of course the resource of cutting this allowance off; but even then he has, unfortunately, and on no small scale, in money left him by his grandfather, her own father, his independent supply."

"Wouldn't the fact you mention then," Miss Gostrey asked, "make it, precisely, more easy for him to be particular? Isn't he conceivable as fastidious about the source—the apparent and public source—of his income?"

Strether was able quite good-humoredly to entertain the proposition. "The source of his grandfather's wealth—and thereby of his own share in it—was not particularly noble."

"And what source was it?"

Strether hesitated. "Well—practices."

"In business? Infamies? He was an old swindler?"

"Oh," Strether said with more emphasis than spirit, "I sha'n't describe *him* nor narrate his exploits."

"Lord, what abysses! And the late Mr. Newsome then?"

"Well, what about him?"

"Was he like the grandfather?"

"No—he was on the other side of the house. And he was different."

Miss Gostrey kept it up. "Better?"

Her friend for a moment hung fire. "No."

Her comment on his hesitation was scarce the less marked for being mute. "Thank you. *Now* don't you see," she went on, "why the boy doesn't come home? He's drowning his shame."

"His shame? What shame?"

"What shame? *Comment donc? The* shame."

"But where and when," Strether asked, "is '*the* shame'—where is any shame—to-day? The men I speak of—they did as every one does; and—besides being ancient history—it was all a matter of appreciation."

She showed how she understood. "Mrs. Newsome has appreciated?"

"Ah, I can't speak for *her!*"

"In the midst of such doings—and, as I understand you, profiting by them, she at least has remained exquisite?"

"Oh, I can't talk of her!" Strether said.

"I thought she was just what you *could* talk of. You *don't* trust me," Miss Gostrey after a moment declared.

It had its effect. "Well, her money is spent, her life conceived and carried on with a large beneficence—"

"That's a kind of expiation of wrongs? Gracious," she added before he could speak, "how intensely you make me see her!"

"If you see her," Strether dropped, "it's all that's necessary."

She really seemed to have her. "I feel that. She *is*, in spite of everything, handsome."

This at least enlivened him. "What do you mean by everything?"

"Well, I mean *you*." With which she had one of her swift changes of ground. "You say the concern needs looking after; but doesn't Mrs. Newsome look after it?"

"So far as possible. She's wonderfully able, but it's not her affair, and her life's a good deal overcharged. She has many, many things."

"And you also?"

"Oh yes—I've many too, if you will."

"I see. But what I mean is," Miss Gostrey amended, "do you also look after the business?"

"Oh no, I don't touch the business."

"Only everything else?"

"Well, yes—some things."

"As for instance—?"

Strether obligingly thought. "Well, the Review."

"The Review?—you have a Review?"

"Certainly, Woollett has a Review—which Mrs. Newsome, for the most part, magnificently pays for, and which I, not at all magnificently, edit. My name's on the cover," Strether pursued, "and I'm really rather disappointed and hurt that you seem never to have heard of it."

She neglected for a moment this grievance. "And what kind of a Review is it?"

His serenity was now completely restored. "Well, it's green."

"Do you mean in political color as they say here?—in thought."

"No; I mean the cover's green—of the most lovely shade."

"And with Mrs. Newsome's name on it too?"

He hesitated. "Oh, as for that, you must judge if she peeps out. She's behind the whole thing; but she's of a delicacy and a discretion—!"

Miss Gostrey took it all. "I'm sure. She *would* be. I don't underrate her. She must be rather a swell."

"Oh yes, she's rather a swell!"

"A Woollett swell—*bon!* I like the idea of a Woollett swell. And you must be rather one too, to be so mixed up with her."

"Ah no," said Strether, "that's not the way it works."

But she had already taken him up. "The way it works—you needn't tell me!—is of course that you efface yourself."

"With my name on the cover?" he lucidly objected.

"Ah, but you don't put it on for yourself."

"I beg your pardon—that's exactly what I do put it on for. It's exactly the thing that I'm reduced to doing for myself. It seems to rescue, a little, you see, from the wreck of hopes and ambitions, the refuse-heap of disappointments and failures, my one presentable little scrap of an identity."

She looked at him an instant, on this, as if to say many things; but what she at last simply said was: "She likes to see it there. You're the bigger swell of the two," she immediately continued, "because you think you're not one. She thinks she *is* one. However," Miss Gostrey added, "she thinks you're one too. You're at all events the biggest she can get hold of." She embroidered, she abounded. "I don't say it to interfere between you, but on the day she gets hold of a bigger one—!" Strether had thrown back his head as in silent mirth over something that struck him in her audacity or felicity; and her flight, meanwhile, was already higher. "Therefore close with her—!"

"Close with her?" he asked as she seemed to hang poised.

"Before you lose your chance."

Their eyes, with it, met a moment. "What do you mean by closing?"

"And what do I mean by your chance? I'll tell you when you tell me all the things *you* don't. Is it her *greatest* fad?" she briskly pursued.

"The Review?" He seemed to wonder how he could best describe it. This resulted, however, but in a sketch. "It's her tribute to the ideal."

"I see. You go in for tremendous things."

"We go in for the unpopular side—that is so far as we dare."

"And how far *do* you dare?"

"Well, she very far. I much less. I don't begin to have her faith. She provides," said Strether, "three-fourths of that. And she provides, as I've confided to you, *all* the money."

It evoked somehow a vision of gold that held for a little Miss Gostrey's eyes, and she looked as if she heard the bright dollars shovelled in. "I hope then you make a good thing—"

"I *never* made a good thing!" he promptly declared.

She just waited. "Don't you call it a good thing to be loved?"

"Oh, we're not loved. We're not even hated. We're only just sweetly ignored."

She had another pause. "You don't trust me!" she repeated.

"Don't I when I lift the last veil?—tell you the very secret of the prison-house?"

Again she met his eyes, but with the result that, after an instant, her own turned away with impatience. "You don't sell? Oh, I'm glad of *that!*" After which, however, and before he could protest, she was off again. "She's just a *moral* swell."

He accepted gayly enough the definition. "Yes—I really think that describes her."

But it had for his friend the oddest connection. "How does she do her hair?"

He laughed out. "Beautifully!"

"Ah, that doesn't tell me. However, it doesn't matter—I know. It's tremendously neat—a real reproach; quite remarkably thick and without, as yet, a single strand of white. There!"

He blushed for her realism, but he gaped at her truth. "You're the very deuce."

"What else *should* I be? It was as the very deuce I pounced upon you. But don't let it trouble you, for everything but the very deuce—at our age—is a bore and a delusion, and even he himself, after all, but half a joy." With which, on a single sweep of her wing, she resumed. "You assist her to expiate—which is rather hard when you've yourself not sinned."

"It's she who has not sinned," Strether returned. "I've sinned the most."

"Ah," Miss Gostrey cynically laughed, "what a picture of *her!* Have you robbed the widow and the orphan?"

"I've sinned enough," said Strether.

"Enough for whom? Enough for what?"

"Well, to be where I am."

"Thank you!" They were disturbed at this moment by the passage between their knees and the back of the seats before them of a gentleman who had been absent during a part of the performance and who now returned for the close; but the interruption left Miss Gostrey time, before the subsequent hush, to express as a sharp finality her sense of the moral of all their talk. "I knew you had something up your sleeve!" This finality, however, left them, in its turn, at the end of the play, as disposed to hang back as if they had still much to say; so that they easily agreed to let every one go before them—they found an interest in waiting. They made out from the lobby that the night had turned to rain; yet Miss Gostrey let her friend know that he was not to see her home. He was simply to put her, by herself, into a four-wheeler; she liked so, in London, of wet nights, after wild pleasures, thinking things over, on the return, in lonely four-wheelers. This was her great time, she intimated, for pulling herself together. The delays caused by the weather, the struggle for vehicles at the door, gave them occasion to subside on a divan at the back of the vestibule and just beyond the reach of the fresh, damp gusts from the street. Here Strether's comrade resumed that free handling of the subject to which his own imagination of it already owed so much.

"Does your young friend in Paris like you?"

It had almost, after the interval, startled him. "Oh, I hope not! Why *should* he?"

"Why shouldn't he?" Miss Gostrey asked. "That you're coming down on him need have nothing to do with it."

"You see more in it," he presently returned, "than I."

"Of course I see *you* in it."

"Well then, you see more in me!"

"Than you see in yourself? Very likely. That's always one's right. What I was thinking of," she explained, "is the possible particular effect on him of his *milieu*."

"Oh, his *milieu*—!" Strether really felt that he could now imagine it better than three hours before.

"Do you mean it can only have been so lowering?"

"Why, that's my very starting-point."

"Yes, but you start so far back. What do his letters say?"

"Nothing. He ignores us—or spares us. He doesn't write."

"I see. But there are, all the same," she went on, "two quite distinct things that—given the wonderful place he's in—may have happened to him. One is that he may have got brutalized. The other is that he may have got refined."

Strether stared—this *was* a novelty. "Refined?"

"Oh," she said quietly, "there *are* refinements."

The way of it made him, after looking at her, break into a laugh. "*You* have them!"

"As one of the signs," she continued in the same tone, "they constitute perhaps the worst."

He thought it over, and his gravity returned. "Is it a refinement not to answer his mother's letters?"

She hesitated. "Oh, I should say the greatest of all."

"Well," said Strether, "*I'm* quite content to let it, as one of the signs, pass for the worst that I know he believes he can do what he likes with me."

This appeared to strike her. "How do you know it?"

"Oh, I know it. I feel it in my bones."

"Feel that he *can* do it?"

"Feel that he believes he can. It may come to the same thing!" Strether laughed.

She wouldn't, however, have this. "Nothing, with you, will ever come to the same thing as anything else." And she understood what she meant, it seemed, sufficiently to go straight on. "You say that if he does break he'll come in for things at home?"

"Quite positively. He'll come in for a particular chance—a chance that any properly constituted young man would jump at. The business has so developed that an opening that scarcely existed three years ago, but which his father's will took account of as, in certain conditions, possible, attaching to Chad's availing himself of it a large contingent advantage—this opening, the conditions having come about, now simply waits for him. His mother has kept it for him, holding out against strong pressure, till the last possible moment. It requires, naturally, as it carries with it a handsome 'part,' a large share in profits, his being on the spot and making a big effort for a big result. That's what I mean by his chance. If he misses it he comes in, as you say, for nothing. And

to see that he doesn't miss it is, in a word, what I've come out for."

She let it all sink in. "What you've come out for then is simply to render him an immense service."

Poor Strether was willing to take it so. "Ah—if you like."

"He stands, as they say, if you succeed with him, to gain—"

"Oh, a lot of advantages." Strether had them, clearly, at his fingers' ends.

"By which you mean, of course, a lot of money."

"Well, not only. I'm acting with a sense, for him, of other things too. Consideration and comfort and security—the general safety of being anchored by a strong chain. He wants, as I see him, to be protected. Protected, I mean, from life."

"Ah *voilà!*"—her thought fitted with a click. "From life. What you *really* want to get him home for is to marry him."

"Well, that's about the size of it."

"Of course," she said, "it's rudimentary. But to any one in particular?"

He smiled at this—he looked a little more conscious. "You get everything out."

For a moment again their eyes met. "You put everything in!"

He acknowledged the tribute by telling her. "To Mamie Pocock."

She wondered; then gravely, even exquisitely, as if to make the oddity also fit: "His own niece?"

"Oh, you must yourself find a name for the relation. His brother-in-law's sister. Mrs. Jim's sister-in-law."

It seemed to have on Miss Gostrey a certain hardening effect. "And who in the world's Mrs. Jim?"

"Chad's sister—who was Sarah Newsome. She's married—didn't I mention it?—to Jim Pocock."

"Ah yes," she tacitly replied; but he had mentioned things—! Then, however, with all the sound it could have, "Who in the world's Jim Pocock?" she asked.

"Why, Sally's husband. That's the only way we distinguish people at Woollett," he good-humoredly explained.

"And is it a great distinction—being Sally's husband?"

He considered. "I think there can be scarcely a greater—unless it may become one, in the future, to be Chad's wife."

"Then how do they distinguish *you?*"

"They *don't*—except, as I've told you, by the green cover."

Once more their eyes met on it, and she held him an instant. "The green cover won't—nor will *any* cover—avail you with *me.* You're of a depth of duplicity!" Still, she could in her own large grasp of truth condone it. "Is Mamie a great *parti?*"

"Oh, the greatest we have—our prettiest, brightest girl."

Miss Gostrey seemed to fix the poor child. "I know what they *can* be. And with money?"

"Not perhaps with a great deal of that—but with so much of

everything else that we don't miss it. We *don't* miss money much, you know," Strether added, "in general, in America, in pretty girls."

"No," she conceded; "but I know also what you do sometimes miss. And do you," she asked, "yourself admire her?"

It was a question, he indicated, that there might be several ways of taking; but he decided after an instant for the humorous. "Haven't I sufficiently showed you how I admire *any* pretty girl?"

Her interest in his problem was, however, by this time such that it scarce left her freedom, and she kept close to the facts. "I supposed that at Woollett you wanted them—what shall I call it?—blameless. I mean your young men for your pretty girls."

"So did I!" Strether confessed. "But you strike there a curious fact—the fact that Woollett too accommodates itself to the spirit of the age and the increasing mildness of manners. Everything changes, and I hold that our situation precisely marks a date. We *should* prefer them blameless, but we have to make the best of them as we find them. Since the spirit of the age and the increasing mildness send them so much more to Paris—"

"You've to take them back as they come. When they *do* come. *Bon!*" Once more she embraced it all, but she had a moment of thought. "Poor Chad!"

"Ah," said Strether cheerfully, "Mamie will save him!"

She was looking away, still in her vision, and she spoke with impatience and almost as if he hadn't understood her. "*You'll* save him. That's who'll save him."

"Oh, but with Mamie's aid. Unless indeed you mean," he added, "that I shall effect so much more with yours!"

It made her at last again look at him. "You'll do more—as you're so much better—than all of us put together."

"I think I'm only better since I've known *you!*" Strether bravely returned.

The depletion of the place, the shrinkage of the crowd and now comparatively quiet withdrawal of its last elements had already brought them nearer the door and put them in relation with a messenger of whom he bespoke Miss Gostrey's cab. But this left them a few minutes more, which she was clearly in no mood not to use. "You've spoken to me of what—by your success—Mr. Chad stands to gain. But you've not spoken to me of what you do."

"Oh, I've nothing more to gain," said Strether very simply.

She took it as even quite too simple. "You mean you've got it all 'down'? You've been paid in advance?"

"Ah, don't talk about payment!" he murmured.

Something in the tone of it pulled her up, but as their messenger still delayed she had another chance and she put it in another way. "What—by failure—do you stand to lose?"

He still, however, wouldn't have it. "Nothing!" he exclaimed, and on the messenger's at this instant reappearing he was able to sink the subject in their responsive advance. When, a few steps

up the street, under a lamp, he had put her into her four-wheeler and she had asked him if the man had called for him no second conveyance, he replied before the door was closed. "You won't take me with you?"

"Not for the world."

"Then I shall walk."

"In the rain?"

"I like the rain," said Strether. "Good-night!"

She kept him a moment, while his hand was on the door, by not answering; after which she answered by repeating her question. "What do you stand to lose?"

Why the question now affected him as other he couldn't have said; he could only, this time, meet it otherwise. "Everything."

"So I thought. Then you shall succeed. And to that end I'm yours—"

"Ah, dear lady!" he kindly breathed.

"Till death!" said Maria Gostrey. "Good-night."

V.

Strether called, his second morning in Paris, on the bankers, in the Rue Scribe, to whom his letter of credit was addressed, and he made this visit attended by Waymarsh, in whose company he had crossed from London two days before. They had hastened to the Rue Scribe on the morrow of their arrival, but Strether had not then found the letters the hope of which prompted this errand. He had had as yet none at all; had not expected them in London, but had counted on several in Paris, and now, disconcerted, had presently strolled back to the Boulevard with a sense of injury which he presently felt himself taking for as good a start as any other. It would serve, this spur to his spirit, he reflected, as, pausing at the top of the street, he looked up and down the great foreign avenue, it would serve to begin business with. His idea was to begin business immediately, and it did much for him the rest of that day that the beginning of business awaited him. He did little else, till night, but ask himself what he should do if he had not fortunately had so much to do; but he put himself the question in many different situations and connections. What carried him hither and yon was an admirable theory that nothing he could do would not be in some manner related to what he fundamentally had on hand, or *would* be—should he happen to have a scruple—wasted for it. He did happen to have a scruple — a scruple about taking no definite step till he should get letters; but this reasoning carried it off. A single day to feel his feet — he had felt them as yet only at Chester and in London—was, he could consider, none too much; and having, as he had often privately expressed it, Paris to reckon with, he threw these hours of freshness consciously into the reckoning. They made it continually greater, but that was what it

had best be if it was to be anything at all, and he gave himself up till far into the evening, at the theatre and on the return, after the theatre, along the bright, congested Boulevard, to feeling it grow. Waymarsh had accompanied him this time to the play, and the two men had walked together, as a first stage, from the Gymnase to the Café Riche, into the crowded "terrace" of which establishment—the night, or rather the morning, for midnight had struck, being bland and populous—they had wedged themselves for refreshment. Waymarsh, as a result of some discussion with his friend, had made a marked virtue of his having now let himself go; and there had been elements of impression in their half-hour over their watered beer-glasses that gave him his occasion for conveying that he held this compromise with his stiffer self to have become extreme. He conveyed it—for it was still, after all, his stiffer self that gloomed out of the glare of the terrace—in solemn silence; and there was indeed a great deal of critical silence, every way, between the companions, even till they gained the Place de l'Opéra, as to the character of their nocturnal progress.

This morning there *were* letters—letters which had reached London, apparently all together, the day of Strether's journey, and had taken their time to follow him; so that, after a controlled impulse to go into them in the reception-room of the bank, which, reminding him of the post-office at Woollett, affected him as the abutment of some transatlantic bridge, he slipped them into the pocket of his loose gray overcoat with a sense of the felicity of carrying them off. Waymarsh, who had had letters yesterday, had had them again to-day, and Waymarsh suggested, in this particular, no controlled impulses. The last one, clearly, at all events, he was likely to be observed to struggle with was that of bringing to a premature close any visit to the Rue Scribe. Strether had left him there yesterday; he wanted to see the papers, and he had spent, by what his friend could make out, a succession of hours with the papers. He spoke of the establishment, with emphasis, as a post of superior observation; just as he spoke generally of his actual damnable doom as a device for hiding from him what was going on. Europe was best described, to his mind, as an elaborate engine for dissociating the confined American from that indispensable knowledge, and was accordingly only rendered bearable by these occasional stations of relief, traps for the arrest of wandering western airs. Strether, on his side, set himself to walk again—he had his relief in his pocket; and indeed, much as he had desired his budget, the growth of restlessness might have been marked in him from the moment he had assured himself of the superscription of most of the missives it contained. This restlessness became therefore his temporary law; he knew he should recognize as soon as he should see it the best place of all for settling down with his chief correspondent. He had for the next hour an accidental air of looking for it in the windows of shops; he came down the Rue de la Paix in the sun and, passing

across the Tuileries and the river, indulged more than once—as if on finding himself determined—in a sudden pause before the book-stalls of the opposite quay. In the garden of the Tuileries he had lingered, on two or three spots, to look; it was as if the wonderful Paris spring had stayed him as he roamed. The prompt Paris morning struck its cheerful notes—in a soft breeze and a sprinkled smell, in the light flit, over the garden-floor, of bareheaded girls with the buckled strap of oblong boxes, in the type of ancient thrifty persons basking betimes where terrace-walls were warm, in the blue-frocked, brass-labelled officialism of humble rakers and scrapers, in the deep references of a straight-pacing priest or the sharp ones of a white-gaitered, red-legged soldier. He watched little brisk figures, figures whose movement was as the tick of the great Paris clock, take their smooth diagonal from point to point; the air had a taste as of something mixed with art, something that presented nature as a white-capped master-*chef*. The palace was gone; Strether remembered the palace; and when he gazed into the irremediable void of its site the historic sense in him might have been freely at play—the play under which in Paris indeed it so often winces like a touched nerve. He filled out spaces with dim symbols of scenes; he caught the gleam of white statues at the base of which, with his letters out, he could tilt back a straw-bottomed chair. But his drift was, for reasons, to the other side, and it floated him unspent up the Rue de Seine and as far as the Luxembourg.

In the Luxembourg gardens he pulled up; here at last he found his nook, and here, on a penny chair from which terraces, alleys, vistas, fountains, little trees in green tubs, little women in white caps and shrill little girls at play all sunnily "composed" together, he passed an hour in which the cup of his impressions seemed truly to overflow. But a week had elapsed since he quitted the ship, and there were more things in his mind than so few days could account for. More than once, during the time, he had regarded himself as admonished; but the admonition, this morning, was formidably sharp. It took as it had not done yet the form of a question—the question of what he was doing with such an extraordinary sense of escape. This sense was sharpest after he had read his letters, but that was also precisely why the question pressed. Four of the letters were from Mrs. Newsome and none of them short; she had lost no time, had followed on his heels while he moved, so expressing herself that he now could measure the probable frequency with which he should hear. They would arrive, it would seem, her communications, at the rate of several a week; he should be able to count, it might even prove, on more than one by each mail. If he had begun yesterday with a small grievance he had therefore an opportunity to begin to-day with its opposite. He read the letters successively and slowly, putting others back into his pocket but keeping these for a long time afterwards gathered in his lap. He held them there, lost in thought, as if to prolong the presence of what

they gave him; or as if, at the least, to assure them their part in the constitution of some lucidity. His friend wrote admirably, and her tone was even more in her style than in her voice—it was almost as if, for the hour, he had had to come to this distance to get its full carrying quality; yet the enormity of his consciousness of difference consisted perfectly with the deepened intensity of the connection. It was the difference, the difference of being just where he was and *as* he was that formed the escape—this difference was so much greater than he had dreamed it would be; and what finally he sat there turning over was the strange logic of his finding himself so free. He felt it in a manner his duty to think out his state, to approve the process, and when he came in fact to trace the steps and add up the items they sufficiently accounted for the sum. He had never expected—that was the truth of it—again to find himself young, and all the years and other things it had taken to make him so were exactly his present arithmetic. He had to make sure of them to put his scruple to rest.

It all sprang at bottom from the beauty of Mrs. Newsome's desire that he should be worried with nothing that was not of the essence of his task; by insisting that he should thoroughly intermit and break she had so provided for his freedom that she would, as it were, have only herself to thank. Strether, however, could not at this point indeed have completed his thought by the image of what she might have to thank herself *for:* the image, at best, of his own likeness—poor Lambert Strether washed up on the sunny strand, thankful for breathing-time, stiffening himself while he gasped, by the waves of a single day. There he was, and there was nothing in his aspect or his posture to scandalize: it was only true that if he had seen Mrs. Newsome coming he would instinctively have jumped up to walk away a little. He would have come round and back to her bravely; but he would have had to pull himself together. She abounded in news of the situation at home, proved to him how perfectly she was arranging for his absence, told him who would take up this and who take up that exactly where he had left it, gave him in fact chapter and verse for the moral that nothing would suffer. It filled for him, this tone of hers, all the air; yet it struck him at the same time as the hum of vain things. This latter effect was what he tried to justify—and with the success that, grave though the appearance, he at last lighted on a form that was happy. He arrived at this form by the inevitable recognition of his having been a fortnight before one of the weariest of men. If ever a man had come off tired Lambert Strether was that man; and hadn't it been distinctly on the ground that he *was* tired that his wonderful friend at home had so felt for him and so contrived? It seemed to him somehow at these instants that, could he only maintain with sufficient firmness his grasp of this truth, it might become in a manner his compass and his helm. What he wanted most was some idea that would sim-

plify, and nothing would do that so much as the fact that he was done for and finished. If it had been in such a light that he had just detected in his cup the dregs of youth, that was a mere flaw of the surface of his scheme. He was so distinctly fagged-out that it must serve precisely as his convenience, and if he could but consistently be good for little enough he might do everything he wanted.

Everything he wanted was comprised moreover in a single boon—the common, unattainable art of taking things as they came. He appeared to himself to have given his best years to an active appreciation of the way they didn't come; but perhaps—as they would seemingly here be things quite other—this long ache might at last drop to rest. He could easily see that from the moment he should accept the notion of his foredoomed collapse the last thing he would lack would be reasons and memories. Oh, if he *should* do the sum, no slate would hold the figures! The fact that he had failed, as he considered, in everything, in each relation and in half a dozen trades, as he liked luxuriously to put it, might have made, might still make, for an empty present; but it stood solidly for a crowded past. It had not been, so much achievement missed, a light yoke nor a short road. It was at present as if the backward picture had hung there, the long crooked course, gray in the shadow of his solitude. It had been a dreadful, cheerful, sociable solitude, a solitude of life, of choice, of community; but though there had been people enough all round it, there had been but three or four persons *in* it. Waymarsh was one of these, and the fact struck him just now as marking the record. Mrs. Newsome was another, and Miss Gostrey had of a sudden shown signs of becoming a third. Beyond, behind them was the pale figure of his real youth, which held against its breast the two presences paler than itself—the young wife he had early lost and the young son he had stupidly sacrificed. He had again and again made out for himself that he might have kept his little boy, his little dull boy, who had died at school, of rapid diphtheria, if he had not in those years so insanely given himself to merely missing the mother. It was the soreness of his remorse that the child had, in all likelihood, not really been dull—had been dull, as he had been banished and neglected, mainly because the father had been unwittingly selfish. This was doubtless but the secret habit of sorrow, which had slowly given way to time; yet there remained an ache sharp enough to make the spirit, at the sight, now and again, of some fair young man just growing up, wince with the thought of an opportunity lost. Had ever a man, he had finally fallen into the way of asking himself, lost so much and even done so much for so little? There had been particular reasons why, all yesterday, beyond other days, he should have had in one ear this cold inquiry. His name on the green cover, where he had put it for Mrs. Newsome, expressed him doubtless just enough to make the world—the world as distinguished, both for more and for less, from Woollett—ask who he was. He had in-

curred the ridicule of having to have his explanation explained. He was Lambert Strether because he was on the cover, whereas it should have been, for anything like glory, that he was on the cover because he was Lambert Strether. He would have done anything for Mrs. Newsome, have been still more ridiculous—as he might, for that matter, have occasion to be yet; which came to saying that this acceptance of fate was all he had at fifty-five to show.

He judged the quantity as small because it *was* small, and all the more egregiously so since it couldn't, as he saw the case, so much as thinkably have been larger. He had not had the gift of making the most of what he tried, and if he had tried and tried again—no one but himself knew how often—it appeared to have been that he might demonstrate what else, in default of that, *could* be made. Old ghosts of experiments came back to him, old drudgeries and delusions and disgusts, old recoveries with their relapses, old fevers with their chills, broken moments of good faith, others of still better doubt; adventures, for the most part, of the sort qualified as lessons. The special spring that had constantly played for him the day before was the recognition—frequent enough to surprise him—of the promises to himself that, after his other visit, he had never kept. The reminiscence that to-day most revived for him was that of the vow taken in the course of the pilgrimage that, newly-married, with the War just over, and helplessly young in spite of it, he had recklessly made with the creature who was so much younger still. It had been a bold dash, for which they had taken money set apart for necessities, but consecrated for them at the moment in a hundred ways, and in none more so than by this private pledge of his own to treat the occasion as a relation formed with the higher culture, to see that, as they said at Woollett, it should bear a good harvest. He had believed, as he sailed home again, that he had gained something great, and his theory—with an elaborate, innocent plan of reading, digesting, coming back, even, every few years—had then been to preserve, cherish and extend it. As such plans as these had come to nothing, however, in respect to acquisitions still more precious, it was doubtless little enough of a marvel that he should have lost account of that handful of seed. Buried for long years in dark corners, at any rate, these few germs had sprouted again under forty-eight hours of Paris. The process of yesterday had really been the process of feeling the general stirred life of connections long since individually dropped. Strether had become acquainted even on this ground with short gusts of speculation—sudden flights of fancy in Louvre galleries, hungry gazes through clear plates behind which lemon-colored volumes were as fresh as fruit on the tree.

These were instants at which he could ask whether, since there had been, fundamentally, so little question of his keeping anything, the fate after all decreed for him hadn't been only to *be* kept. Kept for something, in that event, that he didn't pretend, didn't

possibly dare, as yet, to divine; something that made him hover and wonder and laugh and sigh, made him advance and retreat, feeling half ashamed of his impulse to plunge and more than half afraid of his impulse to wait. He remembered for instance how he had gone back in the sixties with lemon-colored volumes in general on the brain as well as with a dozen—selected for his wife too—in his trunk; and nothing had at the moment shown more confidence than this invocation of the finer taste. They were still somewhere at home, the dozen—stale and soiled and never sent to the binder; but what had become of the sharp initiation they represented? They represented now the mere sallow paint on the door of the temple of taste that he had dreamed of raising up—a structure that he had practically never carried further. Strether's present highest flights were perhaps those in which this particular lapse figured to him as a symbol, a symbol of his long grind and his want of odd moments, his want moreover of money, of opportunity, of positive dignity. That the memory of the vow of his youth should, in order to throb again, have had to wait for this last, as he felt it, of all his accidents—that was surely proof enough of how his conscience had been encumbered. If any further proof were needed it would have been to be found in the fact that, as he perfectly now saw, he had ceased even to measure his meagreness, a meagreness that sprawled, in this retrospect, vague and comprehensive, stretching back like some unmapped Hinterland from a rough coast-settlement. His conscience had been amusing itself, for the forty-eight hours, by forbidding him the purchase of a book; he held off from that, held off from everything; from the moment he didn't yet call on Chad he wouldn't for the world have taken any other step. On this evidence, however, of the way they actually affected him, he glared at the lemon-colored covers with the fancy of the sub-consciousness that, all the same, in the great desert of the years, he must have had of them. The green covers at home comprised, by the law of their purpose, no tribute to letters; it was of a mere rich kernel of economics, politics, ethics that, glazed and, as Mrs. Newsome maintained, rather against *his* view, pre-eminently pleasant to touch, they formed the specious shell. Without, therefore, any needed instinctive knowledge of what was coming out, in Paris, on the bright highway, he struck himself at present as having more than once flushed with a suspicion: he couldn't otherwise at present be feeling so many fears confirmed. There were "movements" he was too late for—weren't they, with the fun of them, already spent? There were sequences he had missed and great gaps in the procession: he might have been watching it all recede in a golden cloud of dust. If the playhouse was not closed, his seat at least had fallen to somebody else. He had had an uneasy feeling the night before that if he was at the theatre at all—though he indeed justified the theatre, in the specific sense, and with a grotesqueness to which his imagination did all

honor, as something he owed poor Waymarsh—he should have been there with, and as might have been said, *for* Chad.

He pulled himself then at last together for his own progress back; not with the feeling that he had taken his walk in vain. He prolonged it a little, in the immediate neighborhood, after he had quitted his chair; and the upshot of the whole morning for him was that his campaign had begun. He had wanted to put himself in relation, and he would be hanged if he were *not* in relation. He was at no moment so much so as while, under the old arches of the Odéon, he lingered before the charming open-air array of literature classic and casual. He thought the effect of tone and tint, in the long charged tables and shelves, delicate and appetizing; the impression—substituting one kind of low-priced *consommation* for another—might have been that of one of the pleasant cafés that overlapped, under an awning, to the pavement; but he edged along, grazing the tables, with his hands firmly behind him. He wasn't there to dip, to consume—he was there to reconstruct. He wasn't there for his own profit—not, that is, the direct; he was there on some chance of feeling the brush of the wing of the stray spirit of youth. He felt it in fact, he had it beside him; the old arcade indeed, as his inner sense listened, gave out the faint sound, as from far-off, of the wild waving of wings. They were folded now over the breasts of buried generations; but a flutter or two lived again in the turned page of shock-headed, slouch-hatted loiterers whose young intensity of type, in the direction of pale acuteness, deepened his vision, and even his appreciation, of racial differences, and whose manipulation of the uncut volume was too often, however, but a listening at closed doors. He reconstructed a possible groping Chad of three or four years before, a Chad who had, after all, simply—for that was the only way to see it—been too vulgar for his privilege. Surely it *was* a privilege to have been young and happy just there. Well, the best thing Strether knew of him was that he had had such a dream.

But his own actual business, half an hour later, was with a third floor on the Boulevard Malesherbes—so much as that was definite; and the fact of the enjoyment by the third-floor windows of a continuous balcony, to which he was helped by this knowledge, had perhaps something to do with his lingering for five minutes on the opposite side of the street. There were points as to which he had quite made up his mind, and one of these bore precisely on the wisdom of the abruptness to which events had finally committed him, a policy that he was pleased to find not at all shaken as he now looked at his watch and wondered. He *had* announced himself—six months before; had written out, at least, that Chad was not to be surprised should he see him some day turn up. Chad had thereupon, in a few words of rather carefully colorless answer, offered him a general welcome; and Strether, ruefully reflecting that he might have understood the warning as a hint to hospitality,

a bid for an invitation, had fallen back upon silence as the corrective most to his own taste. He had asked Mrs. Newsome moreover not to announce him again; he had so distinct an opinion on attacking his job, should he attack it at all, in his own way. Not the least of this lady's high merits for him was that he could absolutely rest on her word. She was the only woman he had known, even at Woollett, as to whom his conviction was positive that to lie was beyond her art. Sarah Pocock, for instance, her own daughter, though with social ideals, as they said, in some respects different—Sarah who *was,* in her way, æsthetic, had never refused to human commerce that mitigation of rigor; there were occasions when he had distinctly seen her apply it. Since, accordingly, at all events, he had had it from Mrs. Newsome that she had, at whatever cost to her more strenuous view, conformed, in the matter of preparing Chad, wholly to his restrictions, he now looked up at the fine continuous balcony with a safe sense that if the case had been bungled the mistake was at least his property. Was there perhaps just a suspicion of that in his present pause on the edge of the Boulevard and well in the pleasant light?

Many things came over him here, and one of them was that he should doubtless presently know whether he had been shallow or sharp. Another was that the balcony in question didn't somehow show as a convenience easy to surrender. Poor Strether had at this very moment to recognize the truth that, wherever one paused in Paris, the imagination, before one could stop it, reacted. This perpetual reaction put a price, if one would, on pauses; but it piled up consequences till there was scarce room to pick one's steps among them. What call had he, at such a juncture, for instance, to like Chad's very house? High, broad, clear—he was expert enough to make out in a moment that it was admirably built—it fairly embarrassed our friend by the quality that, as he would have said, it "sprang" on him. He had struck off the fancy that it might, as a preliminary, be of service to him to be seen, by a happy accident, from the third-story windows, which took all the March sun; but of what service was it to find himself making out after a moment that the quality "sprung," the quality produced by measure and balance, the fine relation of part to part and space to space, was probably—aided by the presence of ornament as positive as it was discreet, and by the complexion of the stone, a cold, fair gray, warmed and polished a little by life—neither more nor less than a case of distinction, such a case as he could only feel, unexpectedly, as a sort of delivered challenge? Meanwhile, however, the chance he had allowed for—the chance of being seen, in time, from the balcony—had become a fact. Two or three of the windows stood open to the violet air; and, before Strether had cut the knot by crossing, a young man had come out and looked about him, had lighted a cigarette and tossed the match over, and then, resting on the rail, had given himself up, while he smoked, to watching the

life below. His arrival contributed, in its order, to keeping Strether in position; the result of which, in turn, was that Strether soon felt himself noticed. The young man began to look at him as in acknowledgment of his being himself in observation.

This was interesting so far as it went, but the interest was affected by the young man's not being Chad. Strether wondered at first if he were perhaps Chad altered; then he saw that this was asking too much of alteration. The young man was light, bright and alert—with an air too pleasant to have been arrived at by patching. Strether had conceived Chad as patched, but not beyond recognition. He was in presence, he felt, of amendments enough as they stood; it was a sufficient amendment that the gentleman up there should be Chad's friend. He was young too then, the gentleman up there—he was very young; young enough, apparently, to be amused at an elderly watcher, to be curious even to see what the elderly watcher would do on finding himself watched. There was youth in that, there was youth in the surrender to the balcony, there was youth, for Strether, at this moment, in everything but his own business; and Chad's thus pronounced association with youth had given, the next instant, an extraordinary quick lift to the issue. The balcony, the distinguished front testified suddenly, for Strether's fancy, to something that was up and up; they placed the whole case materially, and as by an admirable image, on a level that he found himself at the end of another moment rejoicing to think he might reach. The young man looked at him still; he looked at the young man; and the issue, by a rapid process, was that this knowledge of a perched privacy appeared to him the last of luxuries. To him too the perched privacy was open, and he saw it now but in one light—that of the only domicile, the only fireside in the great ironic city on which he had the shadow of a claim. Miss Gostrey had a fireside; she had told him of it, and it was something that doubtless awaited him; but Miss Gostrey had not yet arrived—she mightn't arrive for days; and the sole attenuation of his excluded state was his vision of the small, the admittedly secondary hotel in the by-street from the Rue de la Paix, in which her solicitude for his purse had placed him, which affected him somehow as all in-door chill, glass-roofed court and slippery staircase, and which was, by the same token, pervaded by Waymarsh even at times when Waymarsh might have been certain to be round at the bank. It came to pass before he moved that Waymarsh, and Waymarsh alone, Waymarsh not only undiluted but positively strengthened, struck him as the present alternative to the young man in the balcony. When he did move it was fairly to escape that alternative. Taking his way over the street at last and passing through the *porte-cochère* of the house was like consciously leaving Waymarsh out. However, he would tell him all about it.

(To be continued.)

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT

is a well-known writer who by conviction and tradition is what he describes himself, and from the point of view of erudition and wide political knowledge is probably the ablest Jeffersonian Democrat in the country.

HAMLIN GARLAND,

the well-known novelist and essayist, is a native of West Salem, Wisconsin. His family having removed to Iowa, he was educated in the common schools in Mitchell County of that State, and he graduated in literature in Cedar Valley Seminary, Osage. In 1882, he taught school in Illinois, and in 1883 he went further west and took up a claim in McPherson County, Dakota. After a short stay there, he went to Boston, where he began his literary career, and in 1893, he returned to the West. Among his works may be mentioned "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop," "Her Mountain Lover," "The Eagle's Heart," "The Spirit of Sweetwater," and "Wayside Courtships."

W. D. MCCRACKAN

is a descendant of Scotch ancestors, who came to this country before the Revolution and settled in New Haven, Conn. His great-grandfather and his grandfather were treasurers of Trinity Church (Episcopalian) in New Haven for fifty-seven consecutive years. Mr. McCrackan attended the Latin Gymnasium in Stuttgart, Germany, then St. Paul's School, in Concord, N. H., and graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in 1885. He is also a graduate of the Metaphysical College in Boston, Mass., and has received the degree of C. S. B. He has been a frequent contributor to the magazines, and he is a member of a number of societies, including the American Historical Association and the American Social Science Association. Among the books which he has written are "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland," and "Little Idyls of the Big World."

FREDERIC C. PENFIELD,

after graduating at Russell's Military School in New Haven, Connecticut, went to Germany to pursue a special course of study. On returning to America, he joined the editorial staff of the *Hartford Courant,* and spent five years in the

service of that paper. In 1885, he went to London as United States Vice-Consul-General, and in 1893, he was appointed Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General of the United States to Egypt, a post which he retained for four years. Mr. Penfield's efficient services were widely recognized. He was decorated by the French government, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Medjidieh was conferred upon him by the Sultan of Turkey, and the Khedive made him Grand Commander of the Order of the Osmanieh. In 1886, Mr. Penfield became a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and in 1898 an officer of the French Academy.

Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, U. S. N.,

stands high among the eminent men who, by their deeds and achievements, have brought great honor upon the American Navy and the American name. In 1861, he entered the navy as an assistant-engineer, with the rank of midshipman. During the Civil War he gained a reputation for dauntless valor, having volunteered on several occasions for services of the most desperate character. After passing through all intermediate grades, he was made Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy in 1887, with the rank of Commodore, and he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral in 1899. As Engineer-in-Chief, he has contributed largely to the building up of the new navy, designs having been made, during his term, for over 120 ships and 700,000 horse-power. His most signal professional success was, probably, the perfecting of triple-screw machinery, to which is attributable the incomparable speed of the "Columbia" and the "Minneapolis." Admiral Melville has made three voyages to the Arctic seas, and his name will always have an illustrious place in the heroic history of the effort to reach the North Pole. In 1879, he sailed with De Long in the ill-fated "Jeannette," and he commanded the boat's crew which, through his resoluteness, wise judgment and unfailing resourcefulness, escaped from the wastes of the Lena delta. Subsequently he headed expeditions which recovered the records of the "Jeannette" expedition and the remains of De Long and his companions. In 1890, he was voted a gold medal and advanced fifteen numbers by special act of Congress, for bravery in the Arctic.

Julian Hawthorne,

son of the great American novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was born in Boston in 1846. He studied at Harvard, but left it without graduating to take a course in engineering at

Dresden, Germany. On his return to the United States in 1870, he became connected with General McClellan's staff of hydrographic engineers then at work on the New York docks, and remained attached to this service until the summer of 1872. Since that time, he has been engaged exclusively in literary and journalistic work. Among the published works which bear his name are "A Fool of Nature," "Archibald Malmaison," "Millicent and Rosalind," "Garth," "A Dream and a Forgetting," with a host of other novels; a treatise on "American Literature"; a "History of the United States, from the Landing of Columbus to the Signing of the Peace Protocol with Spain"; and a biography of his father under the title, "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife."

J. W. Longley

has long been a prominent figure in Canadian politics. In 1883, he was appointed commissioner for revising and consolidating the statutes of Nova Scotia, his native province. For a number of years he sat in the Nova Scotia Assembly as one of the members for Annapolis. In 1884, he became a member of the Government without office, and in 1886, he was appointed Attorney-General. Mr. Longley has consistently favored reciprocity between Canada and the United States.

Albert S. Bolles

is a native of Montville, Connecticut, where he was born in March, 1846. He studied law, and having been duly admitted to the bar, he was elected judge of the probate court for the district of Norwich in his native State in 1870. Leaving the law for journalism, he edited the *Norwich Bulletin* and, later, the *Banker's Bulletin*. For over four years he was Professor of Mercantile Law and Banking in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy in the University of Pennsylvania; and for eight years thereafter he was Chief of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics of the State of Pennsylvania. At present he is connected with the University of Pennsylvania and with Haverford College as Lecturer on Commercial Law. Among the books published by him may be mentioned an "Industrial History of the United States," "The Conflict between Labor and Capital," and "The History of Pennsylvania."

The Rev. John T. Driscoll

received his elementary education in the schools of Albany, New York, his native city. In 1885 he graduated with the

highest honors at Manhattan College, being then in his nineteenth year; and after studying for four years at the Troy Theological Seminary, he was ordained to the priesthood in 1889. His brilliant career and studious habit of mind had attracted the attention of his superiors, and he was selected to make a thorough and more advanced course at the Catholic University, which was then about to be opened, and he entered that institution as a pioneer student. There he remained for two years, receiving successively the degrees of S. T. B. and S. T. L.; the former being the first degree conferred by the University. For three years, Father Driscoll taught the philosophical branches in the Theological Seminary at Brighton, Massachusetts, and for several seasons he has been a regular lecturer at the Plattsburg Summer School. His principal philosophical works thus far published are two treatises entitled, respectively, "Christian Philosophy: the Human Soul," and "Christian Philosophy: God."

JOSIAH FLYNT

is the literary pseudonym of Josiah Flynt Willard. Mr. Willard was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, in 1869. He was educated at Berlin University, and resided in the German capital for five years. He has been a frequent contributor to some of the leading periodicals in the United States and England, and he has published a number of volumes, including "Tramping with Tramps" and "Notes of an Itinerant Policeman."

JOSEPH SMITH,

eldest son of the founder of the Mormon Church, was born at Kirtland, Lake County, Ohio, in 1832. He received a common school education at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois. When the main body of the Mormons removed to Utah under Brigham Young, who had succeeded to the Presidency of the church on the death of Mr. Smith's father in 1844, Mr. Smith remained with his mother's family. In 1860 Mr. Smith became President of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, which had been established in 1851, in repudiation of Brigham Young as the promulgator of such false doctrines as polygamy, Adam-God worship, and the right to shed the blood of apostates.

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THE VENEZUELA AFFAIR AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

BY A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

It is possible, if not probable, that the unavowed purpose of the British, German, and Italian Governments in their undertaking to enforce certain claims against Venezuela by acts of war, was to ascertain whether the American people would uphold the definition of the Monroe Doctrine set forth by President Roosevelt in his last Annual Message. That is to say, would they uphold the principle that a European Government has the right, not only to inflict exemplary damages on an American republic for insults to its flag or to its official representatives, or for wrongs perpetrated on its subjects, but also to resort to the same process of violent coercion for the collection of ordinary debts,—by which are meant debts that are the outcome of absolute freedom of contract—and to confiscate for the payment thereof the customs revenue of an American republic for an indefinite period? That is the fundamental and momentous question upon which the outcome of the Venezuela imbroglio will be likely to throw some light. It is well understood in the British and German Foreign Offices that a definition of the Monroe Doctrine formulated by our Chief Magistrate does not bind the United States until it has been ratified by both Houses of Congress, and that no such ratification

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will be made without the distinct approval of the American people. No such approval will be given until the consequences of the new definition shall have been carefully weighed and compared with the text of the declaration put forth in 1823 by President Monroe. In order to further the attainment of clear ideas upon the subject, we shall here point out the purport of the new definition, consider it in all its bearings, and then inquire how far it may be reconciled, in letter and in spirit, with the original Monroe Doctrine. If the two declarations prove irreconcilable, it will be for the American people and their representatives in Congress to determine by which they will abide.

I.

By way of preface, we should first mark what it is that the British, German, and Italian Governments have essayed to do in Venezuela. There has been a good deal of vagueness, not to say dissimulation, in their official utterances on the subject. A spokesman of the British Cabinet declared in the House of Commons that, so far as Great Britain was concerned, the Anglo-German-Italian demonstration against Venezuela was not a debt-collecting, but a punitory, or, rather, reparation-claiming, expedition. Its purpose, he said, was not to enforce the payment of ordinary debts, but to exact redress, hitherto refused, for *wrongs* which British subjects had suffered at the hands of that South-American republic. A similar declaration was made in the Reichstag by Chancellor von Bülow. The facts show, however, that, under the pretext of exacting reparation for wrongs, a secondary, if not the principal, aim of the joint expedition is the enforcement of payment of ordinary debts due from the Government or citizens of Venezuela to British, German, and Italian creditors. If the Governments that have resorted to coercion intended to exclude ordinary debts, they would either name specific sums that would be accepted as damages for wrongs alleged to have been suffered, or they would agree with Venezuela's representative upon some method of determining what would be a reasonable pecuniary indemnity. What they have insisted on, however, is a guarantee for the payment, not only of the damages, to be ascertained hereafter, for wrongs shown to have been committed, but also of ordinary debts due to British, German, and Italian creditors, the precise amount of which debts is to be fixed by a recourse to mixed

commissions. They demand that thirty per cent. of the customs duties levied at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello shall be paid for an indefinite period to representatives of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, who shall have the right to supervise and audit the collection of the said duties, and to receive their respective proportions of the percentage named. If to damages for wrongs be added ordinary debts due from Government or citizens of Venezuela to subjects of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, and if the aggregate be swollen by the cost of the blockade and of maintaining auditors at the custom-houses mentioned, it is certain that the customs revenue of Venezuela will, to the extent named, be mortgaged to the three allied European Powers for many years.

It is, however, the ultimate consequences of the principle sought to be established, rather than those of its initial application, to which attention should be directed. If thirty per cent. of the customs levied at certain Venezuelan seaports can be sequestrated for the payment of ordinary debts, it follows that the *whole* customs revenue of another South-American republic may be confiscated, if such wholesale confiscation be needed to provide interest and a sinking fund on the debts due to European creditors. In the case of Argentina, for example, the whole customs revenue of that federal republic might be needed to provide interest and a sinking fund for the payment of the colossal indebtedness incurred by its federal and provincial governments, and by its citizens, to British creditors. So long, indeed, as an efficient and an economical administration exists at Buenos Ayres, the pecuniary obligations of Argentina will no doubt be met. Should the Argentine Confederation, however, again become, what it has often been in the past, the theatre of revolution and of anarchy, a default in interest and sinking-fund payments would inevitably occur, and the principle which the allied Powers are now attempting to establish in the case of Venezuela would then be applied on an enormous scale to the Argentine Confederation. There is not, indeed, a single Latin-American republic, with the possible exception of Chile, the customs revenue of which would not, soon or late, be exposed to confiscation, if the American people at this time acquiesce in the assertion of the principle that European Powers are at liberty to collect by force ordinary debts from the commonwealths of Central and of South America.

II.

To what extent, if any, have the United States acquiesced in the principle of international law that ordinary debts may be collected by force from Latin-American republics? The American people have never had their attention called to the subject, and it remains to be seen what judgment they will pronounce upon it. It has been alleged, indeed, that, on two occasions, antedating the accession of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency, the American Executive had shown itself disposed to accept the principle. The occasions to which we refer were the joint expedition of Great Britain, Spain, and France against Mexico in 1861, which resulted in the occupation of Vera Cruz; and the seizure of Corinto, a seaport of Nicaragua, by Great Britain in 1885. The facts in both cases, when closely scrutinized, show that our State Department did not then acknowledge that ordinary debts could be collected by acts of war, but simply that *grievances* might be thus redressed, and reparation for *wrongs* be thus exacted.

Let us recall what actually occurred. In October, 1861, the British, Spanish, and French Governments signed a convention at London by which they agreed to demand of Mexico the payment of certain claims, and, if payment were refused, to take possession of Mexican ports and sequestrate the customs for the liquidation of those claims. What were those claims? Were they for ordinary debts, or were they for the reparation due for public wrongs?

The claim of England was based principally on the fact that on November 16, 1860, a party of armed men, obeying the orders of Miramon, then the *de facto* President of Mexico, broke into the house of the British Legation, and, against the protest of the Spanish Minister who happened to be present, and in defiance of the British flag and the seals of the office, rifled the safes of £152,000 belonging to English bondholders, deposited there for safe-keeping. Evidently, it was a national grievance, a public wrong, of which England complained. The complaint of Spain was based upon the fact that in September, 1859, the *de facto* Government of Mexico had concluded a treaty with Spain which recognized the validity of certain claims. Upon the triumph of the Juarez Government, the treaty was repudiated. This was Spain's principal ground of complaint, although she also declared herself aggrieved at the summary dismissal by Juarez of Señor Pacheco, the Spanish Minister. Here, again, we see that no col-

lection of ordinary debts was contemplated: it was reparation for a national grievance, for a public wrong, that was demanded.

The claim of France was more complicated. Primarily, that Power sought redress for certain wrongs alleged to have been committed by Mexico up to the year 1861. She also proposed, however, to enforce payment of the full face value ($15,000,000) of the iniquitous Jecker bonds, for which the comparatively paltry sum of $750,000 had been paid. Neither England nor Spain ever countenanced the collection of this fraudulent debt, and, when they found that Napoleon III. intended to press it, and also harbored designs of conquest, they recalled their war vessels from Mexican waters, and left Vera Cruz in the exclusive possession of France. The correspondence of our State Department with relation to this subject up to the time when the intentions of Napoleon III. were disclosed, was based on the assumption that the aim of the three allied Powers was not the collection of ordinary debts, whether just or fraudulent, but the redress of *grievances.* Thus Mr. Cass, Secretary of State, wrote to Mr. McLane, our Minister in London, on September 20, 1860:

"We do not deny the right of any other Power to carry on hostile operations against Mexico for the *redress of its grievances.* . . . I have already referred to the extent of the principle of foreign interference which we maintained with regard to Mexico. It is proper to add that, while that principle denies the right of any Power to hold permanent possession of any part of that country, or to endeavor by force to direct or control its political destiny, it does not call in question its right to carry on hostile operations against that Republic for *the redress of any real grievances it may have suffered.*"

We observe, next, that, while declining the invitation extended in 1861 by the three allies that the United States should become a party to the London Convention, Mr. Seward said:

"The President does not feel himself at liberty to question, and he does not question, that the sovereigns represented have an undoubted right to decide for themselves the fact whether they had sustained *grievances,* and to resort to war with Mexico for the *redress* thereof."

It is well known that, after the duplicity of Napoleon III. had been exposed, and after the withdrawal of his British and Spanish allies had taken place, no effective opposition to the French Emperor's designs could be offered by our Government, then absorbed in the prosecution of the war for the Union. There is not an

atom of evidence, however, that our State Department at any time sanctioned the forcible collection of the Jecker claim, any more than it sanctioned the conquest of Mexico and the erection of an empire therein.

We turn to the Corinto case, which, it has been hastily assumed by those not alive to the distinction between grievances or wrongs and ordinary debts, affords a precedent for the acquiescence of our Government in the forcible collection of the latter class of obligations. Here, again, let us review the facts. In the early part of 1885, the British Government was moved to indignation by the arrest and forcible detention by Nicaraguan authorities of Mr. Hatch, the acting British consul, and certain other British subjects in the Mosquito Reservation. To these men a trial was denied, and they were summarily expelled from Nicaraguan territory. Nicaragua alleged that they had instigated riots against her sovereignty in the Mosquito Reservation, but she failed to give the prisoners a hearing before a court of justice. The British Government forthwith presented a claim for $75,000, by way of reparation for the wrong inflicted on British subjects, and, receiving no satisfactory promise of payment from the Nicaraguan authorities, sent a war vessel to the port of Corinto to enforce the demand. Thereupon Nicaragua appealed to the United States; but Mr. Gresham, then Secretary of State, declined to interpose or mediate, and declared that Nicaragua must deal directly with Great Britain. In a telegram, however, of April 24, 1885, addressed to Mr. Bayard, he said:

"The President advises that you say unofficially and confidentially to Lord Kimberley, that, while disclaiming any right to interfere in the pending settlement of the claim for pecuniary *reparation*, compliance with Nicaragua's request for an extension of time of payment would avoid embarrassment to the commerce of this and other countries and be very satisfactory to the United States."

This suggestion was accepted by Lord Kimberley, and the claim was soon after settled. Commenting upon this incident in his Annual Message sent to Congress in December, 1885, President Cleveland said:

"While the sovereignty and jurisdiction of Nicaragua were in no way questioned by Great Britain, the former's *arbitrary conduct in regard to British subjects* furnished the ground for this proceeding."

III.

Such had been the consistent position of the United States Executive up to December, 1902, with reference to the momentous question whether ordinary debts due, or alleged to be due, from the governments or citizens of Latin-American republics to the subjects of European Powers may be collected by acts of war. Neither explicitly nor by implication had our State Department ever answered the question in the affirmative. It is true, on the other hand, that no negative answer had been given; but that proves nothing, because, with the exception of the pressing of the infamous Jecker claim by France, which was veiled behind a demand for a redress of grievances, and which had ultimately to be renounced, no attempt to enforce the payment of ordinary debts by acts of war directed against a Latin-American republic had been made by any European Government: the seizure of the Chincha Islands by Spain in 1864 was justified by Peru's refusal to grant reparation for the *wrongs* suffered by Spanish residents in the last-named country. Even in Mr. Roosevelt's first Annual Message, sent to Congress in December, 1901, there is no distinct intimation of an opinion that ordinary debts should be placed by us on the same footing as grievances or wrongs, so far as the enforcement of payment by acts of war might be concerned. Mr. Roosevelt said then:

"We do not guarantee any State against punishment if it *misconducts* itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American Power."

By the word "misconduct," the President would naturally be supposed to contemplate the perpetration of what are technically known as "wrongs." According to the usage of international or municipal law, the word would not be properly applicable to an omission to pay ordinary debts. Only in his second Annual Message did Mr. Roosevelt allow himself to use an elastic and ambiguous phrase, which might be presumed to cover ordinary debts as well as grievances or torts. He said:

"No independent nation in America need have the slightest fear of aggression from the United States. It behooves each one to maintain order within its own borders, *and to discharge its just obligations to foreigners.*"

It will be observed that Mr. Roosevelt does not explain how the justness of obligations is to be proved. Must the obligations

be recognized by the courts of the debtor country; or by an international tribunal; or shall the alleged creditor be judge in his own case? Let us take the most charitable view of Mr. Roosevelt's meaning, and assume that, if he intended the phrase to cover ordinary debts as well as wrongs, what he had in mind was obligations the validity of which had been admitted either by treaty or by the courts of the debtor country. It makes all the difference in the world, first, whether the recognized obligations were for sums of money acknowledged to be due by way of reparation for *wrongs,* or whether they were ordinary debts; and, secondly, whether the recognition was embodied in a treaty or in a decision of a court of the debtor country. If the obligation were of the nature of a penalty incurred for an international tort, we could not dispute the right of the aggrieved nation to exact the penalty by acts of war. The penalty, indeed, may be exacted whether or not the commission of the offence is acknowledged by the offending party, provided, of course, the charge be not notoriously trumped up, and put forward as a mere pretext for aggression. Even an ordinary debt, if a promise to pay it is incorporated in a treaty, may furnish a *casus belli,* for the repudiation of a treaty is a cause for war.

The pivotal question is presented by ordinary debts the validity of which has been certified by the courts of the debtor country, but which the debtor has failed to pay. Did or did not Mr. Roosevelt mean to say by the words ("*just obligations*") which we have quoted from his second Annual Message, that debts of the kind last mentioned are collectable by acts of war? Apparently, that is what the British, German, and Italian Governments have undertaken to find out by their joint demonstration against Venezuela; or, rather, they have gone further, and propose to extort by coercion the payment even of those ordinary debts upon which no judgment has yet been obtained from Venezuelan courts. If, by a loose or inadvertent use of the phrase "just obligations," Mr. Roosevelt did not mean to assert that ordinary debts are collectable by acts of war, but only intended to say that such a process of coercion might be invoked for the enforcement of penalties or reparations for grievances or wrongs, he had but to make such an explanation of his ambiguous language from the outset of the Anglo-German-Italian demonstration, and the Venezuela incident would doubtless have been quickly closed. The allied Powers

would simply have needed to specify the grievances or wrongs of which they complained, and to indicate the sums of money which, in their opinion, would constitute a fair reparation. If the amounts named seemed reasonable to our State Department, it would have played the part of a friend by counselling the Caracas Government to pay them: if they seemed grossly unreasonable, a suggestion that they be referred to arbitration would, doubtless, have been accepted by all parties.

Here we may observe that a part of the French claims have been liquidated and embodied in a treaty. From the moment that Venezuela failed to comply with the terms of the payment agreed upon in that document, France unquestionably had a *casus belli* against that republic, for such a repudiation of treaty rights is a ground for war. Far from availing herself, however, of this valid excuse for co-operating in the Anglo-German-Italian demonstration, France has refrained from putting any violent coercion on her debtor, and has confined herself to asserting that, if any sequestration of Venezuelan customs is to take place, the disputed claims which England, Germany and Italy have sought to enforce by acts of war ought not to take precedence of French claims previously recognized by treaty. If the preference to which France objects should be conceded, it would, obviously, put a premium on war and a discount on pacific negotiations. That is not a state of things desired by enlightened nations.

Mr. Roosevelt has not yet seen fit to explain that he did not include ordinary debts in the "just obligations" which, as he said in his second Annual Message, were collectable by any acts of war that should stop short of the permanent occupation of the debtor's territory. We hope that such an explanation will yet be forthcoming from him, and we are pretty sure that the American people will demand it when they are thoroughly awakened to the danger of allowing European Powers to exact from Latin-American republics the payment of ordinary debts by a "temporary," or "provisional" occupation of seaports, or by the confiscation of customs duties for an indefinite period. We have put the words "temporary" and "provisional" in quotation marks, because those were the soothing phrases applied to the occupation of Egypt by Great Britain. There is no longer any pretence that the promises implied in the adjectives quoted, and explicitly made by Mr. Gladstone on more than one occasion, will ever be per-

formed. Egypt still retains the semblance of an autonomous government, and not an inch of her soil has been formally annexed to the British Empire: nevertheless, her national revenues have passed into British hands, and, with them, the substance of her independence. May not the people of Egypt justly say to Great Britain: "You control my destiny, when you withhold from me the means of shaping it at my volition. You take my life, when you take the means whereby I live."

IV.

Now, let us see which of two principles is the more reconcilable with the spirit and the letter of the Monroe Doctrine as originally proclaimed; the principle, namely, that the payment of ordinary debts may be enforced by European Powers upon Latin-American republics through acts of war, or the principle that the maxim "*caveat emptor*"—let the purchaser or lender beware—is applicable to all business dealings between the subjects of European Powers and the Governments or citizens of American commonwealths. The official doctrine formulated by Monroe in his seventh Annual Message to Congress sets forth that, with the Latin-American Governments which had declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we had on great consideration and just principles acknowledged, "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of *oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny* by any European Power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." There is nothing here about the occupation, temporary or permanent, of American territory. Our objection to such occupation is a logical and an obvious deduction. What Monroe prohibited was any interference by European Powers with American republics for the purpose of *oppressing* them, or *controlling* in any other manner their *destiny*.

Now, when we bear in mind that the bulk, if not the whole, of the revenue required by Latin-American commonwealths for the support of their civil and military administration and for the development of their natural resources, is derived from customs duties, it is manifest that a confiscation of those duties might, and probably would, prove a death-blow. Deprived of the funds on which they had been accustomed to rely, the central and provincial governments would be disqualified for the maintenance

of order, and a relapse into anarchy would almost certainly ensue. Retaining a nominal independence and shielded from territorial dismemberment, the commonwealths, denuded of their customs revenue, would be mere tributaries of their foreign creditors, and they would soon come to recognize that their position was incomparably worse than that of Egypt, where a large part of the national income is expended by the British mortgagees on the development of the country. In the tragical predicament to which our indifference had consigned them, all clear-headed men in South-American republics would come to regard the Monroe Doctrine as a snare and a curse, and would say to its latest formulator what the Ten Tribes said to Rehoboam: "What part have we in David, or what inheritance in the son of Jesse?" They would infinitely prefer annexation to Great Britain over indefinite continuance in their poverty-stricken autonomy, and they would repudiate the notion that they should refrain from seeking such an amelioration of their lot out of regard to the private interests of the United States. We need not say that, if all or many of the Latin-American republics, enlightened and instigated by far-sighted and resolute citizens, should conceive a desire for annexation to the British, or, for that matter, the German, Empire, we should be powerless to resist the consummation of the wish. Nor could we, without frankly avowing that the purpose of the Monroe Doctrine is a purely selfish one, oppose a preference avowed by a majority of a Latin-American nation for the status of a British or German colony over that of merely ostensible independence.

Already it is perfectly clear to intelligent Peruvians that their country would be better off as a British colony than it is to-day, and, were the customs revenue of Peru to be sequestrated for the benefit of foreign creditors, the opinion would quickly be shared by the mass of the population. Order and prosperity have greater charms than anarchy and poverty, and, sooner or later, if we sanction the confiscation of their customs revenue for ordinary debts, many of the Latin-American commonwealths will be tempted to exchange a nominal and barren independence for the invigorating rule of a strong, opulent and progressive country like the United Kingdom. By such a move they would have much to gain; whereas, if the Monroe Doctrine is to be henceforth interpreted as sanctioning the confiscation of customs revenue for the payment of ordinary debts, they could only keep their nominal

autonomy by a sacrifice of the income which is indispensable to their well-being.

V.

Is it not clear, then, that the Monroe Doctrine, whether we construe it by the letter or the spirit, forbids us to tolerate the confiscation of the customs revenue of a Latin-American republic for any purpose except the redress of "grievances" and reparation for "wrongs," it being well understood that the meaning of the words quoted has never comprehended, in the eye of international law, the mere omission to pay ordinary debts. No attempt has ever been made to collect from a strong nation ordinary debts not tainted by *tort* and not acknowledged by a treaty. Of this fact we have had ample proof in the United States. Before the outbreak of our Civil War, the State of Mississippi and the State of Pennsylvania defaulted on their bonds. Considerable quantities of these securities were in the hands of British subjects, but not on that account did the British Government ever dream of extorting payment of the bonds by acts of war. Sydney Smith was one of the bondholders, but he had to pay himself with caustic epigrams coined at our expense. Other British owners of Mississippi and Pennsylvania securities had to content themselves with launching anathemas at all persons and things American. They would have liked, no doubt, to repudiate in their own case the application of the maxim "*caveat emptor*," but no such absurd position was taken by the British Government. When, however, the helpless Khedive of Egypt failed to provide the interest and sinking fund due on bonds held in France and England, the British and French Governments declined to regard their subjects as bound by the maxim "*caveat emptor*," and proceeded to place the Egyptian revenues in the hands of a receiver, the Board of Joint Control, which managed them for the benefit of foreign creditors. The American people have always assumed that the maxim named applies to foreign investors in government securities and in private speculative ventures, so far as our own country is concerned. We have not, indeed, explicitly recognized that our sister American republics are entitled to the benefit of the same maxim, but not for a moment have we supposed that European nations would attempt to follow the Egyptian precedent on this side of the Atlantic. Nor has there ever been, as we have seen, any trace of an official intimation on the part of our Executive

that such a course would be permitted by us until, in his second Annual Message, Mr. Roosevelt announced that European Powers might go to any lengths, short of the permanent occupation of territory, in enforcing the payment of "just obligations" on American republics. Whether the term "just obligations" covers ordinary debts is the very thing which the British-German-Italian alliance has undertaken to find out.

Thus far, not a word of protest has been heard from our State Department against the inclusion of ordinary debts in the claims which are to be guaranteed by the confiscation of a percentage of Venezuela's customs revenue. Apparently, the Roosevelt Administration imagines that it has performed its whole duty to our sister republics and to the United States when it is able to chronicle the assurance received from the Foreign Offices of London, Berlin and Rome, that the allied Powers had no intention of occupying Venezuelan territory. If the American people believe that thereby our State Department has exhausted its duty in the premises, we have written this article in vain. There should be no attempt, however, henceforward, to disguise the truth. Mr. Roosevelt should frankly acknowledge what he means by "just obligations," and face the consequences of the new definition which he has given to the Monroe Doctrine. If he deliberately intends to sanction the confiscation of a part of Venezuela's customs revenue for the payment of ordinary debts, he cannot hereafter refuse to authorize the confiscation of the whole of Argentina's for a similar purpose. Let him, then, confide the whole scope of his intentions to his countrymen without delay. He is not the man to palter and use words in a double sense, when the importance of an unambiguous deliverance is brought home to him. For many Latin-American republics there is no loophole of escape from the fate of Egypt, except through the rigorous application of the maxim "*caveat emptor*" to ordinary debts. If Mr. Roosevelt desires to deprive them of that loophole, let him say so boldly, and appeal to the verdict of his fellow-citizens.

We, personally, doubt whether President Roosevelt inserted the phrase "just obligations" in the second Annual Message from which we have quoted it. We believe that, if he did so, it was through inadvertence, and without a suspicion that the foreign creditors of Venezuela would endeavor so to construe the phrase

as to make it include, not only penalties and reparations for technical "wrongs," but also ordinary debts. We do not believe that, in any of the negotiations between our State Department and the Foreign Offices of London, Berlin and Rome, he has ever deliberately authorized such an interpretation of his words. We do not believe, in fine, that he intended a new definition of the Monroe Doctrine. If such, indeed, was his intent, he is a man too straightforward and unflinching to dissemble it or extenuate it. He will let his countrymen know whether he means, or does not mean, that henceforward, as in the past, the European creditors of the Governments or citizens of Latin-American republics must be governed by the maxim "*caveat emptor*," as regards the collection of ordinary debts.

VI.

We scarcely need say that Latin-Americans prefer the Monroe Doctrine, as originally formulated, to any new version of it that should authorize foreign creditors to sequestrate their customs duties for the payment of ordinary debts. They hold that they would be "oppressed," and that their "destiny" would be materially "controlled," if the customs revenue on which their Governments mainly rely for support could thus be confiscated. Most of them accept the theory propounded by Señor Calvo, that, so far as ordinary debts are concerned, foreign creditors, in the event of a default of payment, should be relegated for their remedy to the courts of the debtor country exclusively, and that an enforcement of payment should not be attempted by diplomatic pressure, much less by acts of war. They argue that, if such a rule as Señor Calvo advocates were made operative everywhere on this side of the Atlantic—it is already operative in the case of the United States, for nobody would try to coerce us—no serious loss would be experienced by foreign creditors. For two reasons. In the first place, foreigners would purchase bonds, or make other investments, in Latin-American countries with their eyes wide open to the risks of the speculation: in the second place, no Latin-American republic, alive to its own permanent interests, would impair its credit by repudiating for itself or for its citizens obligations which it acknowledged to be just, and which it could afford to pay. On the other hand, flagrant swindles, like the Jecker bonds, or the Weil and La Abra claims, would be exposed and denounced in the courts of the debtor country.

It is unquestionably true that, if President Roosevelt should determine that fidelity to the letter and spirit of the Monroe Doctrine would require him to protest against attempts on the part of European Powers to enforce by acts of war upon Latin-American commonwealths the payment of ordinary debts—that is to say, debts accruing, or alleged to have accrued, under absolute freedom of contract—he would feel it to be his duty, as a matter of decorum and consistency, to impose a similar rule upon our State Department. Unfortunately, it is undeniable that the power and influence of our Federal Executive have more than once been employed to extort from our sister American republics the payment, not only of ordinary debts acknowledged to be valid, but also of claims known from the outset to be questionable, and subsequently proved to be fraudulent. All honest Americans deplore the pressure that was at one time brought to bear by our State Department to compel Mexico to acknowledge and pay the notorious Weil and La Abra claims. There is reason to believe that claims, almost equally indefensible, against Hayti and Dominica have at times received diplomatic support from the United States. If we purpose to go into an international court on behalf of our Latin-American friends, and to demand the application of the maxim "*caveat emptor*," we must do so with clean hands. Our State Department must refrain, hereafter, from assisting our native creditors in the collection of ordinary debts from the Governments or citizens of Latin-American Commonwealths. In the case of Latin-American Republics, as in the case of Great Britain, France or Germany, American creditors must content themselves with an appeal to the courts of the debtor country, and then, with a clear conscience, we can insist that European creditors shall be relegated to the same remedy.

This is, as we have said, the logical, the practical and the equitable interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, as it was originally formulated. It remains to be seen whether this construction will commend itself to the good sense, the foresight and the sympathies of the American people.

A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

SANITY IN FICTION.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

In no department of American literature have the dictates of the democratic masses been more absolute than in our fiction. Seventy years ago, there were but a handful of novels in all America. To-day there are millions. We not only consume all that our own busy writers produce, but devour hundreds of others imported from the Old World.

This enormous multiplication of a form of literature once tabooed, is not a matter of chance, a mere surface indication; its implications go deep. In studying recent fiction, the investigator is met by a number of serious questions. Is it about to absorb all other forms of literature? Is it to continue to amuse merely, or is it to become the chief means of instructing our people? Is it to be superseded by some form of drama? And, above all, is it to follow the lead of the newspaper, growing each day more ephemeral, dealing only with the exceptional, the morbid, the criminal?

It is of no avail to assail the proprietor of a newspaper, the manager of a theatre or the publisher of books who responds to the demand for sensationalism; in fact, I even doubt the efficacy of assailing "the public." But a discussion of the subject, a presentation of aims and ideals which are neither sensational nor ephemeral, may be of value to the reader, and may, possibly, influence the young writer, who has been dazzled and perhaps a bit bewildered by the sublimation of the shilling shocker and its amazing vogue.

Herr Nordau, who sins deplorably against his own laws, has nevertheless arrayed so well the charges against the prevalent forms of fiction that I cannot do better than quote him:

"The literature of fiction is an enormous collection of tales of disease. Novels and plays in the highest forms have the same propensity

as the newspapers; they devote themselves to the exceptions and exaggerations. . . . The ordinary peaceful crowds of human beings who are neither specially good nor specially bad, who support themselves honestly and leave a will when they die, and upon whose busy life the sun shines all over the broad earth, these are not the human beings whom fiction portrays. Why is it that all fiction, the naturalistic as well as the rest, devotes itself exclusively to the portrayal of morbid or exceptional cases?"

The chief reason is in the quality of the reader. The democrat of our day is on the lookout for sensations. The circumstances under which he lives ordinarily are so familiar or so distasteful that he fails to perceive their value, their interest. It is the blue distance which enchants and allures. He demands a fiction of the unusual, the far-off, the grandiose, something outside his own life, something to thrill, to excite. This is the general statement, but there are modifications. It is not necessary in all cases that the circumstances and incidents described be unfamiliar, and strange; it is only necessary that they present a contrast, that they arouse emotion. The differences which have sprung up in the social life of the United States are now so broad, so deep, that the keenest delight often arises from the presentation of the scenes of a previous life. The old homestead is now sweetened and made fragrant by contrast with the tumult of our great cities, and yet even in this case the poetry springs from distance. The near at hand remains squalid and prosaic.

There is a still more suggestive fact connected with this thought. It is not always necessary that the scene or people be associated with the past life of the reader, nor that it be strange (though that is true and opens a vast field for the production of the modern novel); for, through the power of a really great writer, the reader may, in a large degree, live the life depicted no matter how remote. In this way, we may acquire the most intimate knowledge of the real life of the Russian peasant, or understand the yeomen in Yorkshire, and, more important still, we may realize the life of our own widely separated States.

But all these are but limitations of certain types of novels; there is a still higher work for the writer, which Whitman calls "teaching the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade," and this Mr. Howells, the first of our realists, has been able to do. He has interested his readers from the start in scenes and characters near at hand. Detaching individuals from the multi-

tudes who pass us unnoticed or without significance, he has by some magic been able to transform them, making them typical and absorbing. They were common before, seen (if at all) at an indifferent angle, they are *uncommon* when transferred to his books, and deeply significant. They were only "average facts" on the street; but in this new light, transformed by the wonderful alchemy of his art and his gracious personality, they have become humorous, beautiful, far-reaching. They are important because they *are* average, standing for vast numbers of others closely related.

Mr. Howells, more than any other of our writers, has demonstrated that a public exists for a sane and wholesome novel. In his development can be traced the broadening scope of our literature, and, above all, its deepening humanity—its altruism. But it still remains true that almost all the fiction of America, and indeed of the world, treats of the morbid, the diseased, rather than the healthy, and has been, for the most part, an exotic, formed upon the reigning models of the Old World and absolutely foreign to our average peaceful life.

Mr. Howells's development has been steady and consistent. "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance" were hardly more than sketches of travel; but each succeeding book broadened in scope, till, in "The Undiscovered Country," he reached the full stature of a novelist. This beautiful story was easily the finest novel of New England life of its time; but, with the publication of "A Modern Instance," Mr. Howells took his place among the wisest and best of the world's novelists. "Silas Lapham" and "Lemuel Barker" followed, dealing as no other novels had dealt with American social life, and Lowell's predictions concerning "that young man Howells" were fulfilled. From that day to this, he has remained a master spirit in our literature, and a study of his methods of appeal and the success he has had, becomes of prime importance in considering the trend of our fiction. He stands for sound workmanship and for the permanent rather than for the ephemeral. He is a man of unswerving ideals, and remains unmoved by the rush along cheap and easy routes to success.

The American public, speaking generally again, was by no construction ready to receive the new fiction of Mr. Howells, but he found sympathizers nevertheless. In every town, small groups of

thoughtful readers welcomed "The Undiscovered Country" and "Silas Lapham," recognizing in them harbingers of greater sanity and wider sympathy in the novel, and around him rapidly rose a group of younger men and women who believed in his theories and found his methods congenial. It would be unjust to call them imitators. It is truer to say that, like the group surrounding Cooper, they found their master to their mind.

As we enter the pages of "A Modern Instance" and "A Woman's Reason," we find ourselves in the modern America, dealing with probable characters in their every-day lives. The women do not lament in blank verse, neither do the men woo in oratorical prose. They are very like people we have known, and the problems they face are as real as those which confront us. As some one has said: "You can go and ring the door-bell where they live." Everything improbable is left out. All distempered moralizing and all impertinent comment are cut away. Whatever is distinctive, particular, of the time and place is preserved. Save in the best of Henry James, no such rigidly artistic restraint in fiction has appeared in America.

If we look a little more closely at this modern novel, represented by "A Modern Instance," we discover that the *probable* is made, throughout, the basis of art. Mr. Howells has departed as widely from old ideals as our modern landscape painters, who no longer concern themselves with hypothetical mountains and symmetrically arranged lights and shades, but paint nature as they see it, putting the *effect* upon the canvas, aiming at no expressed moral. Mr. Howells, in much the same fashion, aims to present life as it appears to him, leaving effect to take care of itself. He never coddles his reader—sometimes I wish he did, so greatly is he misapprehended by people otherwise intelligent.

The conventional novel, for example, has a great liking for types. One man becomes the incarnation of all vice, another embodies all virtue. The heroine is as beautiful as an angel (and as insipid), while her rival has raven locks and a heart of hate. The villain appears in the first chapter crying "S'death!" but the hero always triumphs in the last chapter, and the heroine enters upon a life of uninterrupted and dreadfully monotonous bliss. This is the outline of some millions of the novels read in America, and some thousands that are written here, weak reflections of the tales of a childish age.

Everybody knows that this sort of story is contrary to real life; and that villains of this sort could not keep out of the hands of the police long enough to lay the train of their villainy, much less fire it, and the angelic characters are quite as illogical and tiresome, and yet they multiply, because to the toiler real life has no artistic value. He desires the fantastic, the feudal, the unreal. To such a reader Mr. Howells does not attempt to appeal. He is an artist, not a stump-speaker.

Over against the conventional romance the modern novelist sets his view. Men and women are mixtures of good and evil impulses. No one becomes good or bad all at once; nor do most men love evil for its own sake. Bartly Hubbard did not become depraved and lost to honor at the end of a paragraph, but by degrees, by almost insensible gradations. The villain of the romance is a scarecrow, a relic of the devil in the "Morality Play" of the Middle Ages. Bartly Hubbard and Silas Lapham are men of defective training and bad blood. Like most of us, they have some enemy within the walls who unbars the gates and flings them wide for the entrance of ruin. Jeff Durgin is both admirable and disgusting because of his perfectly human traits.

These are but examples, however, of the subsidiary parts of Mr. Howells's work. It is his avowed design to treat of the average, the commonplace, to celebrate the men and women of his day in America. He aims at being true to his time and place. He is a student of life here and now, and he advocates freedom from masters. His characters are healthy rather than diseased people. He has taught his readers to recognize in some measure at least the significance of the physiologic as over against the pathologic.

Like Whitman, he has no need of themes of feudalism, and in his quiet fashion he is quite as revolutionary. Furthermore, his realism is not the naturalism of Zola. Zola was a writer of the first class, but he was not a realist as Mr. Howells uses the term, for the reason that he treated, not of the average, but of the abnormally developed, the criminal. He dealt too largely with phenomenal cases, with the animal traits of men. This is truth of a certain sort, but it has no kinship with the realism of Howells, and is very far from the ideal of Whitman. Decorum, decency and humor are the characteristics of the average American as Whitman observed him, and these qualities are in every line written by the author of "Silas Lapham."

The majority of men are not libertines or thieves, nor the majority of women conscienceless—even in Paris. In his war upon the romantic school, with their superhuman and ideal characters, Zola swept to the opposite pole. He proceeded upon the supposition that the public could not be interested in average personalities and in decent lives. As a result millions read his books for their brutal plainness of speech, rather than for their tragic breadth and bitter comment.

Not till Howells came did any considerable public in America appreciate the regular, the average, the near at hand. In a very high sense he *is* "the evangel of the commonplace."

It must be inserted at this point that many of our young novelists soon feel Zola's distrust, and fail in their attempt to depict in the realistic manner the life of some special locality, because of their fear of being dull. Whitman once complained to me that the local novel (which I was advocating) was too sensational, too bizarre. The cowboy novel was to him a sort of delirium-tremens novel, because it flowed with liquor and was hazy with the smoke of gunpowder. He asked for a literature of the decent and decorous men of the West. He said, in substance:

"Writers of this type comb together the unusual happenings of thirty years, in order to fill their books with odd or mysterious or picturesque characters. If they see in the paper a most singular account of a miser, or of a man living a double life, or of a man falling dead of heart-disease in a court-room, or of a horrible and mysterious murder, they clip it 'to work into' their novels. 'Are these not real facts?' they say. 'Do they not belong in a realistic study of an American town?' After being sufficiently spiced in this manner, stuffed with such sugar-plums, these novels are sent out as accurate studies of life in Pueblo or Omaha, when, as a matter of fact, they are as false to life as a city newspaper which ignores the law-abiding and quiet citizens, and deals only with the criminal, the abnormal."

I was obliged to admit that there was much truth in his statement. The average American town seldom does enjoy a band of stage robbers as a part of its outfit. All banks do *not* break, nor do all cashiers leave suddenly for Canada. Neither is the average Ohio town populated with burglars and vagrants with mysterious histories, villains who do nothing but spin plots to carry off maidens from their own true loves, nor with excessively hand-

some young heroes who have nothing to do but make love or follow up the villain and imbrue the ground with his life-blood. The moment the structure of these stories is set forth in plain words, it is seen how false, how cheap, they are.

Mr. Howells does not seek for the exceptional. He aims throughout to be true to his horizon and to the locality which he sets out to depict. He is as sane as Whitman, and is possessed of a distinctive humor which the gray old seer lacked. His books are as sunny and normal as those of Poe and Hawthorne are gloomy and fantastic. He takes care to have no more exceptionally good or bad or singular characters than there would be in any social group of citizens similarly situated. And more than this, the whole development of his story is logical. He seeks to verify at each point the positions in which the characters place themselves. He avoids producing colorless types, and is ever calm and observant, being as critical of his heroine as of his villain.

His characters are individuals, not because of abnormal exteriors, but because the author has the sympathetic insight and the quality of expression which enable him to make the most commonplace character an object of art. He discards the "deep and thrilling plot" as unnecessary to his books. His charm is not dependent upon suspense but upon analysis.

Wild-eyed lovers, lunatics and assassins have no place in his stories. He embodies the tranquil, the sunny, the domestic, which are, after all, still the distinctive features of our society.

Few of us commit murder or adultery; we pride ourselves on being pretty decent fellows on the whole. We do not make love in the hysterical fashion of the romance, nor die of a rejection, as certain novelists would have us believe men do. Ungovernable passions visit us but seldom, if at all; and, besides, the deep passions are quiet. Those who rage are soon exhausted.

Men are regular at their meals, even when their wives or children die. The darkly tragic, the murderous, are not the common sort by any means; they were not so even in the past. On the contrary the major part of mankind have lived and died quietly. Love, moreover, does not make up as much of life as romance implies. Most of us are occupied with business or politics by far the larger number of our days, and are lovers only part of the time, though courtship certainly continues to be the sweetest and most sacred experience of every man's life.

If these things are true, and if it is also true that fiction and the drama for the last century have rung the changes on all the abnormal, the hideous, the lascivious, the lunatic and the volcanic in human life, is it not the part of a sane and cultured novelist to take up new themes, dealing with "mental *physiology* instead of mental *pathology*, concerning himself with healthy rather than with diseased persons"? Is it not well to ignore rather than to perpetuate the fiction founded upon other conditions and societies, and so unwholesome to our American youth? Shall we not have a drama and fiction true to modern America?

It is not true that a sane novel lacks readers. Mr. Howells is not neglected. He lives very well and his high position in American letters is no longer in question, and yet he has never swerved in his allegiance to his ideal of what our literature should be. He has not conformed to this or that change in literary fashions, but has gone on steadily in his own way serene and unangered. He is willing to admit that sensation draws a larger audience and pays a larger dividend. But a great and enduring literature cannot be founded in this way. Suppose every writer in America were to turn next year to writing love romances of mediæval France; what an absurd spectacle we would present to the world!

Another and very important feature of Mr. Howells's art is his humorous and analytical study of women and his choice of a great variety of types. This is a most distinctive distinction. Ours is the golden age of women. Our literature not only deals with women—it is addressed to them.

Mr. Howells does not derive his knowledge of the feminine from romantic sources. He is an observer; and what is still more unusual, he is humorously observant even of his heroines!

To quote Nordau again:

"Most of us have obtained our ideas of woman from poetry and fiction; and the poets, in their portrayal of womankind, have not been impelled by an honest spirit of observation, but by an unconscious spirit of gallantry. . . . In our polite literature, woman is not a sober zoological description, but the ideal of some impassioned male imagination. The writer is not delineating, but wooing. When he speaks of woman, he is not an impartial observer but instinctively a suitor for her favor."

Especially is this true of the "heroine," who is usually the most colorless and conventional figure in the poem or the novel, while the old or low-class women are always much more indi-

vidual and lifelike. This was true of Scott, for example, and Dickens, and especially of Cooper—a weakness in which can be traced survivals of the heroic age when fiction had to do with men, chieftains at that; children, women and the thrall entering only in the most incidental way.

During the Middle Ages, the maiden appeared and took a place beside the chief. She represented the ideal woman of the time, as the knight did the ideal man of the time. These lovelorn beings were always young and ravishingly beautiful, and exactly alike (barring some slight, altogether immaterial, differences in "orbs" and "tresses")—they all had "trembling white bosoms," "tender limbs" and "silvery voices"; just as all seasons were spring, and all nights moon-lit and possessing gentle zephyrs and grieving nightingales. They no more represented the women of their day than a circle and three dots represent an individual face, and yet they persist in modified form to this day in certain types of "Lady May" romances.

Manifestly, it would be ridiculous for Mr. Howells to thrust into the reality of Silas Lapham's household, or any of the households which he depicts, the last characterless modification of the beautiful maiden of romance, the vague figure which has floated through every poem and novel for a thousand years. Such wraiths could not exist for a moment on the deck of the "Aroostook" or in the dining-room of "The Lion's Head Inn."

This is of more importance than will at once appear, for the influence of fiction upon feminine character is very great. Girls get their knowledge of the world in large measure from novels, and it is of the utmost importance that their ideas of courtship should be sane and wholesome at least. The women in America read in far greater proportion than the women of other lands, and they read more fiction than the American man; and while their influence on fiction is admitted, fiction unquestionably has a corresponding effect upon them. The humorous exposition of feminine as well as male excesses and follies is likely to have a beneficent influence on the nation's life, by giving comparative ideas of life and love to "the mothers of men."

They certainly receive the most painstaking consideration from both Mr. Howells and Mr. James, many of whose books are most elaborate and serious studies of women, from the girl of nine to the grandmother of ninety, not confined, as were the old novelists,

to those of a marriageable age and of extraordinary beauty. In "The Bostonians," for example, there is the most careful setting forth of a pale, thin, nervous spinster, with "absolutely no figure at all;" and in Mr. Howells's novels physical beauty is seldom insisted upon. The charm of all his women chiefly lies in their unexpected candor, their subtle insight and their abounding and sympathetic understanding of others.

We discover more than variety in character in his novels. In depicting the young and lovely heroine he uses the same self-restraint and employs the same analytic method with which he delineates aged or the "low-class" women. He is not wooing, he is defining. This method does not secure great emotional tension, but it is fraught with great good to the reader. In such a bracing air morbid passions and foolish fancies wither and die.

Here the American realist takes issue with Zola. It is not necessary to deal with a wanton in order to make a realistic study of a woman; witness George Eliot's "Sister Pullet," Howells's "Mrs Lapham" and the lonely spinsters in Miss Wilkins's stories. As Veron said, "we care no longer for gods and heroes, we care for men;" so we may say, we care no longer for goddesses and heroines, we care for women, real, individual, modern women.

One of the most common and one of the most mistaken of all criticism upon the work of Mr. Howells is that which persists in asserting that his women are all alike and without dignity or charm. This view is curiously at variance with the facts. The critic has but to think of "The Lady of the Aroostook," Egeria, Marcia Gaylord, Irene Lapham, Dr. Breen, Olive Halleck, 'Stira Dudley, the Dreyfus girls, Miss Vance, Mrs. Durgin and Mrs. March, to perceive how mistaken he is. This criticism is made, I fear, by those who have read only Mr. Howells's farces.

He does not rhapsodize over his heroines, it is true; he is not a passionate wooer of their favors; but he is always kind, always sweet and manly in his treatment of them. His humor is corrective; it is never bitter. He is interested in all silent heroisms. War and crime, the abnormal, the furious, are left out of his books. He is interested not in what men and women do in times of fire and murder and other exceptional circumstances, but in their quiet sacrifices, their every-day lives, in their calm moments. His love-stories are pure and sane and self-contained; the erotic maniac is not to be found in the very best of his volumes.

All these characteristics give him great distinction over the mob of those who put their trust in incident and in the two grand insanities, lust and war. He appeals to intellect, not to emotion; and, as thought is higher and rarer than brute passion, his audience is narrowed by his exclusion of themes which excite and harrow the nerves. To many readers he is dull and slow. His exquisite English, his rare and delicate humor, his altruism, have all escaped them. He is never "spicy," never panders to a seared palate. Many of his warm personal friends do not like his books, but this does not argue that the books lack art and humor and true feeling; often it means that the author is fresher in perception than his neighbor, sweeter in his sympathies. I am willing to confess, even at the end of this paragraph of praise, that I cannot always follow him; but this is because my life is so much more active, not to say unreflective, than his. He sits above the tumult and his heart is sound and sweet.

There remains a further consideration concerning the question of realism. Mr. Howells in his use of the term does not mean, as many suppose, the reproduction on canvas or in the novel of the scene or character precisely as would be done by photograph. On the contrary, the realist paints the scene as it *appears to him,* and it is this subtle interposition of his personality which makes the painting a work of art, absolute realism being as impossible as it is undesirable.

"There can be no art without selection," and in this selection, in the arrangement of lines and colors, in the "distribution of values," the artist appears. No matter how he may strive for absolute realism, he always adds something from himself. This quality is manifested first in the choice of subject, next in the arrangement of parts, by the importance given to some and withheld from others—unconsciously it may be.

In the choice of subjects it has been shown that Mr. Howells is democratic, modern. More than this, he is sympathetic, because he "knows how it is himself." He sympathizes with the common people not because it is a duty, but because he feels he is one of them. This gives him full license to be humorous, with the same gentle satire one uses when rebuking a friend. He is humorously tender, as Whitman was gravely and fervently tender. This tension, so sane and sweet, is wellnigh unparalleled, and it measures all his angles of vision. He is not above his subjects

but among them, and when he treats of Lemuel Barker and 'Manda Grier he enters their horizon and pleads their cause; he never leaves out their humanity, never depicts them as grotesque or insipid, for they are not so in his eyes. He is never bitter, even when exposing folly; never despairing, notwithstanding he knows so much of the squalor of life.

It is evident that, as all this appears in his writing, he cannot be a mere photographer. He is, indeed, a very great way from giving the average point of view. His art is most discriminating, and his style is of rare beauty and simplicity, and of remarkable pictorial power.

But, some one says, he goes into so many useless particularities. Possibly; but the question is, *are* they useless particulars? If they are, then they are wrong and the art is bad art. But this is the age of the particular and the distinctive, the farthest remove from the literature of the clan and the tribe. In his rebound from the vague and the general in feudal literature, the democratic novelist is apt to go too far in this direction. I sometimes feel this fault in Mr. Howells, especially in his serials—in book form it is less noticeable.

The test is, Do the details help to give individuality and vitality to the picture?

It is not in the scope of this writing to enter farther into detailed study of this great writer. When his volumes are finally bound together, they will present a study thus far unequalled by any delineator of American society. In such a final view it is possible that the apparent lack of large aim, which is now the most pertinent criticism of his stories, will have less cogency. When his plan is all under the eye, it may appear that the present is to be represented, not as the age of colossal personalities, but of high average personality. Suppose Mr. Howells to write ten books of the style and breadth of "Silas Lapham," "Lemuel Barker," "A Modern Instance," "A Hazard of New Fortunes" and "The Kentons." Then imagine yourself looking back upon them at the distance of half a century, from the year 1950—and perhaps much of that which now seems redundant will have taken on striking value.

Perhaps these familiar little touches, these insertions of what people actually do and say, will be read with the most absorbing interest, while large figures like Lapham, Halleck, Hubbard, Dry-

fus, will be great because they are representative of a special class of our people, at the same time that their individuality is predominant. They will stand out vividly against a background of lesser figures coming and going, while around them, like the roar of a great city, the buzzing of vast crowds will be heard.

I do not mean to claim for Mr. Howells any superhuman genius; his humanity is his strong point. I do not wish to be understood as saying that he is the greatest novelist of the age, for all are not agreed as to what constitutes a great novelist; nor that he has reached the further wall of the evolution of his art. But I am willing to be held responsible for this judgment: He is the most American, the most sympathetic, the truest writer in American fiction.

He expresses his age and is inextricably bound up in it. He can never be separated from the air and thought of the present half-century. See what he has done. Reread the delicious "Lady of the Aroostook," the exquisite "Undiscovered Country," the broad and vivid novel, "A Modern Instance." Recall the pathetic and yet humorous account of Lemuel Barker, the pitiless yet sympathetic study of Silas Lapham. See how he has dealt with a great theme in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and again in "The Quality of Mercy." By putting his study upon conditions and scenes having only adult associations, and especially by studying what goes on around him every day, Mr. Howells has given us accurate and broadly varied views of nearly every phase of life which has touched him closely. He has not sought adventure; his themes come as naturally as his words. To some this may seem prosaic and vulgar, but to others it appears to be a great and shining work. His influence has been wholly good.

It is to me a most notable fact, that this man has risen to be our chief literary man, on the strength of some ten or twelve novels wherein his critics may vainly search for a single murder, conflagration, abduction, divorce or pistol-shot. We can safely challenge the world to produce his equal in sanity, sympathy and humorous insight.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

MRS. EDDY'S RELATION TO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY W. D. McCRACKAN.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is a religion of doing. Therefore, let us see what it does.

I suppose there is hardly a reader of this article who does not know of a case in which Christian Science has been tried in the hour of need and proven a help. Some readers, doubtless, know of several such cases. Every Christian Scientist knows of a good number, and there are many Christian Scientists, so that the volume of evidence is a very great one indeed. These cases of cure and comfort cover a multitude of diseases and disabilities, chronic or acute, organic or inorganic, called curable or called incurable by other methods. Every manner of discord and misery, of sin, sickness and sorrow, has yielded to Christian Science. Being far from infallible, Christian Scientists have some failures to record; but the successes already attained during the thirty-odd years that Christian Science practice has been before the world, warrant the hope that results will grow more uniformly good as Christian Scientists progress in spiritual understanding.

The appeal of Christian Science to man is to know God as infinite and omnipotent Good, and to learn to overcome evil with Good.

The first question in the study of Christian Science and the last is, "What is God?" Then the first requirement and the last one is, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

This will suffice to indicate what kind of a plow the Christian Scientist grasps when he cultivates his field. Every forward step in the furrow is a satisfaction. There are also many moments of rest, when the Christian Scientist, raising his eyes, gains a fuller assurance than ever that the sky overhead is blue and that birds are on the wing. With increasing frequency comes the sense of

peace,—"not as the world giveth," but as the Comforter vouchsafes. This is the peace wherein Good is understood to be eternal and indestructible, while all that is unlike Good is revealed as vanishing and fleeting.

This metaphysical or spiritual understanding of God as infinite and omnipotent Good, heals the sick, reforms the sinner, and comforts the sorrowing. Hence, God (Good) is the Principle of Christian Science, and the mental, moral and physical regeneration of mankind is its motive. Take away this Principle and this motive, and there is nothing left of Christian Science. It has never effected a cure without this understanding of God, has never redeemed a slave from bad habits, has never touched a hard heart or melted a self-righteous one without this understanding; and, if the Principle and motive of Christian Science be good, why should the woman who has had the moral courage to place this Christian spiritual idealism squarely before the world and keep it there, incur anyone's displeasure? It must be reckoned among the curious phases of our day, that due recognition is not at once accorded by every one to the work of a woman who is devoting her life to the establishment of peace, good-will, health and holiness upon earth. When this recognition is not readily given, there must be misunderstanding of her discovery and her life motive.

In examining Mark Twain's three articles upon "Christian Science" with the sole object of separating fact from fiction, I believe I can perform a service to the public at large, and earn the kindly appreciation of Mark Twain himself.

We read in Article I.:

"And who are attracted by Christian Science? There is no limit; its field is horizonless; its appeal is as universal as is the appeal of Christianity itself. It appeals to the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the cultured, the ignorant, the gifted, the stupid, the modest, the vain, the wise, the silly, the soldier, the civilian, the hero, the coward, the idler, the worker, the godly, the godless, the freeman, the slave, the adult, the child; *they who are ailing in body or mind, they who have friends that are ailing in body or mind.* To mass it in a phrase, its clientage is the Human Race. Will it march? I think so."

No one will deny that, if Christian Science is to take so prominent a part in the world's progress, it is of the utmost importance that it should be understood and correctly stated, and—what is vital—should not be confounded with systems from which it is

fundamentally distinct. In Division III. of the second article we are told of "the power which a man's imagination has over his body to heal it or to make it sick." The work of one who tries "to heal or help" is likened to that of "the engineer when he handles the throttle and turns on the steam." Several different kinds of "engineers" are enumerated, and then we are told that "the Christian-Scientist engineer drives exactly the same trade as the other engineers." If it is sought to convey the impression that the power used in Christian Science is that of "the imagination," this impression is erroneous. It is the spiritual understanding of God as infinite and omnipotent Good which heals and helps in Christian Science. The power used is not one which both heals and makes sick, which does both good and evil. Whatever others may practice, the Christian Scientist does not attempt to substitute one belief of the imagination for another, but strives to use only that Mind which was also in Christ Jesus, and is productive only of good. When the Pharisees said that Jesus cast out devils by "Beelzebub, the prince of devils," we are told:

"And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand:

"And if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand?

"And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? therefore they shall be your judges.

"But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you."*

Christian Scientists believe that this "kingdom of God," the reality of which was so gloriously demonstrated by the works of Jesus, is an heritage of all the ages, but is being apprehended with renewed power in our own day. They are taught that it is no material kingdom, no locality, but a state of consciousness, for Jesus also said: "The kingdom of God is within you."

Thus Mrs. Eddy defines the kingdom of God, or of heaven, as "the reign of harmony in divine Science; the realm of unerring, eternal, and omnipotent Mind; the atmosphere of Spirit, where Soul is supreme."†

The "imagination" is not the key which unlocks the gates of the kingdom of heaven. Nor can human will-power pick the lock,

* Matthew, 12:25-28.

† "Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures," page 590.

even when educated to the extent of producing the phenomena of mesmerism or hypnotism. On the contrary, it is the surrender of "imagination" in behalf of understanding, and of all human will-power in behalf of God's will, which fits man to discard the fiction of material existence and to understand the facts of spiritual Being, and thus enter into the kingdom of heaven.

The *modus operandi* of Christian Science does not consist of *willing* anybody to do anything; but it *affirms* the Truth concerning God and man and the universe, and thus enables man to take possession of his birthright and inheritance, namely, health, happiness and holiness.

The day has passed when the Gospel or Good-News of Christian Science can be made to pass for a compound of good and evil. It is wholly religious and purely spiritual. The results of compound systems can no longer be laid at the door of Christian Science, as taught by Mrs. Eddy in the Christian Science text-book.

As far as any information contained in the articles under consideration is concerned, no grievance is expressed against Christian Science itself, nor against what are called the "lay members" of the Christian Science church. Indeed, in Article I. the following words of a Baptist clergyman are quoted from the *Christian Science Journal* for October, 1898:

"The average Christian Scientist has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. He does have a victory over fear and care that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian."

These words are followed by the comment:

"What proportion of your earnings or income would you be willing to pay for that frame of mind, year in, year out? It really outvalues any price that can be put upon it. Where can you purchase it, at any outlay of any sort, in any church or out of it, except the Scientist's."

Again, in Article II. we read:

"There is every evidence that the lay members are entirely sincere in their faith, and I think sincerity is always entitled to honor and respect, let the inspiration of the sincerity be what it may."

But if the sincerity of Christian Scientists at large is not questioned, why should that of Mrs. Eddy be challenged, through whom has come to them what they understand of Christian Science?

The bond of love and gratitude between Mrs. Eddy and the

multitudes who have been healed, reformed and comforted by her spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures, grows more secure and real as time goes on. If any individuals, lacking a proper understanding of her teachings, have thought too much of her human personality, they have either long since corrected this fault, or their own overweening sense of personality has been revealed to them as a god to be abandoned.

Mrs. Eddy's life motive springs from her discovery. The two cannot be separated, any more than Christian Scientists can be seduced, by any sophistries, from acknowledging their indebtedness to one whom God has chosen in this age to make known this Good-News to them.

Christian Science is not a revelation in any supernatural sense. It was reached by logical steps consistent with clear reasoning, and is, therefore, strictly scientific in the proper sense of the word. The discoverer of Christian Science investigated and observed many methods before she reached the spiritual understanding of what she denominated Christian Science.

In her autobiography, "Retrospection and Introspection," Mrs. Eddy relates the circumstances surrounding her discovery:

"The discovery came to pass in this way. During twenty years prior to my discovery, I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; and in the latter part of 1866, I gained the scientific certainty that all causation was Mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon.

"My immediate recovery from the effects of an injury caused by an accident, an injury that neither medicine nor surgery could reach, was the falling apple that led me to the discovery how to be well myself, and how to make others so."

After the discovery that divine Spirit had healed her, Mrs. Eddy began her search for the *modus operandi* of this healing. She writes, on page 109 of "Science and Health":

"For three years after my discovery, I sought the solution of this problem of Mind-healing; searched the Scriptures, read little else; kept aloof from society, and devoted time and energies to discovering a positive rule. The search was sweet, calm, and buoyant with hope, not selfish nor depressing. I knew the Principle of all harmonious Mind-action to be God, and that cures were produced, in primitive Christian healing, by holy, uplifting faith; but I must know its Science, and I won my way to absolute conclusions, through divine revelation, reason, and demonstration."

Finally, after the discovery of the healing Principle of Chris-

tian Science, came her application to existing conditions. On page 111 we read:

"I submitted my metaphysical system of treating disease to the broadest practical tests. Since then this system has gradually gained ground, and has proved itself, whenever scientifically employed, to be the most effective curative agent in medical practice."

Thus it will be seen that, in the discovery of Christian Science, first of all, facts were ascertained and a conclusion reached by the inductive process. Then, with this conclusion as a basis, a practical system of mental, moral and physical regeneration was established by deductive reasoning. Thus, the same general process was followed as in all great discoveries mankind has made.

Since her discovery, Mrs. Eddy has been mainly employed in keeping Christian Science pure and undefiled, so that all who sincerely desire its beneficent influence may avail themselves of it. She founded a College wherein it might be taught, and a Church for the practical demonstration of this applied Christianity in healing the sick as well as reforming the sinner. It is possible that, if Mrs. Eddy had encountered no opposition among those who falsely imagined their true interests to be jeopardized by her teachings, and no attempts had been made to pervert and reverse her discovery, such steps might not have been necessary. But, as a matter of fact, there proved to be imperative need for safeguards and authoritative centres of teaching; and, as a result, the Christian Science denomination with its churches, societies, reading rooms and institutes, its Board of Lectureship, Publishing Society, Publication Committee, official weekly, monthly and quarterly periodicals, etc., sprang into existence. Perfection has by no means been reached in using these means to produce the greatest good. I suppose that no one is more fully aware of this than Mrs. Eddy herself; and Christian Scientists with whom I have talked are striving to bring about better results, by spiritualizing their thought so as to be more worthy of their great task. Nevertheless, what has already been accomplished has proven the wisdom of the means chosen, and it is to-day possible to state:

"Beyond the frail premises of human beliefs,—above the loosening grasp of creeds,—the demonstration of Christian Mind-healing stands a revealed and practical Science. It is imperious throughout all ages, as Christ's revelation of Truth, of Life, and of Love, which remains inviolate for every man to understand and practise."*

* "Science and Health," page 98.

I am not unmindful of the services which critics can perform for Christian Scientists in pointing out defects in their organization, and suggesting remedies. But it is evident that, in order to do this intelligently, critics must have actual facts before them. Moreover, it is futile to prophesy about the future of Christian Science, while overlooking its Principle and motive. Otherwise, one might write forever around the subject without touching Christian Science itself.

A foot-note to Article II. reads: "Written in Europe in 1899, and not hitherto published. This explanatory note should have preceded last month's instalment also.—M. T." In Article III. there is a foot-note which reads: "Written A. D. 2902." There are certain disadvantages about treating a present day subject either from four years back or from nine hundred and ninety-nine years ahead, which I feel certain the reader will appreciate. Christian Scientists are taught that the present is the most important of all times, because it is the only time in which one can really live. Besides, a great deal has happened in the Christian Science denomination during the past four years of which account must be taken in treating of the subject to-day. In Article I. the critic writes from somewhere in Europe four years ago: "a lady told me last night" that, in the Christian Science church in Boston, "on one side there was a display of texts from the New Testament, signed with the Saviour's initials 'J. C.' and on the opposite side a display of texts . . . signed with Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy's name in full." In another part of the same article the critic writes: "My lady informant told me that, in a chapel" of the Christian Science church in Boston, "there was a picture or image of Mrs. Eddy, and that before it burns a never-extinguished light."

The following facts may be verified by any one who will take the pains to make a personal investigation: All the texts from the New Testament in the Christian Science Church in Boston are signed with the names of the authors in full. They read:

"God is Love." St. John.

"Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free." Jesus.

"And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick." St. Luke.

"For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Paul.

There are, besides, two texts from the Old Testament:

"Who is so great a God as our God." David.
"God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble." David.

It seems to me that these texts would do credit to any church. There is no picture or image of Mrs. Eddy in that church, nor is there any never-extinguished light burning before such a picture or image. I am informed that these conditions have existed in that church since it was originally fitted up. Moreover, it is not the teaching of Christian Science that "we have no substance, but are fictions and unrealities." If any Christian Scientist believed that four years ago, he or she either knows better to-day, or he or she is no longer a Christian Scientist. It should also be known that, if any lecturer personalized Mrs. Eddy as the "mighty angel" mentioned in Revelation X:1, he misrepresented Mrs. Eddy's own views upon the subject; for, in her interpretation of this verse, to be found on page 558 of the Christian Science text-book, "Science and Health," she writes: "Is this angel, or message, which comes from God, clothed with a cloud, divine Science?" The angel is thus defined as a message, not as a person. Whatever may have been the case four years ago, to-day no member of the Christian Science Board of Lectureship would thus misinterpret the Christian Science text-book. Nor does any accredited Christian Scientist personalize Mrs. Eddy as the "woman clothed with the sun" mentioned in Revelation XII:1, since Mrs. Eddy herself states, on page 561 of the Christian Science text-book: "The woman in the Apocalypse is the vignette, which illustrates as man the spiritual idea of God,—and God and man as the divine Principle and divine idea." The term "man" is here used, according to my understanding, to mean generic man, including both man and woman, and does not apply to any particular person. The symbolism of the Apocalypse, as is generally conceded, needs to be spiritually interpreted, in order to have meaning; and it is not the least of Mrs. Eddy's contributions to the religious teaching of our day that she illumines this symbolism with a meaning for all mankind. It is owing to misrepresentations of Mrs. Eddy's teachings, whether put forth ignorantly or maliciously, that her true relation to Christian Science has been misunderstood in some quarters.

In reply to misrepresentations contained in Article I., she herself has stated, in an article widely published in the press and reprinted in the *Christian Science Sentinel* for January 22nd, under the title of "Judge Ye":

"It is a fact, well understood, that I begged the students who first gave me the endearing appellative 'mother' not to name me thus. But without my consent that word spread like wildfire. I still must think the name is not applicable to me: I stand in relation to this century, as a Christian discoverer, founder, and leader. I regard self-deification as blasphemous; I may be more loved, but I am less lauded, pampered, provided for, and cheered, than others before me—and wherefore? Because Christian Science is not yet popular, and I refuse adulation.

"My first visit to the Mother Church after it was built and dedicated pleased me, and the situation was satisfactory. The dear members wanted to greet me with escort and the ringing of bells, but I declined, and went alone in my carriage to the church, entered it, and knelt in thanks upon the steps of its altar. There the foresplendor of the beginnings of truth fell mysteriously upon my spirit. I believe in one Christ, teach one Christ, know of but one Christ. I believe in but one incarnation, one Mother Mary, and know I am not that one, and never claimed to be. It suffices me to learn the Science of the Scriptures relative to this subject.

"Christian Scientists have no quarrel with Protestants, Catholics, or any other sect. They need to be understood as following the divine Principle—God, Love—and not imagined to be unscientific worshippers of a human being.

"In the aforesaid article, of which I have seen only extracts, Mark Twain's wit was not wasted in certain directions. Christian Science eschews divine rights in human beings. If the individual governed human consciousness, my statement of Christian Science would be disproved, but to understand the spiritual idea is essential to demonstrate Science and its pure monotheism,—one God, one Christ, no idolatry, no human propaganda. Jesus taught and proved that what feeds a few feeds all. His life-work subordinated the material to the spiritual, and he left this legacy of truth to mankind. His metaphysics is not the sport of philosophy, religion, or Science, rather is it the pith and finale of them all.

"I have not the inspiration or aspiration to be a first or second Virgin-Mother—her duplicate, antecedent, or subsequent. What I am remains to be proved by the good I do. We need much humility, wisdom, and love to perform the functions of foreshadowing and foretasting heaven within us. This glory is molten in the furnace of affliction."

This statement is explicit. It dispels all insinuations or implications as to Mrs. Eddy's own views on the subjects therein treated. If she is misrepresented again by would-be detractors

or would-be Christian Scientists, just persons must place the fault where it belongs. Thus, it is a mistake to twist into "worship" the words quoted from the Concord (N. H.) *Independent Statesman* as having been written to Mrs. Eddy: "My prayer daily is to be more spiritual, that I may do more as you would have me do . . . . and may we all love you more and so live it that the world may know that the Christ is come." What more natural than that a student of Christian Science should write thus to the discoverer of Christian Science? "The Christ," as defined in Christian Science, is "the divine manifestation of God, which comes to the flesh, to destroy incarnate error."* The Christ has always existed and comes, at all times, to all who will receive Him.

Mrs. Eddy's views as to the Virgin Mary are more in consonance with those of Catholics than are those of other denominations. The Christian Science text-book states:

> "Jesus was the Virgin's son. In the flesh he was appointed to speak God's word to human flesh, and appear to mortals in such form of humanity as they could understand as well as perceive. Mary's conception of him was spiritual; for only purity could reflect Truth and Love, which were to be incarnate in the good and pure Christ Jesus."†

When all is said and done, Mark Twain's criticisms seem to relate principally to the financial affairs of Mrs. Eddy herself and of the Christian Science denomination. He lays stress upon the fact that payment is made for Christian Science literature. I am told by many persons that the results of free-tract religious movements often prove disappointing alike to giver and recipient. Though Christian Scientists have systematically given away a great many books, periodicals, etc., and are doing so to-day, it is still a question with them whether this method produces satisfactory results. There is much evidence to show that people appreciate more highly that for which they pay than that which is given them, and sincere persons, as a rule, prefer to make some sort of return for what they receive. Mrs. Eddy's books are sold by her publisher in Boston, and his agents elsewhere, to all who may choose to buy them. It is certain that the various religious bodies are, to a great extent, abandoning the distribution of free literature, and now maintain great book concerns, wherein their

* "Science and Health," page 583.
† "Science and Health," page 332.

literature is sold for cash. One great advantage of this system is that the literature is certain to find its way only into the hands of those who really desire it. I have never heard that the various religious denominations have been accused of "adoration of the Dollar," "lust after the Dollar," "ecstasy in the mere thought of the Dollar," because their literature is bought and sold. Why should there be any objection to the sale of Christian Science literature, especially since the basis of all this literature is the spiritual understanding of God, and its motive is the mental, moral and physical regeneration of mankind?

That the business affairs of the Christian Science denomination are on a sound financial footing, is conceded. Is there any fault to find with that? Is it not rather a welcome mark of stability and good faith that this denomination can meet all its liabilities as they grow, can erect its own churches and at its own cost maintain free reading rooms and free lectures, to which the public have access without charge? Is it not a virtue that it needs no fairs, bazars, etc., and that none of its churches are dedicated until paid for? If the Christian Science denomination called upon those who have not had the benefits of its Christian healing to contribute towards its expenses, or if it were in debt and unable to pay its way, the status of its business affairs might be justly criticised, but under present conditions there is no such pretext.

There is no doubt that executive and business skill are needed to manage the affairs of so great and active an organization; but because this management succeeds, is it necessary to call the denomination a "trust," a "bargain counter" or a "factory"?

Now, if Christian Scientists as a body choose to endorse the sale of the Christian Science text-book, as the best possible means of bringing health and happiness to those who are searching for these blessings, and if the author of this text-book thereby receives compensation, which is used in turn in such manner as she deems best for the needs of the denomination, why should any one complain? Mrs. Eddy receives no salary as Pastor-Emeritus of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, nor as recognized leader of the Christian Science movement all over the world. If the income derived from the sale of her books is ample, the list of her constant gifts is a large one too; but is generally known only to those who receive the gifts, or whose business it is to know them. The pamphlet entitled "Christian Science History," pub-

lished in 1899, showed that Mrs. Eddy had expended large sums annually in charities, according to a statement furnished by her bookkeeper and taken *verbatim* from her books. This statement was made necessary by repeated public misrepresentations of Mrs. Eddy's private affairs.

Is there a living writer who has given the world a book from whose teachings a million or more cures have been effected? If there is such a writer, let him come forward and object to the sale of "Science and Health." Let it be clearly understood that no one is forced to take Christian Science treatment, or to buy or sell the Christian Science text-book, to receive instruction in Christian Science or to contribute toward the building or maintenance of any Christian Science church or reading room. If persons do expend money for any of these purposes, they do so of their own free will and in return for benefits received. I have never yet heard any one complain of the price of the Christian Science text-book who really wanted to buy the book; the only complaints come from persons who do not buy the book. It is difficult to understand what grounds for complaint such persons have. But, as a matter of fact, I have heard many persons say that no sum of money could adequately pay for the blessed hope and glorious regeneration which this book had brought them. Moreover, what are the current prices of various text-books on medicine, theology and the numerous physical sciences? Experience proves that they are expensive as a class, and that many of them are needed in order to cover one subject. But the Christian Science text-book covers the whole subject of Christian Science, and is a "Key to the Scriptures." Let any one price the various commentaries, concordances, helps and interpreters in any book store, and they will be found expensive as the term goes, though no one would dream of accusing any publishing firm, Bible House, or denominational book concern which issues them, of being a "trust."

All religious denominations supervise the instruction of their teachers and license their clergymen. They owe this to the public as well as to themselves. Such restraints are justified by general opinion in the case of all denominations. Why should any one consider them as marks of a "trust" when applied by Christian Scientists? The public has already been sufficiently deceived in times past as to what Christian Science is or is not, as to what it does or does not. No one who has the good of Christian Science

or of the public at heart would suggest that unprepared and possibly unscrupulous individuals should be allowed to call themselves teachers of Christian Science.

The same precautions are necessary in regard to Christian Science literature. In order that the public may know that such literature states the teachings of Christian Science correctly, it must be properly accredited by those who know from personal experience what Christian Science is. For this reason, there is a responsible Christian Science Publishing Society. Mrs. Eddy herself derives no income except from the sale of her own books,—which is a privilege no author would wish to deny another,—and a small interest on some of her money.

Christian Science is for all who want Christian Science. Its teachings are already practised by a large number of earnest and intelligent people according to their understanding of its demands. It is true that these teachings are found in a text-book; that somebody wrote this text-book; that this text-book is sold to those who want to buy it; and that, in accordance with customary business methods, it is sold for cash. Is there anything in this condition of affairs which calls for criticism? It would seem sometimes as though certain critics were trying to persuade Mrs. Eddy that she should apologize for having written "Science and Health," and would like Christian Scientists to force their text-book as a free tract even upon those who may not want it.

If "environment," as Mark Twain claims, counts for much in determining the religion of most individuals, it certainly counts least in making Christian Scientists, for it is precisely by coming out of their traditional environments that individuals become Christian Scientists. If they should wait for mere environment to make them Christian Scientists, they might wait a long time without results.

Christian Scientists, as all those know who come in touch with them, are what they are from individual experience. The Christian Science denomination grows as the result of definite, demonstrable mental, moral and physical benefits, accruing to those who come to it for help. Are these results commendable? Are they not most highly to be prized? Have Christian Scientists not the right to organize for the perpetuation of the teachings which have brought so much health and happiness to the world?

The various means used by Christian Scientists for placing the

teachings of their text-book before the world constitute the most efficient charities with which I am acquainted. The object of all true charities, I take it, is to enable people to be of service to their fellow-men and to receive due compensation for such service. According to the statements of those who have made a life work of organized charities, mere almsgiving is found to be a fruitful source of pauperism, and the efforts of modern and up-to-date charitable organizations are being directed more and more, not towards supporting people in idleness, but towards putting them in touch with those who need their services. The teachings of Christian Science tend to remove the various mental, moral and physical disabilities which hinder man from being of service to his fellow men. On the one hand, these teachings overcome the bad habits, the apprehensions and worries which engender poverty; and, on the other, they expose and correct the greed, avarice, sensuality, fear, and lack of a true sense of justice, which cause others to prey upon the poor.

Christian Science emphasizes the fact, taught throughout the Scriptures, that God is the primal source of all supply, and gives a practical application, in every-day life, of Jesus' advice: "But rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

In helping others to escape from the bondage of poverty, Christian Scientists are daily performing a great number of acts of charity which are for the knowledge of giver and recipient alone. It does not occur to them to tabulate these acts and furnish reports of them to the public, nor does the Christian Science denomination issue any bulletin of these acts. It was the advice of Jesus not to sound a trumpet when giving alms. He stated:

"Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

"But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

"That thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly."*

Christian Scientists realize that the need for almsgiving is the acknowledgment of failure to cope with the causes of poverty. They are removing these causes as fast as their spiritual discern-

* Matthew, 6:2, 3, 4.

ment will allow. In the mean time, they do not herald their failures, but are busy preparing for a time when almsgiving will no longer be necessary.

To turn from the picture of Christian Science presented in the three articles under consideration to Christian Science as it really exists, is like turning from an image in a convex mirror to the same image in a straight one. In these articles, the tendency has been to draw out of line the discovery and life motive of Mrs. Eddy, to swell to preposterous proportions the regular business affairs of the Christian Science denomination which she has founded, and to magnify the imperfections, while minimizing the merits, of the methods used for preserving the purity of Christian Science before the world. But every one who knows Mrs. Eddy personally, who has seriously studied her teachings, or received instruction in Christian Science from those who are striving to make its Principle the rule of their daily lives, knows this convex image to be a distortion.

Those who have had financial relations with the Christian Science denomination, the great body of people who attend Christian Science services, visit Christian Science reading rooms, and enjoy the benefits of Christian Science prayer, are fully qualified to judge for themselves concerning the value of what they receive, while the still greater body of those who know Christian Scientists need only turn to the latter for information.

No account seems to be taken in these articles of the magnificent moral courage exhibited by Mrs. Eddy in facing the world, as she has done for many years, as a Christian discoverer, founder and leader. Some credit seems to be given her for organizing and executive ability, but to those who know her that quality is overshadowed by her courage, her patience and her love. She once said that a single case of cure by Christian Science treatment sufficed to reward her for all her labors. There are vast numbers of such cures to-day, but there was a time when this could not be said. Mrs. Eddy has never wavered and never doubted. Judged by her actions and her writings, she has never questioned the validity of her mission to the world, in spite of the suggestions of foe or friend. She has stood undaunted and undismayed, though often misrepresented because misunderstood. Much of the value of her work is still unknown to the world, and will become known only as needed. In her "Miscellaneous Writings" she says:

"I shall not forget the cost of investigating, for this age, the methods and power of error. While the ways, means, and potency of Truth had flowed into my consciousness as easily as dawns the morning light, and shadows flee, the metaphysical mystery of error—its hidden paths, purpose, and fruits—at first defied me. I was saying all the time, 'Come not thou into the secret'—but at length took up the research according to God's command."

In the mean time, Mrs. Eddy's loving relationship to Christian Scientists appears in such words as the following:

"When the heart speaks, however simple the words, its language is always acceptable to those who have hearts.

"I just want to say: I thank you, my dear students, who are at work conscientiously and assiduously, for the good you are doing. I am grateful to you for giving to the sick, relief from pain; for giving joy to the suffering and hope to the disconsolate; for lifting the fallen and strengthening the weak, and encouraging the heart grown faint with hope deferred. We are made glad by the Divine Love which looseth the chains of sickness and sin, opening the prison doors to such as are bound."

Mark Twain need have no fear that Christian Scientists will so deviate from true Christian Science practice as to "worship" Mrs. Eddy, but they recognize clearly the great significance of her discovery, the purity of her motives and the wisdom of her advice. It is their privilege to see that justice is not withheld from her.

W. D. McCRACKAN.

THE NEW NILE RESERVOIR.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD, FORMERLY UNITED STATES DIPLOMATIC AGENT TO EGYPT, AND AUTHOR OF "PRESENT-DAY EGYPT."

"The triumph of practical science, such as irrigation, bearing no relation to the sword or diplomacy, which turns a single acre of desert sand into a productive field, must be a thousandfold more valuable to the world than the victory of arms that merely changes a frontier or deprives a defeated nation of a single foot of soil: it is the victory of peace; it is creation."—*Present-Day Egypt.*

THE African continent has coincidentally been the theatre, during the past four years, of two gigantic enterprises, both of British origin, backed by British credit, and aimed professedly at improvement in the condition of humanity. In one of them the resources of military genius and preponderating strength brought two interior South-African republics under monarchical rule; while the other project, worked out at the first cataract of the Nile by a handful of resourceful engineers, has permanently extended the area of cultivable Egypt by nearly twenty per cent., and great belts of the desert, contiguous to the Nile, will hereafter be forced to surrender their aridity to the production of standard crops that feed mankind.

The military achievement cost an appalling sum in life and treasure; the object lesson in practical expansion a comparatively insignificant amount, to be recouped in a few years by nature's bounty. To my mind, the triumph of the studious engineer is thousands of times greater than that of Field-Marshal and General; but the meed of official praise is given overwhelmingly to the men who wrought with the sword.

In the western world we may have an insufficient understanding of the physical conditions which explain the importance of the

great dam at Assouan, dedicated by the Egyptian Khedive on the 10th of last December.

Egypt being practically rainless, the Nile is perforce the sole medium of fertility; and this river, created by torrential rains in Abyssinia and the overflow of equatorial lakes, and without affluent in Egyptian territory, has a volume which varies with the seasons. For four months the flood rushing seaward is known as High Nile; it inundates hundreds of miles of valley and Delta, enriching the soil in preparation for seeding. Then come eight months of Low Nile, which, were it not for man's forethought, would result in parched fields, and the productive capacity of the country would be reduced to an extent meaning famine. The husbanding of the surplus water of the flood season, and its systematic liberation during the burning summer months, secure prosperity; for, wherever the fertilizing water can be directed, the desert sands are deprived of their aridity, and blossom into vegetation rich enough to tax credulity.

As a vocation, the pursuit of agriculture in Egypt is fraught with conditions that may well appear strange to the farmer in America or Europe, where water falls providentially from the clouds. Along the Nile, water must be lifted from the river or canals, every drop of it, and ingeniously inducted to every foot of soil under crops; none comes by gravitation. The elevation varies from fifteen to twenty-five feet, and is accomplished mainly by manual labor operating shadoofs—really the primitive pole-and-bucket system. Those who farm in a biggish way, comprehending industrial economies, employ animal-driven chains of buckets; and landed proprietors of financial resources employ steam-pumps to irrigate their fields. Ten or fifteen years ago, practically all irrigation was effected by manual or animal labor.

As soon as his crops are sown, the Egyptian becomes an irrigationist for a period of nearly a hundred days. If unprogressive enough to retain his shadoofs, he has to figure on a workman for each acre under summer crops; and, to saturate this acre once, the fellah must raise nearly four hundred tons of water; and this same acre must be fertilized in that way four or five times in a season. The labor required for irrigating is computed at $10 per acre. The sakieh-farmer, using chains of buckets, accomplishes it for less; the capitalist owning modern pumps for half as much. It is a conservative statement that one-half the male population of Egypt,

in summer, is employed in water-hoisting. But the shadoof is doomed: it is being crowded out by labor-saving inventions.

The Egyptian husbandman has some advantages over his brethren in other climes, however. He never heard of frost, and he encounters neither trust nor labor organization. He may not know what the price of grain, cane, or cotton will be at a future date; but he can compute to a nicety what his crop will measure, and what it will cost him. He gathers two crops a year from the same piece of land, and sometimes three. If his sons and relatives are insufficient for his requirements, for from two to three piastres (ten to fifteen cents) a day he can employ a steady, reliable laborer, willing to wait for his wages until the crop is marketed.

The desert is illimitable, and the water supply can be made almost inexhaustible. Consequently, the irrigation engineer in Egypt has long had before him definite factors, which, if practically conjoined, meant certain and golden results. The old barrage near Cairo, made in Mehemet Ali's time by French engineers, and reconstructed under the British régime later, saved the country from bankruptcy by developing a cotton crop worth fifty million dollars a year; and minor upstream storage basins brought into being crops of sugar and cereals greatly in excess of the Egyptians' wants. It is estimated that the Cairo barrage (at the apex of the Delta) has drawn ten million dollars annually into the national treasury in land taxes for close upon a generation.

The British administration of the Land of the Pharaohs being a business proposition, it had no hesitation in committing to its engineers the task of providing facilities for storing Nile water on a stupendous scale, compelling the great river to pay tribute to agriculture rather than to waste its virtue in the Mediterranean Sea, knowing that the pregnant soil could in a few years be made to defray the cost of any reservoir that man could construct.

The engineers had considerations of every sort to weigh—professional, natural, fiscal—before determining the site for the great reservoir. They came to the conclusion that Assouan, with its bed of syenite granite—the identical lode that furnished the obelisks—beneath the river, and with the favorable conformation of the surrounding country, offered advantages equalled by no other location. Nature had there been lavish in providing hills of solid rock on either bank that will stand the ravages of the elements as long as the world lasts.

A situation thirty miles south of Assouan, at Kalabsheh, was discussed; but there the massive dam would have to rest on a foundation of crumbly sandstone. The Silsila Gate site, fifty miles north of Assouan, was rejected for the same reason, and incidentally because the recently-excavated ruins of Kom-Ombos temple would be destroyed. The re-discovery by an American scholar, Mr. Cope Whitehouse, of the desert depression sixty odd miles southwest of Cairo, known in Bible times as Lake Moeris, was likewise not availed of.

It has long been my opinion that Mr. Whitehouse's project, used in conjunction with the Bahr Youssef canal, had much to commend it; but the law of gravity would confine its sphere of usefulness to the Fayoum province and to the Delta—the latter being already, in all probability, the richest soil on the face of the earth. Mr. Whitehouse claims legal rights in his discovery. When the augmented Egypt shall have "caught up" with the new conditions which must result from the Assouan reservoir, it may naturally be expected that the officials of the Department of Public Works will cast about for storage places between Assiout and Cairo. The possibility of utilizing the Whitehouse plan may then be considered, for perennial irrigation on a large scale is part of the obvious programme of those who control Egyptian affairs.

Probably, the cardinal recommendation of the Assouan site was, that its location on the natural and political frontier, where Egypt joins Nubia, admitted of the fertilizing of the entire length of the Nile valley in Egypt, approximately seven hundred miles.

It may be prophesied that the Assouan reservoir is but one of a series which will in time be constructed southward to Berber, Khartoum, and possibly the Victoria Nyanza itself; the re-establishment of Egyptian authority at Khartoum makes this possible. If so, the Soudan provinces may become important grain producers. But the population of the Soudan must first be recruited and schooled in the handling of labor-saving implements.

As a daring readjustment of nature's surface, the building of the Assouan dam, imprisoning in Nubia a body of water perhaps a hundred and forty miles long, crossing the Tropic of Cancer, and reaching southward nearly to Korosko, was a project outranking anything hitherto attempted by engineering skill; and, as a building scheme, it would have been worthy of a Rameses.

Pyramids and temples have borne testimony, through unnum-

bered centuries, to the power of execution which formerly dwelt in the valley of the Nile. But the rearing of the Assouan dam,—since it is to minister to the world's necessities, rather than to man's vanity,—is a greater work than the erection of all the Pyramids at Ghizeh. To create a lake having possibly three times the superficial area of Lake Geneva in Switzerland, and to provide the means of controlling it with scientific precision, so that the harnessed flood might be turned into distant channels at will, was a comprehensive undertaking. But the representatives of the Department of Public Works claim that their plans have been carried out to the letter. They computed the water that would be held in bondage, and estimated the resistance which would have to be provided at every point of the masonry. In Cairo, the mathematicians of the Ministry of Finance claim to know the sum that should come into the public treasury from taxation through the country's augmented productiveness.

At Assouan, the Nile is 330 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. From Assouan north to Cairo, the fall is a trifle under five inches in the mile, and from Cairo to the sea about an inch to the mile. It has been computed that at present more than half of the Nile, with its precious sediment from Abyssinia, pours into the Mediterranean—in other words, water and soil enough to create many Egypts are permitted to run to waste.

The Assouan dam was practically the suggestion of Mr. W. Willcocks, the modest but hard-working Director-General of Egyptian Reservoirs, who has been rewarded with British knighthood, although the natural adaptability of the location had for fifty years been discussed by other engineers. When the Cairo administration found itself prepared to begin operations, Sir Benjamin Baker, conspicuous in British engineering undertakings, especially the Manchester canal, was invited to become chief-engineer of the Assouan project, to work in concert with Sir William Garstin, Under-Secretary of Public Works.

The chief-engineer went further than the study of plans and figures in Cairo, for he found a group of London capitalists, headed by Sir Ernest Cassel, willing to finance the scheme from inception to completion, the Egyptian government not being called upon to pay anything until the dam was completed.

Sir John Aird, M.P., and his subordinate contractors presented at the outset what looked like a moderate programme—namely,

to proceed immediately with the work and receive later in the neighborhood of $800,000 a year for thirty years, presumably aggregating about $25,000,000. The credit was a long one certainly; and the ability of Egypt to make such a favorable contract, by which she apparently took little risk, and is to pay away each year but a part of the sum the reservoir brings to her exchequer, proves the enviable position of her credit. The transaction may further be taken as an earnest of Great Britain's intention to retain indefinitely her control of the country of the Nile.

In an official report by Earl Cromer, the British Diplomatic Agent in Egypt, it has been stated that the actual cost of the Assouan dam is about $12,500,000, and that it will increase the earning power of Egypt fully $13,000,000 annually—in other words, that it will pay for itself every twelvemonth. The reservoir will permit the additional irrigation of 1,600,000 acres, Lord Cromer writes, and it is estimated that it will bring additional revenue to the Egyptian government, in the shape of taxes, of $1,900,000 per year, and indirectly even more. The cost of the dam was about ten per cent. in excess of the estimate. When the builders went below the river's bed, seeking a solid foundation for the enormous structure, they encountered unsubstantial rock where imperishable granite had been looked for. This made it necessary to dig forty feet deeper in places than had been intended.

The contract was signed just five years ago this month, and the date fixed for the completion of the work was July 1st, 1903; but the low summer levels, especially in 1900, were so favorable that unexpected progress was made by Sir John Aird & Sons, and the dam was completed before the advent of the flood last December, practically a year before the specified contract time.

The dam is straight from end to end, and a mile and a quarter long; its thickness at its deepest part is eighty-two feet, tapering to twenty-three feet at the top, which is finished as a roadway. The height from the lowest part of the foundation to the coping is 131 feet. The maximum "head" of the impounded water will be sixty-five feet, and, when the dam is full, the volume of water is calculated at 234,300,000,000 gallons—practically, a billion tons. In years of ordinary Nile conditions, the storage will be completed in March, and the vitalizing liquid will be liberated during May, June, and July; then, for several months, when the valley of the Nile will continue athirst, the sluices will be kept

open to their widest capacity, that the remaining flow of the river may not be checked. The Assouan structure differs in several respects from any great dam hitherto built. In the first place, no dam for impounding water has ever been made on any river approaching the size of the Nile; and, in the second place, it is both dam and waterway, a combination exceedingly difficult to effect. The released water, coming always from the bottom of the reservoir, will carry the enriching "red" precipitation that has been swept by the current all the way from Abyssinia. To confine Father Nile in floodtime would be hopeless, for the flow may amount to 15,000 tons of water a second. The dam has 180 sluice openings, mostly twenty-three feet high by six feet six inches wide. Where the gates are subject to abnormal pressure they are hung on rollers admitting of easy and certain raising. The masonry is of local granite, set in Portland cement mortar, the interior being of rubble, set by hand, with about forty per cent. of the bulk in cement mortar, mixed four parts of sand to one of cement. The surface work of the huge structure is of coursed rock-faced ashlar, but sluice-linings and locks are finely dressed.

During construction, there was great need at times for completing a section before the coming of High Nile, and it is recorded that at one point as much as 3,600 tons of masonry were put in place in a single day. Every facility for expeditious work was utilized, including lines of railway from quarries to the spot where blocks of stone were deposited by steam cranes. Ten thousand natives were employed in certain months, and a thousand or more European stone-cutters, mostly Italians and Greeks, were kept constantly at work.

While formerly navigation at Assouan was feasible only at High Nile, and then with great difficulty, it is now perennial; for on the west flank of the dam a navigation "ladder" of four locks, each 260 feet long by 32 feet wide, is in successful operation. Hitherto, trans-shipment of passengers and goods at the first cataract has been obligatory throughout a greater part of the year. The steamer or dahabieh of the tourist may now proceed, uninterrupted by rock barriers, from Cairo to Wady Halfa.

Subordinate to the great dam, a smaller one, in character like the barrage at the apex of the Delta, has been built at Assiout, 250 miles south of Cairo. Its function is to give sufficient "head"

to the river to force the water into the irrigation canals that vein hundreds of thousands of acres north of Assiout. This new aid to agriculture is constructed of stone, whereas the Delta barrage is of brick. Its total length is just over a half-mile—2750 feet; and it has a set of navigation locks, and 111 arched sluices for regulating the flood discharge. Experts estimate that this Assiout barrage, in conjunction with the Ibramieh canal, whose intake is immediately above, will bring 300,000 acres under cultivation, and immeasurably enhance the fertility of the Fayoum province.

I may quote from a description, penned by Sir Benjamin Baker, illustrative of obstacles encountered on the Assiout work:

"The piers and arches are founded upon a platform of masonry 87 feet wide and 10 feet thick, protected up and down by a continuous and impermeable line of cast iron grooved and tongued sheet piling, with cemented joints. This piling extends into the sand bed of the river to a depth of 23 feet below the upper surface of the floor, and thus cuts off the water and prevents the undermining action which caused so much trouble and expense in the case of the Delta barrage. The height of the roadway above the floor is 41 feet, and the length of the piers up and down stream 51 feet. The river bed is protected against erosion for a width of 67 feet up stream by stone pitching, with clay puddle underneath to check infiltration, and down stream for a similar width by stone pitching, with an inverted filter-bed underneath, so that any springs which may arise from the head of water above the sluices shall not carry sand with them from underneath the pitching. . . .

. . . . "It is easy enough to construct dams and barrages on paper; but wherever water is concerned the real difficulty and interest is in the practical execution of the works, for water never sleeps, but day and night is stealthily seeking to defeat your plans."

The Egypt of the map contains more than four hundred thousand square miles, an expanse seven times as great as the New England States collectively; but the practical Egypt—that which produces crops and sustains life—is considerably less than the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut united. This ribbon-like strip of alluvial land bordering the Nile, a very few miles wide on either bank, with the Delta included, measures not more than ten thousand five hundred square miles.

To state with exactitude what will be the expansion realized by the two Nile dams finished last year, is impossible. Not only will the alluvial area be enormously enlarged, but, augmented irrigation provided, the area now under tillage will be rendered more productive. The benefits contemplated are not to be realized

at once. But I deem it within the bounds of reason to record the belief that the *effect,* by 1908, of the recent adjuncts to irrigation in the Nile valley will be equal to the addition to the cultivable area which I call "practical Egypt" of fully twenty per cent., extravagant as that estimate may be regarded; in other words, that an area equal to that of Rhode Island will be added to the figurative area of Massachusetts and Connecticut employed in this article for the purpose of ready comprehension.

This will be expansion in its truest sense. As an object lesson, it should have no more interested observers than in the United States, where the irrigation engineer is succeeding the railway builder as a developer of the western and southwestern domain.

The agricultural industry that will be chiefly benefited by the Assouan dam and the tributary barrage at Assiout is cane-culture. The Nile cane is of such exceptional quality that much European capital has of late years been invested in its cultivation, while crushing-factories have gone up on the river's banks as if by magic. A vast amount of French and British capital found investment in sugar enterprises in Upper Egypt during the years when the Cuban crop was curtailed by strife and political uncertainties. The peasant farmer in Upper Egypt has become a capitalist in a small way through the "boom" in cane-raising. Egyptian cane is prized as the peer of all canes in saccharine productivity, and experts have long held that the valley of the Nile presented to an unparalleled degree climatic and economical advantages for sugar-raising.

Aided by nature in producing a staple commodity of superior quality, at a cost somewhat under that of production in most other countries, it is obvious that augmented irrigation facilities mean a rapidly increasing output of raw sugar, and it would not be surprising if the crop were trebled in the coming five years. It is rarely taken into account, when comparing Egyptian sugar with that of Asiatic and Malaysian countries, that the former—shipped always from Alexandria—reaches European ports at about the cost for carriage that sugar from the Far East pays as Suez Canal toll. Sugar has long been Egypt's crop of second importance. Statisticians must hereafter take the Egyptian crop into account when dealing with the world's production.

Since the American Civil War it has been bred in the bone of Englishmen to want to render Lancashire spindles independent of

United States cotton fields. The wish finds frequent expression at meetings of British manufacturers, and the underlying object of the recently incorporated Manchester Society for the Encouragement of Cotton Growing in the Colonies is readily discernible. France, too, has just formed a similar association, "in consequence of the increasing menace of American competition, which, if unchecked, will become a monopoly," its prospectus stated. English and French journals feelingly described the official completion of the Assouan dam as a gigantic step toward freeing Europe from the thraldom of American cotton.

As a fact, cotton culture will receive comparatively little impetus from the augmented irrigation facilities in Egypt, and the area of the crop will probably never extend much beyond the present limits of the Delta. Some immediate increase of territory devoted to the fibre is inevitable, but it is my judgment that a crop of a million 750-pound bales (equal to a million and a half American bales) is the maximum output to be looked for for several years to come.

Every rose has its thorn; and by the time the new Assouan reservoir is full, say in March or April, I predict that we shall hear much, through the English and Continental press, of the desecration of Philæ, for the flooding of the island—a half-mile south of the dam—seems inevitable. Hundreds of tourists are certain to be shocked when they discover the island awash, its structures rising without meaning from a mirroring lake; and they will pour out their angry indignation forthwith through "letters" to favorite newspapers at home. Thus, Philæ is certain to be a world-topic this spring.

Reluctance or fear of injuring the architectural treasures of Philæ compelled the British administration of Egypt to hesitate for years about damming the Nile at the first cataract, and I always believed that the real purpose of the international commission to consider Nile sites was to obtain outside certification that the Assouan location was pre-eminent, and that the æsthetic must yield to the utilitarian. Probably no English engineer ever seriously thought of building a dam at any other point. When the subject was mooted eight years ago, and the fact published that Philæ was threatened, meetings were held by learned societies everywhere to protest against possible desecration, and memorials poured in upon the Egyptian government from antiquarians,

Egyptologists, archæologists, and literary people, praying that Philæ should be undisturbed. The late Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, did not hesitate to say that "any tampering with Philæ would be a lasting blot on the British occupation of Egypt." A torrent of newspaper invective was hurled at Britain's rule of the Nile, in which the word "vandalism" was frequently used.

"Why threaten to destroy one of the world's most priceless gems, in order that European holders of Egyptian bonds might be more certain of their interest?" was the universal inquiry. "What is a useless temple," retorted the engineers, "in comparison with a work involving the welfare of millions of human beings?"

To pacify public opinion, a modified scheme was prepared, calling for the present dam, two-thirds as high as first proposed, but which, its authors confessed, would cause the foundations of "Pharaoh's Bed" and the pylons and pavilion to be submerged for a few months in the year. It is open to suspicion that the zealous engineers understated the extent of the submergence; and it would not be surprising if the dam were found to be a trifle higher than the elevation that was going to establish a mean between the æsthetic and utilitarian.

Read between the lines, this quotation from a document published by the chief engineer of the Assouan enterprise should be sufficient to prepare the world for disquieting news from Philæ:

"When the reservoir is full, the island of Philæ will in places be slightly flooded. As the temples are founded partly on loose silt and sand, the saturation of the hitherto dry soil would cause settlements, and no doubt injury to the ruins. To obviate this risk, all the important parts, including the well-known Kiosk or 'Pharaoh's Bed,' have been either carried on steel girders or underpinned down to rock, or, failing that, to the present saturation level. It need hardly be said that, having regard to the shattered condition of the columns and entablatures, the friability of the stone, and the running sand foundation, the process of underpinning was an exceptionally difficult and dangerous task."

FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD.

OUR ACTUAL NAVAL STRENGTH.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL GEO. W. MELVILLE, ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

In the early spring of 1898, when war seemed inevitable between Spain and the United States, many naval experts of Continental Europe compared the relative fighting strength of the fleets that could be assembled by the prospective foes. It was apparently shown by graphic charts and official reports that the two navies were practically equal in strength, and the general prediction was made that, while the Americans might eventually be victorious, a conflict would greatly imperil the commercial prosperity, maritime development and financial standing of the United States. The naval outcome of that war falsified all such anticipations. The error of the forecast was due to the fact that armor and armament were used as the only bases of comparison, when in truth the weapon and the shield were merely two of many factors that constitute actual naval strength.

If naval strength were dependent only on the relative number of guns and the amount of armor possessed by naval Powers, then supremacy on the sea could be secured in a fraction of the time now required. Relative naval strength would be simply proportional to relative national wealth. Navies would be bought rather than created, and Admiralty officials would be ever on the lookout to purchase the fighting-ships of financially embarrassed Powers.

It is, of course, important that the war-ship should possess an efficient and reliable weapon, and it is also necessary to provide armor which, without being cumbersome, will yet resist the attack of the gun. But naval strength is something more than a few hundred guns mounted on well-protected platforms. It is helplessly dependent upon the auxiliaries that the fleet requires; and supremacy on the sea can only be secured by that nation

which is rich in natural, manufacturing, and material resources, and whose people possess or can acquire the sea habit.

Cost of Maintaining Naval Auxiliaries.—The fact that the battle-ship in itself does not constitute naval strength may be evidenced by significant circumstances. In maintaining dominion of the sea, Great Britain has invested from three to four times as much money in naval auxiliaries as in battle-ships. These auxiliaries include training-ships, torpedo-boats, supply-vessels, cruisers, arsenals, docks, and naval stations, as well as countless incidentals that are necessary to supplement or to support the vessels of the battle-line. It is the strength of the support back of the battle-ships that causes the experts of England at the present time to be very indifferent as to any projected alliance of naval Continental Powers.

A forcible illustration of the indirect expense involved in maintaining a military establishment was afforded in the case of the Egyptian campaign of twenty years ago, when a high official of the British War Office declared that it cost a guinea a day to keep each of the soldiers of Sir Garnet Wolseley in the field, though the pay of each private was only a guinea a month. The man on the firing line on that march up the Nile was an important personage; but it took men and money to keep him there, and to maintain for him communication with the base of operations.

Another way of bringing home the truth of the indirect cost, and immense auxiliary organization, requisite to maintain a military-naval establishment, is by recalling the fact that the Spanish-American war cost over a million dollars a day for over a year after the conflict commenced, although in less than three months from the time of the declaration of that war the Spanish fleets, in both Asiatic and North-American waters, had been destroyed or captured, and all open resistance upon the part of the Spanish troops had ceased in Cuba and the Philippines. Probably not one-fifth of the men who volunteered for service in that war had the privilege of reaching even the skirmish-line.

The ships that reach the battle-line, or the troops that are called upon for actual fighting purposes, comprise but a small portion of the forces that must be assembled in time of war.

An Approved Type of Battle-ship Not Yet Developed.—Then again the design of the war-ship is yet in a state of development. Less than three months ago, an order was given by the British

Admiralty to break up for junk the battle-ship "Inflexible," a vessel which twenty years ago represented the highest type of naval architecture. The "Inflexible" was a battle-ship which possessed citadels, thus attempting to mass guns and armor at the ends of the vessel, an incarnation of the battery installation of the fighting-ships of several hundred years ago. The first steel cruiser of the American Navy was placed in commission less than fifteen years ago, and yet one of these vessels, the "Philadelphia," is about being fitted up as a permanent receiving-ship, the vessel being unsuitable for naval purposes. The gun-platform is thus a factor of variable value, if the experts of to-day will consign to the scrap-heap a vessel that less than two decades ago repsented one of the highest types of naval development. We are even told that a second-class battle-ship, or one of 9,000 tons, is now the proper one to build. If such contention is true, what is the military value of the 15,000-ton ships that have been constructed during the past five years by practically all the leading naval Powers?

Our Isolation and Geographical Position.—Probably one of the greatest indirect factors in giving us naval strength is our isolation. Only a few years ago, a Board of British Admirals reported that it would require three battle-ships upon the part of England to match two French vessels of like character, if a blockade of the French coast should be attempted. The British experts maintained that it would be necessary to give the blockading squadron this increased strength, because the French vessels within the harbors would have the support of the coast batteries, as well as the protection of the torpedo-mines planted in the channel approaches. The blockaded fleet would likewise have the opportunity to seek battle at will. The foreign ships, on the other hand, in being compelled to maintain an effective blockade, would be dependent upon auxiliaries for coal, ammunition, and supplies. If such an extra show of naval strength would be requisite upon the part of England for operation against a Power whose coast is almost within sight of her own, it is reasonable to presume that every European Power would require a fleet at least double the strength that we possess to operate against our shores. It is true that fortified harbors of other Powers exist to the north of the Maine coast, and to the southward of Porto Rico. Such ports might be used as bases of operation; but the modern fleet requires

a bay rather than a harbor for a suitable rendezvous, and thus there are limitations as to the military and strategic possibilities of the bases held by foreign Powers in North-American waters.

Insuperable Difficulty of Blockading our Coast.—The disadvantages under which a blockading fleet would labor, compared with the advantages which the fleet within the harbor would possess, can hardly be over-estimated. The blockading fleet would have but few reliefs to take the place of the sick and exhausted. All repairs to machinery or to the gun-gear would have to be made by the blockading force, instead of by shops on shore. A properly designed and well-equipped repair-ship could render effective service to the blockading squadron; but, as the Admiralty officials of many countries have not learned to appreciate fully the importance and necessity of such a vessel, there are practically none available for the purpose.

The home fleet could call upon thousands of available laborers to coal the ships, while this vexatious and distressing work would have to be done by the overworked men of the blockading squadron, and then the coaling task of the foreign fleet would have to be performed by the men under strain of their liability to be called to the guns even during the evolution. The invading fleet would have to batten down hatches at the approach of a gale, and the close atmosphere of the lower deck would make it impossible for the crews to secure needful rest.

It would not be long before the blockading fleet, in the presence of an aggressive foe, would be greatly weakened if not forced to disperse, for it is certain that competent and spirited commanders would take the blockaded ships out of harbor when there was a fighting chance for victory. The engineering weakness of the modern battle-ship for blockading purposes will be made manifest to the naval world if some nation ever attempts to operate against our principal Atlantic ports. One can hardly conceive how greatly our naval strength has thus been indirectly increased by reason of our isolation from those countries which aspire to naval supremacy.

Our Coal Resources.—The events of the past ten months have shown the country how easily a coal famine may be caused. Probably but few naval experts, outside those whose special function it is to give consideration to the question, realize the difficulty of insuring an adequate coal supply. In the Navy it is certainly

true that Coal is King, and probably in industrial affairs the expression more nearly represents a proverb. Coal is a very bulky article, and not only a large number of cars, but extensive piers and expensive machinery, are required to handle it rapidly and cheaply. There is a great disinclination upon the part of railroad officials, by reason of the time, trouble and expense which must be incurred, to increase the facilities for transporting and handling coal, and this accounts for the shortage of cars, for the lack of storage facilities, and for the constantly recurring possibility of a fuel famine.

"Coal, or the want of it, is the life or death of a fleet," and England is the only naval Power in the world that is on equality with America as regards the possession of an adequate supply of fuel of good steaming quality.

Probably the most impressive way of showing our military advantage as regards securing coal is to state, in the words of the Secretary of the Navy, that: "At present the Navy is obtaining the best domestic coal, at a cost of about $2.50 per ton at the tide-water outlets of the mines." Of the 300,000 tons that were purchased within the United States for naval purposes, the average cost per ton, including transportation, was only $5.26.

On the Pacific coast, where good coal is scarce, and where it must be transported long distances, the cost is nearly twice as great as on the Atlantic coast. The Standard Oil Company, however, is now building a pipe line which will convey crude petroleum from the California oil-fields to the Bay of San Francisco, and this fuel should eventually be delivered at the principal California ports at a price that will be as low as that of the best quality of coal that can be bought on the Atlantic seaboard. The Liquid Fuel Board of the Navy has shown that an installation of oil-burning appliances can be quickly fitted to marine boilers, and while there may be serious disadvantages connected with the installation of oil-burners on war-ships for distant service, such devices might be of inestimable military advantage if the war-ships were only required for defensive purposes.

In time of war it will not be sufficient to get some kind of coal, for that nation will be at a disadvantage which does not secure the best quality. In the China-Japan war, the latter country, though possessing immense beds of fuel within a few hundred miles of the Chinese coast, purchased all the Cardiff coal that

could be procured from ship or shore. In measuring our naval strength, therefore, with that of any other naval Power for work in the West Indies, our superiority from the coal standpoint can be regarded as an important factor.

Our Adequate Food Supply.—While our coal resources will inure to our military advantage, our food supply will likewise be a factor that must be taken into consideration in measuring naval strength. It is said that the land under cultivation in England one hundred years ago could feed over ten million people, while at present the yield would not support more than five million. As England receives from Russia about one-half as much grain as she receives from the United States, it is not surprising that there are experts in Great Britain who are more concerned about her food-supply in time of war than about any alliance that could be formed by Continental Powers.

With each succeeding year the sailor becomes a more highly trained and sensitive creature, and he must now receive a ration that was not enjoyed even by the Captains of the old-time frigates. The bewhiskered sailor, with bow legs, who was content with "salt horse," scouse, hard-tack, and grog, is now only found on a few brigs, barques, and schooners, and thus the food requirements of Nelson's sailors were extremely modest compared to the wants of the modern man-of-war's-man.

It has been said that Cervera's sailors were not impressed by our marksmanship, since "our fleet at Santiago accomplished what it did with less than four per cent. of hits," and yet "our Navy at that time had the reputation of having the best gunners in the world." It was our Navy ration which most astonished them; for it was after the Spaniards were received as prisoners that they learned that the same quality of dressed beef which was furnished the leading restaurants of our cities was being issued daily to the enlisted naval force. Fresh vegetables were also supplied to the blockading ships, and even fruit was brought from Hayti and Jamaica. On the hospital ship, aërated waters were bottled. Practically every ship on the blockading line had an ice-plant. Milk, chocolate, tea, and coffee were served as beverages, and some of the commissaries even sold pies and cakes. It has been unappreciated modesty which has prevented the officers of the Pay Corps from making known in its fulness the great work done by the Paymaster in all naval wars. Particu-

larly is the nation unacquainted with the work done by the Paymasters during the Spanish-American war. The sailors that can be rationed as our men were by the Paymasters of the Manila and Santiago fleets will be capable of work that cannot be secured from those whose food is either inadequate or of poor quality.

While it may not be necessary for us to concern ourselves about maintaining a food supply for either the fighting forces or for our people in time of war, there are other Powers which must give consideration to these questions. Our actual and relative naval strength is thus greatly increased by our superiority in this respect over any possible foe that would attempt to meet us on our own coast or in the West Indies.

The Ship-building Yard an Essential Auxiliary.—As the ship-building yard constitutes another element of naval strength, Great Britain is the only country that is superior to us in this respect. We have now twelve establishments which are ready to undertake contracts for the building of battle-ships and armored cruisers. We have two armor-plants whose owners will increase their output of manufacture to any extent demanded by the Government, provided some reasonable assurance is given that such corporations can expect a fair profit upon capital invested. We possess two establishments which will guarantee to make forgings of any size and quality that can be manufactured anywhere in the world. Any demand that the Government might make for steel castings could also be promptly met. There is nothing that enters into the construction of a battle-ship, whether it be attached to the hull, installed in the turret, or fitted in the engine and boiler rooms, whose crude product is not either found in one of our States or Territories, or procurable from a port that could not be captured or controlled by a possible enemy. The armor-plant, gun-foundry, forge, powder-factory, and the structural steel-mill are positive elements in determining naval strength.

Speed in war-ship-construction and rapidity in effecting naval repairs are thus important attributes of naval strength. With our skill and resources, we ought to build a ship as rapidly as our British cousins. The more ship-building plants this country possesses, the greater will be the speed construction of war-ships, for commercial rivalry will compel corporations to keep their plants up to the highest standard, and to secure tools requisite for hastening work. It might be incidentally stated that our ship-building

plants have got to make arrangements whereby they can contract for guns and armor as well as for engine and hull. The ship-builders of Great Britain have a great advantage over us, for several of them will contract for the ships complete, including hull, engines, armor, armament, and even coal and ammunition.

Our Transportation Facilities.—If there is one particular advantage that we possess over our commercial rivals, it is in the economy and rapidity with which we are able to handle materials. In cranes, derricks, and conveyors we are probably in the front rank. In methods of transportation, such strides have been made that "we have changed the conditions affecting the ore and coal-carrying trade, and as a result there has been made possible, by our superiority in handling the material, the lowest freight rates and the most rapid transportation in the world." When we shall meet a strong foe, it will then be found how great a military advantage we possess by our transportation facilities, since it will permit all parts of the country to contribute quickly to the defence of our coast and to the support of the Navy.

Naval Value of National Intelligence and Skill.—In all probability the military-naval value of the men of the nation is directly proportionate to their commercial worth. There are, however, thousands of men now serving on board our war-ships, who, in time of war, would of course be more valuable than the untrained recruit, no matter what station of life the latter might come from, but this will not affect the general rule. The sailor of the future must be resourceful and observing, and there is hardly a commercial attribute of substantial value necessary to a man in civil life that could not be used in some degree to advantage on ship-board. It is because intelligence and skill are of military value that a brigade of British troops dispersed the hordes of Arabi Pasha in Egypt; that a single legion of soldiers of the French Republic can keep in subjection the warlike tribes of Cochin-China; that a division of a German army corps has obtained the mastery over a million Chinamen in the Kaiser's colonial possessions near Shantung Promontory; that a comparatively few Russians dominate the Mongols of Manchuria; that fifty thousand American troops have established peace in the Philippines; and that the small band of allied troops made the masterly march from Taku to Pekin, in defiance of practically the entire Imperial army of Pechili.

Neither the hordes of Arabi, nor the natives of any country that have attempted to thwart European aggression, fear death; for, inspired by the example of their leaders, they rush time and again up to the muzzle of machine-guns. No one can meet death more stoically than a Chinaman, so that the superiority of the trained and educated soldier does not rest in his courage. It is simply because the ignorant natives are crushed in spirit and are unable to develop their latent industrial powers that they are apparently so helpless against European troops. Once cultivate the commercial and mechanical instincts of any people, and educate them to the possibilities that are within them, and you arouse their military spirit and capabilities.

Our Army of Technological Students.—It is also going to count for naval strength that there are one hundred thousand students in this country now pursuing, at least in part, a mechanical or technical course of instruction. As the institutions are in some cases thousands of miles apart, it is impossible that the instruction of all should be of a routine character, and thus much original research and investigation is being conducted. The training that is given in many of these schools can be utilized in time of war, at least in part, for naval purposes.

The short experience of the Spanish-American war showed how quickly this material could be moulded into shape for military needs. As there are on board some war-ships over one hundred different hydraulic, pneumatic, steam or electric motors, the Navy will be benefited by having the different technological schools study and investigate the appliances used on board ship.

The engineering publications issued by the War and Navy Departments are sought by the technical schools of the country, and this is substantial evidence that naval and military needs and requirements are being considered by eminent engineers and technical educators outside of the service. Our future naval strength will be vastly increased by the interest taken in the construction and operation of a war-ship by the faculty and students of the scientific schools.

The Habit of the Sea.—Then again, only a portion of the nations who aspire to sea-power can acquire the habit of the sea. This habit of the sea is an indefinable attribute that will count for much in taking an inventory of naval strength. It is something more in a modern navy than ability to exist contentedly

under sea conditions. It means, at the present day, decision of character, readiness of resource, powers of endurance, and the adaptability which renders it easy to make the ocean the home of one's adoption. Since the power of the fleet depends not alone upon the efficiency of the battle-ship, but likewise upon innumerable kinds of fleet auxiliaries, it is essential that men of different kinds of sea-training should be secured. The modern war-ship can only be efficiently manned by a crew possessing mechanical ability, who at the same time have the sea-habit. But seamen with different training are needed on the other ships; and, therefore, when war comes, the Navy must draw upon the fishermen and whalers of New England, the oyster-men of the Chesapeake, the sponge-divers of Florida, the sealers of Puget Sound, and the army of seafaring persons who are found at the maritime ports. When our coastwise trade is taken into consideration, our commerce rates close to that of England; and thus tens of thousands of young men are now acquiring the sea-habit.

It is a conservative opinion that, by reason of our great extent of coast, as well by the fact that so many of our citizens are employed in sea-going occupations, we are on an equality with any other naval Power as regards the prevalence among our people of the habit of the sea.

Our Material Wealth.—It should be well understood that the richer a country grows, the more bitter becomes the envy and jealousy of the less fortunate nations that were rivals for supremacy. It, therefore, becomes necessary for a nation, when it accumulates wealth, to take effective means for retaining and protecting its resources. The annual expenditures for the maintenance of an adequate Navy are best represented as an insurance premium for peace. This expenditure, like the payment on an endowment policy of an individual, should be regarded in the nature of a saving rather than a tax. If such expenditure is regularly made, the fact will be appreciated by foreign Powers that a successful conflict with a nation endowed with the resources possessed by the United States, might necessitate the expenditure upon their part of billions rather than hundreds of millions of dollars.

Those nations which are most likely to engage us in war may in part be held in check by the reflection that we might transmute some of our gold into guns, silver into shot, and produce into

powder for the equipment of allies who are their traditional and logical enemies. Our material wealth thus may be more potent than our fleet of battle-ships, under certain circumstances, in giving us peace.

War is now a business rather than an art or science, and the only nations that can indulge in this Satanic employment and expect victory are those which possess a long purse. It is, therefore, highly probable that in the next foreign war more than one Captain of Industry will be consulted, even in regard to the movement of fleets. The man who can shorten the time of supplying ammunition or stores, expedite transportation of material, hasten repairs to battle-ships, increase the speed construction of war vessels, extend the output of armor, improve the range and endurance of the gun, and insure an adequate powder and coal supply, whether or not he wears a uniform, is a military factor that will count in the next conflict.

Direful Consequences of Modern War.—War is not only a business, but it is one of the most cruel nature. General Sherman tersely said, "War is Hell." In these days, when there is a merger of great financial, manufacturing and transportation interests, and the whole tendency of the times seems towards consolidation, there is an absence of pity and sympathy for the individual. The man who is crushed by an alliance of strong factors is rather regarded as one who is not abreast of the times, and who could not adapt himself to existing conditions. Equally little consideration will be paid any nation that cannot hold its own in the race for trade or territorial expansion. The same fate that awaited the Boers will come to any vanquished nation that has exhausted its resources in waging war with a Power that seeks its territory or trade.

While we may believe that we were quite lenient in the demands that we made upon Spain, it is certain that the Spaniards themselves must think quite differently, as they review the loss of Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines. There is hardly a German who does not think that too little indemnity was demanded of France by the Treaty of Versailles, and yet the world at that time stood aghast at the terms exacted. If we get into another foreign war, it will either cause a check to the wealth, influence, and maritime development of this Republic, or it will drive from the Western Continent, and possibly from certain portions of Asia,

the trade as well as the flag of the country that provokes us to battle. When giants contend for supremacy they fight to a finish, and in future wars the great Powers, upon entering war, must be prepared to stake their all. The realization of this truth has been no inconsiderable factor in maintaining a truce between nations that are possibly natural enemies.

Our Military Strength.—Intimately associated with naval strength are the great powers and resources that could be supplied by the Army. The defence that could be made by shore fortifications ought best to be told by some one connected with the military branch. It is certain that, despite the combined work of both Army and Navy, an enemy might find it as easy a matter to land as to disembark a contingent of troops. Through carelessness, or by some mistake upon our part, a few hostile troops might effect a landing; but, once they landed, few would ever get home. The same thing might be said of battle-ships. While we may not be able to prevent hostile vessels from reaching our coast, it is highly probable that we would prevent many from returning to their home base.

Our Actual Strength Fully Comprehended by Those High in Authority.—It is fortunate for the good of every navy, as well as for the peace of the world, that those in executive control of affairs fully realize that other resources than fleets of battle-ships and large standing armies are requisite to wage a modern war. And it has been through some wise dispensation of Providence that modern navies have been developed along lines that make them exceedingly weak for distant operations.

The performance of the "Oregon" may be cited to disprove the general truth of the statement as to the weakness of the modern battle-ship for distant service. But the work of that vessel in reaching the Cuban coast in a high state of efficiency after her long journey from Puget Sound was phenomenal, and will seldom, if ever, be repeated by a battle-ship. It was absolutely an engineering triumph to reach the battle-line in the condition in which she did, and the engineering world, if not the naval experts will measure the performance of that part of her work from this standpoint.

The magnificent work of the "Oregon" will stand for a long time as a spur and incentive rather than as a precedent that can be expected of other battle-ships. The repairs effected at the Navy

Yards shortly after the battle of Santiago, upon the other battle-ships that were in that fight, will better tell of the average condition of affairs that will result on board a modern battle-ship when operating even a short distance from a home base. It is, therefore, possible for practically every nation to put up a strong defence, and thus the Powers that provoke a conflict will generally be compelled to force operations, and one need not have prophetic talents to foresee that nearly every victory under such circumstances would be a small remove from defeat.

It was because President Cleveland, with that military genius which seems to inspire some civil administrators in times of great emergency, clearly saw that the eventual outcome of a possible contest would favor that country which could remain longest on the battle-line, that he gave the world a great surprise in his Venezuelan message. With that broadness of mind, and with that fearlessness of consequences in the discharge of plain duty which characterized his official actions, he gave every possible foe to understand that the military strength of America was not evidenced alone by the number of our battle-ships. And it was because he knew that threatened dangers could not become actualities that he made this statement:

"Firm in my conviction that, while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization, and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice, and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness. . . . In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibilities incurred, and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow."

He thoroughly understood that the contest would not be altogether between guns, but possibly between resources. Probably he had also in mind, in measuring consequences, the remark of General Sherman, who stated that the difference between himself and General Grant rested in the fact that in planning battle, he (General Sherman) could more clearly see the losses that would be suffered by himself, while the man of Appomatox looked for the injury that would be inflicted upon his foe.

It was likewise, probably, a clear and comprehensive knowledge

of our immense military strength in North-American waters, and of the inability of the fleet of any nation to do effective and continuous work in distant waters against any nation with a good-sized navy, combined with that great love and tenderness of heart which he possessed, that prompted President McKinley to appeal so long and earnestly to Spain to discontinue an administrative policy in Cuba, whose prolongation would inevitably lead to war. But the time having come when only a call to arms could decide the questions at issue, there was a confidence in our Chief Executive as to the outcome that was reflected in that message to Congress wherein he said:

"The position of Spain being thus made known and the demands of the United States being denied, with a complete rupture of intercourse, by the act of Spain, I have been constrained, in exercise of the power and authority conferred upon me by joint resolution to proclaim, under date of April 22, 1898, a blockade of certain ports of the north coast of Cuba. . . .

"In view of the measures so taken, and with a view to the adoption of such other measures as may be necessary to enable me to carry out the expressed will of the Congress of the United States in the premises, I now recommend to your honorable body the adoption of a joint resolution declaring that a state of war exists between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain; and I urge speedy action thereon, to the end that the definition of the international status of the United States with the belligerent Power may be made known and the assertion of all its rights and the maintenance of all its duties in the conduct of a public war may be assured."

The events of the past two months show that the President has had no apprehension of trouble, either from a single nation or with any combination of Powers whose community of interests may prompt them for a time to work in accord. In his Annual Message to the Fifty-seventh Congress, President Roosevelt gave expression to his belief in our powers of defence, and his assurance of continued peace, by declaring:

"There is not a cloud on the horizon at present. There seems not the slightest chance of trouble with a foreign Power. We most earnestly hope that this state of things may continue, and the way to insure its continuance is to provide for a thoroughly efficient Navy."

The Navy is thus a guarantee for peace, but if we possessed battle-ships alone, without the agricultural, mineral, manufacturing, and material resources that are at the command of this nation,

then we should soon be at the mercy of those who are looking for colonial and commercial extension.

An Adequate and Efficient Navy, A Factor For Peace.—In thus briefly recalling the auxiliary attributes of naval strength, there has been no desire or purpose to lead any one to the belief that we should not continue to provide for a stronger Navy, both as regards personnel and material.

We need an efficient service, of such strength that it could hold its own, at least near our own coast, with any fleet that could be assembled even by a combination of Powers. And yet, to effect this purpose, we need not possess the largest navy, for the modern battle-ship has so many engineering weaknesses that the actual force that could be brought here, even by a league of foreign Powers, would be only a fraction of the strength that some experts believe could be assembled.

Either by reason of our material wealth, force of circumstances, or manifest destiny, we have become a World Power. The Navy is the best instrument that can be used for the extension of trade, protection of commerce, securing justice to those weaker nations of this continent who are helpless to resist stronger Powers, and even for the preservation of that honor and self-respect which are essential to keep alive the spirit of liberty.

The Navy should be the glory of our great people, and its size should be commensurate with the character and extent of the interests that it may be called upon to defend. There need be but little fear that for many years it can be too large. It is a service that a Dictator has never been able to bring to his support.

The Parable of the Talents can be well applied to the Navy. The Master, who in this case is the people, will receive a return from the naval service directly proportional to the size of the talents which have been given for its creation, maintenance and operation.

It has made for the peace of the world that the navies of the several leading Powers are powerful shields of defence, but uncertain weapons for distant work, and thus a conflict between great fleets can only be expected between Powers whose possessions are not distant from one another.

GEO. W. MELVILLE.

LEGAL PENALTIES AND PUBLIC OPINION.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

We labor all our lives to make what is outside of us correspond with what is inside of us—to adapt our environment to ourselves and ourselves to our environment, reciprocally; and the successful and happy man is he who most nearly accomplishes this end. If my coat does not fit me, I have it altered; if my house does not suit me, I rent another, or build one, if I have the means. Some persons wear their hair banged, others brushed back, to accord with some obscure temperamental bias. Napoleon the Third used to train his mustache into points; William of Germany forces his to assume the form of the outspread wings of the national eagle; in a word, spirit controls matter more or less, and the further civilization advances, the more complete may we expect this control to become.

But, while matter is thus growing more and more docile, our legal statutes, which belong not to the physical but to the spiritual plane, manifest a singular obduracy and lack of willingness to adjust themselves to the changing views of ethics and morals which are characteristic of our age. A law—a human law—is not a house, or a mountain, or a suit of clothes, it is merely the statement, in mandatory form, by competent authority, of what is considered to be right, with adequate penalties for disobedience. But as time goes on, and knowledge enlarges, our ideas of what is right, and of what is competent authority, alter. Do the laws alter sympathetically? One would suppose that they would; but they do not; and it is really easier to throw a bridge across the Hudson, or to dig away a mountain, than to expunge from the statute books an established law. It is not so much the laws themselves that hurt us, in this altered state of our views, as the

penalties which they decree; but, of course, a law with no penalty behind it would not be, practically, a law at all.

With natural or divine laws, no one quarrels. We recognize their equity and inevitableness, and their penalties are inherent in them. If I take poison, I am ill; if I lie, I shall by-and-by lose all credit among my neighbors. Human laws are not of this order. They are man-made, and therefore arbitrary. If they are comparatively just and intelligent, thus approximating to divine or natural laws, we hear very little about them; they are accepted as formulas to promote the transaction of business and the adjustment of human relations. Such laws may be cumbersome in wording or operation; but, until the community has been trained up to a level of humanity and light where each individual's knowledge and desire for right are sufficient for the end in view, they cannot be dispensed with. Our criminal law, however, does not stand on the same ground as our other law, because its penalties involve the liberty or life of the criminal. It is here that public opinion or sentiment begins to appear as having advanced beyond the stage of our development in which our criminal laws were enacted.

We are beginning to question, in short, whether the community has the right to inflict physical punishment upon any of its members. The lightest punishment inflicted under legal sanction is the fine; which is in fact a form of imprisonment, since taking away a man's money restricts him, in a greater or less degree, in his freedom to carry out his desires in the world around him. Actual imprisonment in a gaol inhibits his will and action altogether, so long as the imprisonment lasts. But it has also a contingent effect, in that it forces him to associate with other imprisoned persons, whose influence upon his mind and morals may be injurious. Therefore, a man committed to gaol is likely to emerge at the end of his term a worse man than he was when he began it. This result is not contemplated by the statute; but it occurs, because a prison necessarily herds together its occupants, and cannot control their mutual association together according to their respective degrees of criminality. Evil communications, which corrupt good manners, make bad manners still more corrupt. The ideal form of imprisonment would be that which imprisoned each culprit individually, subjecting him meanwhile to influences morally hygienic. It would involve, in other words,

restraining him, for a term, from doing further overt mischief, while subjecting him to good and elevating associations; but this would imply a devotion on the part of the community to its erring members which is still regarded as Utopian. We have got far beyond an illogical attitude in treating physical diseases; we remove the patient from all hurtful conditions, we give him fresh air, and clean bedding and clothing, and we render the instruments with which we operate upon him immaculate with antiseptic appliances. Medicine, imperfect though it still is, does often cure its patients; criminal imprisonment does so very rarely, if at all. And yet no one would deny that the moral health of the community is more important than its bodily vigor, if the choice between the two had to be made.

As regards crime, the main distinction between divine and human laws is, that the former operate upon the criminal subjectively, attacking his conscience, or, if that be callous, progressively degrading him in the moral sphere; whereas the latter operates upon him from the outside, objectively, with the assumption, at best, that physical suffering may induce him to attempt moral improvement. Human law is also obliged, unlike divine law, to ignore in a great measure the question of motives, temptations, and individual circumstances and conditions; it can take effective cognizance only of the act itself. Obviously, a separate law could not be framed for each individual culprit. And yet strict justice would demand nothing less than that. For, plainly, the overt act is of subordinate significance if we take the individual's point of view, and not (as we do) that of the injured community only. The thing of prime significance is the moral responsibility of the culprit in any given case. Some men, for one or another cause, are distinctly and undeniably less able to resist temptations than others; and, in strict justice, they should not undergo for their acts the same severity of penalty which is inflicted upon those who, knowing better, and better able to restrain themselves, yet commit crime. Of course, as we have before remarked, it is not the attitude of the prohibiting law itself which is of practical moment, nearly so much as the penalty which accompanies its breaking. In point of fact, the law against crime punishes, every day, with the same penalties, culprits of widely varying degrees of guilt—"guilt" being moral responsibility for evil acts committed. Such is legal justice; but is it just?

Imprisonment, however, as a legal penalty, is of secondary importance; what is of first importance, relatively to our present inquiry, is the legal penalty of death. For imprisonment may be revoked; in most cases it is, at any rate, not final; the man gets out at last, and has another chance, small though it may be. The community has injured him, perhaps—has done him some injustice; but the injury or injustice is not necessarily irrevocable. But if the law kill a man, there is no redress, no possibility of making good; that has been taken away from the man which can never be restored to him, and which he received from another than a human or legal source. In meddling with life, we are meddling with a mystery which we do not understand nor can control; and we are doing something whose ultimate effects we cannot calculate. Men, it is to be assumed, are put into this world by their Creator to work out their destinies in this world; it is not designed by Him that they should be cut short in their careers, however evil they may be, by any mortal act or decree. While there is life, there may always be a chance of improvement in the individual; or, at any rate, there is a possibility that his life and example—even his evil life and his evil example—may be of some use in its effect upon others; and we must assume that if he be allowed to finish the natural term of his existence here, he will be in a more favorable situation as regards his career in the other world than he would be if his life here were arbitrarily cut short.

It may seem to us, no doubt, that the injury which his continued existence threatens to the community is more to be considered than any injury or injustice which the legal act of the community may inflict upon him; and that the greatest good of the greatest number is the thing to be looked to. But this is a mere inference or hypothesis on our part; we can never adduce any proof of it. For the law and the community both assume that the man has an immortal soul. What becomes of the immortal soul of an executed murderer? Nobody can tell. All we know is that his body is no more; and, as we suppose that his evil acts can be rendered effective only through his body, we infer that we are, at any rate, freed from any further danger from him. But are we? Is it not true that the evil which men do lives after them? Does not the legal execution of a criminal concentrate public attention upon him and upon his crime?

And are there not innumerable morbid minds more apt to derive corruption from dwelling upon the latter than good from reflecting upon his punishment? There is an old superstition that murderers haunt the scenes of their crimes after their own death; is it not reasonable, rather than superstitious, to suppose that their evil spiritual influence may haunt the minds of those similarly predisposed, and influence them to commit the crime which, otherwise, they might have had strength to avoid?

Let us take an illustration from contemporary facts. There have of late been many lynchings of negroes for the crime of assault. These lynchings are inflicted, avowedly, for the purpose of terrorizing other negroes from committing the same offence. But experience has shown this remedy to be more than ineffective; indeed, the crime of assault by negroes has constantly increased in those neighborhoods where the lynchings have taken place. The bodies of the offending negroes have been destroyed; but not their souls—not the evil impulse which used their bodies as a helpless instrument. The real criminal has not been killed, but he has been set free, with his evil propensities unaltered. Can these evil propensities act upon us after the death of the bodies through which they were carried out? Is there no influence possible from the spiritual upon the material world except through the medium of a living body? That is a question to which no one is competent to reply; but there are many grounds for believing that such an influence may be possible. And if it be possible, then our executions, whether by law or by lynch law, so far from relieving the community from dangers, may be in truth accumulating in potent form precisely the source of mischief which they are ignorantly trying to dissipate.

I say nothing of the direct evil and brutalizing effect upon a community of lynchings and torturings; or even of the similar, though lighter, effects of regular legal executions. But we remember, a few generations ago, when men could be executed for a dozen or a score of crimes, instead of for one only, as now, the communities were much more brutal than they now are. So, even if it be conceded that we have a right to subordinate the consideration of the individual's best welfare to that of the community, we are yet far from having proved that legal executions do, in fact, conduce to the community's welfare. Reason and experience are united in indicating that they are hostile to the

welfare of the community; and few persons, at this day, will maintain that they can do the executed persons any good. If we adopt a certain measure, in itself of questionable propriety, to gain a desired end, we ought at least to be sure that the measure will accomplish that end, instead of the very opposite. We should be assured that, instead of accomplishing a right by means of a wrong, we are not accomplishing a worse wrong by it.

The fact that arguments against the infliction of capital punishment are anything but a novelty does not imply that they are of small weight, but just the opposite of that. They have weight because they are familiar; they are in everybody's mouth. They are in everybody's mouth, because they embody the awakened and elevated sense of the community. But if they represent the sense of the community, ought they not to be recognized and acted upon by our criminal law? For if our criminal law does not stand for what we, the makers of the law, think and believe on that subject, what does it stand for?

Why, then, is the criminal law not altered to correspond with our present convictions? That question is readily answered. Although human law, abstractly regarded, does no doubt belong to the mental or spiritual sphere, concretely regarded it is much complicated with material conditions. It is a vast organism, inter-related in all its parts, written down, codified, and printed in books. From these books it is studied and committed to memory by generation after generation of lawyers; former applications of it are quoted to affect decisions under it in the present. In order to repeal such laws, acts of legislature must be passed; but legislatures, fearing censure from constituents, or indifferent to their wishes, or ignorant of these wishes, are slow to make such enactments; and the reform is constantly postponed. Even were we all agreed upon the point at issue, and—what is more difficult—were we aware of our own agreement, it would still be a labor of time, expense and trouble to make the desired changes.

Such are the obstacles; nevertheless, in spite of them, changes have been made in our laws, all of them favoring greater gentleness and humanity in the way of legal penalties. Murder, as we have noted, is the only crime now punishable with death. The so-called Blue Laws have not been formally repealed, but we have so thoroughly outgrown them that repeal is not considered neces-

sary. The Blue Laws, however, had reference to matters of comparatively trifling moment; but the law against murder is not in that category; we feel that to change that would be a really momentous reform. That law cannot be simply ignored, like the others. To repeal or alter it would, we feel, be a great enterprise, involving new definitions of what is right and wrong, and of prescribing proper penalties for wrong-doing, not only as regards murder, but as to other crimes. And from this enterprise we shrink. At all events, we shrink from removing the death penalty for the crime of murder, though we do not scruple to declare in private that it might expediently be removed, because our view of the inner nature of the problem of moral responsibility has been modified. The consequence is that the community is killing men, while at the same time it is disapproving, unofficially, of capital executions. The disadvantages of this situation are manifest.

There was a time, when the community was more ignorant and brutal than it now is, when executions did, perhaps, comparatively little harm. But that time is passed. And if executions were not edifying even when they were supposed to be just, much less are they edifying when they are believed to be unjust. But we are come to a pass even worse than this; for, though the law of capital punishment still stands on the books, yet the law is aware of the tide of public opinion setting against its infliction; and, though this tide has not as yet availed to secure a formal repeal of that law, it has materially modified the regularity and certainty of its infliction. And to pretend to execute criminal law, and at the same time to seek all pretexts for not executing it, is almost or quite as demoralizing to the community as would be the resolute carrying out of the law, knowing it to be wrong.

The written law for the execution of murderers being at odds with the unwritten sense of the community on the subject, what happens? We still arraign the criminal, and put him through his trial; and if his guilt be proved, we convict him. Do we then proceed at once to kill him? If we, as represented in the law, had the courage of our opinions, we would do so. But the law, because it is conscious of no longer reflecting public opinion, is very slow and reluctant to do so. The law has trained up a body of lawyers for the express purpose, it would almost seem, not of interpreting the law with a view to its being carried out, but to paralyze its action, to pick holes in its decisions, and in all possi-

ble ways to delay its penalties. Law is constantly becoming a more complicated study, no doubt, and precedents can be quoted in various senses, and perhaps the acumen which detects technical flaws has been sharpened by practice; but, after all legitimate allowances have been made, there remains in the procedure of our courts a great deal which might justly be termed license. And this license, be it observed, is uniformly exercised on the side of the criminal. Not content with wearing threadbare the legal maxim that an accused person must be considered innocent until proved guilty, counsel for the defence will not admit him guilty even then, and they never show so much activity on behalf of their client as after the verdict of condemnation has been rendered. Then begins the real work of getting him free. A stay is sought from other judges, and some other judge is always found who will grant it. Appeals are taken; new trials are obtained; if all else fails, the governor is besought for a pardon, and all manner of political, social and other pressure is brought to bear. Meanwhile, the condemned murderer sits in his death cell, anxious no doubt, but far from being hopeless. He feels that the very community which he is supposed to have injured is eager for his pardon or ultimate acquittal, and that the law which condemned him is hardly less eager to find some pretext, no matter how thin, for making a legal loophole through which he may crawl. It does sometimes happen that he is executed after all; but instances will be recalled by every one in which notorious criminals have finally escaped. The man in the street will say of these: "He was guilty all right; but he's had two or three years in gaol; he's been punished enough." Does not this sort of thing breed a disregard for law much greater than had the statute been repealed? The man in the street does not discriminate finely, but assumes that, the law against murderers having proved impotent, the law about other acts will be found lax also.

In a typical murder trial, who is the most unpopular person in the court-room. Not the murderer in the dock, but the People's attorney who is trying to secure his conviction! The criminal committed his murder some time ago, and popular animosity against him has subsided; but the prosecutor stands before us visibly seeking the blood of a fellow creature. The flowers and the sympathy of the audience all go to the dock; the scowls and hisses are reserved for the lawyer for the People. The reason

obviously is not that the audience loves murder or murderers, but that it no longer approves of the legal method of punishing murderers, and is glad to witness its failure. In other words, the audience triumphs not over real justice miscarrying, but over the defeat of an injustice which is only legally just. We are formally in the wrong, but actually we are in the right. But to be against the execution of the laws, and yet to be morally right, is next door to anarchy; and the only remedy is to repeal the law.

But though the community does not approve of executions, it does not, either, wish the murderer to go scot-free, or not to be tried and convicted for his crime. We are willing that some penalty should be inflicted upon him; only it must be one with which we are in sympathy. We are not yet so "advanced" as to be ready to leave the murderer to his own conscience entirely; but we do not wish him to be killed, and we are not even quite sure that we wish to have him imprisoned for life, or for twenty years. There is, indeed, a strong minority of us who are in favor of treating all criminals as diseased persons, more or less irresponsible for their criminal acts; who would have doctors argue cases and sit on the bench, instead of lawyers and judges; and who would multiply hospitals, instead of prisons and electric chairs. But this solution of the problem, though urged with plausibility, is not generally admitted. Most of us still believe that there are persons who are wicked, and do wicked deeds knowing them to be such. What, then, shall be done?

The main thing desirable, apparently, is to devise some form of penalty which, while leaving the criminal free to go about in the world, and to mingle, if he chose, with better creatures than himself, should yet keep him continually mindful of his crime, and enable others to be aware of it. Such a penalty would seem more likely than any other to act as a warning and preventive to him, and as a safeguard to others. It would mark him as one who had sinned, but who was presumably anxious (for his own sake, if not unselfishly) to amend. It would, in short, put him in much the same condition as that provided by the divine law of conscience. Is there any means whereby this could be done?

A means is suggested by an antique penalty which used to be enforced upon law-breakers two hundred and more years ago, in our old Colonial days. Such persons, having been convicted, were sentenced to be branded with a letter or other mark indicating the

nature of the crime of which they had been guilty. Why might not we decree some modification of this device? The mark need not be branded on his flesh with a hot iron; it might be tattoed; it ought to be indelible. It need not necessarily be placed where all could see it at all times; but it would be fixed upon him where, should he ever repeat his offence, it could always be found by the officers of the law. In not more than one case in a thousand, perhaps, would he ever repeat his offence; but should he do so, he might be again branded, this time where all could see the mark. This seems, at first sight, but a slight punishment for murder; but we are to remember that punishment is not the object which our enlightened public sentiment demands, but the reformation of the criminal—the discouraging him from further iniquity; and if we think of it well, we shall find that few devices could be imagined more apt than this to render overt iniquity undesirable. The secret consciousness of bearing that indelible mark—the dread of its revelation to the public eye—would operate to make the man hesitate many times before doing evil again.

Not less beneficial would be the effect upon our legal procedure in criminal cases. After the crime had been proved, no jury would hesitate, on any merely technical grounds, to convict; no lawyer for the defence would deem it worth his while to appeal; no audience in the court would feel disposed to murmur for clemency, or to make a hero of the criminal. The law would not be cheated, or its majesty insulted, because its decree would be consonant with public opinion. And it would be less often broken, because criminals would know that, if proved guilty, they could not hope to escape.

Certainly, the result could produce no state of affairs worse than exists at present. Murder trials have become almost farces. Soon, no respectable lawyers will be found willing to undertake the prosecution of murder cases. Their defeat is generally a foregone conclusion, and if they happen to succeed, their only reward is public odium. They are like the villains in the melodrama, who are hissed precisely because they act their parts so well.

Somehow or other, and at no distant day, the abolition of capital punishment will be decreed. Some other penalty must then be invented. It may not be the one here suggested; but suggestions are in order, and this is offered for what it may be worth.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

RECIPROCITY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

BY THE HON. J. W. LONGLEY, K.C., D.C.L., ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE question of reciprocity is being revived by certain commercial bodies in the United States. It is desirable that the people of the United States should be duly and fully advised as to the history of this question up to the present time. Perhaps this is the more necessary inasmuch as no active steps in the direction of reciprocity are being taken by the Canadian people.

In 1854, a reciprocity treaty was negotiated between Lord Elgin, at that time Governor-General of Canada, representing the Imperial authorities, and Mr. W. L. Marcy, Secretary of State, providing for the free admission of certain natural products and of some articles which could be perhaps classed in the category of manufactures. That treaty was ratified by the Senate of the United States and by the legislatures of the several provinces of British North America.

This treaty of 1854 certainly worked advantageously to both parties. The total volume of trade between the United States and British North America in 1854 amounted, in round figures, to but $20,000,000; the volume of trade between the two countries in 1866 had risen to $84,000,000. The remark is not unfrequently made by public men in the United States that the treaty worked unfavorably to the United States. The statistics do not justify this observation. During the period of 1854-66, Canada imported from the United States $306,418,890 worth of products, and, during the same period, Canada exported to the United States $187,271,080 worth. These figures are official and easily capable of verification. Yet, while the balance of trade was distinctly in favor of the United States during almost the entire life of the

treaty, no movement was made on the part of any of the British North-American provinces to have the treaty terminated. That movement came entirely from the United States. Under a vote of Congress, the President gave the year's notice required by the treaty of its termination, and its operation came to an end in 1866. Some reasons were assigned by Congress for this action. One was, that, owing to the heavy expenditures of the war, it was necessary to adopt a high tariff for the purpose of raising a revenue to meet the interest upon the large national debt, as well as the growing expenditures of the country; and this, of course, may have been a justification for such a step. But another reason assigned was, that while the treaty was in operation the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had imposed higher duty upon articles which were not embraced in the provisions of the treaty. This is true, but it must be stated that this applied to all countries alike, and was as operative upon goods imported from Great Britain as upon those from the United States. The increase in duties was also justifiable at the time, because the Canadian Government found itself face to face with a heavy deficit, and increased revenue was a necessity. These duties were not raised for any ulterior purpose, but were demanded by the fiscal needs of the hour. It must be added that even the increase so made in the Canadian tariff did not raise it to a point equal to the American tariff on similar articles. When a protest was made on the part of the American authorities, during the operation of the treaty, the matter was referred by the United States Secretary of the Treasury to Mr. James W. Taylor for special examination and report, and the following extract from Mr. Taylor's report to the Secretary makes this point sufficiently clear:

"Our manufacturers demand that Canada shall restore the scale of duties existing when the reciprocity treaty was renewed, on penalty of its abrogration. When it is considered that the duties imposed by the American tariff of 1857 are fully twenty-five per cent. higher than the corresponding rates of the Canadian tariff, the demand borders on arrogance."

There is reason to fear that a very potent cause which influenced Congress in seeking to terminate this treaty was irritation on account of supposed sympathy with the rebels in certain parts of Canada, although no step was taken on the part of the Canadian Government during the rebellion which justifies the belief that Canada pursued any other policy than one of strict neutrality.

This treaty of 1854-66 was not terminated at the instance of the great commercial bodies of the United States. The Chicago Board of Trade adopted a resolution declaring, "that the treaty has been of great value to the producing interests of the whole Northwest." In January, 1864, the Chamber of Commerce at Milwaukee adopted a resolution favoring "a new treaty founded upon the true principles of reciprocity." On March 8th, 1864, the Board of Trade of Boston adopted a resolution setting forth that "the continuance of the reciprocity treaty of 1854 is of great moment to both countries, and is demanded by the interests of American commerce." The Detroit Board of Trade passed a resolution in favor of a continuance of the treaty until a new one could be made; and a committee of that body made a report upon the subject on the 9th of November, 1864, in these words:

> "This action makes the decision of the agricultural and commercial interests of the Northwest almost unanimous in favor of the continuance of the treaty. . . . In whatever light we view the treaty it has been of vast importance to us as well as to the Colonials."

If one thing is absolutely clear in connection with American legislation, it is that the views of the politicians at Washington always prevail as against the views of the commercial bodies of that country, and the time has not yet been reached when Boards of Trade can, in any marked degree, influence the action of Congress in respect of political questions.

When this treaty was terminated, the various provinces of British North America were engaged in a great movement for the Confederation of British North America, which, as a matter of fact, was consummated on July 1st, 1867; but, even before Confederation had become an accomplished fact, the Government of Canada took steps to secure, if possible, reciprocal trade relations with the United States. The Hon. Messrs. Galt and Howland, representing the Dominion Government, were sent as a delegation to Washington, in the autumn of 1865, for the purpose of pressing upon the American authorities the question of reciprocal trade relations. Nothing definite was accomplished by this mission, although the understanding reached was that any improved trade relations between the two countries should be brought about by concurrent legislation rather than by treaty.

In 1869, the Hon. John Rose, Finance Minister of Canada, was

duly delegated by the Canadian Government to go to Washington to make efforts to secure reciprocity, but his efforts in that direction proved totally unavailing.

In the session of the Canadian Parliament of 1870, the question of reciprocity between the United States and Canada was very fully discussed, and strong expressions of opinion were offered in favor of the renewal of the treaty of 1854-66, or of negotiating some other treaty that would be fair and just to all parties; and in framing the Canadian tariff of 1868, the Government added to the Customs Act a schedule of natural products, such as animals, meats, fruits, fish, poultry, butter, cheese, tallow, timber, lumber, etc., which were to be admitted free into Canada whenever the United States should provide for the importation of similar goods from Canada into that country free of duty—which must be interpreted as a standing offer on the part of the Canadian Government to the United States of reciprocal trade.

In 1873, there was a change of government in Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald having been defeated, and Mr. Alexander MacKenzie called upon to form a new administration. One of the acts of that Government, in 1874, was the appointment of the Hon. George Brown, one of the ablest public men in Canada, and one who has been most active in endeavoring to secure reciprocity, to go to Washington and negotiate a treaty of reciprocity. In fulfilment of this mission, Mr. Brown went to Washington and was associated for this purpose with the British Minister at Washington. He succeeded in framing a treaty of reciprocity which, while it was open to some criticism from a Canadian point of view, may be regarded in the main as fair, and providing for a larger measure of reciprocity than the treaty of 1854-66. But it was instantly rejected by the Senate of the United States.

In 1871, when the Washington treaty was being negotiated between Great Britain and the United States, at one period the American Commissioners made a proposition of free wood, coal, salt and lumber. Sir John A. Macdonald, who was the special representative of Canada on the British Commission, desired time for the consideration of this proposition; but, when he was prepared to discuss it, the American Commissioners withdrew the offer and declined to consider, during the entire negotiations, any proposition whatever relating to a free interchange of commodities between the two countries. The only concession obtained by

the treaty of 1871 was that certain kinds of fish were to be admitted free into the United States during the continuance of the treaty, and it must be borne in mind that it was at the instance of the United States authorities that the treaty of 1871 was terminated.

A strong movement in favor of reciprocity was inaugurated in Canada in 1887, and continued vigorously until the elections of 1891. The Liberal party in the Canadian parliament, under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, adopted a policy of unrestricted reciprocity, which meant, not necessarily that all articles between the two countries should be free of duty, but that the Liberal party were prepared to discuss reciprocity between the two countries without any limitations or restrictions.

While this movement was in active operation in Canada, great efforts were made to secure sympathy and support from recognized authorities in the United States; Messrs. Butterworth and Hitt, in the House of Representatives, and Senator Sherman, in the Senate, took a course decidedly favorable to reciprocity with Canada, and some of the great commercial bodies in the United States, such as the Boston Merchants' Association, The New York Board of Trade and Transportation, and others, passed resolutions favorable to a large measure of reciprocity between the two countries; but from the Executive of the United States nothing definite could be obtained, nor could any action of Congress be quoted as endorsing the proposition of reciprocity with Canada.

The contest in 1891 was a very severe one, unrestricted reciprocity being the great battle cry of the Liberal or Opposition party; and, to forestall as far as possible the effect of popular sentiment in favor of reciprocity, the Government dissolved the House, with assurances that an arrangement had been made with Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, by which a delegation from the Canadian Government was to be received in Washington for the purpose of considering the question of reciprocity. The Government was sustained in the elections of 1891 and a delegation was sent to Washington; but, on its arrival there, it was informed by the Secretary of State that no negotiations to this end were possible, unless upon the basis of discriminating duties against other countries and a common tariff against the world. This could not be considered by the Canadian representatives.

Under these circumstances, the Liberal party of Canada was

compelled to drop reciprocity as the chief plank in its platform, and to call a convention in 1893 to formulate its policy and its grounds of objection to the existing administration. In the resolution then adopted, the following is declared as the embodiment of Liberal policy on this question of reciprocity:

"That the Liberal party is prepared to enter into negotiations with the view of obtaining such a treaty and including a well-considered list of manufactured articles, and we are satisfied that any treaty so arranged will receive the assent of her Majesty's government, without whose approval no treaty can be made."

At the general elections of 1896, the Government, under the leadership of Sir Charles Tupper, was defeated, and the Liberals, under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, came into power. In the five years that had intervened, the question of reciprocity with the United States had very considerably fallen into the background, and was obscured by other issues which were brought more prominently to the front. As a matter of fact, the Liberal party was compelled to abandon unrestricted reciprocity as a definite issue, for two reasons—one was, that it seemed calculated to wound the feelings of the majority of Canadians, who were loyal to the Empire, and who desired that no step might be taken which might cause strained relations with the Mother Country; and the second was, that no tangible sympathy with or support to their views was obtainable from any responsible party, either legislative or executive, at Washington.

Nevertheless, the accession of the Liberal Government, in 1896, revived hopes in many minds in Canada that a reciprocity treaty with the United States might again become feasible. The Conservative Government, which had been in power from 1878 to 1896, was a protectionist government and few persons in Canada had any faith in its sincerity in seeking reciprocity with the United States, and very many of the supporters of the Liberal party throughout Canada were disposed to believe that, now that an administration had come into office composed of men who really desired reciprocity, a more favorable issue might be expected.

Some time after the Government had been formed, a joint High Commission, nominally between Great Britain and the United States, but really between Canada and the United States, was called into existence. The British Government was represented

on this Joint High Commission by Lord Herschel, and all the other members of the Commission, namely, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Louis Davies and Mr. John Charlton represented Canada. On the part of the United States, the Joint High Commission consisted of Senators Fairbanks and Gray, and Messrs. John W. Foster, Kasson, Dingley and Coolidge.

The purpose of this Joint High Commission was to consider various questions that were at issue between the two countries,—fisheries, Bering Sea, navigation of the St. Lawrence, bonding privileges, Alaska boundaries, etc.; but it was fully expected and believed that reciprocity between the two countries would be a foremost subject of consideration by the Joint High Commission. The full official results of the deliberations of this body, which met not only at Washington but at Quebec, have not yet become public; but enough is known to justify the statement that the American Commissioners practically refused to consider the question of commercial reciprocity between the two countries.

The failure of the Liberal government, therefore, to achieve anything in the direction of reciprocal arrangements, made it absolutely necessary for the Canadian people to recognize that reciprocity with the United States was an impossibility, and, facing these conditions, to prepare to develop their country in other directions. This important fact—that reciprocity was out of the question—became manifest at a time when the industrial life of the country was at flood tide, and the result has been in every way such as to make the Canadian people feel extremely comfortable.

The total volume of trade in Canada in 1896 amounted to $239,025,360; in 1900, it reached $381,517,000; for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1902, it had attained the enormous sum of $423,940,444, having nearly doubled in six years. Indeed, in proportion to population, the volume of trade of Canada is vastly greater than that of the United States. In the year 1900, the trade of Canada represented $71.00 per head of its population; in the same year, in the United States, it represented $29.76 per head. During the past four or five years, Canada has enjoyed an era of prosperity unsurpassed by any nation on the face of the earth, and its industrial and commercial progress has been as great and as rapid as in any similar period in the United States from its earliest history: and, therefore, it is merely to state a fact, recognized by every sensible man in Canada, to observe that the

Canadian people have reached the conclusion that no further efforts will be made on the part of Canada to secure reciprocity with the United States. If the movement now on foot in the great commercial centres of the United States results in such a volume of public opinion as to induce the American authorities to desire reciprocal trade with Canada, unquestionably the Canadian Government will receive propositions of this kind in a fair and generous spirit; but, when this is said, one or two reservations will probably have to be made. During the past twenty years, especially during the past six years, the industrial life of Canada has made enormous advances, and the manufacturing industries have reached a stage at which it is quite impossible for the Canadian Government to ignore them. If a proposition came from the United States for reciprocity, which should include any large schedule of manufactured goods, it is, to say the least, open to doubt if such a treaty would, at this moment, be adopted by the Canadian parliament.

During these last few years of great commercial development in Canada, the United States have been profiting more by Canadian trade than any other nation in the world. The chief trade of Canada is with Great Britain and the United States. The total imports from Great Britain by the Canadian people for the fiscal year ending June, 1902, were $49,206,062; during the same period the imports from the United States were $120,814,750. But while the imports from the United States are thus enormously greater than those from Great Britain, it must be borne in mind that our exports to Great Britain have been enormously greater than our exports to the United States. The statistics for the year 1901 are as follows:

Exports to the United States	$70,000,000
Exports to Great Britain	105,000,000

It is probable that the official figures for 1902 will indicate a large export to both countries, but the proportion will not be materially altered.

The American tariff upon goods likely to pass between the two countries is very much higher than the Canadian tariff. Upon many articles the American tariff is prohibitive; hence it is that, while Canada is deriving her greatest wealth from sales in the British market, which is absolutely open and free to our com-

modities, we are prevented sending goods into the United States market on account of the tariff wall; and it must be borne in mind that many of these articles are as much needed in the United States as a market for them is needed by Canada. There have been times, within the past year, when the abolition of the duty upon coal, upon iron ore, and even upon steel billets, would have inured more to the advantage of the people of the United States than to the Canadian producers. Again, viewing the inequalities of our trade relations and the enormous volume of our imports from the United States, as compared with our exports, it does not seem at all beyond the limits of reason that the Canadian Government might conceive the idea of equalizing this by imposing higher rates of duty upon articles which are most largely imported from the United States; although it is but fair to say that no definite proposition to that effect has been made by any responsible Canadian Minister.

It seems, therefore, that every fair-minded American must recognize that, in view of the record already submitted, Canada is not subject to adverse criticism for resolutely taking the stand that she will no longer go to Washington begging for reciprocity. If a reciprocity treaty is good for the two countries—and no one, I think, will seriously question that—then it is but fair and reasonable that, in view of what has already taken place during the last thirty years, the advances should now be made by the United States.

That Canada is worthy of consideration by the people of the great Republic is a proposition that will soon make itself apparent. Its growth is enormous, its achieved wealth is phenomenal, its banking capital has reached proportions which would have seemed incredible twenty years ago. Indeed, during the recent financial stringency in the United States, forty to fifty millions of Canadian money was constantly in use to aid in tiding over the difficulty; and, whatever light opinion has been current regarding the value and importance of Canada and its trade in the past, most Canadians feel assured that the day of indifference is nearing its end, and that the time will come when it will be worth while, on the part of the people and the rulers of the United States, to treat fairly and justly with the Canadian people in respect of commercial affairs and all other matters of common interest to the two countries.

J. W. Longley.

THE RIGHTS AND METHODS OF LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

BY ALBERT S. BOLLES, LECTURER ON COMMERCIAL LAW AND BANKING IN HAVERFORD COLLEGE AND IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

ANY attempt to ascertain the truth concerning the rights and methods of labor combinations will fail unless several misconceptions are put out of sight. These, therefore, will be first described.

First. Many believe that the organization of labor unions is the legitimate outcome of the vast capitalistic creations which have become the dominant feature of our modern industrial life. They assume that employees are in danger of not getting their rightful dues, and that they can more effectively assert and maintain their just demands if organized than they could single-handed. This view is a misconception of the true situation. Those employed by the large corporations are far better off in most respects than the employees of smaller corporations and of individuals. It is true that many small corporations and many individuals deal with their employees as considerately in every way as the great corporations. But the latter are the most comprehensively conducted, they possess larger capital and credit, they are less likely to meet with reverses, and they insure to their workmen the highest wages and the most steady employment.

The objector fears that the great corporations will use their power to oppress labor. The answer is an appeal to the facts, which clearly show that the fear is groundless. These show that the employees have fared and are faring best who are employed by the largest corporations. These are just as dependent on labor as the smaller corporations, or as individuals. Their size does not render them a whit more independent of labor than the

farmer who employs a single assistant. But the objector says: "They need not run; and by stopping they can starve their employees into submission." But behind the management of any corporation are the stockholders, who are just as eager for dividends as the employees are for work. Indeed, because of the necessity of earning dividends, may it not be truly said that, the larger the concern, the more imperative is the need of preserving the good-will of its employees and thus securing the most efficient service, and also the favor of the public and thus securing the largest distribution and sale of products?

Second. If it be true that many of the largest industrial organizations are acquiring excessive profits, it does not follow that their employees are entitled to a larger share of these profits. Suppose that A has stolen a quantity of money from B, is C justified in relieving A of his plunder and keeping it himself? A's wrongful title is no justification for C's conduct. If the gains of employers in many cases are excessive, the consumers, owners of raw materials and other parties, are doubtless not receiving fair treatment. I do not assert that employees are not in some cases entitled to higher rewards; this may or may not be true. Very likely, they ought to receive something more, and the same may be said of the sellers of raw materials, and of transporters, while consumers ought to receive better terms. But the employees of the United States Steel Corporation, for example, seeing the golden mountain of profits that arises before the managers, say: "Behold these great profits; they belong to us; let us not hesitate to make our demand." They do not stop to inquire about the origin of that dazzling pile, or whether others may not have better claim to a portion at least than themselves.

Third. The wrongs inflicted on consumers and other persons with whom employers deal are not corrected by their employees when they take and permanently keep the portions belonging to others. If employees sought, under the guise of higher wages, to draw from their employers a part of the undue profits extracted from consumers for the purpose of restoring them to the persons from whom they were taken, then indeed something might be said in defence and praise of their conduct.

It is a trite remark that, if one suffers through the evil action of another, the sufferer generally rejoices over the misfortune that visits his enemy. In like manner, many of the great corpora-

tions that are now amassing large profits have drawn on themselves the jealousy and ill-will of thousands who feel that they are unjustly treated; and who, if they cannot get their own just share, rejoice over any punishment which others may inflict.

Fourth. The industrial conditions in the United States are so very different from those in Europe, that many of the reasons which justify the formation of labor organizations there do not exist here. The smaller quantity of labor in this country compared with the opportunities for its employment; the closer relations between employers and employees; the marked differences in the political relations between the people in this and other countries; these indicate that there is a very different basis or justification for union among the laboring men abroad from any to be found here.

With these misconceptions removed, the way is clear for pursuing our inquiry. For a long period in American history, incorporated or associated life was regarded by the public with great suspicion. Slowly the prejudice wore away, until now the association of men and capital is the most common of all experiences.

It must be remembered, however, that all associations of men for a business purpose are regulated by law. While this gives men large freedom to unite, they must act as the law prescribes. The simplest and oldest of all associations is the ordinary partnership, but the members are under distinct obligations; the partnership is bound by any contract made by a member within the scope of the partnership business; and the private fortunes of the partners may be taken to pay partnership creditors. In like manner, if a partner insults a customer while executing a partnership transaction, and concludes without just cause by pounding his nose, the partnership is liable for the wrong. The other members cannot shield themselves by saying that this was simply the individual act of their angry, red-headed member; the act is vicarious and all must suffer.

So, too, when a corporation is formed, every shareholder is limited in his rights and duties. If the manager insults a person who is doing business with him, the injured person can compel the corporation to make adequate redress. The manager cannot absolve the corporation by saying: "This is my own affair; get anything out of me if you can." While, therefore, corporations are rapidly born and soon come to have a mighty life, they

are not creatures with purely arbitrary wills to take property, steal, assault, or overturn the peace and laws of society. They are under a system of law; and, though they often do wrong, they can be and are constantly punished. Look in any volume of law reports and the truth will appear that they cannot do as they please, but are creatures of law, amenable for its infraction; and that the humblest individual can sue them for an assault or for violating a contract, and obtain redress.

The working classes unquestionably have a right to associate for all lawful purposes, just as others have for the purpose of employing them and selling the products of the joint undertaking. Precisely the same rights and limitations apply to the one class as apply to the other.

But the organization should possess a legal existence—power to sue if wronged; power to be sued if wronging others, just like other corporations. At present, most of the labor organizations have a strange existence; fearfully powerful to inflict harm,—their members burning houses, beating, and even killing men, because they insist on maintaining their independence—yet when redress is sought, their organization cannot be touched. All that can be done is to catch, if possible, the representative wrongdoer and punish him as though the deed were purely his own.

In England, a few years since, a labor union picketed a district and would not permit men who wished to work to enter within the lines, and assaulted any who made the attempt. The employers, the Taff Vale Company, sued the union to which the pickets belonged, and sought to hold the organization liable for the action of its members, and they succeeded. No other decision ever wrought such consternation among labor unions in Great Britain. Until then their members had imagined that they could do quite as they pleased, and that, if any one of their number beat or killed a non-unionist, he alone was responsible, although he well knew before acting that his premeditated deed would have the open or implied sanction of his union.*

* "Another suit was then brought for damages. Yesterday, a jury in the High Court held the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants and its officials, including Richard Bell, M.P., responsible for damages to the Taff Vale Railway Company, which are estimated at $135,000, and were caused by a conspiracy to produce a strike of the employees. The strike arose because the company refused to accept the intervention of the society, and insisted upon transferring a distance-box signal-man, who was a prominent agitator. The jury find that the society maintained a sys-

This, then, is the fundamental condition to which every labor organization, like every other, should submit,—legal responsibility for the acts of its members. Unless they are willing to become incorporated and answer for their conduct, like other corporations, they have no right to exist; and every attempt to exist under other conditions should be regarded as a conspiracy, an attempt to wage war on those whom they regard as their enemies.

Admitting their right to combine for lawful purposes, just as others can, it will not be denied that many of the methods adopted and pursued by labor unions to gain their ends are illegal, while others are of a very questionable character. Of course, all will admit that the terrible outrages committed in the anthracite-coal regions are without defence. But every act of coercion whereby a man who desires to labor is prevented, is unlawful. In every corporation there are always a few bold aggressive spirits who control the ways of the rest. Daily illustrations of this fact might be given. Fear, scorn, and shame are potent means for reducing the weaker to submission. No stronger means are required, because, in the presence of the determined few, the weak many yield. But are these legal or proper means to use? A man who signs a note through duress or fear is not compelled to pay it; the act is not lawful; neither is the act lawful whereby a man through fear of others is constrained to leave his loom or bench.

This force is employed for two purposes—first, to drive men into unions; and then to make their action effective in enforcing new demands from their employers. Without going into detail, it may be said that nearly all the methods employed to increase the membership of the unions have been harsh, stopping far short of the line of honest solicitation and persuasion. Fear, scorn, shame, ostracism and still harsher methods have been in vogue.

Indeed, it may be truly said that, if in forming unions the leaders had confined themselves to lawful and honest methods, very few unions would have been formed in this country. Why? For the conclusive reason that the great body of workingmen have seen no clear reason for forming unions. If they had, the use of harsh and often unfeeling methods to induce them to join would have been needless. The methods used, therefore, in bring-

tem of terrorism to compel a strike, and prevent the employment of 'blacklegs,' that is to say, non-unionists. The results of the decision cannot fail to be momentous."—*New York Evening Post*, December 20, 1902.

ing unions into existence throw grave doubt in many cases upon their right to be.

And the same may be said concerning their methods of enforcing demands. Had they kept within the law, had they used persuasion only upon those who wished to work, there never would have been many striking workmen. It is by resorting to the harshest acts in the category of human action that the strikers have prevented the more peacefully inclined from continuing at their posts. The strikes have been few indeed in which there has been an essential unanimity of action among the workingmen; in far the larger number, the controlling factor has been the action of the resolute, desperate few who have cowed a suppliant majority and made them act against their convictions.

Furthermore, the fundamental conception of many labor unions toward their employers is erroneous. We leave out of sight the beneficial objects of the unions, the worthiness of which no one will question. But the unions are founded on the assumption that the members are not receiving their just dues, and that every concession gained is only one of many that should be granted. The organization is militant in the extreme; and a cold, unkindly, distrustful spirit toward employers is cultivated by it.

It is true that there are some mean employers, who seek to gain undue advantages over their employees, who are not worthy to employ a being of any kind. But compared with the entire number we do not believe there are many. On the other hand, most employers seek to treat their employees fairly, to abide by their contracts, and to cultivate kindly relations. This is especially true of the larger companies. They realize their dependence upon labor more keenly, and also the greatness of the interests at stake. The conception, so far as it exists, that the largest companies create the greatest peril to the working classes, is precisely the reverse of the truth.

That the labor organizations seek to cultivate an unfriendly relation between employers and employed may be proved by a striking example. In 1886, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company formed a relief association to provide assistance to its employees in cases of sickness and accident, and to pension them after attaining a certain age. The income was to be derived partly from contributions paid by the company. Who could question the worthiness of the association? But enemies at once arose. The

labor leaders saw that its growth and prosperity meant a firmer alliance between employers and employed; and they have never ceased from their attacks, primarily to prevent the strengthening of this kindly relation. This is the great sin with which the company is charged, and though sixteen years have passed since the association was formed, its enemies are still persistent. They are not the employees of the company, but outsiders, wolves, trying to destroy a vast peaceful flock guided by a broad-minded, far-sighted, kindly shepherd.

Another illustration may be given. Two years ago, the National Cash Register Company, a prosperous corporation, managed with great intelligence and a broad generous spirit, employed persons who belonged to a labor union, and sought in the best faith to cultivate kindly relations with them. A factory was built and equipped in the best manner; and nothing was omitted to show that the managers were mindful of the comfort and wishes of their workmen. Notwithstanding all their attentions, ere long new and unreasonable demands were presented. To these the company submitted, one after another, because it was determined to go beyond the bounds of reason to please their employees, hoping that sooner or later a better spirit would take possession of them. One day a pair of hinges was put on a door, and the union discovered that they were made by a factory that employed non-union labor. The union demanded that these hinges should be taken off, and others, made by a factory that employed union labor, be put in their place. The company yielded. Finally, with eyes ever prying to find cause for a fresh demand, they discovered that a poor woman, who was washing the towels supplied to the employees by the company, did not belong to the union, and demanded that her work should be given to another. The company then sorrowfully resolved that the experiment was hopeless, that their employees were determined to be their enemies. Did their employees mistrust them, or believe that they were wolves in sheep's clothing? We have not the slightest basis for thinking that they did. They were simply determined to maintain their spirit of enmity, whatever might be the conduct of the company toward them. This enmity toward employers is the deadly Upas tree which, through the untiring industry of the labor leaders, is spreading throughout the labor-union world.

This feeling of antagonism is greatly accentuated when the

labor organizations expand and employ paid leaders. To justify the remuneration they receive, these leaders must do something; if they do nothing, the members refuse to pay their dues and withdraw. The preservation and growth of these organizations, therefore, are dependent upon the successful prosecution of unceasing demands. As soon as a strike is over, a new demand is formulated and strength is collected for enforcing it. A labor organization, like that of the original Templars, is a call to continual battle. There is no rest, no peace, but unending warfare.

This is the nature of many of the labor organizations that now exist in the bosom of our industrial establishments. Must employers keep them there? Have employers no right to cast the unions out? Ought the National Cash Register Company, after its persistent and well-meant attempt, to continue to recognize an organization which had shown, in every possible manner, its spirit of enmity and its determination to humiliate the employer of its members?

But it may be said that life in a true sense is a warfare; that the relations between no classes are perfect; that a clash of interest exists between producer and consumer, between shipper and transporter, between buyer and seller. Why, therefore, should we close our eyes to the strained relations between many an employer and his employees? That this dissonance exists, and also that every man ought to seek to lessen it, will be readily admitted. But what methods are we to choose for lessening the ills amid which we live. We should keep within the realm of law and reason. If labor organizations sought to establish better relations with their employers by legal and reasonable methods, every one should bid them put forth all their energy. But the serious charge that may be justly made against them in too many cases is, that they are using methods which are clearly illegal and unreasonable. This they know themselves as well as others; and if they are permitted to use illegal methods unchecked, American society will pass into another age quite as dark and lawless as that which followed the overthrow of Roman law and civilization.

The workingmen in the anthracite-coal regions have been far from using civilized methods in seeking to secure new concessions from their employers. We shall not repeat the long catalogue of their crimes; the newspapers have chronicled some of these, many others have been revealed by witnesses before the present investi-

gating commission, enough to convince every thoughtful person that the actors must have had the open or implied assent of their unions. Six months have passed away since they began, yet not a resolution has been passed by a single union condemning the assaults on non-unionists, the destruction of their homes, or the taking of their lives.

It is not true that all the members of the labor unions approve of these outrages. Their battles have been fought by a minority. In fact, most of the strikes, and especially that of the anthracite miners, have been the action of the resolute, fiery few. Many, less daring, less noisy, were opposed to them; others were silent and filled with fear. Let it be remembered that the great majority of miners, though they work underground and have begrimed faces and wear blackened clothing, are true men, kindly and law-abiding, who cherish no ill-will towards their employers. They have as generous, loyal affection for their families and others who are dear to them as any who wear costly robes and live in palaces. The labor unions existing among them are the dark work of a few, wherein the majority in most of them have no heart, but are overborne by the bold, desperate spirits who have driven them within and are using them as unwilling instruments.

The American people cannot too soon apprehend how rapidly this spirit of ill-will on the part of employees toward their employers is growing; how directly traceable it is to labor organizations, and what destruction must follow if it is not changed. Many of the labor organizations are seeking to widen the antagonism, and loudly rejoice in the whirlwind they have raised. They liken themselves to an armed nation, which maintains its independence by its display of power. This spirit is deepening and widening, and undermining the general structure on which the very existence of society depends.

Suppose the members of a family, husband, wife, brothers and sisters, should conclude that they could maintain their "rights" more effectively by a display of force and vigilance in taking advantage of every favoring circumstance, should dispense with reason, banish every kind of sentiment and withdraw all trustfulness in each other. Would family life conducted on that basis be an improvement? Would this bear-garden plan, in which each person sat with grinning teeth eagerly watching for a chance to over-match his fellow, represent progress in the march of society?

An industrial enterprise, in which employer and employed unite for a common end, is an industrial family. Rightly conceived, they have a common purpose,—material profit and advantage. The labor unions generally declare in the most positive terms that this conception is wholly wrong, that the employer is seeking to get the greatest advantage possible from his employees and give the least possible in return, that he is a disguised enemy and must at all times be thus regarded. Not a kindly wish or sentiment, therefore, must be entertained toward him; not the slightest favor on any occasion shown him; every advantage must be taken of his misfortunes, and thus he must be made to feel the power of the labor unions. That is the fundamental doctrine of the labor-unions to-day; and if it be correct, the co-operation of capital and labor is doomed, for it is inevitable that, living on this baneful principle, they will grow more and more acrid, suspicious and callous toward each other until the relation between employer and employed is completely sundered.

A house cannot be divided against itself and stand. Such is the utterance of the world's Greatest Teacher. Yet the labor-union leaders insist that those engaged in industrial enterprises must be divided into two hostile camps, the employees in one and the employers in the other; and that the latter must be ceaselessly watched, so that no opportunity may be lost to wring from them concessions that will humble them and break their spirit. Such a division, if permitted to continue, is just as fatal to the continuance of any industrial relation as it was to the permanence of a Jewish home when the truth was first uttered to the country folk amid the wild flowers of Judea.

This conception of the relationship that must be maintained by the employed toward their employers is wholly wrong. Each is dependent on the other; each has rights and responsibilities. The dissonance between labor and capital must be lessened by civilized methods and not by barbaric force. True progress consists in drawing together; in gaining each other's respect and so acting as to preserve it; in putting aside the torch and bludgeon, and in adopting the higher methods of law and reason.

If workingmen were organized with the intention of improving their lot by the use of all the methods known to reason and law, there is not an intelligent employer of labor who would have the slightest objection to their recognition. But so long as they or-

ganize, adopt and continue the methods described, how can any employer of labor recognize them without endangering his own organization. If our facts and reasonings be correct, to recognize them would be to hasten the day for the permanent dissolution of the relationship between labor and capital. It is, doubtless, the continual presence of this dark, unwelcome vision which led the anthracite-coal operators to oppose so sternly recognition of the miners' union. If an advance in the remuneration for mining had been the chief demand, this could have been met by granting it and adding the amount to the price paid by the helpless consumer.* But the recognition of the union meant an increase in its power to wage effective war, which would be speedily employed in enforcing a new demand. For Mr. Baer and others who are directing these great coal enterprises there was no alternative. Many regarded Mr. Baer as the soul of the opposition, a great despot, greedy and cruel. Those who are familiar with his life know how far this conception of him is from the truth. As patriotic in serving his country during the Civil War as he has since been foremost in all things pertaining to the improvement of the city wherein most of his days have been spent; an especial friend of higher education and an efficient trustee in one of Pennsylvania's colleges; in short, an eminent public citizen, animated by a broad kindly spirit—such is the man whom his enemies have in imagination wrought into a Gorgon.

What, then, is the conclusion of the matter?

(1) Labor unions should be required to organize legally, like other individuals who associate for a distinct industrial purpose, so that responsibility may attach to their conduct.

(2) So long as their members are at enmity with their employers, and consider a state of open or intermittent warfare as their true status or condition, their employers are justified in not recognizing the unions.

(3) In truth, so long as they maintain this as a fundamental principle, it is questionable whether such associations should be permitted to exist at all; and the same doubt may be raised in regard to corporations which entertain toward their employees a similar spirit of enmity and aggression.

The outlook for the future as to harmony between labor and

* This was suggested by Mr. Mitchell in his letter to Mr. Baer. See Bulletin of Department of Labor, No. 43, p. 1,187.

capital is not alluring. Let us hope that the spirit of antagonism and of real or pretended distrustfulness of labor unions toward their employers will lessen as their members become better informed and do more thinking for themselves. But so long as this spirit of enmity exists, only evil will be the bitter fruitage. One great mistake has been the unwillingness of employers to recognize the existence of this spirit, preferring to patch up any kind of temporary peace, having faith that, when the next breakdown came off, they could find some way to overcome the difficulty. Thus a temporizing policy has been practised without much thought of the Niagara to which it was directly tending, until now all are near enough to hear its roar. The thoughtful ones have clearly seen that the cause of the coal operators was not theirs alone nor that of other employers, but the cause also of millions of consumers. The thoughtless ones who feared a present temporary chill of their toes more than a future permanent chill of their entire bodies, clamored for any kind of surrender, whatever might be the consequences, that would bring to them an immediate supply of coal. Were all employers of labor as shortsighted as those who believed in thus acting, the time could not be far distant when the labor-unions would shake the country as by an earthquake more violent than Pelée or Krakatoa.

Let us not exaggerate the situation in the least. We know that among many of the largest employers of labor, especially among many of the railroad companies, labor organizations are weak, and that the relations between employee and employer are kindly and trustful. In other organizations, the feeling of enmity on the part of the workingmen toward their employers is perpetually ebbing and flowing. We would gladly believe, if we could, that it has reached high-water mark. Perhaps this may be true. Whether it is or not, this is the great ill which every lover of man or country should seek to cure. Whoever seeks to perpetuate it, whether employer or employed, is an enemy of order and society. The militant policy must be superseded by one based on trustfulness and reason, if the partnership between labor and capital is to continue.

ALBERT S. BOLLES.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE AT THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY THE REV. JOHN T. DRISCOLL, S. T. L.

THE latest contribution to the discussion of the so-called controversy between Science and Religion from a critical point of view is the work, "Religion as a Credible Doctrine," by Mr. William H. Mallock. In that work, Mr. Mallock maintains that the nineteenth century will be characterized in the annals of history as the battle-ground between the forces of religion and of science. This conflict, which has been waged with varying fortunes, is, he says, our heritage from the past, and he seizes the opening of a new century as an opportune time for setting forth the condition of both parties and the points at issue between them. Or, to use a metaphor he delights in, he proposes to sum up the debit and credit sides and present an accurate record of gains and losses. He thus appears in the humble rôle of "intellectual accountant."

Mr. Mallock has honored me by associating me with Father Maher, the learned English Jesuit, with Dr. Hettinger, and Dr. William G. Ward, of revered memory, as an exponent of Catholic teaching. In referring in a very friendly way to my work on Christian Philosophy,* he has been good enough to say that the conclusions which I have aimed at establishing in that treatise are the precise conclusions which he himself desires to exhibit as worthy of reasonable acceptance. But he takes exception to the methods which I have followed in reaching these conclusions. Mr. Mallock assumes that there is an insurmountable barrier between the religious and the scientific domain, and on that basis he pursues his investigations; whereas I have regarded the field from a higher standpoint, with the result that objects which, on a close view, seem to conflict or to be isolated from each other are

* "Christian Philosophy; God."

discerned in this more comprehensive outlook, as coalescing in harmonious unity—not a unity of nature, such as the monism of Prof. Haeckel, for instance, would imply, but a unity of order. Now, I believe that this recent contribution of Mr. Mallock is nothing more than the repetition of a shibboleth now grown old, and that his discussion is superficial. I am confident that closer examination will reveal, more and more clearly as the years go on, the simple and far-reaching truth that, in the history of the human interpretation of the world and of man, the nineteenth century will stand forth not as a battle-ground between religion and science, but as a battle-ground between spurious philosophies, where the fundamental and priceless problem at issue was the dignity and powers of the human mind.

The pendulum of thought swings from one extreme to the other. Thus, in philosophy we discern the trend of thought from Idealism to Materialism, and from Materialism back to Idealism. In literature, a romantic period is followed by a period whose dominant tone is realistic, and this in turn gives way to a subsequent idealism. The intellectual accountant whose main work is the balancing of accounts, is apt to view facts as figures and base the estimate on their face value. The philosophic mind welcomes facts gladly, but is not content with viewing them as figures. It investigates their causes, and is rewarded with the discovery that the facts apparent on the surface of the time-stream have a richer and deeper meaning, in so far as they are manifestations of currents more or less strong, more or less conflicting, agitating the minds and throbbing in the breasts of men.

I.

An exact and profound knowledge of the problems which confront us is to be obtained only by viewing our mental life against the background of the lights and shadows cast by the struggles and victories and failures of those who have gone before.

The nineteenth century dawned with the rise of a philosophical system which boasted that it was destined to work in the world of mental science a revolution analogous to that which had been achieved by Copernicus in astronomy. With that claim by way of preface to the "Critic of Pure Reason," Emmanuel Kant published a work which has influenced the human mind profoundly for upwards of a hundred years. Copernicus revolutionized as-

tronomical science by proving that the sun, not the earth, is the centre of the solar system. Kant maintained that truth, the light of our mental world, did not consist in conformity of thought to things, but resided in the mind alone. Reality must coincide with thought, not thought with reality. The mind thus becomes supreme, with no test, no guide, no restraining force outside of itself.

This doctrine of Subjective Idealism, expressed in careful language, with a parade of deep and abstruse reasoning, was adopted with enthusiasm by the learned world. Disciples sprang up on every side. Fichte developed the Idealism of his master into a Transcendental Egoism. This teaching profoundly influenced Carlyle and Emerson, and even to-day its traces are found in the associations of Ethical Culture. Hard on Fichte, came Schelling with the doctrine of the Absolute, and then Hegel, the last and greatest of Kant's followers, who was destined, by the grim irony of events, to deal the idealistic movement a blow from which it has never recovered. Space does not permit a minute examination of Hegel's teaching. Sixty years ago his name was supreme in the schools of Germany. But he developed Idealism too far; with the inevitable result that reaction followed. Hegel's own disciples split into warring bands in the effort to explain their master's teaching.

Thus, looking back over the lapse of fifty years, we are brought face to face with vivid scenes of a rapidly shifting panorama. First, we behold a great multitude in loud acclaim of the Hegelian system of philosophy as the greatest achievement of the human mind; then, a few groups with diverse shreds of a dismembered system, each crying out the absurdities of the other, each proclaiming that it alone possessed the real doctrine, and in that very proclamation falling into absurdities more glaring still; then, the world looking on in amazement and doubt with the questions, What is Truth? and Is it in the care of such as these, or is it not somewhere else after all? Finally, we see these same onlookers turning away from the strife of a broken and extravagant Idealism, and seeking truth in the material things which could be grasped by sense observation and experiment. The physical sciences dealing with the various aspects of material nature were then making giant strides, and men gloried in the possession of a sure and undisputed source of knowledge.

The science of the physical universe, acquired by patient investigation into its phenomena and laws, is a triumph of the human mind. It is a characteristic and glory of the nineteenth century. The method pursued in this department of mental activity is known as the method of Induction. But the inductive method was not the discovery of our later times. Aristotle described the process, and a most interesting section of the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas is that part wherein he investigates, by means of this method, the virtues and vices even of our ethical life. Furthermore, a careful examination of the processes employed in physical science will show that the inductive method is only a part of the scientific method. Induction leads from facts or phenomena to the formulation of laws or hypotheses. But the laws must be applied to facts constantly recurring to observation; the hypotheses must be verified before they have any weight. Now the application of laws to facts and the verification of hypotheses are not features of Induction in its more restricted sense. They accompany it and are supplementary to it; yet they are more properly termed processes of Deduction. Hence except when reinforced by deductive features the inductive method has proved inadequate for the acquisition of scientific truth. In our ordinary life, the two methods are in like manner employed. Do we not apply the rules or principles, or truths, whatever the name may be, acquired by past experience with men and things to the elucidation of events which succeed one another in the swiftly moving moments of the day? The nature of the human mind has not changed in these few hundred years which, according to Mr. Mallock, mark the passage from the theological to the scientific period of thought. The scientific spirit of our later days has only shown the necessity of careful observation and experimentation, and that in the field of physical nature hitherto imperfectly explored by the mind.

The recourse to investigation of the physical world, with the insistence on the processes of careful observation and experimentation, was a distinct gain to the cause of human knowledge. But, in the flood-tide of a reaction against a spurious Idealism, and in the enthusiasm born of abounding success in the discovery of material truth, scientists exceeded just limits. The great problems of existence, of origin and destiny, which are ever present to the mind, still remained to be dealt with and challenged solu-

tion. With these problems confronting them, some of the leading scientists, not content with the condemnation of a false philosophy nor with their own proper work of ascertaining and classifying the facts of material nature, set up a philosophy of their own based entirely on the limited knowledge of physical things. Mental and ethical life were regarded as phases of the material world, and the laws of physics were held to reign in rigid sway throughout. The result was the creation of a new system of philosophy, exaggerated and partial like the Hegelian Idealism, but at the opposite extreme.

Thus we see the rise of a philosophical school which held sway during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Its teaching has been termed Naturalism, because it denies the Supernatural and admits no revelation other than that obtained through the manifestation of the laws which exist in the material universe. By others, it is termed Positivism, because it teaches that we can know only things capable of positive and material proof. Again, it is called Agnosticism, because it professes to know nothing of the soul, of God, or of truth other than that obtained by sense-observation and experiment. A better term would be Science-Philosophy, because its inherent contradiction is revealed in this name. Certain it is, the new doctrine cannot be called Science, for positive science, to cite the words of M. Berthelot, "investigates neither first sources nor the ends of things, but it establishes facts and connects them by their immediate relations. . . The mind ascertains these facts by observation and experiment." The exponents and defenders of the Science-Philosophy were brilliant and versatile, but by no means profound. Its sway has passed with their death. The growing strength of a new philosophical movement is rapidly relegating it to a place in past history. Hence we can understand in its full force the lament of Mr. Mallock: "The pens of our Huxleys and Tyndalls and Darwins lie where they fell; and there is none left in strength among us to sum up the issue of that struggle, with knowledge and sympathy."

This Protean system, as has been said, is not Science, although it insistently claimed the title. It was a philosophy, different from, yet for the time more dangerous than, other philosophies which have sprung up in the course of history. Its home was not in the secluded quiet of university life; its advocates were not retiring students. On the street, in the newspapers, during the short

intervals of daily labor, in the home, its doctrines were discussed and vigorously defended. At the same time, earnest thinkers, men like Agassiz, Pasteur, Secchi, Claude Bernard, arose to attack the pretensions of the new philosophy. To them, as the preservers of science, is due the gratitude of mankind. They took the weapons so lauded by their opponents, and, by the use of a rigorous induction from well-ascertained facts, they pierced the bubble of this inflated system. Among them are to be found men of strong religious convictions, of great scientific achievement, who resented the unwarranted attack upon the priceless heritage of faith, falsely made in the name of science. They clearly perceived the fallacy of a philosophy masquerading in the guise of physical science, and they labored earnestly to tear aside the mask, to separate the false from the true, and let science stand forth in its true light before the gaze of men.

I do not deny that there were opponents of Science-Philosophy who had little to offer by way of a consistently reasoned philosophical system in place of what they rightly attempted to destroy. A glance over the variously modified systems of philosophic thought in Germany during the past fifty years, shows how weak and insufficient at times was the remedy suggested. The Hegelian Idealism which occasioned the rise of the Science-Philosophy, also contained in its own beginnings the fruitful seeds of doubt. Hamilton tried to combine Kant and Reid, with the result that, on the one hand, he produced Huxley who coined the word "Agnosticism," and, on the other, Mansel who proposed the system of his master as an irrefutable philosophic defence of Christian faith. Thus, Huxley, a leader of the Science-Philosophy, was the direct result of a false philosophical system; and the conflict between reason and faith, so apparent in recent English literature, is the offspring of false philosophical principles. The same spirit of scepticism prevailed in the Kantian offshoots throughout Germany and France. As a result, reason and faith, far from being recognized as existing in just and harmonious accord, are placed by this false system in the position of interminable strife. Hence, Christian faith is retained, if retained at all, only in apparent contradiction to reason; and reason, if consistently adhered to, leads to the abandonment of faith. In illustration, I cite Mr. Mallock's closing chapters. He openly proclaims not only that the conclusions in one department of

human knowledge contradict the conclusions in another, but that "each in its last analysis contradicts itself." Thus, we may admit the truth of two contradictory doctrines, "without doing any more violence to our intellect than we are compelled to do implicitly whenever we believe anything." If there is meaning in these words, it is that they are a restatement of Kant's antinomies. And in presenting, by way of conclusion, his own convictions as to the proof for God's existence, Mr. Mallock openly adopts Kant's well-known distinction of theoretical and practical reason, confesses that the former leads to contradictions, and that the latter alone, in the categorical imperative, with its implied sense of responsibility, gives the sure basis for our belief in God.

Is Mr. Mallock aware that the distinction between theoretical and practical reason is without foundation; that the categorical "ought" of Kant is nothing more than the arbitrary dictum of the individual will; that these principles which he calmly proposes as the final and best answer of the mind on the validity of God's existence, are the fruitful sources of Agnosticism in Philosophy, of Individualism in Ethics, of Anarchism in Sociology?

I have tried to point out that, in discussing the alleged conflict between Science and Religion, an examination of the terms is of primary importance. The truth has been brought out that Physical Science was not a party to any conflict, that the real issue was between the false pretensions of a Science-Philosophy and the variously modified forms of Idealism, which, however specious, proved upon closer analysis to be narrow, inconsistent and false. This explains the chaos of thought which resulted in a widespread spirit of doubt. Thus, we are brought to a consideration of the statement made in the opening of the present article, that the vital problem at stake in the nineteenth century was the dignity and nature of the human mind.

The possession of a spiritual soul endowed with intelligence and free-will gives to man a peculiar position in the visible universe. In one way or another, the Science-Philosophy bitterly assailed this truth and contended that man was only an animal, thus making Psychology a part of Physiology or Biology. Others more radical and consistent, attempted to explain human nature by the principles of Physics and reduced human life to the

laws of motion. A luminous illustration is Mr. Mallock's appeal to the Phenomenal Idealism of Sensism in the effort to destroy the distinction between mind and matter, and to force the reader to accept as the creed of modern science either the Unknowable of Mr. Spencer, with its confusion of the notions of substance and essence, or the one substance of Spinoza, with its modern development into the Double-Aspect theory. The attempt was a failure. A careful analysis of our mental operations shows that thought and free-will are utterly unlike the activities manifested in the brute or inanimate world. In common with the brute, we possess sense-life; but, over and above, we rejoice in the activities of a mind which can form abstract and universal notions, can analyze, synthesize and carry on a sustained process of carefully reasoned thought. The power of free-will, with its sense of responsibility, is not the capacity to act without a cause or motive, but the power of choice between acting or not acting, or between various courses of action proposed by the mind. The powers of self-consciousness and of self-determination are the crown and glory of our spiritual nature. The one is not to be separated from the other. In vain we seek an explanation of them in Physiology, Biology or Physics. The process of reasoning by which this truth is ascertained consists in the application of the laws of Induction and the Method of Residues to the phenomena of conscious experience. The admission of a spiritual or super-organic principle to explain the spiritual or super-organic operations of the mind and will, is forced by pure stress of evidence upon the mind of the unbiased seeker for truth. The proof of a spiritual soul in a man is a vindication of human dignity and a triumph for human knowledge. The narrow limits of a Science-Philosophy are broken down, and the scope of philosophical observation is broadened and enriched. In addition to the department of Physical Science, we behold the spheres of mental and of moral life. They are not blended one into the other, but each stands forth clear and distinct, each with its own wealth of truth to be acquired by processes carried on in accordance with its own subject-matter and laws.

In broadening the sphere of human knowledge by the elevation of Psychology and of Ethics to the dignity of special sciences, distinct from the sciences which investigate the material world, the need is felt of a rigid inquiry into the nature of the mind,

of a complete and exact description of the laws and processes which govern it in its pursuit of truth. The great result of the labor of Socrates was the rout of the Sophists by his insisting on the value of definite concepts. He thus removed the shadows of doubt, and brought about the free activity of thought. Hence arose the splendid monuments of human reason left in the works of Plato and Aristotle. Some hundreds of years later, St. Thomas Aquinas gathered together the scattered fragments of truth and welded them into the system of Scholastic Philosophy, the greatest production of carefully reasoned thought the world has ever seen. A like labor is incumbent on the present. The work most needed to-day is a Theory of Knowledge, written with a clear conviction of the dignity and powers of the mind, and in sympathetic knowledge of the struggles and doubts of those who have immediately gone before. The materials are at hand, but the work itself will show in a clearer and more detailed manner what I have tried briefly to point out, viz., that the nineteenth century is characterized not by a conflict between Religion and Science, but by a bitter conflict of rival philosophies, and that the fundamental issue is the dignity and validity of human reason.

II.

Turning now from the general proof of my thesis set forth in the preceding pages, I shall deal with a special illustration furnished by Mr. Mallock. He repeatedly cites Professor Haeckel as the leading representative of Science. Now, I maintain that, whatever claim Professor Haeckel may have to the title of scientist, he certainly is also a philosopher. He comes before us as an exponent of the Science-Philosophy. When Professor Haeckel discusses the problems of God's existence, of human freedom and immortality, he is no longer a scientist. He has passed beyond the field of observation and experimentation on physical facts, and entered the domain of metaphysics, which is the proper sphere of philosophy. The problems of origin and destiny are beyond the range of physical science. Even a biologist, like Professor Haeckel, should not presume, as a scientist, to discuss and solve the origin of primitive life. The philosopher may make the attempt, and in so doing he will subject his reasoning and conclusions to rigid criticism. Thus, in making this attempt, Professor Haeckel is a philosopher, and the aspects of his teachings

cited and approved by Mr. Mallock are the conclusions of a philosopher, and as such we shall briefly review them.

First of all, Professor Haeckel is guilty of the false use of the term science, which he employs as if it were restricted to physical science. This is an undue narrowing of human knowledge and is in direct contradiction to our conscious experience. There are mental science and moral science as well as physical science. Each presents the results of investigations pursued in its own special field, according to its own methods. The processes of thought properly carried out in the examination of any department of human knowledge are justly termed scientific.

Again, Professor Haeckel is obliged to face a serious difficulty in explaining the origin of life. He proposes the theory of spontaneous generation. If that theory be false, he admits that his whole system falls to the ground. Fifty years ago, this statement could be put forth without much fear of the consequences. Appeal could have been made to the facts of obvious experience, as illustrated in the generation of flies and bugs from putrid matter. Since then, however, Pasteur and Tyndall have proved conclusively, by a long and careful series of experiments, that life can only come from life, and that the dictum, *omne vivum e cellula,* formulates a scientific truth. The opponents of the Science-Philosophy justly called attention to this fact and demanded an answer. Did Professor Haeckel abandon his system, or attempt to modify it in accordance with the truths of science which he so loudly acclaims? On the contrary, he grows indignant and appeals to the unknown. In present conditions, he admits, the law of Biogenesis holds sway, but what of the primitive stage when life first made its appearance on the globe? The conditions then *might be* such, he suggests, that life did not come from life but from inorganic matter. In reply, it can be said that *what we do know* is, that the law of Biogenesis is a fundamental law of Biology, that Astronomy teaches the formation of the earth from a primitive nebula, and Geology proves that in the eozoic age of our planet there were no signs of life upon it. We accept this teaching and propound it, not with a view to establish the religious nature of man, as Mr. Mallock suggests, but to show the existence of God as the author of life. If our reasoning does not hold—that is, if the law of Biogenesis did not apply to primitive life, and if primitive life came from non-living matter—then

a law of Biology has actually changed. What becomes of science on the supposition that the laws of material nature were in primitive times other than they are now, it is not for me to explain. Our position is strong, and cannot be affected by the unsupported assertions of the Science-Philosophers. And, if we consider the problem without regard to those who are interested in its discussion, we can maintain that the truths of science—as distinguished from the mere guesses and speculations of the Science-Philosophers—are not antagonistic to the conclusions of philosophy, that we are not forced to accept conclusions which hopelessly contradict each other. The ascertained facts and laws of physical science we gladly admit. The philosophical inferences therefrom are regarded as certainties, or as endowed with greater or less probability, in proportion to the weight of evidence supporting them and the rigid accuracy of the reasoning process by which they have been reached. The law of Biogenesis is in possession, and our inference is based on that admitted truth. The law of Abiogenesis has not a shred of evidence to favor its acceptance.

Another contention very dear to Professor Haeckel, and to the exposition of which Mr. Mallock devotes many pages, is the theory of evolution. This may be regarded as the framework in the edifice of Science-Philosophy, just as the law of Abiogenesis is its corner-stone. Now, what is there in the theory of Evolution? Some fifty years ago an ardent and patient young scientist discovered data which forced him to change his opinion on the development of some forms of life. But had mankind up to that time been ignorant that there is a law of growth, and that growth is a law of life? Jesus repeatedly draws illustrations from this biological law, and before the publication of "The Origin of Species" appeared the "Development of Christian Doctrine" by John Henry Newman. Men knew, in a general way, that living things grow, and that there were limits to the growth of the individual. They possessed, however, no minute knowledge of the various methods of generation, or of the laws governing the processes of growth. By close observation of the forms of life, Darwin discovered certain modifications and influences—*e. g.*, environment—whose scientific value had not been generally recognized. Immediately the world rang with plaudits over a great discovery. A new name was coined, and Evolution was proposed as a theory with a universal application. I do not wish to dis-

parage a scientific discovery. I admit that Darwin's labors opened a new field of investigation which has been of great interest and value to Biology. Life and the laws of life are full of mysteries, and the growth of an embryo, like the growth of a child's mind, gives rise to beautiful and profound reflections. The secret of Darwin's fame was that he turned our gaze to the laws of growth and showed that our eyes were holden to things about us. Science scored a triumph and every candid mind gloried in the achievement. But when Evolution, with its beautiful kernel of truth, was seized by the Science-Philosophers and proposed by them as an explanation of the universe and of man, it ceased to be a problem of science and became forthwith a problem of philosophy. God was ruled out of the world and a hypothesis assumed sway. The abstract idea of growth was extended into a theory, and men forgot that living things differ in nature one from another, and that the character of the development was determined by the nature of the being.

As an illustration in point, let us take the alleged evolution of man from the brute. Science-Philosophy professedly teaches this form of development. Investigation of brute life shows that the animal possesses sense organs and sense knowledge. Psychology teaches that man has sense-life and sense-knowledge and is, therefore, an animal; but, over and above this knowledge, he is endowed with intelligence and free-will. The operations of mind are of a different order from the operations of sense. The mind abstracts, judges and reasons from the data of sense. Modern English Psychology in the term "thought" includes the operations of intellect and of sense. This confusion has had disastrous consequences in the philosophy of mental life. The use of the one term "thought" to designate two classes of operations different in kind served to obliterate the radical difference between them and make the passage from one to the other, or the designation of one for the other, simple and natural to the untrained mind. Nevertheless, the difference is there and can never be blotted out by a fallacious logomachy. The distinction of sense and intellect is a fundamental psychological fact, and it only can account for the diverse operations of the mind. The theory of evolution is impotent to bridge this chasm. A likeness in the nature of things must be shown. This, evolution has not yet shown and never will be able to show.

III.

A final proof of the main contention of this article shall be taken from the acts of one who stands before the world as its greatest living statesman and prophet. Throughout a pontificate longer than ordinarily falls to the successor of St. Peter, Leo XIII. has proved himself by repeated acts to be an illustrious benefactor of mankind. Singularly endowed with great powers of mind, trained by a long and varied experience in the conduct of men and in the management of affairs, he brings to his high office a mature wisdom which has reflected signal glory on his reign. Almost his first act after election to the Pontificate was the publication, in 1878, of the encyclical "*Aeterni Patris.*" With the eye of a seer, he looks out into the world and detects the cause of the confusion and doubt which so profoundly disturbed the mind of his generation. He saw that men were in darkness because false philosophical systems had cast baneful shadows over the mind. He repeatedly insists that there is not and cannot be any conflict between Science and Religion. He realizes that a false philosophy, whether clothed in the garb of science, or built upon an erroneous interpretation of mental life, is the element which brings discord into the harmonious blending of knowledge. Not content with indicating the evil, he proposes the remedy. Looking into the treasury of truth, he selects the Scholastic Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas as the beacon which will cast a clear light on the troubled mind of the nineteenth century.

Thus was ushered in the Neo-Scholastic period. We find its beginnings farther back in the Latin works of Liberatore, in Trendelenberg, in Barthélemy St. Hilaire. But with the encyclical of the Holy Father an enthusiasm for the study was aroused. The "Summa" of St. Thomas became the text-book in Catholic schools, the principles which form its framework were spread abroad through publications in every language. The broad view, the clear thought, the sound doctrine, the exact expression so characteristic of the Angelic Doctor, exerted a deep and wide influence. The spirit of calm and solidity which gave to Scholastic Philosophy its strong hold on the mind of the Middle Ages breathed through the teachings of the Neo-Scholastic school. Writers came forth to face the motley array of current philosophies, with a clear knowledge of the weakness in their adversaries and confident in the possession of a strong, carefully reasoned

system of truth concerning the universe and man. A true philosophy brought into harmony the scattered and partially obscured rays of truth. It dispelled the clouds of doubt which hung so long over the minds of men. It showed the true sphere and work of physical science, urged it to pursue its fruitful labors, and was the first to acclaim the discovery of physical laws or facts.

I do not deny that Neo-Hegelianism in England contributed, in no small degree, to usher in the new movement. But its value was rather negative, in so far as it helped to overthrow the Science-Philosophy by an insistence on the conscious facts of mental and of ethical life. No modification, however, of a system radically erroneous, as was Hegel's Idealism, can hope for any length of time to retain a hold on the mind. Thus, it cannot present a broad, sound and consistent theory of knowledge or of ethics. In this, its positive side, it betrays an inferiority to Neo-Scholasticism. There we have a clear and true presentation of mental life, an exact and profound system of morals, and a just estimate of investigation into the material universe, all uniting to form a magnificent structure with no gap or jar to mar its integrity.

I have endeavored to make my purpose clear. The line of thought and the principles set forth in this article are followed out in detail and applied to the special problem of God's existence in my work on Christian Philosophy, which Mr. Mallock has criticised. What I maintain is, that a sound philosophy should recognize the truth of physical, of mental and of moral science; that it should be broad and profound, clear and exact, so as to keep intact the limits of each, to prevent one from conflicting with the other, and thus build up in all fulness and proportion the magnificent structure of human knowledge.

JOHN T. DRISCOLL.

POLICE METHODS IN LONDON.

BY JOSIAH FLYNT.

SIXTY-ODD years ago there was born to a clergyman in England a son, who in course of time elected to try his fortune in India. Some years after the birth of the son, there was born to a tigress in the wilds of India a youngster which waxed strong and big. Events so shaped themselves that when the clergyman's son had grown to man's estate, and the tiger had been taught to manage for himself, the two had a meeting. The Englishman went forth on a hunting trip; on the same day the tiger decided to prowl and see what he could devour. The tiger discovered the Englishman, and springing upon him, felled him to the ground. In falling, the Englishman came down on his right side. Remembering a story, heard years before, that so long as a man will keep quiet and does not move, there are chances that an attacking tiger will refrain from further attack, he lay perfectly still. The tiger however, began to gnaw at the man's left arm. The pain was intense, and there was nothing to prove that his legs would not be nibbled off next, but the Englishman continued to lie still—and hope. Pretty soon he heard the voices of a rescuing party. The tiger heard them also. The rescuing party arrived, and the tiger was slain. The Englishman got back to civilization *minus* his left arm. To-day he is known as Sir Edward Bradford, Commissioner of London's Metropolitan Police. He sits in his office at Scotland Yard, and with his brains and his right arm makes plain to the 16,000 officers and constables how he wants London protected.

A few months ago, while visiting certain European capitals for the purpose of gathering information about foreign police organizations, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the man whom the tiger had intended to make away with. I

found him seated at his desk busy in the perusal of reports. He does not look like a Chief of Police. He is a small man, hardly five feet four, I should say, and gives one the impression of having devoted himself to the art of politeness rather than to the profession of governing a police department. There is not the slightest trace of bluster or "almightiness" in his attitude toward callers. Except that he was at Scotland Yard and seated at the Commissioner's desk, he might easily have passed for a country gentleman painstakingly looking over his business papers. Yet he was for years connected with the Secret Department in the India Office, and probably knows as much about the police business as any man identified with it.

He asked me whether, previous to calling on him, I had looked over the "Criminal Statistics Report" from the Home Office; he indicated that I could probably find there the bulk of the information desired. I told him that I was anxious to see what kind of men the detective department employed, and asked him whether it would be permissible for me to accompany some of the plain-clothes men while on duty.

"In the main the men in the Criminal Investigation Department come from the same class of society as that which supplies us with constables," the Commissioner replied. "Furthermore, I have done away with the practice of letting the police serve as guides to slumming parties. I found when I took hold here, that the police were practically keeping certain places open in order to have something ready and handy to show to strangers. There is nothing to hinder you from having a look by yourself, however. I go about the town and see things for myself, and you can do the same."

"Are ex-thieves ever employed on the force?" I asked. Sir Edward gave me an astonished look, and then exclaimed: "Never." I hinted that the custom was not unknown in the United States. "Of course, our men have various ways of collecting facts," Sir Edward proceeded, "and it is not impossible" —here he smiled—"that they make use of certain persons whom it is not necessary to name; but as for giving ex-thieves positions in the organization, such a thing never happens."

I was then turned over to Assistant-Commissioner E. R. Henry, the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, and my study of London police methods was continued for about eight weeks.

I.

Speaking roughly, there are from six to eight million men, women, and children who live within the jurisdiction of the two police organizations which look out for personal safety and private and public property in the British Metropolis. The majority of these people are probably natives of Great Britain, but scattered among them are thousands of foreigners who have come from the uttermost parts of the earth. The mass of the inhabitants are law-observing citizens who not only make every effort not to break the law themselves, but who also take a friendly interest in helping the police to carry out their orders. Londoners are gifted with a wonderful good-humor, as well as with an enviable willingness to assist in making the machinery of government run with as little friction as possible. In spite of this good-humor and friendly intention on the part of the population, however, it requires 15,977 policemen in one organization, and 1,056 in the other, to keep the public peace. The larger force is called The Police of the Metropolis, or, more generally, The Metropolitan Police. The smaller organization is called The City Police; the latter are on duty exclusively in the district known as "The City." The Metropolitan Police are responsible to the Home Office—which corresponds to our Department of the Interior. Their jurisdiction extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross (exclusive of the City of London), and embraces an area of 688 square miles. The jurisdiction of the City Police comprises an area of 671 acres. Although this district is small, the amount of property to be protected is enormous, and there are well on toward 40,000 night residents whose safety has to be considered. In the daytime, there are hundreds of thousands of persons who either find their employment in the City or come and go through its streets, and these people also fall within the purview of the local police force. The organization is maintained by the Corporation of the City of London. It is commanded by a Commissioner and an Assistant Commissioner, subject to the general direction of a Police Committee elected by the Common Council.

Previous to the early part of the last century the police arrangements of London were worse, probably, than any to be found at present in the United States. Throughout England, in fact, both the country and town police organizations, if they could be called

such, were in such a loose state, that the Government imposed the severest sentences for comparatively trivial offences, in the hope of thus being able to scare offenders. There had been Ecclesiastical, Forest, Commercial, and nearly every other imaginable kind of police in England at one time and another; but the beginning of the nineteenth century found London practically at the mercy of bands of thieves and marauders, which the existing guardians of the peace were utterly unequal to cope with. Captain Melville, in his recently published "History of Police in England," has this to say regarding the conditions which prevailed in London at that time:

"The state of the metropolis was such that social reformers might well have despaired of ever seeing an improvement; every corrupting influence and every criminal tendency seemed to flourish unchecked and unrebuked in the congenial atmosphere of the London slums. Thieves and receivers, drivers of hackney coaches, and sometimes toll-gate keepers, conspired together to rob the travelling public. Still more serious were the conspiracies in which solicitors and police officers were concerned, which had for their object the levying of blackmail from bankers and others. In this organized system of fraud the following method was usually adopted: A man of education, with money behind him, would plan a bank robbery, purchase the necessary information, and hire expert thieves to do the actual work. The robbery having been duly effected, some time would be allowed to elapse; and then the prime mover in the affair, through his agent the police officer, would notify the manager of the bank that the stolen notes or securities had been traced, and might be recovered, if a large reward was forthcoming. The offer was invariably coupled with the proviso that, in the event of the proposed restitution being carried out, no further questions should be asked, nor further proceedings taken. Between 1805 and 1818 there were more than two hundred executions for forgery alone—that is to say, at the rate of one execution in every three weeks. When one considers that only a few of the forgers were caught, that of these not all were convicted, and that of the convicted but a moderate percentage were hanged, we get some idea of the prevalence of this particular offence. On the whole, there is no exaggeration in saying that, at the dawn of the nineteenth century, England was passing through an epoch of criminality darker than any other in her annals. In 1815 alone, eighty thousand pounds was given in blood-money, an expenditure that might almost be considered as a Government subsidy for the encouragement of felony. Forty pounds was the reward offered for the conviction of certain offenders, and it was obviously to the advantage of the thief-taker not to interfere with a promising young criminal until he should commit a forty pounds crime; premature conviction was tantamount to killing the goose that should lay the golden egg, and the common cant phrase of the

day, when referring to a juvenile offender, was, 'he doesn't weigh forty pounds yet.'"

Among other writers and reformers who labored toward a regeneration of the police was Henry Fielding. He and his brother, together with another writer by the name of Colquhoun, published pamphlets and books describing the terrible state of crime in the Metropolis, and suggesting reforms and remedies by which the conditions could be changed. As happens in all reforms, these men wrote and preached and agitated ahead of their time; but the seed sown by them bore fruit in 1829, when Sir Robert Peel succeeded in getting through Parliament a bill by which the different parish and ward police forces were organized into one force.

Captain Melville says:

"By June, 1830, the Metropolitan Police consisted of 17 superintendents, 68 inspectors, 323 sergeants, and 2,906 constables, or 3,314 of all ranks. The Metropolitan Police District was divided into seventeen Police Divisions. These divisions were then divided into Sub-Divisions, Sections and Beats. There were eight Sections in a Division, and eight Beats in a Section. . . . At first, the twenty-four hours were divided into two day reliefs and two night reliefs, half of the entire force being on duty by day and half by night. This arrangement was not a success, and was subsequently altered, when the day duty was performed in two reliefs and the night duty in one relief. . . . The immediate result of the institution of an effective police force, whose main object was prevention, was precisely that which was to be expected: convictions for crimes of violence decreased, because evil-disposed persons knew that they could no longer commit them with impunity, and convictions for minor offences increased, because the vigilance of the new policemen brought to their proper punishment many a petty depredator who had easily hoodwinked his familiar friend, the old parish officer."

The Commissioner of the new force was selected and appointed by the Imperial Government, as is the case to-day.

The City Police also received an overhauling at about the same time that the Metropolitan force was organized. It had degenerated to nearly as low depths as had the old parish organizations, and the City would doubtless have been deprived of its ancient right to have a police force of its own, had it not followed the Government's example and reorganized its police department. To-day this department compares very favorably with the larger force, and there is no indication that the City is to lose the privilege of policing its own immediate district.

As the Metropolitan Police are the dominating organization, they will be exclusively considered in what follows.

II.

The present Metropolitan Police are divided into twenty-two "divisions," the division corresponding more or less to what are called precincts in New York. On the coat-collar of every uniformed member of the force are an embroidered letter of the alphabet and a number. The letter indicates the division to which the man is assigned, and the number is his name, so to speak. In the Police Courts, the constable, when called upon by the magistrate to give his testimony concerning an arrest, calls his letter and number before telling what he knows about the case in hand. All told, there are 13,373 constables in the metropolitan area. During 1901 they were officered by 32 superintendents, 573 inspectors, and 1,999 sergeants. The number of men available for police duty during the same period was 14,082.

The superior officers of the organization are as follows:

Title.	Salary.
Commissioner	£2,100
Assistant Commissioners (3)	1,250
Chief Clerk	750
Surgeon-in-Chief	600
Clerk of Accounts	600

Besides these officials there are also a Receiver, who attends to the financial department, clerks of the first and second class, assistant clerks, solicitors to the Commissioner, Superintendent of the Executive and Statistical Branch, Superintendents of the Criminal Investigation Department, and also a Superintendent of the public-carriage branch and the lost-property office. The pay of the force, including Superintendents, Inspectors, Sergeants, and Constables, during the year 1900, was, £1,293,952 13*s.*—or considerably over six million dollars. The police bill is paid out of what are called the "rates." The total amount of police rate levied for the year ended March 31st, 1901, was £910,305 10*s.* 9*d.*, and the Local Taxation Account (including £4,389 14*s.* 8*d.* under the Agricultural Rates Act, 1896) contributed £724,964 19*s.* 8*d.* to the police fund during the year.

The area of the different divisions, or precincts, varies very considerably. That of Whitehall, for instance, contains only 1.82 square miles, while the Clapham division takes in over 76. Each

division has a Superintendent, to whom are assigned the number of Inspectors, Sergeants, and Constables which the Commissioner thinks necessary to meet the needs of his district. Hammersmith, for example, with an area of 73.42 square miles, has a Superintendent, 18 Inspectors, 124 Sergeants, and 726 Constables. Whitechapel, on the other hand, with an area of only 2.08 square miles, has, besides its Superintendent, 25 Inspectors, 57 Sergeants, and 488 Constables.

The pay of the men up to the inspectors is considerably below that received by the New York Police:

	Minimum, Per annum.	Rising by, Per annum.	Maximum, Per annum.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Inspectors	153 18 7	5 4 0	174 16 0
	Per week.	Per week, Per annum.	Per week.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Station Sergeants	2 7 6	0 1 0	2 10 6
Sergeants	1 16 0	0 1 0	2 2 0
Constables	1 5 6	0 1 0	1 13 6

NOTE.—These rates were fixed in December, 1900.

From this table it will be seen that the constable, as long as he remains in this grade, can never earn more than eight dollars and a fraction a week. This maximum is reached after eight years' service. About eight pence a week are deducted from his salary for superannuation. Retirement, without a medical certificate, is permissible on completion of 25 years' service. The pension received after 15 years' service amounts to one-fourth of the salary drawn at the time of retirement. After 35 years' service the pension given is two-thirds of the salary. In addition to their salaries, married constables receive a weekly lodging allowance of eighteen pence. There are also allowances for clothes. Sergeants, Inspectors, and the other grades of officers pay somewhat more for superannuation than does the constable, but in no case can the deduction from their salaries for this purpose exceed two and a half per cent. The pensions are intended for the men only; their widows and children do not benefit by them.

There are three classes of Inspectors in London—Chief Inspectors, Divisional Inspectors, and ordinary Inspectors. It is the duty of all these men, as their title implies, to see that the subordinates placed under their direction do the work to which they have been assigned. A patrol Inspector, for instance, has about 26 sergeants and constables to look after. He must see that the

patrol sergeants are in their right "sections," that the constables stick to their respective "beats," and he must be in a position to give a satisfactory account of his own performance of duty whenever called upon to do so. The superintendent of the division is responsible to Scotland Yard for the condition of his district. The beats of the constables are changed every month. Those who are not married, and can be accommodated at the station houses, of which each division has one, pay about a dollar a week for lodging. They are generally allowed to get their meals where they wish, but the married men generally arrange to take at least two meals with their families. The patrol duty of the constable is from eight to twelve hours according to circumstances. Four months of the year he is compelled to go on the night relief.

The Criminal Investigation Department of the London Police is a distinct institution by itself. It comes under the general management of the Commissioner, but an Assistant Commissioner is the real head of the department. It is a popular notion that the term "Scotland Yard" corresponds to what is called the Detective Bureau in New York. This is an erroneous impression. Scotland Yard is the headquarters, or the Central Office, of the entire police force, and what the Londoners call the Criminal Investigation Department corresponds to the American Detective Bureau. At headquarters proper, there are a number of picked men who devote themselves exclusively to ferreting out serious crime. Besides this "flying squadron," if it may be called such, each separate division also has its plain-clothes men—in New York they are called precinct men—who are under the general direction, however, of the superior officers of the Investigation Department at headquarters. Besides the Assistant Commissioner, who is the chief, there is a superintendent, as in the case of the divisions, and there are also inspectors. The plain-clothes men, both at headquarters and in the divisions, receive somewhat higher pay than do the uniformed policemen. They are recruited mainly from those members of the uniformed force who have shown themselves particularly adapted for secret investigations.

Before I was allowed to go upstairs at Scotland Yard and make the personal acquaintance of some of the operatives in the Investigation Department, the Assistant Commissioner cautioned me under no circumstances to mention the names of operatives

whom I might meet. "We are very hard on men," he said, "whom we suspect of looking for notoriety, and we do not like to see their names in the papers when they can be kept out. We are not seeking any advertisement whatsoever. You have come to us properly accredited, and I shall be glad to show you what you want to see, but I trust that you will be very careful not to talk unnecessarily about your experience."

The most interesting feature of this visit "upstairs," was the opportunity afforded me of studying the system in vogue there of taking finger impressions of criminals. The Bertillon system has been practically given up, finger prints taking its place. The old system was discarded, according to Mr. E. R. Henry, the Assistant-Commissioner, and the author of a very practical text-book* on finger impressions, written for the benefit of policemen, because it was too fallible. Mr. Henry was formerly Inspector-General of Police of the Lower Provinces in India, and while filling this post he experimented with finger impressions until he was convinced that, as compared with the Bertillon system of measurements, it was far superior as a means of identifying criminals. About eighteen months ago, the Home Office, on the recommendation of a Commission, appointed to study the matter and present a report, decided to substitute finger prints for the old system, and the results so far achieved have amply justified the change. In order that the reader may more fully appreciate the reasons for the change, I give here some extracts from Mr. Henry's book, which show why a similar innovation in India was deemed practicable.

Anthropometry.

"(1) Instruments are costly and likely to get out of order.

"(2) Measurers must be put through a special course of instruction, and be possessed of sufficient education to understand the significance of the figures of the decimal scale.

"(3) If measurements are inaccurately taken, or accurately taken but wrongly read off or wrongly transcribed, the error cannot afterwards be discovered and remedied in the office where the cards are permanently kept, and this error will persist and defeat all chance

Identification by Finger Prints.

"(1) Accessories needed, a piece of tin and some printer's ink, are inexpensive and procurable everywhere.

"(2) Any person, whether educated or not, after half an hour's practice, can take legible finger prints.

"(3) Finger prints are absolute impressions taken from the body itself under conditions which eliminate error as regards transcription or recording. An effective device is adopted to guard against their being imprinted in a wrong sequence. After the 'rolled' impres-

* "Classification and Uses of Finger Prints."

Anthropometry.	*Identification by Finger Prints.*
of successful search. If the data recorded are incorrect, no amount of care can afterwards remedy the defect.	sion of each digit is taken separately, the digits are confined together in a metal guard and impressed simultaneously as 'plain' impressions, thereby securing their occurrence in a correct sequence, and these 'plain' impressions are compared with the 'rolled' impressions at the time of classification. They may get incorrectly classified, but this error will be subsequently rectified, as it must be noticed during some subsequent search.
"(5) A margin greater or less, must always be allowed for errors on the part of the operator, for what may be termed the 'personal equation' error of operators.	"(5) No allowance for error on the part of the operator is made or needed. Working results in India show that, in 1898, 500 anthropometric references necessitated 4,623 pigeon-holes being searched, whereas finger impression references in 1899 necessitated only 707 pigeon-holes being searched.
"(6) Search is made according to the somewhat complicated limits and subsidiary limits in a figured 'key,' the details of which even practised searchers could not be trusted to commit to memory."	"(6) No key is required. The searcher decides whether the impression of each digit, the digits being arranged in five pairs, is a Whorl, or not a Whorl. If it is a Whorl, he gives it a prescribed numerical value according as it occurs in the first, or second, or third, or fourth, or fifth pair, and the sum of such values gives a result fixing the particular pigeon hole, out of 1,024, where the card should be placed. The secondary or sub-classification is done equally rapidly and without a key."

Sir Francis Galton has estimated that not one finger impression out of sixty-four billion is likely to resemble any other, a finding which certainly shuts out the probability of confusing resemblances.

In order to show me how quickly a set of impressions could be located in the general file, one of the operators was sent out of the room, and two sets of impressions were taken of my ten fingers. One set was placed in its proper file in the general collection, the man was recalled, handed the set which corresponded with the one in the file, and told to find the duplicate. He produced it in less than two minutes.

During a conversation with one of the Inspectors, reference was made to the so-called "American invasion" of England by New York and other American thieves, which took place some years

ago. One of the main instigators of this importation of American criminal "talent" into Great Britain was Adam Worth, the alleged thief of the Gainsborough picture which went back to London not so very long since. I had known for some time one of the members of this gang, and I was anxious to learn what Scotland Yard had thought of them. The Inspector spoke of them as follows:

"They were one of the smartest sets of thieves this country has ever had to deal with. They fooled us for years, and I am not sure that we should ever have got on to them if luck hadn't helped us out some. We had not been used to that kind of criminal. The men you refer to came over here, put on dress suits, lived at swell hotels, and gave the general appearance of being gentlemen of leisure. We had not had many dealings with thieves in dress suits. It was also a new one on us to find them strolling unconcernedly around hotel corridors. One evening I happened in at the Café Monaco, and whom should I see sitting there, big as life, but Billy Porter and the rest of the mob. That was the kind of surprise that we were continually running up against. Of course we eventually succeeded in landing a number of the gang, but it took a long time; and, as I said, luck had a good deal to do with it. They taught us a good lesson which we are not likely to forget."

Before leaving this section of my article, it seems appropriate to refer to the Report which the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police recently made to the Home Secretary. He presents one every year, and it is later handed to both Houses of Parliament by order of the King. Those which I have been able to see are models which American Police Commissioners would do well to study. According to the Report for 1901, there was an increase of 838 in criminal offences, occurring principally under the heads of house-breaking, burglary, forgery and larceny. Felonies relating to property increased from 16,665 in 1900 to 17,433 in the year under report, this being the largest number registered since 1895, and representing an incidence per thousand of population of .261. There was also a very noticeable rise in the amount of loss in respect of these offences, the total reaching the sum of £376,206, an excess of £163,866 over the loss recorded in 1900. Recoveries, however, were on a similarly large scale, the total value of the property restored being £142,490, as compared with £39,178 in the preceding year. Twenty-four cases of murder were reported; in 16 of these the accused were brought before the Courts. In 6, the murderers committed suicide; in one, the mur-

derers escaped to Italy, but were afterwards brought to book; and in the remaining case the Attorney-General decided not to proceed against the alleged offender. In the 16 cases in which arrests were made, the death sentence was passed in five; in nine the accused were found to be of unsound mind.

So much for the organization of London's Metropolitan Police. Watching thieves and keeping street traffic in order, however, constitute only a part of the London "Bobby's" strenuous life. He must also be a peace-maker when quarrels are in sight, a guardian of women and children who wander into his bailiwick, a protection to drunkards who are unable to care for themselves, and a vigilant caretaker of houses the occupants of which are temporarily out of town.

There is no Pinkerton Agency to supplement police work. There are private detective forces, to be sure, but the public relies on Scotland Yard rather than on outside assistance for the safeguarding of its property and its own personal welfare.

III.

The most striking facts, from the American point of view, concerning the Metropolitan Police of London are, (1) that the force is composed mainly of honest and conscientious men, (2) that politics is not allowed to play any part in the management and direction of the organization, (3) that the Londoners receive, in exchange for the taxes levied for the support of the force, a protection of life and property which makes London one of the safest cities in the world. The most striking difference between the London Police and police forces in the United States, as regards management, is that the former is an Imperial force. The Royal Irish Constabulary and the Metropolitan Police of Dublin are also Imperial organizations.

So far there has been practically no agitation in the United States which has favored control of the police of the country by the National Government. The prevailing sentiment is that each town and hamlet should manage its own police, not even the State being allowed to exercise any direct control in the immediate management of the different police departments within its jurisdiction. One of the results of this system has been that there are almost as many different kinds of police in this country as there are States. Pennsylvania, for instance, chooses the police

government which the politicians and local "statesmen" see fit to offer the tax-payers, and New York is more or less in the same position. To attempt to describe the different police methods in vogue in the United States would take a bulky volume. In many instances, so many men are responsible for the direction of the policemen, that the public has difficulty in finding the parties upon whom the blame should rest for work poorly done. Although the Londoners are not permitted to manage their police department, they at least have it in their power to call to order very quickly the one man in the nation who is responsible for its direction. Any member of Parliament has a right to ask the Home Secretary to explain why he has allowed certain things to happen, and he is not permitted to squirm out of a direct reply by the tiresome rejoinder: "For the good of the Service." He must have a very valid reason for all of his orders and instructions, and the city as well as the nation sees to it that the money expended buys the best performance of duty that the country can produce.

Concerning police corruption in London, there is very little that I have to report. I failed to find any corruption which could be compared with the blackmailing system for which the New York Police have so long been notorious. There are scattered disorderly houses and gambling dens in London, but they do not exist on account of police connivance, and they are raided by the police authorities whenever located. It is not necessary for a busy District Attorney to leave his office and collect his own evidence. The Police collect it for him. When a gambling den is suspected, clever men are told to watch it until there can be no doubt that illegal gaming is going on. Then the raid takes place, the guilty parties are brought into court, and the magistrate or judge gives them their punishment with very little delay. Appeals are seldom granted, and the Londoners are spared the disgusting postponements and legal subterfuges by which so many guilty gamblers escape imprisonment in the United States. Richard Canfield and his alleged gaming house could not exist a week in London, if it be true that his "dive" was run as openly as has been stated. The place would not only be raided, but Canfield would go to prison. Such a place might be able to run secretly for a while, but it would have to enjoy great luck to keep open for many weeks.

The closing-hour question is also very much simplified in London—in fact, in England generally. At one half-hour after midnight on week days—except Saturday, when they close at midnight sharp—and at eleven o'clock on Sundays, the public houses shut their doors. On Sundays, the saloons are open from one o'clock in the afternoon until three, and from six o'clock in the evening until eleven. The public makes no attempt to break through these rules.* Five minutes before closing time, the bar-tenders notify all guests to get ready to leave, and those who linger are forcibly shown their way to the street. Publicans, who are found breaking the law lose their licenses, and are put out of business. This is the whip-lash which the police have over all public houses. A similar procedure in New York might have equally beneficial results, if the police would be honest, and see to it that evidence against offenders was carefully collected and presented.

A word in conclusion concerning the constables and politics. In Philadelphia, where I made an investigation some time ago, I was told by a "grafter" that every policeman in the city was expected to be "good" for at least six votes on election days. In New York it is a notorious fact that superior officers, as well as patrolmen, have taken a very active part in electioneering. In London, when a policeman is caught electioneering, or in any way making use of his office for political purposes, he is discharged from the force *instanter*. There are rumors which would seem to indicate that this rule is not followed in certain other towns in England having municipal organizations; but it is rigidly followed in London. That "Bobby" who is moved to take a hand in affairs which do not concern him as an Imperial police officer, ceases to be a "Bobby" from the moment that his interference in outside matters is discovered.

JOSIAH FLYNT.

* "Clubs," which are practically "booze pens," exist in London, and may be entered on Sunday; but the new Licensing Act, which went into effect January 1, 1903, is bound to diminish their number.

POLYGAMY IN THE UNITED STATES—HAS IT POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE?

BY JOSEPH SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

IT may be presumptuous for a political layman to undertake to decide what questions are political or economic, and what their political significance may be in American politics. In order to determine whether the fact that polygamy exists in the United States has political significance or not, it may be necessary to give a brief résumé of the history of the church organized by Joseph Smith and others on April 6th, 1830.

That church, known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, whose members are by the outside world called Mormons, was organized in the State of New York, the statutes of which forbade bigamy or polygamy, and made provision for punishing any infraction of monogamic institutions. The church flourished in New York, Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois for the fourteen years during which Joseph and Hyrum Smith were connected with it, always under the legal enactments which recognized monogamy as the American ideal of the domestic relation.

So far as the adherents of the new church were concerned, having professed belief in direct present revelation from God, they were compromised by such declaration in an obligation to observe and keep "the laws of the land"—that is, to avoid doing that which would bring them under the just punishment of statutory enactments adopted by the legislatures of the several States in which the church might have existence. The organic law of the church provided, among other things, for a rule to govern the marriage relation, in the following terms:

"Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her and none else."*

*"Doctrine and Covenants," 42:7.

"Whoso forbiddeth to marry, is not ordained of God, for marriage is ordained of God unto man; wherefore it is lawful that he should have one wife, and they twain shall be one flesh, and all this that the earth might answer the end of its creation; and that it might be filled with the measure of man, according to his creation before the world was made."*

Under the institution of this rule, the church in 1835 adopted a certified statement of belief, in solemn assembly, as follows:

"Marriage should be celebrated with prayer and thanksgiving; and at the solemnization, the persons to be married, standing together, the man on the right, and the woman on the left, shall be addressed, by the person officiating, as he shall be directed by the Holy Spirit; and if there be no legal objections, he shall say, calling each by their names: 'You both mutually agree to be each other's companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition; that is, keeping yourselves wholly for each other, and from all others, during your lives.' And when they have answered 'Yes,' he shall pronounce them 'husband and wife' in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the laws of the country and authority vested in him.

"All legal contracts of marriage made before a person is baptized into this church, should be held sacred and fulfilled. Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication, and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again."†

This church rule was in force unrepealed and without modification at the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, which occurred on June 27th, 1844. Whatever may have been the originating causes of the difficulties which the church met in Kirtland, Ohio, from 1831 to 1837, it may not be necessary to state, except that, so far as is known, polygamy was not one of the charges upon which its members were arraigned before the public. Their settlement at Independence, and in Jackson County, Missouri, began soon after their removal from New York to Ohio, and the settlements at Kirtland and Independence were to a greater or lesser extent simultaneous.

From what may be gathered from the statements made in the leading journals of the time, and by such men as General A. W. Doniphan, General Atchison, and others who were acquainted with the people, polygamy had no political significance as a dis-

*"Doctrine and Covenants," 49:3.

†"Doctrine and Covenants," 111:2, 3.

turbing element; for it is known that it did not exist in the church at that time. Evidently, one leading cause of complaint against the people was the dislike which their religious neighbors had to the claim made by the church to the reception of a direct revelation from God. This with a good number of their co-religionists in the State brought them into disrepute. It is evident, however, that the chief cause of complaint was the fact that the greater number of the membership were from the East, and naturally were anti-slavery in political sentiment. Indeed, one declaration in their formulated presentation of faith and belief was to the effect that it was wrong for man to hold his fellow man in slavery. At that time Missouri was a slave State, and anything that was opposed to the principle of slavery was looked upon with dislike, and subjected the holder of such opinion to the open and often violent censure of the pro-slavery element of the State. It was assumed that whoever was opposed to slavery would not make a good Democratic citizen; and from these two elements—religious hatred and political dislike—there arose the persecution which in 1833 brought a portion of the citizens, in disregard of law, into conflict with the fast increasing citizenship brought into the State by their church belief and church relationship.

It may be taken for granted that there were unwise men on either side of the question, and from the condition of the public mind at the time it was not strange that persecution and unlawful violence against the Mormons gave rise to the spirit of resentment and reprisal for wrongs inflicted. In this instance, the question of the existence of plural marriage, either as a church tenet or church practice, did not enter into the controversy.

After the expulsion from Jackson County, Missouri, the people scattered north and east, and an attempt was made to provide for their continuance in the State by setting apart a county for their sole occupancy. This failed, and in 1838, the disturbances having been renewed, the church was expelled from the State; but again the subject of polygamy was not one of the moving causes.

Joseph and Hyrum Smith having been taken prisoners by State military authority in November, 1838, were turned over to the civil authorities for trial. The trial was put off from time to time; and after being confined in jail for some months, they were sent from one county to another, under an officer's care, upon an unsigned *mittimus*. While on the way, by connivance with the

guard or otherwise, they secured an opportunity to escape, which they availed themselves of. They reached their families at Quincy, Illinois, and, with thousands who had preceded them in leaving the State of Missouri and other thousands who came after, they made a settlement at Commerce, afterwards called Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois.

The persecution which had been waged against them in Missouri followed them to Illinois, and Joseph Smith was subjected to vexatious prosecutions under one pretence and another; but at no time was he charged and made to answer before the courts for immorality, nor was polygamy made a part of the complaint against him at the time of his incarceration and death. After his death, the church broke up into different fragments, one of the larger of which followed the lead of Brigham Young, first to Council Bluffs, commonly called Winter Quarters, thence to the valley of Salt Lake in the Rocky Mountains; and it was not until August, 1852, eight years after the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, that plural marriage or polygamy was proclaimed as a part of the belief of the church in the valleys. Thousands of those who had been members in the church before the death of Joseph Smith refused to accept the dogma and the rule of Brigham Young connected with it.

As early as 1866, inquiry was made in Congress as to what measures might properly be instituted to eliminate polygamy as a vexatious question from the consideration of Utah affairs. The Chairman of the Territorial Committee, Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, asked of a person who was a member of the church during the lifetime of Joseph Smith and interested in the question, what measures he would recommend for adoption by Congress in reference to the practice of polygamy. The answer to this question was, that so long as Congress persisted in treating polygamy as a religious tenet and within the meaning of the Constitution, which provided that Congress should neither prescribe a form of religion nor proscribe persons for the practice of their religion, nothing could be done with the subject under discussion. It was further stated to Chairman Ashley that the government, both national and State, had failed unmistakably in enforcing existing laws, either for the Latter-Day Saints or against them, the result of which had been to undermine the confidence of the people in both the lawmaking and the law-enforcing powers; that if existing

laws had been properly enforced against them if they had been transgressors, that would have been sufficient to prevent the practice of plural marriage from growing into a menace, as it has been called, against the American home. If the laws had been enforced in their behalf, there would have been greater respect for both the laws and those whose duty it was to enforce them. It was a confession of weakness either to hold or to state that so small a number of people could continue to violate the laws of both State and nation, as it was alleged they had been doing, and escape the just punishment of wrongdoing because of the inability of the governments to enforce their laws; especially so, as by one of the fundamental principles of the church the members thereof were held directly responsible to "keep the laws of the land," the divine revelation which they believed in distinctly affirming:

"Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land; wherefore be subject to the powers that be, until He reigns whose right it is to reign."*

No effectual law was passed at that time; but from one stage to another, under first one administration and then another, the whole matter appears to have been trifled with, so that no effective legislation was enacted. The sending in of Johnston's army, the resistance of the Utah people to the invasion, the abandonment of the city by President Young and his followers, and the hegira south, the entrance of the army, the establishment of a military post at Camp Douglas, the appointment of governors, the making of territorial laws, all went on under seeming acquiescence upon the part of the government, until the passage of the Edmunds bill, by which polygamy was made a crime and an active prosecution began under that law. Under the operation of that prosecution hundreds of polygamists, including many leading men of the church, were arrested and punished by fine and imprisonment, the result of which was that after a time judges and officers became disgusted with the apparent futility of endeavoring to establish the supremacy of law by such means.

Following this active effort to secure a proper respect for the law and institutions of the country, an attempt was made to secure statehood for Utah. Efforts had already been made in the same direction, but without avail. By a Manifesto issued by Wilford

*"Doctrine and Covenants," 58:5.

Woodruff, acting President of the Church in Utah, in the fall of 1890, there was proclaimed what was understood to be an abandonment of polygamous marriages; or, as stated upon oath, before a commissioner of the United States Court, the practice of polygamy was abandoned.

Upon the strength of this abandonment, Congress passed a bill, under the care of Senator Edmunds, including an Enabling Act, by which Utah became a State, with the peculiar clause, both in the Enabling Act and in the Constitution of the State, that polygamous marriages were forever prohibited.

It is not a little singular that the construction put upon this phrase, "polygamous marriages," should have left the question in such a condition that persons who had married polygamous wives were left to continue their connection with those wives, at the sufferance of a clause in the State regulations punishing such associations as "unlawful cohabitation."

All through these efforts made in Congress, certainly from 1866 up to the passage of the Edmunds bill, there had been evasion of responsibility for enforcement of law, a continued persistence on the part of those practising plural marriage and a perpetual shifting of position. To what may this be attributed? Utah had been for many years possessed of the number of inhabitants requisite to constitute a State. Territorial laws had been passed by the territorial legislature in which marriage had been made a creature of church domination entirely, and the status of woman as a wife and as a widow had been left to church settlement, without interference on the part of the United States. The attention of Governor Murray had been called to this peculiar condition, and he had reported the same to Congress, and yet no further attention had been paid to it. There was persistent effort upon the part of the citizens of Utah, including the church, to secure Statehood. Even the women of Utah held conventions from time to time, and, so far as they could, made provision for its being received into Statehood. There was evidently a hesitancy upon the part of Congress or some parties in Congress to permit the entrance of Utah into the sisterhood of States while yet polygamy was an acknowledged tenet of the church. The two parties were quite nearly balanced during the most of this time, and the accession of two Senators from the State of Utah could easily have turned the balance of power at times. A curious observer might

have asked the question, and doubtless did, Why was this not done? The answer is, evidently, that the party to be injured by such increase of power in the Senate was hostile to such action. Why should the treating of polygamy as a crime against the laws and institutions of the United States, which it clearly was, have been so long delayed, and the persistent apparent recognition of it as a religious tenet and within the limits of the constitutional privilege thus either positively or tacitly admitted? How does it happen that at each attempted successive effort at legislation something has intervened to prevent that legislation or to change its application or operation, until finally either by an oversight on the part of Senator Edmunds who drafted the bill, the Enabling Act, or the cunning of those who formed the convention that framed the Constitution under which Utah was admitted, polygamy is made to mean simply the act of marrying more than one woman, and not the living with more than one woman at the same time as wives, which is the plain and most direct construction given to the word "polygamy" by the lexicographer.

An attempted explanation upon this point by Senator Edmunds, after such construction was put upon it, leaves the fact that persons practising polygamy—living with more than one woman at the same time as wives—are to be dealt with under the statutory provisions regarding "unlawful cohabitation."

Joseph F. Smith, present President of the Utah Church, states in substance that they have submitted to the action of Congress after a long contest in the courts; and this long contest in Congress and in the courts has left the condition of affairs like this: There are quite a number of men, leading ministers and officers in the church in Utah, who are living with more than one woman as wives, and are having children by them, it is to be presumed. They are punishable under State law only for unlawful cohabitation, and the penalty for such conduct is a fine so slight that some of these men can easily pay the penalty as often as their infraction of the law results in tangible evidence of their offence by the birth of offspring, it being quite out of the question under ordinary circumstances to prove unlawful cohabitation without such evidence. Besides this, it is quite within the possibilities that plural marriages may be performed in the temples in Utah without the officers of the courts obtaining any proofs of such marriages. And further than this: persons may be married in

other places than Utah who may already have wives in Utah, and, removing within the State, may live with two or more upon the strength of such marriage, without involving themselves or the church in a breach of the clause which says, "Polygamous marriages are forever prohibited." And it might be impossible to obtain proof of such marriages.

The election of Brigham H. Roberts to Congress a few years since brought the question directly home to the American public: "Shall a polygamist be permitted to hold a seat in the legislative halls of the nation?" This question was decided negatively, and Mr. Roberts failed of admission. The question arises again, when it is contemplated that Reed Smoot, of the Apostolic Quorum of the Utah Church, shall be admitted to the office of United States Senator. As we understand it, Mr. Smoot is not a polygamist, and ought not to be excluded on this account; nor can he justly be excluded upon the plea that he is a Mormon.

Utah is now a State having all the characteristics that appertain to one of the sisterhood in the American Republic. The animosities which were engendered during the time when the people were divided in politics into what was known as the Liberal, upon the one hand, and the Church Party, upon the other, have apparently died out, and their causes have passed into oblivion. If, therefore, there should be no revival of the vexing question, there is little reason to apprehend that it will again become a disturbing element in the politics of the State. There is, however, a strong feeling on the part of the public outside of Utah against the church, not altogether based upon the polygamic question, but upon the supposition that the Mormon people are making an effort to secure political control not only in Utah, but in others of the Western States, through which they may in time secure such conditions by State enactments as will permit them to throw off the mask of acquiescence in the national legislation by which they are now under obligation not to continue polygamous marriages, and to reinstate the practice as a church dogma.

It is this effort to secure political supremacy or balance of power that is ostensibly held to be the reason of the hostility to Utah now apparent outside of the State. This hostility is being emphasized by a crusade fostered by some of the prominent churches of the land, assisted by a Woman's League of which Miss

Helen Gould is a prominent member and active worker, and which is seeking to secure the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the practice of polygamy or plural marriage in the States and Territories of the Union.

If the object which is had in view by this active crusade is indicative of anything, it is indicative of the fact that polygamy in Utah has significance in the politics of the United States.

It is to be hoped by every one who is favorable to the establishment of right conditions in the United States, that, should there be submitted to the various States a proposition for an amendment to the Constitution forbidding the practice of polygamy or plural marriage as above stated, the framers of it shall not be so careless as to leave so transparent a loophole of escape from obedience to its requirements as was left in the Enabling Act by which Utah became a State, and which has been perpetuated in the Constitution under which she was admitted into the federation of States. Should such a thing occur in spite of such amendment to the Constitution, and should the plain and most obvious meaning of the word "polygamy" fail to be understood as meaning the living together with more than one woman as wives, as is now the condition in Utah, there would be added reason for believing that undue influences had been at work to secure favorable legislation in the halls of Congress, with a view to the continuance of such conditions and to the prevention of carrying into effect the public opinion of the majority of States. Such a result as this certainly ought not to follow.

With a view to calling the attention of the reading public to this phase of the question, this article is written, and an earnest wish is expressed that statesmen and politicians shall not again be fooled or outwitted into permitting such a political menace to continue.

JOSEPH SMITH.

THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART III.

VI.

STRETHER told Waymarsh all about it that very evening, on their dining together at the hotel; which needn't have happened, he was all the while aware, had he not chosen to sacrifice to this occasion a rarer opportunity. The mention to his companion of the sacrifice was, moreover, exactly what introduced his recital—or, as he would have called it with more confidence in his interlocutor, his confession. His confession was that he had been captured, and that one of the features of the affair had just failed to be his engaging himself on the spot to dinner. As by such a freedom Waymarsh would have lost him, he had obeyed his scruple; and he had likewise obeyed another scruple—which bore on the question of his himself bringing a guest.

Waymarsh looked gravely ardent, over the finished soup, at this array of scruples; Strether had not yet got quite used to being so unprepared for the consequences of the impression he made. It was comparatively easy to explain, however, that he hadn't felt sure his guest would please. The person was a young man whose acquaintance he had made but that afternoon in the course of rather a hindered inquiry for another person—an inquiry that his new friend had just prevented, in fact, from being vain. "Oh," said Strether, "I've all sorts of things to tell you!"—and he said it in a way that was a virtual hint to Waymarsh to help him to enjoy the telling. He waited for his fish, he drank of his wine, he wiped his long mustache, he leaned back in his chair, he took in the two English ladies who had just creaked past them and whom he would even have articulately greeted if they hadn't rather chilled the impulse; so that all he could do was—by way of doing something—to say *"Merci, François!"* out quite loud when his fish was brought. Everything was there that he wanted, everything that could make the moment an occasion that would do beautifully—everything but what Waymarsh might give. The little waxed *salle-à-manger* was sallow and sociable; François dancing over it,

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all smiles, was a man and a brother; the high-shouldered *patronne*, with her high-held, much-rubbed hands, seemed always assenting exuberantly to something unsaid; the Paris evening, in short, was, for Strether, in the very taste of the soup, in the goodness, as he was innocently pleased to think it, of the wine, in the pleasant coarse texture of the napkin and the crunch of the thick-crusted bread. These were things, all, congruous with his confession, and his confession was that he *had*—it would come out properly just there if Waymarsh would only take it properly—agreed to breakfast out, at twelve literally, the next day. He didn't quite know where; the delicacy of the case came straight up in the remembrance of his new friend's "We'll see; I'll take you somewhere!"—for it had required little more than that, after all, to let him right in. He was seized after a minute, face to face with his actual comrade, with the impulse to overcolor. There had already been things in respect to which he knew himself tempted by this perversity. If Waymarsh thought them bad he should at least have his reason for his discomfort; so Strether showed them as worse. Still, he was now, in his way, sincerely perplexed.

Chad had been absent from the Boulevard Malesherbes—was absent from Paris altogether; he had learned that from the concierge, but had nevertheless gone up, and gone up—there were no two ways about it—from an uncontrollable, a really, if one would, depraved, curiosity. The concierge had mentioned to him that a friend of the tenant of the *troisième* was for the time in possession; and this had been Strether's pretext for a further inquiry, an experiment carried on, under Chad's roof, without his knowledge. "I found his friend in fact there, keeping the place warm, as he called it, for him; Chad himself being, as appears, in the south. He went a month ago to Cannes, and though his return begins to be looked for it can't be for some days. I might, you see, perfectly have waited a week; might have beaten a retreat as soon as I got this essential knowledge. But I beat no retreat; I did the opposite; I stayed, I dawdled, I trifled; above all I looked round. I saw, in fine; and—I don't know what to call it—I sniffed. It's a detail, but it's as if there were something—something very good—*to* sniff."

Waymarsh's face had shown his friend an attention apparently so remote that the latter was slightly surprised to find it at this point abreast with him. "Do you mean a smell? What of?"

"A charming scent. But I don't know."

Waymarsh gave an inferential grunt. "Does he live there with a woman?"

But Strether had already answered. "I don't know."

Waymarsh waited an instant for more, then resumed: "Has he taken her off with him?"

"And will he bring her back?"—Strether fell into the inquiry. But he wound it up as before. "I don't know."

The way he wound it up, accompanied as this was with another

drop back, another degustation of the Léoville, another wipe of his mustache and another good word for François, produced apparently in his companion a slight irritation. "Then what the devil *do* you know?"

"Well," said Strether almost gayly, "I guess I don't know anything!" His gayety might have been a tribute to the fact that the state he had been reduced to did for him again what had been done by his talk of the matter with Miss Gostrey at the London theatre. It was somehow enlarging; and the air of that amplitude was now doubtless more or less—and all for Waymarsh to feel—in his further response. "That's what I found out from the young man."

"But I thought you said you found out nothing."

"Nothing but that—that I don't know anything."

"And what good does that do you?"

"It's just," said Strether, "what I've come to you to help me to discover. I mean anything about anything over here. I *felt* that, up there. It regularly rose before me in its might. The young man, moreover—Chad's friend—as good as told me so."

"As good as told you you know nothing about anything?" Waymarsh seemed to look at some one who might have as good as told *him*. "How old is he?"

"Well, I guess not thirty."

"Yet you had to take that from him?"

"Oh, I took a good deal more—since, as I tell you, I took an invitation to *déjeuner*."

"And are you *going* to that unholy meal?"

"If you'll come with me. He wants you too, you know. I told him about you. He gave me his card," Strether pursued, "and his name is rather funny. It's John Little Bilham, and he says his two surnames are, on account of his being small, inevitably used together."

"Well," Waymarsh asked with due detachment from these details, "what is he doing up there?"

"His account of himself is that he's 'only a little artist-man.' That seemed to me perfectly to describe him. But he's yet in the phase of study; this, you know, is the great art-school—to pass a certain number of years in which he came over. And he's a great friend of Chad's, and occupying Chad's rooms just now because they're so pleasant. *He's* very pleasant and curious too," Strether added—"though he's not from Boston."

Waymarsh looked already rather sick of him. "Where *is* he from?"

Strether thought. "I don't know that, either. But he's 'notoriously,' as he put it himself, not from Boston."

"Well," Waymarsh moralized from dry depths, "every one can't notoriously *be* from Boston. Why," he continued, "is he curious?"

"Perhaps just for *that*—for one thing! But really," Strether added, "for everything. When you meet him you'll see."

"Oh, I don't want to meet him," Waymarsh impatiently growled. "Why don't he go home?"

Strether hesitated. "Well, because he likes it over here."

This appeared in particular more than Waymarsh could bear. "He ought then to be ashamed of himself, and, as you admit that you think so too, why drag him in?"

Strether's reply again took time. "Perhaps I do think so myself—though I don't quite yet admit it. I'm not a bit sure—it's again one of the things I want to find out. I liked him, and *can* you like people—? But no matter." He pulled himself up. "There's no doubt I want you to come down on me and squash me."

Waymarsh helped himself to the next course, which, however, proving not the dish he had just noted as supplied to the English ladies, had the effect of causing his imagination temporarily to wander. But it presently broke out at a softer spot. "Have they got a handsome place up there?"

"Oh, a charming place; full of beautiful and valuable things. I never saw such a place—" and Strether's thought went back to it. "For a little artist-man—!" He could in fact scarce express it.

But his companion, who appeared now to have a view, insisted. "Well?"

"Well, life can hold nothing better. Besides, they're things of which he's in charge."

"So that he does doorkeeper for your precious pair? Can life," Waymarsh inquired, "hold nothing better than *that?*" Then as Strether, silent, seemed even yet to wonder, "Doesn't he know what *she* is?" he went on.

"I don't know. I didn't ask him. I couldn't. It was impossible. You wouldn't either. Besides, I didn't want to. No more would you." Strether in short explained it at a stroke. "You can't make out over here what people do know."

"Then what did you come over for?"

"Well, I suppose exactly to see for myself—without their aid."

"Then what do you want mine for?"

"Oh," Strether laughed, "you're not one of *them!* I do know what *you* know."

As, however, this last assertion caused Waymarsh again to look at him hard—such being the latter's doubt of its implications—he felt his justification lame. Which was still more the case when Waymarsh presently said: "Look here, Strether. Quit this."

Our friend smiled with a doubt of his own. "Do you mean my tone?"

"No—damn your tone. I mean your nosing round. Quit the whole job. Let them stew in their juice. You're being used for a thing you ain't fit for. People don't take a fine-tooth comb to groom a horse."

"Am I a fine-tooth comb?" Strether laughed. "It's something I never called myself!"

"It's what you are, all the same. You ain't so young as you were, but you've kept your teeth."

He acknowledged his friend's humor. "Take care I don't get them into *you!* You'd like them, my friends at home, Waymarsh," he declared; "you'd really particularly like them. And I know"—it was slightly irrelevant, but he gave it sudden and singular force—"I know they'd like you!"

"Oh, don't work them off on *me!*" Waymarsh groaned.

Yet Strether still lingered with his hands in his pockets. "It's really quite as indispensable as I say that Chad should be got back."

"Indispensable to whom? To you?"

"Yes," Strether presently said.

"Because if you get him you also get Mrs. Newsome?"

Strether faced it. "Yes."

"And if you don't get him you don't get her?"

It might be merciless, but he continued not to flinch. "I think it might have some effect on our personal understanding. Chad's of real importance—or can easily become so if he will—to the business."

"And the business is of real importance to his mother's husband?"

"Well, I naturally want what my future wife wants. And the thing will be much better if we have our own man in it."

"If you have your own man in it, in other words," Waymarsh said, "you'll marry—you personally—more money. She's already rich, as I understand you, but she'll be richer still if the business can be made to boom on certain lines that you've laid down."

"*I* haven't laid them down," Strether promptly returned. "Mr. Newsome—who knew extraordinarily well what he was about—laid them down ten years ago."

Oh well, Waymarsh seemed to indicate with a shake of his mane, *that* didn't matter! "You're fierce for the boom anyway."

His friend weighed a moment in silence the justice of the charge. "I can scarcely be called fierce, I think, when I so freely take my chance of the possibility, the danger, of being influenced in a sense counter to Mrs. Newsome's own feelings."

Waymarsh gave this proposition a long, hard look. "I see. You're afraid yourself of being squared. But you're a humbug," he added, "all the same."

"Oh!" Strether quickly protested.

"Yes, you ask me for protection—which makes you very interesting; and then you won't take it. You say you want to be squashed—"

"Ah, but not so easily! Don't you see," Strether demanded, "where my interest, as already shown you, lies? It lies in my not

being squared. If I'm squared where's my marriage? If I miss my errand, I miss that; and if I miss that, I miss everything—I'm nowhere."

Waymarsh—but all relentlessly—took this in. "What do I care where you are if you're spoiled?"

Their eyes met on it an instant. "Thank you awfully," Strether at last said. "But don't you think *her* judgment of that—?"

"Ought to content me? No."

It kept them again face to face, and the end of this was that Strether again laughed. "You do her injustice. You really *must* know her. Good-night."

He breakfasted with Mr. Bilham on the morrow, and, as inconsequently befell, with Waymarsh massively of the party. The latter announced, at the eleventh hour and much to his friend's surprise, that, damn it, he would as soon join him as do anything else; on which they proceeded together, strolling in a state of detachment practically luxurious for them, to the Boulevard Malesherbes, a couple engaged that day with the sharp spell of Paris as confessedly, it might have been seen, as any couple among the daily thousands so compromised. They walked, wandered, wondered and, a little, lost themselves; Strether had not had for years so rich a consciousness of time — a bag of gold into which he constantly dipped for a handful. It was present to him that when the little business with Mr. Bilham should be over he would still have shining hours to use absolutely as he liked. There was no great pulse of haste yet in this process of saving Chad; nor was that effect a bit more marked as he sat, half an hour later, with his legs under Chad's mahogany, with Mr. Bilham on one side, with a friend of Mr. Bilham's on the other, with Waymarsh stupendously opposite, and with the great hum of Paris coming up in softness, vagueness—for Strether himself indeed already positive sweetness—through the sunny windows toward which, the day before, from below, his curiosity had raised its wings. The feeling that had been with him at that moment had borne fruit almost faster than he could taste it, and Strether literally felt, at the present moment, that there was a precipitation in his fate. He had known nothing and nobody as he stood in the street; but had not his view now taken a bound in the direction of every one and of everything?

"What is he up to, what is he up to?"—something like that was at the back of his head all the while in respect to little Bilham; but meanwhile, till he should make out, every one and everything were as good as represented for him by the combination of his host and the lady on his left. The lady on his left, the lady thus promptly and ingeniously invited to "meet" Mr. Strether and Mr. Waymarsh—it was the way she herself expressed her case—was a very marked person, a person who had much to do with our friend's asking himself if the occasion were not in its essence the most baited, the most gilded of traps. Baited it could properly be called

when the repast was of so wise a savor, and gilded surrounding objects seemed inevitably to need to be when Miss Barrace—which was the lady's name—looked at them with convex Parisian eyes and through a glass with a remarkably long tortoise-shell handle. Why Miss Barrace, mature, meagre, erect and eminently gay, highly adorned, perfectly familiar, freely contradictious and reminding him of some last-century portrait of a clever head without powder—why Miss Barrace should have been in particular the note of a "trap" Strether could not on the spot have explained; he blinked in the light of a conviction that he should know later on, and know well—as it came over him, for that matter, with force, that he should need to. He wondered what he was to think exactly of either of his new friends; since the young man, Chad's intimate and deputy, had, in thus constituting the scene, practised so much more subtly than he had been prepared for, and since, in especial, Miss Barrace, surrounded clearly by every consideration, had not scrupled to figure as a feature. It was interesting to him to feel that he was in the presence of new measures, other standards, a different scale of relations, and that evidently here were a happy pair who didn't think of things at all as he and Waymarsh thought. Nothing was less to have been calculated in the business than that it should now be for him as if he and Waymarsh were comparatively quite at one.

The latter was magnificent—this at least was an assurance privately given him by Miss Barrace. "Oh, your friend's a type, the grand old American—what shall one call it? The Hebrew prophet, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, who used when I was a little girl in the Rue Montaigne, to come to see my father and who was usually the American Minister to the Tuileries or some other court. I haven't seen one, these ever so many years; the sight of it warms my poor old chilled heart; this specimen is wonderful; in the right quarter, you know, he'll have a *succès fou.*" Strether had not failed to ask what the right quarter might be, much as he required his presence of mind to meet such a change in their scheme. "Oh, the artist-quarter, and that kind of thing; *here,* already, for instance, as you see." He had been on the point of echoing "'Here?'—is *this* the artist-quarter?" but she had already disposed of the question with a wave of all her tortoise-shell and an easy "Bring him to *me!*" He knew on the spot how little he should be able to bring him, for the very air was by this time, to his sense, thick and hot with poor Waymarsh's judgment of it. He was in the trap still more than his companion, and, unlike his companion, not making the best of it; which was precisely what gave him, doubtless, his admirable sombre glow. Little did Miss Barrace know that what was behind it was his grave estimate of her own laxity. The general assumption with which our two friends had arrived had been that of finding Mr. Bilham ready to conduct them to one or other of those resorts of the earnest, the æsthetic fraternity which were

shown among the sights of Paris. In this character it would have justified them in a proper insistence on discharging their score. Waymarsh's only proviso, at the last, had been that nobody should pay for him; but he found himself, as the occasion developed, paid for on a scale as to which Strether privately made out that he already nursed retribution. Strether was conscious across the table of what worked in him, conscious when they passed back to the small salon to which, the previous evening, he himself had made so rich a reference; conscious most of all as they stepped out to the balcony in which one would have had to be an ogre not to recognize the perfect place for easy aftertastes. These things were enhanced, for Miss Barrace, by a succession of excellent cigarettes—acknowledged, acclaimed, as a part of the wonderful supply left behind him by Chad—in an almost equal absorption of which Strether found himself blindly, almost wildly pushing forward. He might perish by the sword as well as by famine, and he knew that his having abetted the lady by an excess that was rare with him would count for little in the sum—as Waymarsh might so easily add it up—of her license. Waymarsh had smoked of old, smoked hugely; but Waymarsh did nothing now, and that gave him his advantage over people who took things up lightly just when others had laid them heavily down. Strether had never smoked, and he felt as if he flaunted at his friend that this had been only because of a reason. The reason, it now began to appear even to himself, was that he had never had a lady to smoke with.

It was this lady's being there at all, however, that was the strange, free thing; perhaps, since she *was* there, her smoking was the least of her freedoms. If Strether had been sure at each juncture of what—with Bilham in especial—she talked about, he might have traced others and winced at them and felt Waymarsh wince; but he was in fact so often at sea that his sense of the range of reference was merely general and that he on several different occasions guessed and interpreted only to doubt. He wondered what they meant, but there were things he scarce thought they could be supposed to mean, and "Oh no—not *that!*" was at the end of most of his ventures. This was the very beginning with him of a condition as to which, later on, as will be seen, he found cause to pull himself up; and he was to remember the moment duly as the first step in a process. The central fact of the place was neither more nor less, when analyzed—and a pressure superficial sufficed—than the fundamental impropriety of Chad's situation, round about which they thus seemed cynically clustered. Accordingly, since they took it for granted, they took for granted all that, in connection with it, was taken for granted at Woollett—matters as to which, verily, he had been reduced with Mrs. Newsome to the last intensity of silence. That was the consequence of their being too bad to be talked about, and was the accompaniment, by the same token, of a deep conception of their badness. It befell, therefore, that when

poor Strether put it to himself that their badness was, ultimately, or perhaps even insolently, what such a scene as the one before him was, so to speak, built upon, he could scarce shirk the dilemma of reading a roundabout echo of them into almost anything that came up. This, he was well aware, was a dreadful necessity; but such was the stern logic, he could only gather, of a relation to the irregular life.

It was the way the irregular life sat upon Bilham and Miss Barrace that was the insidious, the delicate marvel. He was eager to concede that their relation to it was all indirect, for anything else, in him, would have shown the grossness of bad manners; but the indirectness was none the less consonant—*that* was striking—with a grateful enjoyment of everything that was Chad's. They spoke of him repeatedly, invoking his good name and good nature, and the worst confusion of mind for Strether was that all their mention of him was of a kind to do him honor. They commended his munificence and approved his taste, and in doing so sat down, as it seemed to Strether, in the very soil out of which these things flowered. Our friend's final predicament was that he himself was sitting down, for the time, with them, and there was a supreme moment at which, compared with his collapse, Waymarsh's erectness affected him as really high. One thing was certain—he saw he must make up his mind. He must approach Chad, must wait for him, deal with him, master him, but he must not dispossess himself of the faculty of seeing things as they were. He must bring him to *him*—not go himself, as it were, so much of the way. He must at any rate be clearer as to what—should he continue to do that for convenience—he was still condoning. It was on the detail of this quantity—and what could the fact be but mystifying?—that Bilham and Miss Barrace threw so little light. So there they were.

VII.

When Miss Gostrey arrived, at the end of a week, she made him a sign; he went immediately to see her, and it was not till then that he could again close his grasp on the idea of a corrective. This idea, however, was luckily all before him again from the moment he crossed the threshold of the little entresol of the Quartier Marbœuf into which she had gathered, as she said, picking them up in a thousand flights and funny little passionate pounces, the makings of a final nest. He recognized in an instant that there really, there only, he should find the boon with the vision of which he had first mounted Chad's stairs. He might have been a little scared at the picture of how much more, in this place, he should know himself "in," had not his friend been on the spot to measure the amount to his appetite. Her compact and crowded little chambers, almost dusky, as they at first struck him, with accumulations, represented a supreme general adjustment to opportunities and condi-

tions. Wherever he looked he saw an old ivory or an old brocade, and he scarce knew where to sit for fear of a misappliance. The life of the occupant struck him, of a sudden, as more charged with possession even than Chad's or than Miss Barrace's; wide as his glimpse had lately become of the empire of "things," what was before him still enlarged it; the lust of the eyes and the pride of life had indeed thus their temple. It was the innermost nook of the shrine—as brown as a pirate's cave. In the brownness were glints of gold; patches of purple were in the gloom; objects, all, that caught, through the muslin, with their high rarity, the light of the low windows. Nothing was clear about them but that they were precious, and they brushed his ignorance with their contempt as a flower, in a liberty taken with him, might have been whisked under his nose. But after a full look at his hostess he knew, none the less, what most concerned him. The circle in which they stood together was warm with life, and every question between them would live there as nowhere else. A question came up as soon as they had spoken, for his answer, with a laugh, was quickly: "Well, they've got hold of me!" Much of their talk, on this first occasion, was his development of that truth. He was extraordinarily glad to see her, expressing to her frankly what she most showed him, that one might live for years without a blessing unsuspected, but that to know it at last for no more than three days was to need it, or miss it, forever. She was the blessing that had now become his need, and what could prove it better than that without her he had lost himself?

"What do you mean?" she asked with an absence of alarm that, correcting him as if he had mistaken the "period" of one of her pieces, gave him afresh a sense of her easy movement through the maze he had but begun to tread. "What in the name of all the Pococks have you managed to do?"

"Why, exactly the wrong thing. I've made a frantic friend of little Bilham."

"Ah, that sort of thing was of the essence of your case and to have been allowed for from the first." And it was only after this that, quite as a minor matter, she asked who in the world little Bilham might be. When she learned that he was a friend of Chad's and living for the time in Chad's rooms in Chad's absence, quite as if acting in Chad's spirit and serving Chad's cause, she showed, however, more interest. "Should you mind my seeing him? Only once, you know," she added.

"Oh, the oftener the better: he's amusing—he's original."

"He doesn't shock you?" Miss Gostrey threw out.

"Never in the world! We escape that with a perfection—! I feel it to be largely, no doubt, because I don't half understand him; but our *modus vivendi* isn't spoiled even by that. You must dine with me to meet him," Strether went on. "Then you'll see."

"Are you giving dinners?"

"Yes—there I am. That's what I mean."

All her kindness wondered. "That you're spending too much money?"

"Dear, no—they seem to cost so little. But that I do it to *them.* I ought to hold off."

She thought again—she laughed. "The money you must be spending—to think it cheap! But I must be out of it—to the naked eye."

He looked for a moment as if she were really failing him. "Then you won't meet them?" It was almost as if she had developed an unexpected personal prudence.

She hesitated. "Who are they—first?"

"Why, little Bilham—to begin with." He kept back for the moment Miss Barrace. "And Chad—when he comes—you must absolutely see."

"When then does he come?"

"When Bilham has had time to write him, and hear from him, about me. Bilham, however," he pursued, "will report favorably—favorably for Chad. That will make him not afraid to come. I want you the more, therefore, you see, for my bluff."

"Oh, you'll do yourself for your bluff." She was perfectly easy. "At the rate you've gone I'm quiet."

"Ah, but I haven't," said Strether, "made one protest."

She turned it over. "Haven't you been seeing what there is to protest about?"

He let her, with this, however ruefully, have the whole truth. "I haven't yet found a single thing."

"Isn't there any one *with* him then?"

"Of the sort I came out about?" Strether took a moment. "How do I know? And what do I care?"

"Oh, oh!"—and her laughter spread. He was struck in fact by the effect on her of his joke. He saw now how he meant it as a joke. *She* saw, however, still other things. But in an instant she had hidden them. "You've got at no facts at all?"

He tried to muster them. "Well, he has a lovely home."

"Ah, that, in Paris," she quickly returned, "proves nothing. That is, rather, it *dis*proves nothing. They may very well, you see, the people your mission is concerned with, have done it *for* him."

"Exactly. And it was on the scene of their doings then that Waymarsh and I sat guzzling."

"Oh, if you forbore to guzzle here on scenes of doings," she replied, "you might easily die of starvation." With which she smiled at him. "You've worse before you."

"Ah, I've *everything* before me. But on our hypothesis, you know, they must be wonderful."

"They *are!*" said Miss Gostrey. "You're not, therefore, you see," she added, "wholly without facts. They've *been,* in effect, wonderful."

To have got at something comparatively definite appeared at last a little a help—a wave by which, moreover, the next moment, recollection was washed. "My young man does admit, furthermore, that they're our friend's great interest."

"Is that the expression he uses?"

Strether more exactly recalled. "No—not quite."

"Something more vivid? Less?"

He had bent, with neared glasses, over a group of articles on a small stand; and at this he came up. "It was a mere allusion, but, on the lookout as I was, it struck me. 'Awful, you know, as he is'—those were Bilham's words."

"'Awful, you know—'? Oh!"—and Miss Gostrey turned them over. She seemed, however, satisfied. "Well, what more do you want?"

He glanced once more at a *bibelot* or two, but everything sent him back. "But it *is*, all the same, as if they wished to let me have it between the eyes."

She wondered. "*Quoi donc?*"

"Why, what I speak of. The amenity. They can stun you with that as well as with anything else."

"Oh," she answered, "you'll come round! I must see them each," she went on, "for myself. I mean Mr. Bilham and Mr. Newsome—Mr. Bilham naturally first. Once only—once for each; that will do. But face to face—for half an hour. What is Mr. Chad," she immediately pursued, "doing at Cannes? Decent men don't go to Cannes with the—well, with the kind you mean."

"Don't they?" Strether asked with an interest in decent men that amused her.

"No; elsewhere, but not to Cannes. Cannes is different. Cannes is better. Cannes is best. I mean it's all people you know—when you do know them. And if *he* does, why, that's different too. He must have gone alone. She can't be with him."

"I haven't," Strether confessed in his weakness, "the least idea." There seemed much in what she said; but he was able, after a little, to help her to a nearer impression. The meeting with little Bilham took place, by easy arrangement, in the great gallery of the Louvre; and when, standing with his fellow-visitor before one of the splendid Titians—the overwhelming portrait of the young man with the strangely shaped glove and the blue-gray eyes—he turned to see the third member of their party advance from the end of the waxed and gilded vista, he had a sense of having at last taken hold. He had agreed with Miss Gostrey—it dated even from Chester—for a morning at the Louvre, and he had embraced, independently, the same idea as thrown out by little Bilham, whom he had already accompanied to the museum of the Luxembourg. The fusion of these schemes presented no difficulty, and it was to strike him again that, in little Bilham's company, difficulty, in general, dropped.

"Oh, he's all right—he's one of *us!*" Miss Gostrey, after the first exchange, soon found a chance to murmur to her companion; and Strether, as they proceeded and paused, as a quick unanimity, between the two, appeared to have phrased itself in half a dozen remarks—Strether knew that he knew, almost immediately, what she meant, and took it as still another sign that he had got his job in hand. This was the more grateful to him that he could think of the intelligence now serving him as an acquisition positively new. He wouldn't have known even the day before what she meant —that is if she meant, what he assumed, that they were intense Americans together. He had just worked round—and with a sharper turn of the screw than any yet—to the conception of an American intense as little Bilham was intense. The young man was his first specimen; the specimen had profoundly perplexed him; at present, however, there was light. It was by little Bilham's amazing serenity that he had been at first affected, but he had inevitably, in his circumspection, felt it as the trail of the serpent, the corruption, as he might conveniently have said, of Europe; whereas the promptness with which it came up for Miss Gostrey as but a special little form of the oldest thing they knew justified it, to his own vision as well, on the spot. He wanted to be able to like his specimen with a clear good conscience, and this fully permitted it. What had muddled him was precisely the small artist-man's way—it was so complete—of being more American than anybody; but it now, for the time, put Strether vastly at his ease to have this view of a new way.

The amiable youth, then, looked out, as it had first struck Strether, at a world in respect to which he hadn't a prejudice. The one our friend most instantly missed was the usual one in favor of an occupation accepted. Little Bilham had an occupation, but it was only an occupation declined; and it was by his general exemption from alarm, anxiety or remorse on this score that the impression of his serenity was made. He had come out to Paris to paint—to sound, that is, at large, that mystery; but study had been fatal to him so far as anything *could* be fatal, and his productive power faltered in proportion as his knowledge grew. Strether had gathered from him that at the moment of his finding him in Chad's rooms he had not saved from his shipwreck a scrap of anything but his beautiful intelligence and his confirmed habit of Paris. He referred to these things with an equal fond familiarity, and it was sufficiently clear that, as an outfit, they still served him. They were charming to Strether through the hour spent at the Louvre, where indeed they figured for him as an unseparated part of the charged, iridescent air, the glamour of the name, the splendor of the space, the color of the masters. Yet they were present too wherever the young man led, and the day after the visit to the Louvre they hung, in a different walk, about the steps of our party. He had invited his companions to cross the river with him,

offering to show them his own poor place; and his own poor place, which was very poor, gave to his idiosyncrasies, for Strether—the small sublime indifferences and independences that had struck the latter as fresh—an odd, engaging dignity. He lived at the end of an alley that went out of an old, short, cobbled street, a street that went, in turn, out of a new, long, smooth avenue—street and avenue and alley having, however, in common a sort of social shabbiness; and he introduced them to the rather cold and blank little studio which he had lent to a comrade for the term of his elegant absence. The comrade was another ingenuous compatriot, to whom he had wired that tea was to await them, "regardless"; and this reckless repast, and the second ingenuous compatriot, and the far-away makeshift life, with its jokes and its gaps, its delicate daubs and its three or four chairs, its overflow of taste and conviction and its lack of most all else—these things wove round the occasion a spell to which our hero unreservedly surrendered.

He liked the ingenuous compatriots—for two or three others soon gathered; he liked the delicate daubs and the free discriminations—involving references indeed, involving enthusiasms and execrations that made him, as they said, sit up; he liked, above all, the legend of good-humored poverty, of mutual accommodation fairly raised to the romantic, that he soon read into the scene. The ingenuous compatriots showed a candor, he thought, surpassing even the candor of Woollett; they were red-haired and long-legged, they were quaint and queer and dear and droll; they made the place resound with the vernacular, which he had never known so marked as when figuring for the chosen language, he must suppose, of contemporary art. They twanged, with a vengeance, the æsthetic lyre—they drew from it wonderful airs. This aspect of their life had an admirable innocence; and he looked, on occasion, at Maria Gostrey, to see to what extent that element reached her. She gave him, however, for the hour, as she had given him the previous day, no further sign than to show how she dealt with boys; meeting them with the air of old Parisian practice that she had for every one, for everything in turn. Wonderful about the delicate daubs, masterful about the way to make tea, trustful about the legs of chairs and familiarly reminiscent of those, in the other time, the named, the numbered or the caricatured, who had flourished or failed, disappeared or arrived, she had accepted with the best grace her second course of little Bilham, and had said to Strether, the previous afternoon, on his leaving them, that, since her impression was to be renewed, she would reserve judgment till after the new evidence.

The new evidence was to come, as it proved, in a day or two. He soon had from Maria a message to the effect that an excellent box at the Français had been lent her for the following night; it seeming on such occasions not the least of her merits that she was subject to such approaches. The sense of how she was, in advance, always paying for something was equalled, on Strether's part, only

by the sense of how she was always being paid; all of which made for his consciousness, in the larger air, of a lively, bustling traffic, the exchange of such values as were not for him to handle. She hated, he knew, at the French play, anything but a box—just as she hated at the English anything but a stall; and a box was what he was already, in this phase, girding himself to press upon her. But she had, for that matter, her resemblance to little Bilham: she too, always, on the great issues, showed as having known in time. It made her constantly beforehand with him and gave him mainly the chance to ask himself how on the day of their settlement their account would stand. He endeavored even now to keep it a little straight by arranging that if he accepted her invitation she should dine with him first; but the upshot of this scruple was that at eight o'clock on the morrow he awaited her with Waymarsh under the pillared portico. She had not dined with him, and it was characteristic of their relation that she had made him embrace her refusal without in the least understanding it. She ever caused her rearrangements to affect him as her tenderest touches. It was on that principle, for instance, that, giving him the opportunity to be amiable again to little Bilham, she had suggested his offering the young man a seat in their box. Strether had despatched, to this end, a small blue missive to the Boulevard Malesherbes, but up to the moment of their passing into the theatre he had received no response to this communication. He held, however, even after they had been for some time conveniently seated, that their friend, who knew his way about, would come in at his own right moment. His temporary absence, moreover, seemed, as never yet, to make the right moment for Miss Gostrey. Strether had been waiting till to-night to get back from her in some mirrored form her impressions and conclusions. She had elected, as they said, to see little Bilham once; but now she had seen him twice and had nevertheless not said more than a word.

Waymarsh meanwhile sat opposite him, with their hostess between; and Miss Gostrey spoke of herself as an instructor of youth introducing her little charges to a work that was one of the glories of literature. The glory was happily unobjectionable, and the little charges were candid; for herself, she had travelled that road and she merely waited on their innocence. But she referred in due time to their absent friend, whom it was clear they should have to give up. "He either won't have got your note," she said, "or you won't have got his: he has had some kind of hindrance, and, of course, for that matter, you know, a man never writes about coming to a box." She spoke as if, with her look, it might have been Waymarsh who had written to the youth, and the latter's face showed a mixture of austerity and anguish. She went on, however, as if to meet this. "He's far and away, you know, the best of them."

"The best of whom, ma'am?"

"Why, of all the long procession—the boys, the girls, or the old men and old women as they sometimes really are; the hope, as one may say, of our country. They've all passed, year after year; but there has been no one in particular I've ever wanted to stop. I feel—don't *you?*—that I want to stop little Bilham; he's so exactly right as he is." She continued to talk to Waymarsh. "He's too delightful. If he'll only not spoil it! But they always *will;* they always do; they always have."

"I don't think Waymarsh knows," Strether said after a moment, "quite what it's open to Bilham to spoil."

"It can't be a good American," Waymarsh lucidly enough replied; "for it didn't strike me the young man had developed much in *that* shape."

"Ah," Miss Gostrey sighed, "the name of the good American is as easily given as taken away! What *is* it, to begin with, to *be* one, and what's the extraordinary hurry? Surely nothing that's so pressing was ever so little defined. It's such an order, really, that before we cook you the dish we must at least have your receipt. Besides, the poor chicks have time! What I've seen so often spoiled," she pursued, "is the happy attitude itself, the state of faith and—what shall I call it?—the sense of beauty. You're right about him"—she now took in Strether; "little Bilham has them to a charm; we must keep little Bilham along." Then she was all again for Waymarsh. "The others have all wanted so dreadfully to do something, and they've gone and done it, in too many cases, indeed. It leaves them never the same afterwards; the charm is always somehow broken. Now *he,* I think, you know, really won't. He won't do the least dreadful little thing. We shall continue to enjoy him just as he is. No—he's quite beautiful. He sees everything. He isn't a bit ashamed. He has every scrap of the courage of it that one could ask. Only think what he *might* do. One wants really—for fear of some accident—to keep him in view. At this very moment, perhaps, what mayn't he be up to? I've had my disappointments—the poor things are never really safe; or only, at least, when you have them under your eye. One can never completely trust them. One is uneasy, and I think that's why I most miss him now."

She had wound up with a laugh of enjoyment over her embroidery of her idea—an enjoyment that her face communicated to Strether, who almost wished, none the less, at this moment, that she would let poor Waymarsh alone. *He* knew more or less what she meant; but the fact was not a reason for her not pretending to Waymarsh that he didn't. It was craven of him perhaps, but he would, for the high amenity of the occasion, have liked Waymarsh not to be so sure of his wit. Her recognition of it gave him away and, before she had done with him or with that article, would give him worse. What was he, all the same, to do? He looked across the box at his friend; their eyes met; something queer and stiff,

something that bore on the situation, but that it was better not to touch, passed in silence between them. Well, the effect of it for Strether was an abrupt reaction, a final impatience of his own tendency to temporize. Where was that taking him anyway? It was one of the quiet instants that sometimes settle more matters than the outbreaks dear to the historic muse. The only qualification of the quietness was the synthetic "Oh hang it!" into which Strether's share of the silence soundlessly flowered. It represented, this mute ejaculation, a final impulse to burn his ships. These ships, to the historic muse, may seem of course mere cockles, but when he presently spoke to Miss Gostrey it was with the sense at least of applying the torch. "Is it then a conspiracy?"

"Between the two young men? Well, I don't pretend to be a seer or a prophetess," she presently replied; "but if I'm simply a woman of sense he's working for you to-night. I don't quite know how—but it's in my bones." And she looked at him at last as if, little material as she yet gave him, he would really understand. "For an opinion, *that's* my opinion. He makes you out too well not to."

"Not to work for me to-night?" Strether wondered. "Then I hope he isn't doing anything very bad."

"They've got you," she portentously answered.

"Do you mean he *is*—?"

"They've got you," she merely repeated. Though she disclaimed the prophetic vision she was at this instant the nearest approach he had ever met to the priestess of the oracle. The light was in her eyes. "You must face it now."

He faced it on the spot. "They *had* arranged—?"

"Every move in the game. And they've been arranging ever since. He has had every day his little telegram from Cannes."

It made Strether open his eyes. "Do you *know* that?"

"I do better. I see it. This was what I wondered, before I met him, if I *was* to see. But as soon as I met him I ceased to wonder, and our second meeting made me sure. I took him all in. He was acting—he is still—on his daily instructions."

"So that Chad has done the whole thing?"

"Oh no—not the whole. *We've* done some of it. You and I and 'Europe.'"

"Europe—yes," Strether mused.

"Dear old Paris," she seemed to explain. But there was more, and, with one of her turns, she risked it. "And dear old Waymarsh. You," she declared, "have been a good bit of it."

He sat massive. "A good bit of what, ma'am?"

"Why, of the wonderful consciousness of our friend here. You've helped too, in your way, to float him to where he is."

"And where the devil *is* he?"

She passed it on with a laugh. "Where the devil, Strether, are you?"

He spoke as if he had just been thinking it out. "Well, quite, already, in Chad's hands, it would seem." And he had had, with this, another thought. "Will that be—just all through Bilham—the way he's going to work it? It would be, for him, you know, an idea. And Chad with an idea—!"

"Well?" she asked while the image held him.

"Well, is Chad—what shall I say?—monstrous?"

"Oh, as much as you like! But the idea you speak of," she said, "won't have been his best. He'll have a better. It won't be all through little Bilham that he'll work it."

This already sounded almost like a hope destroyed. "Through whom else then?"

"That's what we shall see!" But quite as she spoke she turned, and Strether turned; for the door of the box had opened, with the click of the *ouvreuse,* from the lobby, and a gentleman, a stranger to them, had come in with a quick step. The door closed behind him, and, though their faces showed him his mistake, his air, which was striking, was all good confidence. The curtain had just again risen, and, in the hush of the general attention, Strether's challenge was tacit, as was also the greeting, with a quick, deprecating hand and smile, of the unannounced visitor. He signed, discreetly, that he would wait, would stand, and these things, and his face, one look from which she had caught, had suddenly worked for Miss Gostrey. She fitted to them all an answer for Strether's last question. The solid stranger was simply the answer—as she now, turning to her friend, indicated. She brought it straight out for him—it presented the intruder. "Why, through this gentleman!" The gentleman indeed, at the same time, though sounding for Strether a very short name, did practically as much to explain. Strether gasped the name back—then only had he seen. Miss Gostrey had said more than she knew. They were in presence of Chad himself.

Our friend was to go over it afterwards again and again—he was going over it much of the time that they were together, and they were together, constantly, for three or four days: the note had been so strongly struck during that first half-hour that everything happening since was comparatively a minor development. The fact was that his perception of the young man's identity—so absolutely checked for a minute—had been quite one of the sensations that count in life; he certainly had never known one that had acted, as he might have said, with more of a crowded rush. And the rush, though both vague and multitudinous, had lasted a long time, protected, as it were, yet at the same time aggravated, by the circumstance of its coinciding with a stretch of decorous silence. They couldn't talk without disturbing the spectators in the part of the balcony just below them; and it, for that matter, came to Strether—being a thing of the sort that did come to him—that these were the accidents of a high civilization; the imposed tribute

to propriety, the frequent exposure to conditions, usually brilliant, in which relief has to await its time. Relief was never quite near at hand for kings, queens, comedians and other such people, and though you might be yourself not exactly one of those, you could yet, in leading the life of high pressure, guess a little how they sometimes felt. It was truly the life of high pressure that Strether had seemed to feel himself leading while he sat there, close to Chad, during the long tension of the act. He was in presence of a fact that occupied his whole mind, that occupied for the half-hour his senses themselves all together; but he couldn't without inconvenience show anything—which moreover might count really as luck. What he might have shown, had he shown at all, was exactly the kind of emotion—the emotion of bewilderment—that he had proposed to himself from the first, whatever should occur, to show least. The phenomenon that had suddenly sat down there with him was a phenomenon of change so complete that his imagination, which had worked so beforehand, felt itself, in the connection, without margin or allowance. It had faced every contingency but that Chad should not *be* Chad, and this was what it now had to face with a mere strained smile and an uncomfortable flush.

He asked himself if, by any chance, before he should have in some way to commit himself, he might feel his mind settled to the new vision, might habituate it, so to speak, to the remarkable truth. But oh, it was too remarkable, the truth; for what could be more remarkable than this sharp rupture of an identity? You could deal with a man as himself—you couldn't deal with him as somebody else. It was a small source of peace, moreover, to be reduced to wondering how little he might know in such an event what a sum he was setting you. He couldn't absolutely not know, for you couldn't absolutely not let him. It was a *case* then, simply, a strong case, as people nowadays called such things, a case of transformation unsurpassed, and the hope was but in the general law that strong cases were liable to control from without. Perhaps he, Strether himself, was the only person, after all, aware of it. Even Miss Gostrey, with all her science, wouldn't be, would she?—and he had never seen any one less aware of anything than Waymarsh as he glowered at Chad. The social sightlessness of his old friend's survey marked for him afresh, and almost in an humiliating way, the inevitable limits of direct aid from this source. He was not certain, however, of not drawing a shade of compensation from the privilege, as yet untasted, of knowing more about something in particular than Miss Gostrey did. His situation too was a case, for that matter, and he was now so interested, quite so privately agog, about it, that he had already an eye to the fun it would be to open up to her afterwards. He derived, during his half-hour, no assistance from her, and just this fact of her not meeting his eyes played a little, it must be confessed, into his predicament.

He had introduced Chad, in the first minutes, under his breath,

and there was never the primness in her of the person unacquainted; but she had none the less, for a long time, no eyes but for the stage, where she occasionally found a pretext for an appreciative moment that she invited Waymarsh to share. The latter's faculty of participation had never had, all round, such an assault to meet; the pressure on him being the sharper for this chosen attitude, on her part, as Strether judged it, of isolating, for their natural intercourse, Chad and himself. This intercourse was meanwhile restricted to a frank, friendly look from the young man, something markedly like a smile, but falling far short of a grin, and to the vivacity of Strether's private speculation as to whether *he* carried himself like the fool. He didn't quite see how he could so feel as one without somehow showing as one. The worst of that question moreover was that he knew it as a symptom the sense of which annoyed him. "If I'm going to be odiously conscious of how I may strike the fellow," he reflected, "it was so little what I came out for that I may as well stop before I begin." This sage consideration too, distinctly, seemed to leave untouched the fact that he *was* going to be conscious. He was conscious of everything but of what would have served him.

He was to know afterwards, in the watches of the night, that nothing would have been more open to him than, after a minute or two, to propose to Chad to pass out with him to the lobby. He had not only not proposed it, but had lacked even the presence of mind to see it as possible. He had stuck there like a schoolboy wishing not to miss a minute of the show; though for that portion of the show then presented he had not had an instant's real attention. He could not when the curtain fell have given the slightest account of what had happened. He had therefore, further, not at that moment acknowledged the amenity added by this acceptance of his awkwardness to Chad's general patience. Hadn't he none the less known at the very time—known it stupidly and without reaction—that the boy was accepting something? He was modestly benevolent, the boy—that was at least what he had been capable of, the superiority of making out his chance to be; and one had one's self literally not had the gumption to get in ahead of him. If we should go into all that occupied our friend in the watches of the night we should have to mend our pen; but an instance or two may mark for us the vividness with which he could remember. He remembered the two absurdities that, if his presence of mind *had* failed, were the things that had had most to do with it. He had never in his life seen a young man come into a box at ten o'clock at night, and would, if challenged on the question in advance, scarce have been ready to pronounce as to different ways of doing so; but it was, in spite of this, definite to him that Chad had had a way that was wonderful: a fact carrying with it an implication that, as one might imagine it, he knew, he had learned, how.

Here already then were abounding results; he had, on the spot,

and without the least trouble of intention, taught Strether that, even in so small a thing as that, there were different ways. He had done, in the same line, still more than this; had, by a mere shake or two of the head, made his old friend observe that the change in him was perhaps more than anything else, for the eye, a matter of the marked streaks of gray, extraordinary at his age, in his thick black hair; as well as that this new feature was curiously becoming to him, did something for him, as characterization, also even—of all things in the world—as refinement, that had been a good deal wanted. Strether felt, however, he would have had to confess, that it would not have been easy just now, on this and other counts, in the presence of what had been supplied, to be quite clear as to what had been missed. A reflection a candid critic might have made of old, for instance, was that it would have been happier for the son to look more like the mother; but this was a reflection that at present would never occur. The ground had quite fallen away from it, yet no resemblance whatever to the mother had supervened. It would have been hard for a young man's face and air to disconnect themselves more completely than Chad's at this juncture from any discerned, from any imaginable aspect of a New England female parent. That of course was no more than had been on the cards; but it produced in Strether, none the less, one of those frequent phenomena of mental reference with which all judgment in him was actually beset.

Again and again, as the days passed, he had had a sense of the pertinence of communicating quickly with Woollett—communicating with a quickness with which telegraphy alone would rhyme; the fruit, really, of a fine fancy in him for keeping things straight, for the happy forestallment of error. No one could explain better when needful, nor put more conscience into an account or a report; which burden of conscience is perhaps exactly the reason why his heart always sank when the clouds of explanation gathered. His highest ingenuity was in keeping the sky of life clear of them. Whether or no he had a grand idea of the lucid, he held that nothing ever was in fact—for any one else—explained. One went through the vain motions, but it was mostly a waste of life. A personal relation was a relation only so long as people either perfectly understood or, better still, didn't care if they didn't. From the moment they cared if they didn't it was living by the sweat of one's brow; and the sweat of one's brow was just what one might buy one's self off from by keeping the ground free of the wild weed of delusion. It easily grew too fast, and the Atlantic cable now alone could race with it. That agency would, each day, have testified for him to something that was not what Woollett had argued. He was not, at this moment, absolutely sure that the effect of the morrow's—or rather of the night's—appreciation of the crisis wouldn't be to determine some brief missive. "Have at last seen him, but oh dear!" —some temporary relief of that sort seemed to hover before him.

It hovered somehow as preparing them all—yet preparing them for what? If he might do so more luminously and cheaply he would tick out in four words: "Awfully old—gray hair." To this particular item in Chad's appearance he constantly, during their mute half-hour, reverted; as if so very much more than he could have said had been involved in it. The most he could have said would have been: "If he's going to make me feel young—!" which indeed, however, carried with it quite enough. If Strether was to feel young, that is, it would be because Chad was to feel old; and an aged and hoary sinner had been no part of the scheme.

The question of Chadwick's true time of life was, doubtless, what came up quickest after the adjournment of the two, when the play was over, to a café in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Miss Gostrey had, on the spot, been perfect for such a step; she had known exactly what they wanted—to go straight somewhere and talk; and Strether had even felt that she had known what he wished to say and that he was arranging immediately to begin. She had not pretended this, as she *had* pretended, on the other hand, that she had divined Waymarsh's wish to extend to her, homeward, an independent protection; but Strether nevertheless found how, after he had Chad opposite to him at a small table in the brilliant halls that his companion straightway selected, sharply and easily discriminated from others, it was quite, to his mind, as if she heard him speak; as if, sitting up, a mile away, in the little apartment he knew, she would listen hard enough to catch. He found too that he liked that idea, and he wished that, by the same token, Mrs. Newsome might have caught as well. For what had above all been determined in him as a necessity of the first order was not to lose another hour, nor a fraction of one; was to advance, to overwhelm, with a rush. This was how he would anticipate—by a night-attack, as might be—any forced maturity that a crammed consciousness of Paris was likely to take upon itself to assert on behalf of the boy. He knew, to the full, on what he had just extracted from Miss Gostrey, Chad's marks of alertness; but they were a reason the more for not dawdling. If he was himself moreover to be treated as young, he wouldn't at all events be so treated before he should have struck out at least once. His arms might be pinioned afterwards, but it would have been left on record that he was fifty. The importance of this he had indeed begun to feel before they left the theatre; it had become a wild unrest, urging him to seize his chance. He could scarcely wait for it as they went; he was on the verge of the indecency of bringing up the question in the street; he fairly caught himself as going on—so he afterwards invidiously named it—as if there would be for him no second chance should the present be lost. Not till, on the purple divan before the perfunctory *bock,* he had brought out the words themselves, was he sure, for that matter, that the present would be saved.

(To be continued.)

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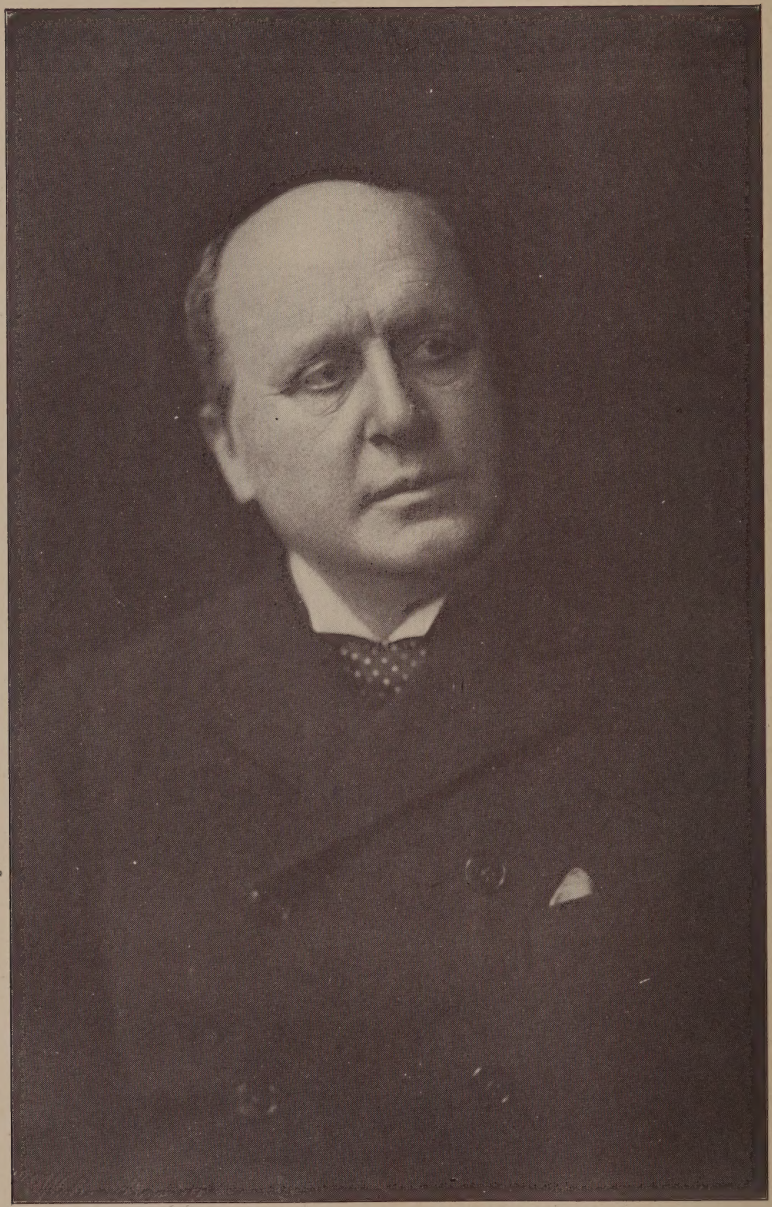

HENRY JAMES

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THE WORK OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD was predestined to seriousness of mood by the traditions and temper of her family; she has become an artist by resolute achievement. In ability of the most substantial English quality she is pre-eminent among the women of her generation who are dealing with the arts of expression; she has a high degree of concentration, that faculty which focuses all the forces of the nature on one line of endeavor; and she has the pertinacity of mind which turns these forces to the highest account and evokes their finest qualities. Her work is saturated with character in its thoroughness of structure, its firm knitting together of all the threads of story, its scrupulous care for detail, its delicate precision of diction. In all these things the Arnold ethical energy is worked out and its ethical passion expressed. The restraint and moderation of statement, the occasional elaboration of qualifying phrases, the range of allusion, the ease with which the social side of a ripe and highly developed society is conveyed: these qualities suggest without intruding the wide and generous culture which lies behind Mrs. Ward's work and gives it breadth of outlook and a quality of largeness.

These elements of possible strength and also of possible weak-

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ness have been present in Mrs. Ward's novels from the beginning; what has been uncertain has been the predominance of the artistic over the ethical instinct, the subordination of the didactic to the artistic impulse.

The problem of artistic success in Mrs. Ward's case has been further complicated by her deep interest in sociological questions and conditions. If the compulsion of duty has not led her to take a leading part in those manifold practical endeavors to secure the betterment of social conditions which show the play of the modern conscience, it is clear that her interest in these matters has been quick and sincere. Hardly less deep has been her interest in those problems and changes of thought touching the meaning of life and man's relation to the Infinite, which have tormented and stimulated the men and women of the last thirty years. Such interests reveal the elevation of Mrs. Ward's nature and the dignity and disinterestedness of her mind; but they do not settle the question of her ability to practice with high success the difficult art of fiction.

Nor, it may be added, does the favorable judgment of two men of such eminence as Mr. Gladstone and Count Tolstoi. Mr. Gladstone was a devout lover of some kinds of literature; but his interest in books was primarily that of a student, a religious thinker and a statesman. Count Tolstoi is, all things considered, the foremost man of letters now living; a great writer; and, what is more important, one of the greatest masters of fiction who have yet appeared in any literature. If Count Tolstoi had declared, while he was writing "Anna Karénina," that Mrs. Ward was "the greatest living English novelist" his judgment would have been as nearly final as the judgment of a man at the summit of his profession ever can be; but the judgment of the author of "Resurrection"—a reformer of the most ardent temper—is less weighty and decisive.

In short, there has been a good deal of uncertainty from the beginning with regard to the rank of Mrs. Ward as a novelist and the permanent value and charm of her work as literature; and the judgment of eminent men who were deeply engaged in the causes for which she cared and profoundly interested in the questions which stirred her imagination, has never been accepted as conclusive. Her ability has been frankly recognized, but many readers have reserved their judgment of the quality of her fiction

until it should be made clear that she was writing fiction for its own sake, and not using it as a highly effective instrument of social amelioration.

It is fifteen years since the publication of "Robert Elsmere" brought Mrs. Ward into sudden prominence. A very unpretentious story for children, "Milly and Olly," and a love story, "Miss Bretherton," had attracted no attention and gave slight indication of the remarkable energy and intensity which Mrs. Ward was on the point of revealing. The translation of Amiel's "*Journal Intime*," which appeared a little later, was of such admirable quality that it effected a real transferrence of thought and feeling from one language to another, and added a work of deep and permanent interest to the literature with which this generation lives and by which it has been deeply influenced. The introduction gave Amiel a welcome which was at once gracious and, in a rare degree, interpretative of his temper and spirit. There were moods in the meditations of the Swiss professor which were more significant of his temperament and his age than were his thoughts, and these moods Mrs. Ward divined and defined with sympathetic insight and skill.

The appearance of "Robert Elsmere" in 1888 was happily timed with a notable and deeply interesting stage of spiritual experience through which many men and women of religious temper were passing. That there was a note of spiritual autobiography in it is beyond question. That note had a vibratory quality, and in all parts of the English-speaking world its echoes were audible. Rarely has a book dealing with a purely spiritual crisis found so many readers. Such books often produce profound effects, but they usually attract the few and repel the many. "Robert Elsmere" became in a few months the most popular novel of its day. Probably no novel of recent times has been so widely and seriously discussed. The secret of its popularity was not far to seek: it translated a crisis of the mind and spirit into dramatic terms; it was a moving and deeply interesting story. To the few it was a study of a phase of contemporary thought; to the many it was a novel whose intensity of feeling laid a spell on the imagination. That intensity gave it momentary compulsion, but limited its value as a work of art. Full of sincere feeling and revealing ability of a very high order, this striking study of the psychology of the close of the nineteenth century is likely to be

forgotten because it was too close to the experience it described to give that experience breadth and finality of expression; it was the very able book of an hour.

"David Grieve" opened with a charming picture of childhood, contained some admirably drawn portraits and was full of interesting incidents; but there were two distinct stories in it and they were not perfectly blended; they betrayed a tendency to run their separate courses independently of one another. In "Marcella" there was a deeper unity and a marked advance in dramatic power. The story had a noble lift of spirit; it lacked neither structural order nor distinction of style; but it did lack humor and lightness of touch. "Sir George Tressady," in which the fortunes of Marcella were still further related, was distinctly below the level of its predecessor in interest and power. "The Story of Bessie Costrell," which soon followed, was less ambitious and elaborate, but, up to the time of its publication, was the most successful piece of fiction Mrs. Ward had written. It was full of ease, naturalness, simplicity. It was not, however, a pleasant story, and it has not received the attention it deserves. It stands alone among Mrs. Ward's earlier novels as a piece of pure fiction; it states no problem; it simply tells a story.

In "Helbeck of Bannisdale" Mrs. Ward took up the religious problem from another side and, by a striking contrast of temperaments, brought its tremendous significance as a factor in human experience into clear light. The novel was not, however, convincing; it was full of thought and there were dramatic passages of great power in it, but it left the reader cold.

With the publication of "Eleanor" Mrs. Ward entered upon another stage in her growth as an artist. In that firmly constructed and finely written novel the didactic element is dissolved, so to speak, in a richer and more penetrating artistic impulse. The power of moral portraiture in the story is of a very high order, but it is not more subtle or convincing than the power of investing the movement of the plot and the personality of the actors with moving and compelling human interest; while the background of the story is sketched with an art which makes the exquisite Italian landscape a distinct and essential element in the story. Nowhere else has Mrs. Ward more clearly revealed the sensitiveness of her imagination and the opulence of her style; opulence in the sense of richness of resource rather than

richness of diction; for the specific qualities of the descriptive passages in "Eleanor" are delicacy of shading, subtle uses of words of color and form, true and sensitive perceptions of light and shadow.

"Lady Rose's Daughter" is, like its predecessor, a study of temperament, but it is in no sense a problem novel. The old and ever-present problem of the reaction of the individual against the over-pressure of organized social traditions, standards and laws is stated afresh; but that problem, in some form, is the substance of all drama and fiction that have any claim to be accepted as art. In ceasing to deal directly with ethical and social questions Mrs. Ward has not ceased to use her art for high purposes and in a profoundly serious spirit; she has simply brought the teacher and the artist in her own nature into true relations. There are no more profound or convincing teachers than the dramatists and novelists; but their power lies in the fact that they penetrate so deeply into the laws of life and character that the ethical facts and truths rise into view because they are uncovered, not because they are deliberately sought. There is no teacher so compelling as life if life be really seen and nobly portrayed.

In withdrawing her mind from specific problems and fastening it upon the central problem Mrs. Ward's work has gained immensely in ethical significance. The immediate ethical impression produced by a novel of artistic power may be less than that produced by a novel of definite moral propagandism, but the ultimate effect is far more profound and lasting. It is safe to predict that "Anna Karénina" will be teaching its terrible lesson long after "Resurrection" has been forgotten. It is true, as Mrs. Ward has said, that "the artist is no worse, but better, for stepping outside the limitations of his art occasionally for the sake of social service"; but it is also true that each man states the truth he sees most clearly and influences his generation most deeply by working along the line of his genius and using the language of his temperament; and the genius and temperament of the artist commit him as finally to art as his language, as the genius of the preacher commits him to the language of ethical or religious appeal. There are probably a thousand preachers to every artist, and society sorely needs the teachers whose special office is to keep alive the feeling for the beauty of truth.

In "Lady Rose's Daughter" Mrs. Ward is not less serious than she was in "Robert Elsmere." Her seriousness is, indeed, one of her prime qualities as a writer. She has never trifled with her art nor shaped it to meet the taste of the hour. She has honored it and herself by high conscientiousness; by the self-imposed discipline of severe and exacting workmanship; by resolutely following the lead of her inspirations. A worker of such integrity of impulse and achievement deserves the most candid and searching criticism; the high character of her work evokes and compels it. She has nothing in common with the novelists who make a trade of a popular form of writing, and are content to assist the large class of readers who are bent on making as little use of time as possible.

"Lady Rose's Daughter" is a serious story; but, unlike some of its predecessors, it bears slight evidence of weight of hand or sign of toil. The prime defect in Mrs. Ward's early writing was the sense of work rather than of play which pervaded it. There was an absence of that ease of mind which one feels in the earlier stories of George Eliot and of George Sand; that delightful consciousness of resources that fly to the writer's aid as the birds fly to an open window when a familiar voice calls them, and bring the spaciousness and freedom of the open sky with them. Art is work of the hardest kind in the process of accomplishment, but it must seem like the play of the mind when it comes into the hands of the reader. In Mrs. Ward's early work one was conscious of a great effort, to recall Ruskin, as well as a great power; in her later work one is conscious only of the power.

It is a matter of indifference how much or how little Mrs. Ward was aided in writing "Lady Rose's Daughter" by a record of real experience; such records have been the common property of the imagination since literature began; they belong to any who can divine their significance and breathe the breath of life into them. What is important is the reality with which Mrs. Humphry Ward has invested the central figure in her story, the skill with which she has built the facts into English life and worked out the problem in terms of English character. In no other story has she approached the brilliancy and vivacity of "Lady Rose's Daughter"; the easy touch-and-go of familiar talk, the delicate but sharply defined contrasts of character in appearance, bear-

ing and speech; the interplay and modification of character by character. In lightness of touch, variety of mood and temperament, and in ease of mood this story marks Mrs. Ward's highest achievement. In no other novel has she given so many evidences of the possession of the original qualities of the novelist: knowledge of life, dramatic power, sympathy of imagination, humor, and the gift of pathos.

In an earlier story Mrs. Ward describes one of her characters as having worked through a very rich culture to great simplicity. Simplicity in the sense of dealing with few objects at a time and dealing with them directly Mrs. Ward has not achieved and is not likely to achieve. She deals by preference, probably by necessity, with complex situations and characters; she is attracted, as a rule, by those problems of temperament which are complicated by the presence of many and often conflicting elements; she moves easily in a society which has become highly sophisticated by reason of the long and many-sided experience of life which it represents. One looks for complexity rather than simplicity in Mrs. Ward's stories; and no small part of their interest lies in the sense of a full, rich, ripe social life which they convey; the sense of a living organism which is stored with the accumulated experiences of a long past. George Eliot dealt with this complexity of character in the most mature and elaborate of her studies of society, "Middlemarch"; and while the lines of her portraiture are more sharply defined than those of Mrs. Ward the beauty and richness of social life in an old civilization are more vividly conveyed by the author of "Lady Rose's Daughter."

Of late years three or four novelists of distinction have dealt habitually with men and women who are the products of a high degree of social or intellectual culture, and whose minds have been so overlaid with many kinds of knowledge that they have lost the power, in many cases, of moving directly to an end. This extreme sophistication induces, in the end, a kind of secondary character; it substitutes refinement of method for original force, sensitiveness for power, and the faculty of seeing all the conceivable qualifications and limitations of action for the power of acting strongly and decisively. As a rule, the novelists who have yielded to the attraction of these men and women of secondary rather than primary impulse and energy have reflected in style both the refinement and the subtlety of the highly sophisticated tempera-

ment. They have delighted in elaborate qualifications, in the most elusive distinctions, in the obscurity produced by pressing too many things on the mind at the same time. They have gained a certain delicacy of diction and deftness of structure at the expense of clearness, vital interest and compelling power. Fiction of this kind has often been deeply interesting as psychology, but has been vexatious and irritating as literature. When the novelist cares more for processes of mind than for the play of character as it affects and is affected by events he gains refinement at the cost of vital power; and that is a price which no writer of fiction can afford to pay.

"Lady Rose's Daughter" is an admirable example of the fiction which portrays complexity of motive and temperament without loss of dramatic intensity. The study of character is subtle in its penetration and refinement of method, but the movement of the story is never impeded nor is it too heavily weighted with definition and reflection. The current runs deep but it flows steadily and, at times, swiftly; and the reader is never caught in an eddy which seems to have no outlet. There are, here and there, as the story progresses, passages which might be safely omitted, and the reader feels as if he had come upon a family tradition when he meets Marcus Aurelius at the close of the story; but the novel never relaxes its hold on the imagination, and the ending loses nothing of moral dignity by reason of the presence of the greatest of the Roman moralists.

In a word, Mrs. Ward succeeds where nearly all the psychological novelists fail: she lays bare the most complicated situations and the most highly sophisticated temperaments without sacrificing that vital interest which is the heart and soul of fiction.

Her style has always been adequate to the very considerable tasks she has imposed upon it. It has been capacious enough to receive and to express the most serious thought, and it has been sufficiently clear and distinct to register very delicate shades of meaning and to convey the impetus of deep and impetuous movements of events. As she has gone on Mrs. Ward's style has gained in distinction; it is not only firm and sure, but it is touched throughout with that fine quality, individual and artistic, which imparts both dignity and charm. It never lacks restraint and yet it is rarely cold; and there are moments when it fills with the joy of life and grows eloquent with the beauty of the world.

If "Lady Rose's Daughter" contained no other characters the portraiture of Julie Le Breton and Lady Henry would make it a notable piece of fiction. The two women who are in a sense the heroines of the story are drawn with a skill at once delicate and firm, which fills them with life expressed in every form that marked individuality can take on; while the inevitable conflict between them is described with an insight into its moral success which gives it a tragic dignity. If Julie Le Breton be a modern rendering of Mlle. de Lespinasse the boldness and sincerity of the art which set her moving among a throng of people, attracted or repelled by her, but never indifferent to her, is as impressive and convincing as if she had been fashioned out of hand. To draw successfully a woman so circumstanced and of such temperamental force there was needed the very unusual woman who is neither afraid of the passional side of life nor blind to its tremendous ethical significance. That she was equal to such a task shows how well equipped Mrs. Ward is in clear objective vision as well as in subjective feeling; how admirably poised she is between the power of impulse and the claims of reason. No woman whose moral standards were primarily conventional could have understood the temperament of Julie Le Breton, and no woman whose perception of moral values was uncertain or blurred could have solved the problem of such a temperament. A woman of uncertain moral insight might have stated the problem; only a woman of clear moral insight could have solved it.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

SHIPPING AND SUBSIDIES.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

At no time within living memory have the conditions and international aspects of merchant shipping attracted more consideration than they are receiving just now on both sides of the Atlantic. At no time since the abrogation of the old Navigation Laws have the questions of subsidies for shipping, and of the reservation of coasting trade to national vessels, been so freely discussed in Great Britain. And the report by the Select Parliamentary Committee appointed "to enquire into the subsidies to steamship companies and sailing vessels under foreign governments, and the effect thereby produced on British trade," has a particular interest for America because of the persistent movement there to organize the greatest system of ship subsidies ever attempted. It is not the purpose of the present article to deal exhaustively with that report, but incidentally, with relation to the conditions of British and American shipping. Certain articles by Mr. Charles H. Cramp in recent numbers of The North American Review reiterate and enlarge on the astonishing fallacy, that British maritime supremacy has been built up on a system of subsidies.

In the December number of this Review Mr. Cramp writes:

> "The real fact is, that Great Britain is and always has been the greatest subsidizer in the world, and it is also true that her policy in that direction is and has been the principal cause of the supremacy in the ocean-carrying trade, which, in the general average, she has maintained since 1860."

Now, I want to show American readers how thoroughly mistaken is Mr. Cramp.

No subsidies are granted by Great Britain in the sense to which the word "subsidy" properly applies,—that is to say, as

bounty, premium for privilege, or grant in aid. The British government pays mail subventions and naval subventions to certain merchant steamers. The mail subventions are purely and simply freight remuneration for mail cargo carried on fixed dates, within prescribed periods, to positive destinations. For the performance of these freight-mail contracts, special vessels have to be provided at a cost superior to that of freight and passenger liners: they have to be kept up at the most perfect point of efficiency: they must depart and arrive on time, whether they are full or empty of freight and passengers: and they are liable to heavy penalties for default in contract. As to the amounts so paid, we shall presently see; but, as the competition for ocean mail contracts, even among the large and suitably equipped steamship companies, is extremely limited, the conclusion is irresistible, that mail subventions are not in themselves very profitable. In other words, they are not subsidies, because they exact from the ship-owner as much as, if not more than, they bestow upon him. The naval subventions are annual payments by the Admiralty in respect of certain merchant vessels being built to suit naval requirements, being maintained at an Admiralty standard and of high rate of speed, and of being held absolutely at the disposal of the Admiralty, when required, for naval purposes. To fulfil these obligations large expenditure has to be incurred by the owners. The subventions are to partially compensate this expenditure, and are in the nature of payment for services rendered. There is no mercantile profit to the ship-owner in a naval subvention.

Now, in connection with postal and naval subventions, two remarks are to be made. The first is, that the companies receiving them are not among the most remunerative of British shipping enterprises. The second is, that the companies receiving them convey a small fraction of British ocean trade. It seems a common error among American writers and speakers on this subject, that they confine their attention to the Transatlantic trade and to the operations of liners. But, as the writer pointed out long before the Select Committee took up the consideration of shipping subsidies, the liners conduct but a small portion of the world's sea-carriage. The "tramp" is the main instrument of ocean traffic. There were in 1902, according to Lloyd's Register, 8,352 steamers of over 100 tons each under the British flag, of a gross tonnage

of 13,652,455 tons. Of these, about 1,300 were liners, and the remainder, say 7,052, tramps. These are the "busy bees" of the sea, seeking traffic in every clime and familiar with every port. These ships receive not a penny of mail or naval subvention, but are subject to rigorous Board of Trade regulations as to load line, manning, boat accommodation, etc., from which foreign vessels are free. It is with these vessels—not the supposititiously subsidized liners — that the British maritime supremacy lies. They roam the world from hemisphere to hemisphere, from sea to sea, from island to island, from continent to continent, as occasion offers, or even promises; and they carry every kind of commodity under the sun. Eighty per cent. of the world's sea trade is done by the British tramps, snubbed by their own Government and worried and "bled" by foreign governments. The whole fleet of liners on the Atlantic might be swept away without affecting the trade of the tramps, (beyond giving them more employment), which are the cheapest as well as the most ubiquitous carriers in the world. This vast fleet of British steam tramps represents an invested capital of something like £130,000,000 sterling. The liners represent, perhaps, other £70,000,000, and the companies whose steamers receive mail and naval subventions represent invested capital to the amount of about £20,000,000. The entire amount of mail and naval subventions paid by the British and British-Colonial Governments is under £1,000,000 per annum. It is under one-half of one-per-cent. of the value of British shipping. It is less than one-twelfth of one-per-cent. of the annual value of the traffic carried by our shipping. And a trumpery trifle like that is said to have promoted and preserved the maritime supremacy of Great Britain!

With regard to possible causes which might contribute with foreign subsidies to affect British trade, the Parliamentary Committee took sufficient evidence to satisfy themselves that such causes do exist and are contributory in various degrees. They comprise among other things, Board of Trade regulations, the imposition of light dues, the reservation by foreign nations of their coasting trade to their own ships, and, possibly, the fact that British manufacturers do not pay adequate attention to the character and pattern of goods required oversea.

As to the Board of Trade regulations, complaints are made that in home ports great interference is practised with British

ships, while foreign ships competing with British ships are subjected to less searching inspection, and thereby have a very distinct advantage. This applies especially to the load-line (Plimsoll) regulation. An illustration was given of a British ship, the carrying capacity of which, as a British ship, was 1,825 tons. She was sold to the Germans at a very heavy depreciation on her cost, and under the German flag she came to Liverpool actually carrying about 2,100 tons; therefore, under the German flag she carried about 275 tons more than she was allowed to do when British-owned; and she carried a smaller crew at less wages. The Board of Trade has no power to insist upon a foreign ship being marked with a load-line mark; the most it can do is to stop a foreign ship which is overloaded and unseaworthy, although any surveyor may have difficulty in judging by the eye whether a ship is overloaded or not. Many foreign ships have voluntarily introduced a load-line of their own, but much depends on where the load-line is placed. There is no real dissatisfaction with the load-line regulation, but the desire rather is that it, and other British regulations, should be enforced against foreign ships in British ports equally with British ships.

French measurement gives an advantage to French over English ships in the deductions from the gross tonnage upon which the ship pays dues. As regards some of the legislative conditions under which British shipping is handicapped, take the Passenger Act. German and other foreign ships do not come under that Act, as the agents for foreign steamers send the third-class passengers, starting from England for America, over to Hamburg to embark there. The steamers then bring them back again to an English port, where they take on saloon passengers. The steamers thus escape the regulations of the Board of Trade as to space, accommodation, inspection of stores, life-saving arrangements and minimum crews, because that Act only applies to third-class passengers. There are also ways in which foreign nations handicap British shipping. If, for instance, a vessel brings from America a cargo part of which is for France, and transhipps the consignment for France at Southampton, the goods so transhipped are liable to extra duties on arriving in France. On the other hand, a steamer landing at a French port is allowed to tranship goods for England at a lower rate.

Sir Thomas Sutherland, at the last meeting of the P. & O.

Company, described the evolution of the mail service during the last thirty years. Thirty years ago, the Company received nearly double the amount of the present mail subsidy. At that time, the subsidy was one-fourth of the total amount of the revenue; to-day, it is only one-tenth of that total revenue, and the mail service has become vastly more extensive, more rapid and more costly. Sir Thomas stated before the Select Committee of Parliament, that the mail matter carried by his company measured no less than 100,000 cubic tons in the course of the year. They are carrying that mail matter for half of the subsidy that the mail matter was carried for thirty years ago, and probably only one-quarter of the present mail work was actually then done.

The following tables show the principal subventions and payments made by the British Government, and the shipping tonnage of the country now and twelve years ago:

	1890-1. Tons.	1902-3. Tons.
Steam tonnage	7,774,644	12,897,592
Sailing tonnage	2,467,212	1,533,480
Total	10,241,856	14,431,072

There is a yearly subsidy of £40,000 for a fortnightly service between Jamaica and Bristol, contributed equally by the Government and the Colony. With the exception of a subsidy of £27,000 paid by Canada and the Home Government equally to develop trade from Canada to the West Indies, this is the only real subsidy paid by the British Government.

The following are payments for services rendered:

Yearly Payments for Carriage of Mails.

P. & O. Steam Navigation Company	£330,000
Orient Steam Navigation Company	85,000
Royal Mail Steam Packet Company	80,000
Canadian Pacific Railway Company	60,000
Pacific Steam Navigation Company	32,500
London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company	25,000
British India Steam Navigation Company	9,000
Total yearly payment for the carriage of mails	£621,500

In addition, Cape Colony and Natal pay the Union-Castle Steamship Company £135,000 annually for the South-African Mail Service. For the carriage of mails from the United Kingdom to New York, three shillings per pound on letters and postcards up to a certain weight is paid, and two shillings per pound

above that weight, and three pence per pound on newspapers, etc. The British Government claims and exercises the right conferred by statute of obliging a ship-owner to carry any quantity of mail matter at an arbitrary rate fixed by statute.

The Admiralty Payments are as under:

Payments Yearly for Call of Eighteen Merchant Steamers for Use as Armed Cruisers:

1. To White Star Line	£28,000
2. To Cunard Steamship Company	28,000
3. To P. and O. Company	18,000
4. To Orient Steam Navigation Company	9,000
5. To Royal Mail Steam Packet Company	6,500
6. To Pacific Steam Navigation Company	4,500
7. To Canadian Pacific Railway Company	9,750
Total	£103,750

A deduction of 25 per cent. is made from steamers which carry mails. In consideration of these payments the several companies give the Government the call of 31 additional steamers for service as armed cruisers in time of war, and they carry an agreed number of Naval Reserve seamen.

A good deal of nonsense has been talked about the alleged degeneracy of the British Mercantile Marine, because the Germans have now steamers able to cross the Atlantic in a shorter number of hours than British steamers. British ship-builders could build steamers even faster than these German liners, but such steamers are unprofitable, and in a very short time become a heavy burden to the company running them. The Cunard Company is going to build faster steamers, but with the assistance of the Government to pay for the sentimental (or precautionary) speed, over and beyond the passenger requirements. Germany has been free to make use of all the knowledge and facilities which Great Britain gained by experience. There has been an open door; and if at times those who have profited by British knowledge have gone a step further in size or speed of ships, it does not follow that the British hand has lost its cunning. Great Britain does not seek business *pour la gloire.*

The cheapening of industrial production in America has been largely the result of multiple manufacture, but that, it seems, will not apply in ship-building. The Atlantic Transport Line recently had four new ships built—two in Belfast and two in Philadelphia. The American-built ships cost £380,000 each,

while the Belfast ones cost £292,000. Smaller vessels building for the same line cost £100,000 in Great Britain and £150,000 in America. Mr. Cramp, the builder of the "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," himself places the cost of American-built ships at from thirty to forty per cent. above foreign prices. America once held a commanding position on the seas, and is reasonably ambitious to regain her lost prestige; but at present she is invading the markets of the world—in foreign bottoms. Senator Frye says that the country pays £100,000 a day to foreign ships for carrying American products. This cuts £36,500,000 a year out of the visible "balance of trade," about which there is a good deal of discursive talk. In the trade between Europe and the United States, not one American vessel goes to or from Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Greece or Turkey. The record of grain clearances from New York in one year showed over 1,200 ships laden with American produce sailing for foreign ports, and only seven under the American flag. The total output in America of iron and steel ships for the foreign trade does not equal that of a small British yard. Ten years ago, the British built Inman Liners, "New York" and "Paris," were admitted to American registry by a special Act of Congress, which stipulated that two ships of equal tonnage should be built in America. It was believed that this step marked the restoration of the American flag to the seas. But while the country's foreign trade has developed enormously, its carrying trade has been dormant.

One great contributory cause, with foreign subsidies, affecting British trade is the reservation by foreign nations of their coasting trade to their own ships. This may be regarded as an indirect subvention or subsidy. Although British coasting trade is absolutely open to vessels of all nations, many nations reserve the trade between their own ports to their own vessels. The United States extend the doctrine so as to declare a voyage from New York round Cape Horn to San Francisco, or from San Francisco to Honolulu, a "coasting voyage," and as such they restrict it to vessels carrying the United States flag. France refuses to allow any but French vessels to trade between French ports and Algeria. Russia, in reserving its coasting trade to its own flag, includes in this restriction the navigation between Russian ports in the Baltic and the Black Sea, and between all

Russian ports and Vladivostok in the far east of Siberia. Such restrictions do seriously affect British trade. What would be the effect of reserving to all British ships the Imperial "coasting" trade within the British Empire? Several witnesses have spoken in favor of it, but the general idea is that reciprocal advantages should be given to those countries whose "coastwise" trade is open to British shipping. It was stated by Sir Robert Ropner that, as the tonnage of British vessels trading between British ports is ninety-one per cent., and the tonnage of foreign vessels trading between British ports is only nine per cent., a section of ship-owners did not think that the gain of this nine per cent. by British vessels was worth the risk of reprisals by foreign countries. But Sir Robert Giffen replied that nine or ten per cent. was a considerable advantage, that we need not fear reprisals, and that as foreigners already reserved their coasting trade they would have no cause of complaint. Sir R. Giffen suggests that (1) either foreign ships, and especially foreign subsidized ships, should be altogether excluded from the coasting trade of the British Empire; or (2) that such ships should only be admitted to these trades on condition of their complying with the same rules as to construction, equipment, and inspection as English ships, and paying a fine for the privilege of coasting equal to and exceeding any subsidy they receive. This second suggestion would not prevent foreign ships coming to British ports from abroad or going to foreign ports from British shores, which is all the privilege most foreign countries give to our ships in their waters. It would only prevent foreign ships doing coasting trade or inter-provincial trade within the British Empire itself, or would prevent them doing it except upon equitable terms. The Select Committee point out that as the coast-line of the British Empire is the greatest of any country in the world, Great Britain need not fear effective retaliation.

The recommendation of the Subsidies Committee which has occasioned most comment runs as follows:

"Means should be taken to obtain the removal of foreign laws and regulations which exclude the British ship-owners from the trades appropriated by various foreign Powers to their own shipping as 'coasting-trade,' and that, if need be, regulations for the admission of foreign vessels to the British and Colonial trade of this Empire should be used with the object of securing reciprocal advantages for British ship-owners abroad."

The British Empire, with its enormous coast-line, affords immense scope for retaliation if the colonies choose to make common cause with the Imperial Government in the matter. The Committee merely recommends the question for practical consideration. It says:

"What Great Britain has to face is really an attack on a vital industry of the country in time of peace, carried on, directly or indirectly, not by ordinary competitors, but by foreign governments, though not always proved to be to their own advantage. Your Committee think that the occasion has come when the question of the qualified reservation of British Imperial coasting trade on the lines above indicated should be considered by His Majesty's Government with a view to reserving the British and Colonial coastwise trades, and the Imperial 'coasting' trade within the British Empire, to British and Colonial ships, and to vessels of those nations who throw open their coasting trade to British and Colonial ships."

It is not correct, however, to say that all vessels under foreign flags are excluded from the coasting trade of Germany. The matter is put clearly enough by a recent writer in the *Neue Hamburgische Börsenhalle.* He points out that the law of May 22nd, 1881, provides that:

"The right to ship merchandise at a German seaport and convey it to another German seaport (the coastwise-carrying trade) is reserved exclusively for German ships."

But it is followed by this:

"This privilege may be granted to foreign ships by a State treaty or by an Imperial ordinance, with the sanction of the Federal Council."

An Imperial ordinance of this kind was issued on the 29th of December, 1881, of which the following was the text:

"The right to ship merchandise at a German seaport and carry it to another German seaport (the coastwise-carrying trade) is granted to the vessels of Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Great Britain, Italy, Sweden, and Norway."

This German writer goes on to say that, of all the nations concerned in the matter, only Russia and Holland were excluded, and this was done for the reason that those countries denied the same right to the German flag. As far as British vessels are concerned, Germany has by no means reserved the coastwise-carry-

ing trade to the national flag. Germany has not gained much, he says, by the coasting-trade law.

"It was in its inception a measure unfavorable to the interests of large ship-owners. The Government and the Protectionist party were seeking at the time to win supporters among the small ship-owners against the Free-traders. And it must be said that the demand for reciprocity is to a certain extent fair and just. At the same time, it would have been better, in view of the question (an insignificant one for Germany) of foreign competition in the coasting trade, not to have left any opening for reprisals. The danger of provoking the adoption of measures in answer to the enactment of a law of little value was always present. . . . We are quite willing to admit that the British coasting trade is open to German ships, but we think also that the fact should be substantiated that Germany grants the same right to the British flag. . . . It is much to be regretted that the German Imperial Government has remained silent in view of the erroneous statement made, because the Government must be well aware that with this false asseveration is coupled the possibility of the closing of the British coasting trade to German vessels. And this is a very serious matter, not merely in respect of the British Isles themselves, but on account of the trade between the mother country and the colonies."

In this REVIEW for December last, Mr. Charles H. Cramp calls attention to three epochs in the maritime competition between Great Britain and the United States. The first, he asserts, was when the British Government subsidized Samuel Cunard and enabled him to found the line which bears his name, as well as to compete with and destroy the American Collins Line. The second was in 1871-72, when Great Britain met the competition of the old American Line by increasing the Cunard subsidies for mail service, and by the payment of a naval subvention for options upon certain ships to be used in case of war. The third is the present action of the British Government in still further subsidizing the Cunard Line, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Morgan merger and to meet its competition. Mr. Cramp states that the original Cunard subsidy was made for the purpose of not only meeting the competition of the Collins Line, but also to destroy it. The Collins Line, he says, was originally subsidized by the United States Government, and had that subsidy not been withdrawn the Company would doubtless exist to-day as powerful, as respected, and as much of a pride to the United States, as the Cunard Line is to England. He says that both of the two earlier subsidies to the Cunard Line were in

the nature of offensive measures, while the present subsidy is defensive and to prevent that line from falling into American hands. And his article tries to show how far Great Britain has gone to maintain its supremacy, even to the extent of practically presenting to the Cunard Line two of the best ships in the world. He adds:

"Doubtless, if any American ship-owner or ship-builder should propose a subsidy of that nature to our Congress, there would be among our free-ship statesmen an epidemic of nervous prostration."

Mr. Cramp, I fear, has allowed his impressions to obscure his memory in reference to the Collins Line. He says:

"The British Government subsidized Samuel Cunard, and enabled him to found the great Transatlantic line which bears his name. This was done to combat and destroy the American Collins Line."

The contract with the Cunard Company was negotiated in 1838, and the first Cunard steamer to convey mails, under the contract with the British Government, sailed in July, 1840. The Collins Line was not started until 1850, by which time the Cunard Company had regular sailings and an established trade. The reverse of what Mr. Cramp alleges was the fact. The Collins Line was subsidized by the American Government to combat and destroy the Cunard Line, its elder by ten years. Down to 1848, the American Government were opposed in principle to all subsidies, and Congress only consented to subsidize the Collins Line on the urgent, though fallacious, representation that the commercial interests of the United States would suffer if the conveyance of the ocean mails was left to British steamers. On a promise of a grant of $19,250 per voyage, E. K. Collins and his co-partners agreed to provide five first-class steamers to be ready in 1850 to perform twenty voyages a year. They could not find the money for five, and the four boats they built,—the "Arctic," "Baltic," "Atlantic," and "Pacific,"—each cost such an enormous sum that the United States Government had to make advances to the Company, to cancel the obligation for a fifth vessel, and to increase the subsidy from $19,250 to $33,000 per voyage, or $858,000 a year. This was, say, £171,600 of an American subsidy against £80,000 which was the subsidy at that time given to the Cunard Company. Ten years *after* the Cunard Company was established, the Collins Company was started with *double*

the subsidy to *create* a business which Mr. Cramp says the Cunard Company was subsidized to destroy! We need not stop here to inquire why the Collins boats cost so much more money to build than the Cunard Company's, but the initial cost was the prime cause of failure. The next cause was the enormous working expenditure, for nothing was spared in the amiable effort to run the Cunard off the Atlantic, and get rid of what was regarded as a foreign monopoly. A third cause was a heavy drop in ocean freight, from seven pounds ten shillings per ton in the exclusive days of the Cunarders, to four pounds per ton soon after the Collins boats came into the swim. And the final cause was the series of unhappy disasters that afflicted the Collins Company and their unfortunate vessels. Even with the heavy subsidy, the Collins Line was worked at an enormous loss, and all the time the Cunard Company were building new boats to outsail them (out of capital, not out of Government subventions or loans). It is true that the Collins Company subsisted until Congress withdrew the grant in 1858, but it was ruined in any case; and, as far as one can judge now, it could not have carried on the competition at a profit had the subsidy been doubled instead of cancelled. In all the circumstances, no one familiar with maritime history will agree with Mr. Cramp's denunciation of Government and Congress for refusing to bolster up a mismanaged and losing concern.

The second of the "distinct epochs" claimed by Mr. Cramp was, he says, when in 1871-3 on the starting of an American Line, the British Government met this renewed American effort by the increase of subsidies for mail-carrying in its own ships, and also by what is known as the "naval subventions." The Line referred to is presumably the Pennsylvania Steamship Company, which started a service of steamers in 1873 between Philadelphia and Liverpool. These boats cost each about £20,000 more than if they had been built in Great Britain; consequently, the concern began at a great disadvantage. It had no subsidy, but it had the backing of a great Railway Company, which wanted the steamers, not for ocean freight profit, but as feeders to the railway system. If the British mail subventions were increased during the lifetime of this American Company, it was for increased service, not to meet the competition of that company. The "naval subventions" to which Mr. Cramp refers, were not

granted by the Admiralty until 1887, and some of the subventions were paid to steamers of the Inman Line, which absorbed the Philadelphia business. This Line, and the Guion, the National and others under the British flag, fell out of the race because they could not develop with the times. They were left behind, and the American Line was no more slain by British subsidies than they were.

Mr. Cramp says:

"Germany has practically taken the first place in the ocean-carrying trade, and Great Britain has been relegated to the second place. Of course, there is a great deal more British tonnage than German tonnage, but the German ships are nearly all of modern types, many of them new, and in the total average superior in capacity and performance to the total average of British tonnage in the ratio of more than two to one."

Thus Mr. Cramp in these pages in July last, with further reference to the "desperate condition" of the British merchant marine, which he had just been describing as flourishing under and because of the beneficent sun of subsidies. Let us look into this matter a little, but let us first clear our minds of cant. The hysteria of a certain section of the British (especially the London) press over the Morgan Combine only amused the business community. The most remarkable feature in the controversy over that Combine has been the profound ignorance of shipping matters displayed by the most confident of the journalistic commentators. As a deal, the Morgan merger neither increases the mercantile marine of America nor diminishes that of Britain. It may or may not be a good speculation, but that is another question. It does not affect either British ship-owners or British ship-builders, who are as ready to own and to build vessels to suit the conditions of the times as they always have been and always will be. No doubt, German vessels are nearly all modern (including the new and second-hand ships bought from Britain), but so also are British vessels. Britain is adding about a million tons per annum to her shipping, all being the latest products of ship-builder's skill. Germany does not build altogether more than 250,000 tons or so a year, including war-ships and what she builds for foreigners. It is true that Germany has two or three faster steamers than Britain in the Transatlantic trade. But the Transatlantic trade is only a small portion of the British ocean trade, and fast steamers are not "good business" if they

do not pay. Nor are very large steamers the best form of investment in shipping, because the area of their employment is limited by the number of the ports which can accommodate them.

The ship-owners of Great Britain do not ask for bounties and doles. They know very well that there is a wide difference between bounties and profits; and that the conditions under which bounties are paid create disadvantages equal to or greater than the money value of the bounty. All they want is the application of business principles to shipping in common with other industries. They claim a recognition on the part of the British Government that the Merchant Navy is the product of private enterprise, and that the proprietary rights of the ship-owner should be suitably remembered. They demand that the Light Dues, which entail disadvantages upon British shipping in foreign waters, should be made a national charge, and they desire the extension of the Board of Trade regulations on loading and manning, etc., and now enforced against British shipping in British ports, to the tonnage of all flags visiting Great Britain.

Mr. Cramp's "third epoch" was the formation of the Morgan Steamship Merger, followed by what he calls the re-subsidizing of the Cunard Line in order to keep it out of that Merger. There is much difference of opinion in Great Britain as to the wisdom, or necessity, or expediency, of the new Agreement entered into in September last between the Cunard Company and the British Government. The terms are quoted in Mr. Cramp's December article, but they do *not* constitute "a repetition of the arrangement made with Samuel Cunard at the time when he was aided for the purpose of crushing the Collins Line in the early fifties." The position is simply this. According to the view of the British Government, right or wrong, it is necessary to the interest of British commerce to have a British Transatlantic mail service by steamers somewhat faster than the fastest now afloat. And it is desirable to have mercantile cruisers larger and swifter than any now existing brought under the control of the Admiralty. Both designs are beyond the limit of profitable investment of private capital. Therefore, regarding the enterprise as a national one, the Government agree to advance the money to build the swift boats and to receive it back, with two and three-quarters per cent. interest, in instalments divided over twenty years, during which period the vessels will become obsolete. But even when

built at so low a capital charge, the steamers (which will consume about 1,000 tons of coal per day) cannot be run at a commercial profit on current freights and fares. In order to provide a margin, therefore, and to enable the owners to keep the vessels up to Admiralty standard for naval use, if and when required, the Government will allow the Company a naval subvention of £150,000 a year. But this has nothing to do with the advance of capital to build the boats. The subvention is irrespective of the cost, and is not to be measured as a percentage of the interest thereof. This subvention is for upkeep and maintenance, and, in so far as there may be any margin, for remuneration to the Company for conducting an unprofitable enterprise in the national interests. Mr. Cramp says that this is "the most tremendous effort" of the kind ever put forth by the British Government:

> "It lends at two and three-quarters per cent. per annum interest, and it requires repayment of the loan in twenty years; but at the same time it gives the Cunard Line a subsidy sufficient to repay the loan in twenty years."

This is an ingenious way of putting it. But if the debits on the voyage-accounts of the steamers, including the interest on the advance, equal or exceed the amount of the "subsidy," what becomes of Mr. Cramp's figuring? The Admiralty Committee on Merchant Cruisers estimated that to build a 25-knot boat of 52,000 i.h.p. would cost over a million sterling, and that to cover expenses and leave a working profit would require a subsidy of £149,000. That is for a single boat, and the Cunard Company are to get only £150,000 for sailing two such boats. The project may or may not be a wise one for the Government. It will not be a highly lucrative one for the Company. It will not have the effect of encouraging the supply of a class of vessel that cannot be self-supporting. It will do nothing to increase the maritime trade of the British Empire. The stately liners do the shop-walking and window-dressing with elegance and picturesque effect, but the sturdy tramps do all the business. Great Britain likes her "Lines" but does not live by them.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

MRS. EDDY IN ERROR.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

I FEEL almost sure that Mrs. Eddy's inspiration-works are getting out of repair. I think so because they made some errors in a statement which she uttered through the press on the 17th of January. Not large ones, perhaps, still it is a friend's duty to straighten such things out and get them right when he can. Therefore I will put my other duties aside for a moment and undertake this helpful service. She said as follows:

"In view of the circulation of certain criticisms from the pen of Mark Twain, I submit the following statement:

"It is a fact, well understood, that I begged the students who first gave me the endearing appellative 'mother' not to name me thus. But, without my consent, that word spread like wildfire. I still must think the name is not applicable to me. I stand in relation to this century as a Christian discoverer, founder, and leader. I regard self-deification as blasphemous; I may be more loved, but I am less lauded, pampered, provided for, and cheered than others before me—and wherefore? Because Christian Science is not yet popular, and I refuse adulation.

"My visit to the Mother Church after it was built and dedicated pleased me, and the situation was satisfactory. The dear members wanted to greet me with escort and the ringing of bells, but I declined, and went alone in my carriage to the church, entered it, and knelt in thanks upon the steps of its altar. There the foresplendor of the beginnings of truth fell mysteriously upon my spirit. I believe in one Christ, teach one Christ, know of but one Christ. I believe in but one incarnation, one Mother Mary, and know I am not that one, and never claimed to be. It suffices me to learn the Science of the Scriptures relative to this subject.

"Christian Scientists have no quarrel with Protestants, Catholics, or any other sect. They need to be understood as following the divine Principle—God, Love—and not imagined to be unscientific worshippers of a human being.

"In the aforesaid article, of which I have seen only extracts, Mark

* Copyright, 1903, by S. L. Clemens.

Twain's wit was not wasted in certain directions. Christian Science eschews divine rights in human beings. If the individual governed human consciousness, my statement of Christian Science would be disproved, but to understand the spiritual idea is essential to demonstrate Science and its pure monotheism—one God, one Christ, no idolatry, no human propaganda. Jesus taught and proved that what feeds a few feeds all. His life-work subordinated the material to the spiritual, and he left this legacy of truth to mankind. His metaphysics is not the sport of philosophy, religion, or Science; rather it is the pith and finale of them all.

"I have not the inspiration or aspiration to be a first or second Virgin-Mother—her duplicate, antecedent or subsequent. What I am remains to be proved by the good I do. We need much humility, wisdom, and love to perform the functions of foreshadowing and foretasting heaven within us. This glory is molten in the furnace of affliction."

She still thinks the name of Our Mother not applicable to her; and she is also able to remember that it distressed her when it was conferred upon her, and that she begged to have it suppressed. Her memory is at fault here. If she will take her By-laws, and refer to Section 1 of Article XXII., written with her own hand—she will find that she has reserved that title to herself, and is so pleased with it, and so—may we say jealous?—about it, that she threatens with excommunication any sister Scientist who shall call herself by it. This is that Section 1:

"*The Title of Mother.* In the year 1895 loyal Christian Scientists had given to the author of their text-book, the Founder of Christian Science, the individual, endearing term of Mother. Therefore, if a student of Christian Science shall apply this title, either to herself or to others, except as the term for kinship according to the flesh, it shall be regarded by the Church as an indication of disrespect for their Pastor Emeritus, and unfitness to be a member of the Mother Church."

Mrs. Eddy is herself the Mother Church—its powers and authorities are in her possession solely—and she can abolish that title whenever it may please her to do so. She has only to command her people, wherever they may be in the earth, to use it no more, and it will never be uttered again. She is aware of this.

It may be that she "refuses adulation" when she is not awake, but when she is awake she encourages it and propagates it in that museum called "Our Mother's Room," in her Church in Boston. She could abolish that institution with a word, if she wanted to. She is aware of that. I will say a further word about the museum presently.

Further down the column, her memory is unfaithful again:

"I believe in . . . but one Mother Mary, and know I am not that one, and never claimed to be."

At a session of the National Christian Science Association, held in the city of New York on the 27th of May, 1890, the secretary was "instructed to send to our Mother greetings and words of affection from her assembled children."*

Her telegraphic response was read to the Association at next day's meeting:

"All hail! He hath filled the hungry with good things and the sick hath He not sent empty away.—MOTHER MARY."†

Which Mother Mary is this one? Are there two? If so, she is both of them; for, when she signed this telegram in this satisfied and unprotesting way, the Mother-title which she was going to so strenuously object to, and put from her with humility, and seize with both hands, and reserve as her sole property, and protect her monopoly of it with a stern By-Law, while recognizing with diffidence that it was "not applicable" to her (then and to-day),—*that* Mother-title was not yet born, and would not be offered to her until five years later. The date of the above "Mother Mary" is 1890; the "individual, endearing title of Mother" was given her "in 1895"—according to her own testimony. See her By-Law, quoted above.

In his opening Address to that Convention of 1890, the President recognized this Mary—our Mary—and abolished all previous ones. He said:

"There was but one Moses, one Jesus; and there is but one Mary."‡

There had *been* a Moses at one time, and only one; there had *been* a Jesus at one time, and only one; there *is* a Mary and "only one." She is not a Has Been, she is an Is—the "Author of Science and Health; and we cannot ignore her."§

The confusions being now dispersed, we have this clarified result:

1. In 1890, there was but one Mother Mary. The President said so.

2. Mrs. Eddy was that one. She said so, in signing the telegram.

* Page 24, Official Report.
† Page 24, Official Report.
‡ Page 13, Official Report.
§ Page 13, Official Report.

3. Mrs. Eddy was not that one—for she says so, in her Associated Press utterance of January 17th.

4. And has "never claimed to be" that one—unless the signature to the telegram is a claim.

Thus it stands proven and established that she is that Mary and isn't, and thought she was and knows she wasn't. That much is clear.

She is also "The Mother," by the election of 1895, and did not want the title, and thinks it is not applicable to her, and will excommunicate any one that tries to take it away from her. So that is clear.

I think that the only really troublesome confusion connected with these particular matters has arisen from the name—Mary. Much vexation, much misunderstanding, could have been avoided if Mrs. Eddy had used some of her other names in place of that one. "Mother Mary" was certain to stir up discussion. It would have been much better if she had signed the telegram "Mother Baker"; then there would have been no Biblical competition, and, of course, that is a thing to avoid. But it is not too late, yet.

I wish to break in here with a parenthesis, and then take up this examination of Mrs. Eddy's Claim* of January 17th again.

The history of her "Mother Mary" telegram—as told to me by one who ought to be a very good authority—is curious and interesting. The telegram ostensibly quotes verse 53 from the "Magnificat," but really makes some pretty formidable changes in it. This is St. Luke's version:

"He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the *rich* he hath sent empty away."

This is "Mother Mary's" telegraphed version:

"He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the *sick* hath He *not* sent empty away,"†

To judge by the Official Report, the bursting of this bombshell in that massed convention of trained Christians created no astonishment, since it caused no remark, and the business of the

* "*Claim.*" In Christian Science terminology, "Claims" are errors of mortal mind, fictions of the imagination.

† Page 24, Official Report.

convention went tranquilly on, thereafter, as if nothing had happened.

Did those people detect those changes? We cannot know. I think they must have noticed them, the wording of St. Luke's verse being as familiar to all Christians as is the wording of the Beatitudes; and I think that the reason the new version provoked no surprise and no comment was, that the assemblage took it for a "Key"—a spiritualized explanation of verse 53, newly sent down from heaven through Mrs. Eddy. For all Scientists study their Bibles diligently, and they know their Magnificat. I believe that their confidence in the authenticity of Mrs. Eddy's inspirations is so limitless and so firmly established that no change, however violent, which she might make in a Bible text could disturb their composure or provoke from them a protest.

Her improved rendition of verse 53 went into the convention's report and appeared in a New York paper the next day. The (at that time) Scientist whom I mentioned a minute ago, and who had not been present at the convention, saw it and marvelled; marvelled and was indignant—indignant with the printer or the telegrapher, for making so careless and so dreadful an error. And greatly distressed, too; for, of course, the newspaper people would fall foul of it, and be sarcastic, and make fun of it and have a blithe time over it, and be properly thankful for the chance. It shows how innocent he was; it shows that he did not know the limitations of newspaper men in the matter of Biblical knowledge. The new verse 53 raised no insurrection in the press; in fact, it was not even remarked upon; I could have told him the boys would not know there was anything the matter with it. I have been a newspaper man myself, and in those days I had my limitations like the others.

The Scientist hastened to Concord and told Mrs. Eddy what a disastrous mistake had been made, but he found to his bewilderment that she was tranquil about it, and was not proposing to correct it. He was not able to get her to promise to make a correction. He asked her secretary if he had heard aright when the telegram was dictated to him; the secretary said he had, and took the filed copy of it and verified its authenticity by comparing it with the stenographic notes.

Mrs. Eddy did make the correction, two months later, in her official organ. It attracted no attention among the Scientists;

and, naturally, none elsewhere, for that periodical's circulation was practically confined to disciples of the cult.

That is the tale as it was told to me by an ex-Scientist. Verse 53—renovated and spiritualized—had a narrow escape from a tremendous celebrity. The newspaper men would have made it as famous as the assassination of Cæsar, but for their limitations.

To return to the Claim. I find myself greatly embarrassed by Mrs. Eddy's remark: "I regard self-deification as blasphemous." If she is right about that, I have written a half-ream of manuscript this past week which I must not print, either in the book which I am writing, or elsewhere: for it goes into that very matter with extensive elaboration, citing, in detail, words and acts of Mrs. Eddy's which seem to me to prove that she is a faithful and untiring worshipper of herself, and has carried self-deification to a length which has not before been ventured in ages. If ever. There is not room enough in this magazine for that Survey, but I can epitomize a portion of it here.

With her own untaught and untrained mind, and without outside help, she has erected upon a firm and lasting foundation the most minutely perfect, and wonderful, and smoothly and exactly working, and best safe-guarded system of government that has yet been devised in the world, as I believe, and as I am sure I could prove if I had room for my documentary evidences here.

It is a despotism (on this democratic soil); a sovereignty more absolute than the Roman Papacy, more absolute than the Russian Czarship; it has not a single power, not a shred of authority, legislative or executive, which is not lodged solely in the sovereign; all its dreams, its functions, its energies, have a single object, a single reason for existing, and only the one—to build to the sky the glory of the sovereign, and keep it bright to the end of time.

Mrs. Eddy is the sovereign; she devised that great place for herself, she occupies that throne.

In 1895, she wrote a little primer, a little body of autocratic laws, called the "Manual of The First Church of Christ, Scientist," and put those laws in force, in permanence. Her government is all there; all in that deceptively innocent-looking little book, that cunning little devilish book, that slumbering little brown volcano, with hell in its bowels. In that book she has planned out her system, and classified and defined its purposes and powers.

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First Members (of the Supreme Church).
Members of the Supreme Church.

It looks fair, it looks real, but it is all a fiction. Even the title "Pastor Emeritus" is a fiction. Instead of being merely an honorary and ornamental official, Mrs. Eddy is the only official in the entire body that has the slightest power. In her Manual, she has provided a prodigality of ways and forms whereby she can rid herself of any functionary in the government whenever she wants to. The officials are all shadows, save herself; she is the

only reality. She allows no one to hold office more than a year—no one gets a chance to become over-popular or over-useful, and dangerous. "Excommunication" is the favorite penalty—it is threatened at every turn. It is evidently the pet dread and terror of the Church's membership.

The member who *thinks,* without getting his thought from Mrs. Eddy before uttering it, is banished *permanently.* One or two kinds of sinners can plead their way back into the fold, but this one, never. To *think*—in the Supreme Church—is the New Unpardonable Sin.

To nearly every severe and fierce rule, Mrs. Eddy adds this rivet: "*This By-Law shall not be changed without the consent of the Pastor Emeritus.*"

Mrs. Eddy is the entire Supreme Church, in her own person, in the matter of powers and authorities.

Although she has provided so many ways of getting rid of unsatisfactory members and officials, she was still afraid she might have left a life-preserver lying around somewhere, therefore she devised a rule to cover that defect. By applying it, she can excommunicate (and *this* is perpetual again) every functionary connected with the Supreme Church, and every one of the 25,000 members of that Church, at an hour's notice—and *do it all by herself without anybody's help.*

By authority of this astonishing By-Law, she has only to *say* a person connected with that Church is secretly practising hypnotism or mesmerism: whereupon, immediate excommunication, without a hearing, is his portion! She does not have to order a trial and produce evidence—her *accusation* is all that is necessary.

Where is the Pope? and where the Czar? As the ballad says:

> "Ask of the winds that far away
> With fragments strewed the sea."

The Branch Church's pulpit is occupied by two "Readers." Without them the Branch Church is as dead as if its throat had been cut. To have control, then, of the Readers, is to have control of the Branch Churches. Mrs. Eddy has that control—a control wholly without limit, a control shared with no one.

1. No Reader can be appointed to any Church in the Christian Science world without her *express* approval.

2. She can summarily expel from his or her place any Reader,

at home or abroad, by a mere *letter* of dismissal, over her signature, and without furnishing any reason for it, to either the congregation or the Reader.

Thus she has as absolute control over all Branch Churches as she has over the Supreme Church. This power exceeds the Pope's.

In simple truth, *she is the only absolute sovereign in all Christendom.* The authority of the other sovereigns has limits, hers has none. None whatever. And her yoke does not fret, does not offend. Many of the subjects of the other monarchs feel their yoke, and are restive under it; their loyalty is insincere. It is not so with this one's human property; their loyalty is genuine, earnest, sincere, enthusiastic. The sentiment which they feel for her is one which goes out in sheer perfection to no other occupant of a throne; for it is love, pure from doubt, envy, exaction, fault-seeking, a love whose sun has no spot—that form of love, strong, great, uplifting, limitless, whose vast proportions are compassable by no word but one, the prodigious word, *Worship.* And it is not as a human being that her subjects worship her, but as a supernatural one, a divine one, one who has comradeship with God, and speaks by His voice.

Mrs. Eddy has herself created all these personal grandeurs and autocracies—with others which I have not (in this article) mentioned. They place her upon an Alpine solitude and supremacy of power and spectacular show not hitherto attained by any other self-seeking enslaver disguised in the Christian name, and they persuade me that, although she may regard "self-deification as blasphemous," she is as fond of it as I am of pie.

She knows about "Our Mother's Room" in the Supreme Church in Boston,—above referred to—for she has been in it. In a recently published NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article (written four years ago), I quoted a lady as saying Mrs. Eddy's portrait could be seen there in a shrine, lit by always-burning lights, and that C. S. disciples came there and worshipped it. That remark hurt the feelings of more than one Scientist. They said it was not true, and asked me to correct it. I comply with pleasure. Whether the portrait was there four years ago or not, it is not there now, for I have inquired. The only object in the shrine now, and lit by electrics,—and worshipped,—is an oil portrait of the horse-hair *chair* Mrs. Eddy used to sit in when she was writing "Science and Health!" It seems to me that adulation has struck bottom, here.

Mrs. Eddy knows about that. She has been there, she has seen it, she has seen the worshippers. She could abolish that sarcasm with a word. She withholds the word. Once more I seem to recognize in her exactly the same appetite for self-deification that I have for pie. We seem to be curiously alike; for the love of self-deification is really only the spiritual form of the material appetite for pie, and nothing could be more strikingly Christian-Scientifically "harmonious."

I note this phrase:

"Christian Science eschews divine rights in human beings."

"Rights" is vague; I do not know what it means there. Mrs. Eddy is not well acquainted with the English language, and she is seldom able to say in it what she is trying to say. She has no ear for the exact word, and does not often get it. "Rights." Does she mean "honors?" "attributes?"

"Eschews." This is another umbrella where there should be a torch; it does not illumine the sentence, it only deepens the shadows. Does she mean "denies?" "refuses?" "forbids?"—or something in that line? Does she mean:

"Christian Science denies divine honors to human beings?" Or:

"Christian Science refuses to recognize divine attributes in human beings?" Or:

"Christian Science forbids the worship of human beings?"

The bulk of the succeeding sentence is to me a tunnel, but, when I emerge at this end of it, I seem to come into daylight. Then I seem to understand both sentences—with this result:

"Christian Science recognizes but one God, forbids the worship of human beings, and refuses to recognize the possession of divine attributes by any member of the race."

I am subject to correction, but I think that that is about what Mrs. Eddy was intending to convey. Has her English—which is always difficult to me—beguiled me into misunderstanding the following remark, which she makes (calling herself "we," after an old regal fashion of hers) in her preface to her "Miscellaneous Writings"?*

"While we entertain decided views as to the best method for elevating the race physically, morally, and spiritually, and shall

* Page 3.

express these views as duty demands, we shall claim no especial gift from our divine origin, no supernatural power."

Was she meaning to say:

"Although I am of divine origin and gifted with supernatural power, I shall not draw upon these resources in determining the best method of elevating the race?"

If she had left out the word "our," she might then seem to say:

"I claim no especial or unusual degree of divine origin—"

Which is awkward—most awkward; for one either has *a* divine origin or hasn't; shares in it, degrees of it, are surely impossible. The idea of crossed breeds in cattle is a thing we can entertain, for we are used to it, and it is possible; but the idea of a divine mongrel is unthinkable.

Well, then, what does she mean? I am sure I do not know, for certain. It is the word "our" that makes all the trouble. With the "our" in, she is plainly saying "*my* divine origin." The word "from" seems to be intended to mean "on account of." It has to mean that or nothing, if "our" is allowed to stay. The clause then says:

"I shall claim no especial gift on account of my divine origin."

And I think that the full sentence was intended to mean what I have already suggested:

"Although I am of divine origin, and gifted with supernatural power, I shall not draw upon these resources in determining the best method of elevating the race."

When Mrs. Eddy copyrighted that Preface seven years ago, she had long been used to regarding herself as a divine personage. I quote from Mr. F. W. Peabody's book:*

"In the 'Christian Science Journal' for April, 1889, when it was her property, and published by her, it was claimed for her, and *with her sanction*, that she was equal with Jesus, and elaborate effort was made to establish the claim."

"Mrs. Eddy has distinctly *authorized* the claim in her behalf, that she herself was the chosen successor to and equal of Jesus."

The following remark in that April number, quoted by Mr. Peabody, indicates that the claim had been previously made, and had excited "horror" among some "good people":

* Boston: 15 Court Square.

"Now, a word about the horror many good people have of our making the Author of 'Science and Health' 'equal with Jesus.'"

Surely, if it had excited horror in Mrs. Eddy also, she would have published a disclaimer. She owned the paper; she could say what she pleased in its columns. Instead of rebuking her editor, she lets him rebuke those "good people" for objecting to the claim.

These things seem to throw light upon those words, "our [my] divine origin."

It may be that "Christian Science eschews divine rights in human beings," and forbids worship of any but "one God, one Christ;" but, if that is the case, it looks as if Mrs. Eddy is a very unsound Christian Scientist, and needs disciplining. I believe she has a serious malady—"self-deification"; and that it will be well to have one of the experts demonstrate over it.

Meantime, let her go on living—for my sake. Closely examined, painstakingly studied, she is easily the most interesting person on the planet, and, in several ways, as easily the most extraordinary woman that was ever born upon it.

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—Since I wrote the foregoing, Mr. McCrackan's article has appeared (in the last number of this REVIEW). Before his article appeared—that is to say, during December, January, and February—I had written a new book, a character-portrait of Mrs. Eddy, drawn from her own acts and words, and it was then—together with the three brief articles previously published in the REVIEW—ready to be delivered to the printer for issue in book form. In that book, by accident and good luck, I have answered the objections made by Mr. McCrackan to my views, and therefore do not need to add an answer here. Also, in it I have corrected certain misstatements of mine which he has noticed, and several others which he has not referred to. There are one or two important matters of opinion upon which he and I are not in disagreement; but there are others upon which we must continue to disagree, I suppose; indeed, I know we must; for instance, he believes Mrs. Eddy wrote "Science and Health," whereas I am quite sure I can convince a person unhampered by predilections that she did not.

As concerns one considerable matter I hope to convert him.

He believes Mrs. Eddy's word; in his article he cites her as a witness, and takes her testimony at par; but if he will make an excursion through my book when it comes out, and will dispassionately examine her testimonies as there accumulated, I think he will in candor concede that she is by a large percentage the most erratic and contradictory and untrustworthy witness that has occupied the stand since the days of the lamented Ananias.

M. T.

IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE A BAR TO CIVILIZATION?

BY AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN.

THERE is probably no doctrine or principle on which the American people are more unanimously agreed, without respect of party, than the Monroe Doctrine; and if a general vote were taken on the subject, it is more than likely that ninety-nine Americans out of every one hundred would declare in favor of defending the Monroe Doctrine everywhere, under all circumstances, and without reference to the consequences. Yet, of our fifteen million voters, I wonder if there is one per cent.—that is, one hundred and fifty thousand—who have an accurate and definite idea as to what the Monroe Doctrine in fact is. And of this one hundred and fifty thousand voters, if there be so many, I wonder if there is ten per cent., or fifteen thousand, who have an accurate notion, from personal observation, or reliable information, as to the precise effect which this famous Doctrine has had and is having on the civilization and commerce of the world, and particularly of Central and South America.

I seriously doubt it.

In order to understand thoroughly the effect which this Doctrine has upon civilization, the rights which it involves, and the dangers which it invites, it is necessary that we should carefully examine into the institutions, customs and character of the people who are most directly affected by it.

As one journeys towards South America, one longs to believe that the Star of Liberty, like that of Bethlehem, leads the way, and that one will find our brethren to be animated by high ambitions and noble resolves, struggling upward like ourselves.

This pleasant anticipation appears to be in a fair way towards realization when one picks up the constitution and laws of one

of these countries, and reads the somewhat ornate, but sufficiently profuse, declarations in favor of liberty, justice and equality. The Bill of Rights is scarcely shorter than the Moral Law, but the traveller soon learns that it is most apt to be vociferously preached from the house tops in those communities where anarchy and despotism reign supreme.

The visions of constitutions, with their sacred guarantees of personal liberty, and of laws with their well-rounded periods of equity, soon fade away; and the observer finds in their stead the decrees of dictators and military despots.

True, these decrees, by whatever military despot issued, are mostly interlarded with soul-inspiring protestations of undying patriotism, with references to the sacred will of the people, and with appeals to the Deity, in every form of canting phrase, in testimony of the purity of intention and spotless nobility of character of the promulgators.

All this does not deceive the intelligent observer. He is not long on Latin-American soil, when he discovers that he is outside the bounds of civilization. For every move he makes, he must first obtain a passport from the military Jefe. Everywhere he goes, he is confronted by a soldier or a policeman who demands his name and his business. If he sends a telegram, he must first get the approval of the government censor. If he writes a letter, a hundred chances to one it is broken open and read by the postal authorities before it is sent. If he walks along the sidewalk, he knows not what moment a soldier will bring him to halt with a "*Quien viva?*" and a Mauser levelled at him, and an order that he walk in the street. He soon finds out that he, himself, is liable to be locked up in jail on any trivial pretext, or none at all. It does not matter what may be his social or business standing, if he makes protest at the acts of these tyrants he may be expelled from the country without redress, or incarcerated in a jail. If he appeals to the American Consul for aid, the chances are seven to one that the mouth of that dignitary has long been stopped by government concessions, or that he is an actual party to the intrigues. But our traveller has by this time only commenced his initiation. He has only learned what any intelligent man would certainly ascertain to be true within forty-eight hours after setting foot on the soil of any Latin-American country, with the exception of Mexico, Chile, and the Argentine Republic.

It does not take the observer long to ascertain that there is not in any of these countries such a thing as a legally constituted government. The constitutions prescribe that elections shall be held at stated periods, and in a certain manner, for the election of the President and other officials of the government. But no elections are ever held. Occasionally a newspaper correspondent, some disciple of Mark Twain, as a huge joke writes about an election in Venezuela or Colombia, the same as he might about a sea serpent. But not within the memory of any living man has there been a real election in those countries.

The constitutions of those countries provide how the members of the Legislatures and of Congress shall be elected, but not since they were separated from Spain has there been one single Congress or Legislature elected in the manner prescribed. An honest ballot and a fair count, such as we understand them, are so strange and foreign to these countries that, in the wildest dreams of fancy, no one of them ever imagined such a thing. One might have greater hope of success in attempting to explain the Australian ballot system to a Chinese peasant in the centre of Manchuria than to any of those people.

The constitutions provide that the laws shall be passed by the legislatures of the several states, or by the Congress for the Federal Union. Yet ninety-five laws out of every hundred are edicts of the dictators, pure and simple; and no pretence is made that any legislative body ever read them, let alone passed them or engrossed them. Read the daily or weekly issues of the respective *Gazeta Officials* of these countries, and you will see that they are almost wholly composed of laws in the shape of *decretas* of the dictator. It would appear that the respective dictators, and in this they all seem to be alike, spend their odd moments thinking up schemes for robbing the people, and keep their typewriters busy in formulating these into *decretas,* which their courts are obliged to interpret as law, and which in fact form the law and the only law that there is.

The constitutions describe how they may be amended, and their regulations are so precise and formal that a foreign jurist might be inclined to take them seriously. As a matter of fact, a dictator abolishes a constitution or amends it, or adopts a new one, with as little ceremony as he would use in ordering his breakfast. True, changes of this character are sometimes made by a so-called

provisional Congress; but, as the members of such a body are always appointed by the dictator and selected to do his bidding, a little thing like amending the constitution or abolishing it, or making a new one, is such a trifling affair that it may be done almost any afternoon. Indeed, the constitution, in whole or in part, is suspended at the whim of the dictator, without consulting any body, and whenever it suits his convenience.

Having learned the novel and easy method by which laws are made and unmade, one will not be surprised to know that the methods of their interpretation and enforcement are no less unique. There are in these countries many able scholars and fine lawyers, who constitute the material for a creditable judiciary; but, unfortunately, even this department of the government is at the mercy of these brutal, ignorant, corrupt, vicious and wholly intolerable despots. Lawyers of character and ability are not wanted as judges, and they would fear to accept such positions, if tendered to them. In fact, the better element shun politics as it would a pestilence.

It may be asked whether the travesty on government herein described is not abnormal and temporary. The reply is, that this condition of anarchy, for it is nothing else, is and has been the normal and ordinary condition of Venezuela and Colombia, and most of the other Latin-American countries, ever since Spain lost its dominion over them, with the exception of brief intervals, when some dictator more powerful than the rest has succeeded by force of arms in maintaining his authority.

For one period of about twenty years, Guzman Blanco, the greatest dictator Venezuela ever had, succeeded in overawing opposition, although it was necessary for him to use the most high-handed methods, and finally murder his chief opponent, contrary to the constitution, which forbade capital punishment.

As to the character of the people in these countries, I shall now describe and analyze it, so that it can be readily understood why there is not and never has been any thing but anarchy and disorder in South America, so long as present conditions prevail.

The people of those countries, and they are all practically the same, aside from the foreigners, naturally fall into four groups:

(1.) The Spaniards of pure blood, who do not form perhaps more than ten per cent. of the total population. These people as a class are cultured, highly civilized, religious, hospitable, many

of them of literary attainments and scholarly pursuits. This class contains many families of distinction. They do not take any part in politics, nor desire positions under the government. They are among the chief sufferers from the numerous predatory excursions, both of the government troops and of the revolutionists. The story of the outrages committed on the women of this class by the military chieftains would make a chapter of horrors, which would shock mankind. These people remain in constant terror, not only of the revolutionists, but more particularly of the government itself, which confiscates their property, commits nameless outrages upon them, and renders life a burden to them. It is no uncommon thing for a military chief who desires the daughter of one of these families for his mistress, to imprison the father or brothers, and hold the daughter's virtue as the price of their ransom. This class fervently desires and earnestly hopes that some foreign nation will eventually take hold of these countries and establish law, order and civilization.

(2.) This class comprises the peons who do farming, the laboring men, the small traders, cattlemen, fishermen, woodsmen, mechanics, etc., or perhaps more than eighty per cent. of the total population. As a rule, these people are exceedingly simple-minded, honest, kind-hearted peasants, fairly industrious, and much more intelligent than the peonage of most other countries. They dread war, take to the woods at the slightest intimation of trouble, have nothing to do with politics, and pray to be left alone to live in peace. In habits these people are simple, in manners polite and hospitable, and but little drunkenness and crime are found among them. They are the most docile and easily managed people in the world. They are respectful to their superiors, they seldom fight, and they are so easily managed and governed that the semi-brigands who constitute the governing class can do just what they please with them, and handle them as a man would handle pieces on a checker-board. These people are descendants from the Spaniards and native Indians, a mixed breed, and comprise almost all shades from very near pure Indian to pure Spaniard.

(3.) This class comprises the pure Indians who are comparatively few in number and unimportant to this discussion.

(4.) This is the ruling class. It will not comprise more than ten per cent. of the total population in any Latin-American country, but it makes all the trouble, is responsible for the rapine,

bloodshed, murders, revolutions and anarchy, which have so long disgraced Latin America. This class, as a rule, represents a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, oftentimes with a heavy sprinkling of negro, and sometimes of other elements. He who originated the formula for the composition of this class must have laughed grimly when he finished his work; for one might study chemistry for a thousand years without being able to devise such an atrocious composition. It is true that a small number of good men are always to be found in this class. Why, no one knows, unless it be for the same reason that leads a good woman to carry bouquets of flowers to a brutal murderer. Occasionally, an able lawyer, or a good doctor, or a responsible business man becomes ambitious to hold office, infatuated with the glamor of politics, or falls in love with the music of the drums or the clash of the swords, and he joins this class much to the consternation of his friends, as well as of his enemies. As a rule, this class is composed of adventurers, ambitious and unprincipled military men, many outright criminals, others whose lives have been devoted to intrigue and to the machinations for which these countries are noted; and, taken altogether, it is the most aggressive, pretentious, good-for-nothing, nondescript, villainous, treacherous set of semi-banditti which was ever organized on the face of the earth, held together by the cohesive power of public plunder, and by the ambition to tyrannize over others. It is of this class that the so-called "governments" of these countries are formed. One faction of it is always in power, looting the public funds, living in Oriental splendor off the forced contributions from foreign merchants, or off the receipts of custom-houses, running things generally in that high and mighty way which only a Latin-American can emulate, while the other faction is trying to get into power, so that it may have the good things;—and there is where the revolutions originate. There is not enough for all. Foreign merchants have been plucked until they have become few in number. Great foreign syndicates under Guzman Blanco loaned millions to the government, nearly all of it to be stolen by corrupt officials; and they invested other millions in railroads and other enterprises, most of which have been ruined or confiscated by one military despot or another. Now the influx of foreign capital is small, and the pie for these dictators contains so few plums that it behooves them to fight royally over what few there are.

The outrages which are committed by the faction of this fourth class which is in power, and concurrently by the faction which is out of power and consequently in revolution, cannot be properly described within the limits of a magazine article. It must suffice to say that no foreign house or company doing business in one of these countries has ever been able to escape destruction unless continuously backed by its government, and that in most cases heretofore that has been unavailing. In every case, without exception, the foreigner has been systematically looted and robbed by the officials of the government, and their political henchmen. Usually he has been ruined financially in the end, and often he has lost his liberty and his life, and always without redress. South America, from one end to the other, is strewn with the wrecks of American and European investments. But to the dictators of these countries the financial outcome has been considerable. Guzman Blanco, a sort of a decent dictator, accumulated only about forty million dollars in twenty years, while Crespo managed by strict economy to lay up something over twenty million dollars in four years. Andrade played in harder luck. He had to divide up with Crespo, so he came out with a little less than ten millions. Castro, who was a mule driver five years ago, started out with the intention of beating Crespo's record. It is supposed that he has now about ten million dollars laid up in the Bank of France.

There is a large class of professional blatherskites in the United States who are always talking about the necessity of creating friendly relations with our "Sister Republics" of South America. To an American who understands the situation, there could be nothing more disgusting. After half a century of such twaddle, our total commerce in Venezuela and Colombia now amounts to probably half as much as the business of one big New York dry-goods house, and at least nine-tenths of the business that we have with them is done through German houses. There are not seven American concerns doing business in either of these countries, and among them there is not one which has not been made the subject of continuous blackmail by the party in power. If the German houses were taken out of Venezuela and Colombia, those countries would become infinitely more barbarous than the negroes in the centre of Africa, or the North-American Indians. Nothing except capital invested in these countries by American, Eng-

lish and German business men stands between them and the utter blackness of barbarism. The Germans in particular deserve the greatest possible credit, not only for their enterprise, but for their great tenacity in enduring the hardships of the climate, and maintaining themselves against the almost inconceivable obstacles which surround them. They are the true pioneers of commerce. Without them our business with these countries would be of no importance, and practically every American Company doing business in those countries does its banking through some one of these German houses.

Prophetic appear to have been the words of the great Bolivar near the end of his long and marvellous career. He learned three-quarters of a century ago what our North-American officials seem never to have learned; and that is that the people of Latin America are helplessly and hopelessly incapable of self-government. He said:

"In America there is no such thing as good faith, neither among nations nor among men. Our constitutions are books, our laws are papers, our elections are combats and life itself is a torment. We shall arrive at such a state that there is no foreign nation which will condescend to return and conquer us, and we shall be governed by petty tyrants."

There is no passage in Holy Writ containing a truer prophecy than these memorable words of Bolivar.

That the Monroe Doctrine has been the mightiest force in bringing about the unhappy conditions predicted by Bolivar there can be no shadow of doubt.

Whatever construction may be placed on the Monroe Doctrine in official circles of the United States and Europe, there is but one view of it among the dictators of South America. To them it means that, however shameless may be their disregard of international rights, or of the obligations of civilization, they have one strong arm on which they can rely for defence, one great Power which will protect them from the consequences of their wrong-doing. Their intrigues, to which the world affords no parallel, are founded on the idea that the United States may be relied upon to aid and abet them. To that end, the mouths of most American consuls are stopped by one species of favoritism or other, usually in the form of worthless government concessions, and the chief occupation of many of these worthies is, apparently, to palm off such green goods on those of their countrymen who come within

the sphere of their influence. When an able and conscientious representative of the United States is appointed to one of these countries, a man who looks after the interest of his country fearlessly, and does his duty as the law provides, and refuses to take part in intrigues, concessions, or affairs which do not concern him, it is only a question of a short time until he receives his passports as a *persona non grata.*

Having seized the avenues of communication with our government in this manner, the military Jefe knows that, whatever atrocities he may commit, there will be no mention made of them in Washington. Every other government among the great Powers has incomparably more accurate information in regard to the affairs of those countries than our own. American citizens in those countries are very few, and if one of them gets into serious trouble he usually applies to the English or German Consul, rather than to his own, for aid. And, while official circles in those countries (that is, dictators' circles), think it is the bounden duty of the United States to help them under all circumstances, they teach their followers to be more jealous of Americans, if possible, than of any other class of foreigners. They do this by claiming that the Monroe Doctrine means "America for Americans," which, being interpreted, imports that the United States intends ultimately to take possession of their territory. Every effort to revive the old alliance among the countries which formerly constituted New Granada is based on the doctrine of final hostilities to the United States. So it will be seen that, while their hostility to an Englishman or a German is in proportion to the difficulty which they experience in extorting money out of him by blackmail, their opposition to an American is more fundamental.

The extravagant ideas, and consequent demands, of the average military Jefe are past belief, and the sums of money he squanders are limited only by his ability to squeeze the English or German merchant. Even a barefooted colonel (a man is not supposed to wear shoes until he becomes a general) would not condescend to talk about anything less than thousands of dollars. The boss dictator never imagines himself to be other than a second Napoleon, with the treasures of the world lying at his feet and Paris, dressed in gay attire, waiting to receive him.

To the unpoetic, plodding German or English merchant, all this seems foolishness. When His Mightiness, the military Jefe,

with his gang of ragged, starving, half-breed soldiers, who are held to the performance of their patriotic duty mostly through the persuasive influence of *aguardiente* and the hope of loot, demands a forced loan of a few thousands or hundreds of thousands, as the case may be, there is often muttering and grumbling. Sometimes, after having paid tribute repeatedly, the foreigner finds his credit impaired, or he becomes stubborn and refuses to pay. Then there is trouble.

Such insolence on his part must be wiped out in blood, or at least he must be locked up in jail, his property confiscated, his house of business closed, his family insulted and terrified, and such other pleasantries practised upon him as a mixture of Spanish, Indian and negro blood may devise. Ordinarily, this calls forth a protest from the English or German consul. For a consideration, the American consul will also sometimes use his good influence. Usually, the merchant by this time is willing to pay up and apologize, and that international incident is closed. Of course, that is the best way to settle the affair, for any other method might threaten infringement of the Monroe Doctrine.

Are there not good and patriotic citizens who say:

"It would seem only reasonable that if an Englishman or a German should deliberately choose to take speculative chances in a South-American Republic of notoriously revolutionary proclivities, he ought to carry his own risk—provide his own insurance, so to speak."*

Occasionally, however, England and Germany decide "to provide the insurance," and protect their own citizens, as every government worthy the name ought to do. Then you will find the American newspapers, with prominent headlines, shouting "Monroe Doctrine," followed by a horde of cheap politicians; while every American business man in South America hangs his head in shame at the ignorance and assininity of his fellow-countrymen.

That the United States, magnificent exponent of modern civilization, should throw itself as the mightiest barrier which the world has ever known across the stream of human progress; that it should condemn the great continent of South America to everlasting barbarism, is a pity!

Ourselves refusing to maintain or establish law and decency in

* Albert Shaw, "American Monthly Review of Reviews," January, 1903, page 21.

South America, refusing to protect the life and property of those pioneers of commerce who are doing more to civilize the world than all the creeds and jarring sects combined, refusing to interfere to mitigate the anarchy and desolation which environ and envelop that great continent, we stand with our mighty force and defy the world to move its finger in an effort to stanch the stream of blood. Surely God does not love South America, or somewhere, somehow, through the black clouds of turbulence, disorder, revolution, bloodshed and crime, He would make a rift through which might come to it a ray of hope for the future!

Rich in resources beyond the dreams of avarice, its tinted mountains filled with priceless gems and precious metals of untold worth, its vast prairies and mighty forests one unending panorama of nature's most stupendous effort, its shores indented by a thousand harbors wherein might ride secure the commerce of the world, a land of beauty comparable to no other in its myriad pictures formed by nature's whims, capable of containing the population of the earth and housing it all in luxury and splendor, this Queen of Continents is held in slavery and blood, in the blackness of intrigue and hate, at the mercy of brutal violence, perfidy and anarchy.

How long, in good conscience, can America permit herself to remain the *confrère* of thieves and brigands, in the attempt to protect these violent, dangerous, and wholly irresponsible dictatorships from the punishment they so richly deserve at the hands of an outraged world. If the United States would assume the responsibility of intervention for the maintenance of law and order in those countries—in other words, if it would police all of Latin America, and prevent the perpetration of outrages, not only against foreigners, but also against their own helpless population, then it could with some show of dignity and good faith say to Europe, "Hands off."

To talk of our becoming involved in war with Germany, as many newspapers have done, because of the Venezuelan affair is utterly indefensible. Such a war would be the mightiest crime of all history, in which the United States would be in eternal and unextenuated wrong. No higher, nobler, grander service could be done to humanity, to the Latin Americans themselves, and to civilization for all time, than for Germany, England and the United States to take joint possession and control of all Latin-

American countries, except the three previously mentioned, and govern them in the same manner as these nations govern their dependencies. Until this is done, there will be no peace in the Western Hemisphere. Mr. Bowen may succeed in patching up the differences now existing, and satisfying the monetary demands, but the effect of his success can be only temporary. Just as surely as leprosy permeates the whole body, and breaks out again, although some local ulcer may have been healed, just so certainly will the anarchy of Venezuela, Colombia and the other Latin-American countries constitute an everlasting menace to the peace of the world, until such time as civilization may rise in its might and put an end to it.

The United States should adopt a sane and practical policy, consonant with the requirements of modern civilization. Whether it acts alone, or in conjunction with other Powers, is immaterial. The important thing is that stability and security should take the place of anarchy, desolation and destruction. Until that is done, there can be no permanent peace upon the earth. Every session of Congress will witness calls for additional naval appropriations, with the undisguised intention of making common cause with the banditti of South America against those great and civilized Powers with whom we chiefly trade, who are related to us by ties of blood, literature, religion and commerce, and whose friendship we ought not lightly throw away. Such a war would cover with eternal infamy the administration responsible for it, and would make a blot on the fair page of American history which time could never efface. That sane and intelligent Americans can talk of possible war with England or Germany on such an issue, is one of those disquieting things which can only be explained on the hypothesis of inexcusable and criminal ignorance. It is inconceivable that any respectable American, conversant with the facts, could do other than applaud the German Emperor, who is doing so much towards making it possible for a white man to exist in these countries, without the necessity of having a squadron of war-ships, or an army, at hand to protect him from plunder or assassination. I only voice the sentiments of every American business man who has ever invested a dollar in these countries, when I fervently say: "More power to his strong right arm!"

AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN.

A GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

MR. A. F. POLLARD has given us, in the form of a very sumptuous quarto volume,* a series of portraits of the period of Henry VIII., with an illustrative narrative—to which description, rather than to that of a regular history, the letter-press seems to correspond. The period is one of marked personalities, favorable, therefore, to presentment by portraiture, and Holbein was the painter. The engravings in this work are exquisite.

The spirit of the narrative appears in some of the writer's concluding remarks. He says:

"The devotion paid to the state in Tudor times inevitably made expediency, and not justice or morality, the supreme test of public acts. The dictates of expediency were, indeed, clothed in legal forms; but laws are primarily intended to secure neither justice nor morality, but the interests of the state; and the highest penalty known to the law is inflicted for high treason, a legal and political crime which does not necessarily involve any breach whatever of the code of morals."

It is curious that we should be going back, as apparently we are, to the moral meridian of Macchiavelli. But it is not to be assumed that there were not, even in the age of Macchiavelli, witnesses to morality. Sir Thomas More unquestionably was one.

I.

The full-length portrait of that "majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome" is, in look and attitude, the incarnation, not of majesty, but of arrogant self-esteem, with which intense selfishness was pretty sure to be combined. Real majesty was not likely to appear in the face or port of one who was habitually guilty

* "Henry VIII." By A. F. Pollard, M.A. Goupil & Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. Uniform with other publications by the same firms.

not only of the greatest but of the meanest crimes; of fraud, lying and robbery, as well as of tyranny and judicial murder. There is, withal, an appearance of force, mental as well as physical; and there is an air of bluff good nature, such as would make a young King popular with the masses, to whom, in the days before popular education and the newspaper, the criminal mysteries of government were little known. Physical force the figure clearly bespeaks, and an element of Henry's early popularity probably was his reputation as an athlete; though he would have been a bold man who should have unhorsed the King in a joust or beaten him in shooting with a longbow. Besides, after the gloomy and penurious reign of the father, the brilliant opening of that of the son came like springtide after winter. The people, as usual, failed to see that the money so magnificently scattered in the splendors of the Court, and in such pageantry as the Field of the Cloth of Gold, of which we have a contemporary picture in this volume, was their bread.

Mr. Pollard speaks of Henry VIII. as the King who had raised the personal power of the monarchy to a height which it had never before attained. But the credit or discredit of this feat belongs to one whose sombre and sagacious statecraft, depicted in his portrait, made him a worthy counterpart of Louis XI. and Ferdinand of Spain. The founder of the Tudor despotism was Henry VII., though its origin was more due to circumstance than to any founder. "Approximate justice," says Carlyle, "is always struggling to assert itself." It seldom fails. Jingoism in the age of the Plantagenets paid its penalty, as, some think, will the Jingoism of our time. The brilliant buccaneering of Henry V. in France not only ended in utter defeat and shame; it bred in the English aristocracy and people the spirit of violence and rapine which brought on the Wars of the Roses. Exhaustion, prostration, and Tudor despotism were the natural result. The first of the Tudor despots was on the whole and for the time beneficent; he quelled aristocratic turbulence and conspiracy, restored order, fostered commerce, and made commercial treaties. In virtue of his treaties, he might almost be deemed the English father of free trade. Naturally, he called no more Parliaments than he could help. He left his son a tranquillized kingdom, and, as a means of supporting the government, an enormous treasure, accumulated, it is true, largely by chicanery and ex-

tortion, the heads of his instruments in which, Empson and Dudley, the new Sultan threw to the people. To his kingcraft, and to the state in which England was left after the Civil War, rather than to the policy of Henry VIII., the exaltation of the monarchy was due.

The fact that Henry VIII. was able to do without any standing force except the Yeomen of his Guard, has been cited, and seems to be regarded by Mr. Pollard, as a proof that his government was popular. It is difficult to say what was the real feeling of the people at a time when there was little communication among them and no newspapers gave expression to their sentiments. But the reason why the government was strong without a standing army was, that the Civil War had destroyed the heads and extinguished the forces of resistance. Of the feudal nobility a large part had perished in the war. The remnant, the despotism sedulously decimated and suppressed, while it brought forward new men, an aristocracy of placemen owing everything to the Crown. No Percy or Neville was left with power to invest a host of followers with his badge and enroll them under his banner. The Crown had by far the greatest facilities for levying troops at need. It had no great difficulty in raising armies, raw and undisciplined though they were, for foreign service. Alone, since the downfall of Warwick, it had a park of artillery. Besides the Yeomen of the Guard, it had the garrison of Calais. In the last resort, it could hire mercenaries, like the troopers of Martin Schwartz, or those who were brought over by the Regency in the next reign. But the Government probably found its strongest support in the bitter memory of the Civil Wars, and dread of their recurrence, especially among the commercial classes, the importance of which had been increased by the sage policy of the last King. The antagonism between the Catholic and the Protestant parties, developed as the reign went on, was a further bar, at least in the more advanced portions of the country, to any combination against the Crown. The dissolution of villenage consequent on the Black Death and the insurrection of the Serfs, has been named as another cause of the collapse of feudal power and the increase of the power of the Crown; but this had not prevented the levying by Warwick and other feudal lords of armies for the Civil War.

Henry was cultivated. He had a feeling for literature, which,

however, he did not very liberally indulge. He had a taste for art, which he displayed principally in rewarding painters of his own portrait. He was a good musician. He had read theology, his knowledge of which he showed in his attack on Luther, and afterwards displayed in a public disputation with a poor heretic before a grand audience in Westminster Hall, of course confounding his humble opponent, whom he then, with his usual chivalry, sent to the stake. He might have been not unfitted to conduct a religious revolution if religion were a mere matter of the intellect, and if the spiritual life of a nation could be happily regulated, as possibly its administration may, by a ruler personally steeped in vice and crime.

One of the most curious products of the stir caused by the Oxford Movement was the literary career of James Anthony Froude. Both the brothers, Hurrell and James Anthony, were men of genius. Hurrell's ecclesiasticizing and mediævalizing fancy was almost as important a factor in Tractarianism as Newman's theological speculation. Its chief product was a highly sympathetic Life of Becket, to which the other brother afterwards produced a direct counter-blast. Hurrell died a Tractarian before Newman's secession. His brother bore a part, though what part seems disputed, with Newman in the "Lives of the English Saints." But, when Newman went over to Rome, Anthony, like Mark Pattison, missed the train. He soon boarded the train running in the very opposite direction, and published "The Nemesis of Faith," a free-thinking novelette, scandalous in those orthodox days, which compelled him to resign his clerical Fellowship at Exeter College. Presently, he took another turn and embraced Carlylism, though he never exchanged his remarkably graceful style for Carlylese. Carlyle having pretty well used up all recognized heroes, Froude was fain to go far afield and discover a hero, before unrecognized, in Henry VIII. The result was about the most paradoxical history ever penned. As to Froude's character as a critical historian, it is enough to say that he takes the Statutes of Laborers for impartial settlements of the labor question characteristic of a nobler age than ours; the preambles of Tudor Acts of Parliament for unbiassed and veracious accounts of the matters to which they relate; and the debasement of the coin as a loan from the Mint. As a writer he is always charming.

Mr. Pollard notes that Froude fails to give us any account of the early part of the reign. But, had Froude done this, he would have had to disclose the early papalism of his anti-papal hero. It is right to say that the later volumes of Froude's History are far more historical than the early volumes, while the grace of style and the picturesqueness do not fail.

The narrative of the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Aragon is about as dirty an episode as can be found in history. The morality of the Macchiavellian era is here at its acme. The only respectable motive that Henry had for a change of wives was his desire of a male heir to the Crown, which was not unnatural at a time when the succession had recently been disputed in the field of civil war, and when the only precedent for a female sovereign was the very doubtful one of Matilda, the daughter of Henry I. That conscience had little to do with the matter is surely proved by Henry's whole conduct throughout the affair; by the tricks which he played, the lies which he told, the foul means which he employed to obtain opinion in his favor; by his attempt to steal an important document, above all, by his brutal behavior to his wife in openly installing his mistress as Queen designate at her side. His pretended uneasiness because Catherine of Aragon had been his brother's wife assumes a curious aspect when it is known, as it certainly is, that Anne Boleyn's sister had been his mistress; so that his conscience was impelling him to fly from canonical irregularity into the bosom of incest. His worshipper has desperately committed himself on this point. Says Mr. Froude:

"If Henry had really debauched Anne Boleyn's sister, his demand to the Pope for his divorce, and his arguments in urging it, were of amazing effrontery. His own and his minister's language in Parliament and in Convocation, the peremptory haughtiness with which he insisted to all foreign courts on 'the justice of his cause,' exhibit a hardy insolence without parallel in history. So monstrous appears his conduct, that it would be in vain to attempt to understand the character of the person who could be guilty of it, or of the Parliament and the clergy who consented to be his instruments. Persons so little scrupulous as, on this hypothesis, were both prince and people, could have discovered some less tortuous means of escaping from the difficulty of a wife."*

The fact publicly stated by Cardinal Pole at the time was proved beyond doubt by the words of the draft dispensation for

* "History of England," IV., 539, 540.

a second marriage presented by Henry's envoys at Rome. It is further proved by a piece of evidence hitherto apparently unnoticed by historians. In the Act of Parliament (28 Hen. VIII., *cap.* 7.) re-settling the Crown, after the divorce from Anne Boleyn, there is strangely and significantly inserted a table of prohibited degrees for marriage, and in this appear these ominous words:

"And, furthermore, to dilate, and declare the meaning of these prohibitions, it is to be understood, that if it chance any man to know carnally any woman, that then all and singular persons being in any degree of consanguinity or affinity, as is above written, to any of the parties so carnally offending, shall be deemed and adjudged to be within the cases and limits of the said prohibitions of marriage."

These words were evidently dictated by no general necessity. They are aimed at a particular case.

Mr. Froude thinks it strange that, when the fact appeared, it should have appeared unofficially in a private libel. How could it have appeared officially? By Pole it was published in the face of all Europe. To the argument that it was not published in England the answer is, that any one who published it there would have lost his head.

This probably was the cause or pretended cause of the divorce of Anne Boleyn secretly confessed by her to Cranmer, and for the best of reasons not divulged.

"Divorce," the separation of Henry from Catherine of Aragon is always called; but it should be borne in mind that it was not for a divorce that Henry applied to the Pope; it was for an avoidance of the marriage on the ground that marriage with a brother's wife was prohibited by the word of God, and that the Papal dispensation authorizing it had been null. Marriage, being a sacrament in the Roman Catholic Church, is indissoluble, and to grant a divorce is beyond the power of the Pope. On the grounds of affinity and pre-contract marriages were frequently dissolved at the instance of those who had money to pay the Papal court; and among the wealthier classes a great license of divorce was thus practically introduced. But divorce, in the strict sense of the term, was and is beyond the Papal power.

II.

The portrait of Wolsey is, as we should expect, that of a dignified ecclesiastic with a sense of his power. It is seen with

most pleasure in the noble Hall of the great College which the Cardinal founded, while the King, having almost wrecked the foundation, usurped the founder's place. The beautiful tower of Magdalen College and the old Quadrangle of Hampton Court show that Wolsey's taste for art was not less strong than his sympathy with learning. As a Cardinal, he was, of course, orthodox and theologically conservative; he opposed the translation of the Scriptures; but he was intellectually liberal; a dissolver of monasteries; and apparently inclined to Church reform. As an ecclesiastical statesman, he might have done something to make the past slide as smoothly as it could into the future. Of his foreign policy, with its shiftings between the Imperial and the French connection, it seems difficult to say how much was his own and based on a theory of the balance of power, how much was the caprice of the King. He could hardly fail to be influenced by his connection, as Cardinal, with the Papacy, and by his hope, unfounded though it always was, of the triple crown. "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs." In those words, if they were really spoken, Wolsey justly summed up his own history. The fatal rock on which the barque of his ambition split at last was the divorce. After his fall, Henry, who was a moral coward, still feared him and flattered him with perfidious marks of sympathy. But he was afterwards entangled in the meshes of a plot such as Henry's satellites were adepts at weaving; and he was probably on the road to the scaffold of judicial murder when he was arrested by the kind hand of death.

III.

Of the two portraits of Anne Boleyn given us by Mr. Pollard, that taken from a picture in the National Portrait Gallery strikes us with surprise. We wonder how all this commotion could have been made about such a face. The other, from a miniature by Hoskins, possibly after Holbein, is better looking. But even if the miniature is true, Henry's heart must be supposed to have been won rather by piquancy and address, than by beauty. Anne's charms, however, whatever they were, soon wore off; she failed to give birth to a male heir, and was supplanted in the King's affections by Jane Seymour. If she prompted the execution of Fisher and More, her own fate was deserved, still more if she had any-

thing to do with the death of Catherine. But she had not a fair trial; nothing was proved against her beyond light passages with some of the youths of the Court with whom she amused herself, probably when she had begun to feel neglected by her husband, and saw that he was making love to another woman. Of the charge of incest with her brother, Lord Rochfort, no evidence whatever was produced. There can be no doubt that it was a hideous lie; though, to give color to it, Rochfort was judicially murdered. While Anne's trial was going on, riotous festivity reigned at Court. If love could be felt by a human tiger, Henry had loved this woman. She had laid her head upon his breast and had borne him a daughter. Yet, on the day following her execution, he contracted a marriage with another woman on whom he had for some months been looking with lust. "It is a pity," says Froude, "that Henry did not live in a world without women." The women might well have seconded that motion. Would Mr. Froude have found it a very pleasant world?

IV.

The portrait of Catherine of Aragon, taken from the picture in the National Portrait Gallery, represents a commonplace and probably worthy woman. Henry's marriage with her had been diplomatic or rather financial, not one of love, the great object of the old King having been to keep Catherine's marriage portion. But she had been a true wife to him and had borne him several children, though only one of them lived, and that one was a daughter. Her conduct throughout the proceedings about the divorce was not less proper and dignified than that of her husband's, both to her and her daughter, was brutal. It seems there is reason to believe that Henry even thought of putting his daughter to death for her resolute refusal to betray her mother's cause. When Catherine died, very opportunely, Henry celebrated the happy event by a Court festival, at which he appeared in the gayest attire carrying his little daughter Elizabeth round the circle. There have been bloodier tyrants, no doubt, than Henry VIII.—Nero, Domitian, Commodus, Eccelino, were among the number; but was there ever a greater brute?

V.

The portraits of Henry's other four wives; Jane Seymour by Holbein; Anne of Cleves by Holbein; Catherine Howard from a

painting in the National Portrait Gallery and a miniature at Windsor Castle; and Catherine Parr from a private collection, do not indicate that His Majesty's taste for beauty was very keen. Jane Seymour looks meek, amiable, and domestic; perhaps she was a pillow after the aspiring and exacting Anne. The best-looking of the set is Catherine Howard, who may even be called handsome. She had undoubtedly been unchaste before marriage; but only unchastity as Queen-Consort, which she denied, could have legally qualified her for the block, to which, perhaps, in any case, a high-bred gentleman would hardly like to send his wife. In the portrait of Anne of Cleves there is reason to suspect that the artist played up to the diplomatic hand of Cromwell. Henry, who had been pleased with the portrait, found in the reality a "Flanders mare." His first meeting with her foreshadowed that of George IV. with Caroline of Brunswick, when the destined, perhaps it might be said the doomed, bridegroom stepped aside after the embrace and whispered to Lord Malmesbury to get him a glass of brandy.

VI.

The portrait of Sir Thomas More by Holbein is expressive of beauty of character, as well as of refinement of mind. Indeed, the character of More is one of the most beautiful in history. He had once been on very familiar terms with Henry, whom he had aided in bringing out his work against Luther. The King at that time had treated him very lovingly, putting his arm round More's neck as they walked together. But the tie of friendship no more bound the tyrant's heart than did that of conjugal love. Even in those days, More had read aright the character of his royal friend. "The King," he had said, "was a very good lord to him—but if his head could buy a fortress in France, it would go." That he and Fisher were judicially murdered is unquestionable. Their alleged crime was their refusal to take an oath to a revolutionary measure investing with the supreme headship of the Church a brutal despot and gross voluptuary, who had earned the title of "Defender of the Faith" by publicly defending the supremacy of the Pope. Only by the most infamous treachery on the part of the Court parasite Rich, Solicitor-General, had even such an apology for evidence as there was against More been procured. Both Fisher and More did all that could possibly be required of them as subjects; they were

willing to swear to the succession, though not to the King's supremacy over the Church. It was for treason that Fisher and More were put to death, not for heresy; so that Mr. Pollard is mistaken if he thinks that More fell a victim to a principle of persecution for religious opinion upheld by himself. The King completed the exhibition of his character by seizing the goods of his murdered friend and turning More's widow out of her home.

Very repulsive is the artfulness with which Froude labors to blacken the character of More, in order to disarm our pity for him and our indignation against his murderer. It is not true that when More became Chancellor the stake resumed its activity. The statement of Erasmus, made before all Europe, that no one suffered death for heresy while More was Chancellor, was true. The only doubtful case, that of Baynard, dated by Fox in April, really took place in May, on the 16th day of which month More formally resigned, having probably ceased to act some days before. Besides, the judge is not responsible for the law; Lord Mansfield was not responsible for the hanging of sheep-stealers or people guilty of petty thefts. The story of More's torturing heretics rests on no foundation save a manifestly lying manifesto of Cromwell, who was himself fiendishly torturing as well as murdering the good monks of the Charter House. The writer of "Utopia" was a Liberal in his general tendencies, though the violence of the Revolution had repelled him and led him to engage in controversy on the Conservative side, and thus to include *Haereticis Molestus* among the titles which he gives himself in his epitaph.

Froude's attempt to excuse these murders on the ground that "the nation was standing with its sword half drawn in the face of an armed Europe," is mere rhodomontade. The Emperor was offended by the treatment of his aunt; but he showed no serious intention of attacking England. Henry was on good enough terms with the King of France, still more with the Protestants of Germany. More repulsive even than rhodomontade is the attempt to represent the shedding of the blood of Fisher and More as righteous retribution for the blood of Raymond of Toulouse (who, as it happened, died in his bed), and other victims of Roman Catholic persecution. What confidence can be placed in the integrity of a historian who thus perverts sentiment in the

interest of injustice? The suggestion that, had an invasion taken place, More and Fisher would have been on the side of the invader needs no comment. On the other hand, nothing could be more likely to expose the country to dangerous enmities than the murder of men respected by all Europe, which filled even Protestant Germany with indignation.

Reginald Pole, luckily for himself, happened to be abroad, or he would have shared the fate of Fisher and More. Attempts to decoy, kidnap, or assassinate him failed. So the King had to be content with murdering the Cardinal's aged mother, the Countess of Salisbury, and some of his relatives. Pole is another enemy of Froude's hero whose reputation the worshipper strives diligently to blast. Pole was not the narrow and odious fanatic that Froude represents him as being. As a theologian he was a member of the liberal circle called the Oratory of Divine Love, of which Contarini was the chief, and which aimed at reconciliation with the Protestants on the broad basis of Justification by Faith. His work, "*De Unitate Ecclesiae,*" was called forth by Henry's usurpation of the headship of the Church; and, surely, without any narrow fanaticism a religious man might well object to seeing the Church, the unity of which all Christians prized, rent in twain in order to gratify a tyrant's lust, and spiritual supremacy assumed by such a representative of Christian morality as Henry VIII. Pole was actually deposed from his legateship in England by the fanatical Pope Paul IV., for not being sufficiently zealous in the cause of persecution. Macaulay has called Reginald Pole the best, as well as the last, of the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Canterbury, forgetting perhaps that there had been such Archbishops as Anselm and Stephen Langton. The suggestion that Pole had Cranmer burned to open the way to the Archbishopric for himself is baseless. Cranmer, having been attainted both for heresy and treason, was civilly and ecclesiastically dead. His mere physical life could not stand between Pole and the See.

VII.

In Cranmer's portrait (by Fliccius) we should not look for force or decision, and we do not find them. As a boy, he had been under a very severe schoolmaster, which had perhaps served to break his spirit. The face is heavy, rather commonplace, but guileless. Cranmer at the outset put himself in a fatally weak

position as a priest secretly married, whom Henry and Cromwell, if he refused to do their will, could have unfrocked for breach of his vows. His whole course shows that he was good at heart and in easy times would probably have done well. The worst stain on his memory is the burning of Jean Bocher for heresy; and in this case again it is apparent that his hand was forced, and that he did what he wished to avoid. He did his utmost to get the heretic to recant. In lighting the pile for Jean Bocher, he was lighting it for himself. Whither had Christendom drifted, when these things, and things much worse than these, could be done in the name of the Teacher of Galilee? To the policy of the Protectorate, and afterwards to that of Northumberland, Cranmer bent like a reed. He lent himself to the attempt to set aside Mary in favor of Jane Grey. The attempt was desperate. But to those who severely blame Cranmer for his share in it, it may be answered that he was sincere though not firm in his Protestantism, while to the Protestant cause the accession of Mary meant ruin. The Primate's religious temperament qualified him for being, as he was, the chief founder of Anglicanism, that curious compromise between Catholicism and Protestantism, the spirit of which is strikingly embodied in the double set of words for the administration of the Eucharist. It has been truly said that Cranmer's wavering at the last, and the pathetic struggle between his conscience and the fear of death, were likely to move the special pity of the people and to increase the impressiveness of his martyrdom.

VIII.

The portrait of Thomas Cromwell by Holbein shows character, but is probably a softened version of the subject. It is so at least if we may trust the description of the original given in the "Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell," for which we are indebted to the diligent research of Mr. Merriman.* "Cromwell," Mr. Merriman says, "was a short, stoutly built man, with a large face, smooth shaven, with close-cropped hair, and a heavy double chin, with a small and cruel mouth, an extraordinary long upper lip, and a pair of gray eyes set closely together, and moving restlessly under his light eyebrows."

Nature seems, therefore, to have warned the beholder. In

* "Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell." By Roger Bigelow Merriman. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1902. 2 vols.

thorough-paced villainy Thomas Cromwell has had few peers. Who beside him has ever deliberately set down his criminal intentions in his memorandum book?—

"*Item*, The Abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and also to be executed there with his complices."

"*Item*, To see that the evidence be well sorted and the indictments well drawn against the said Abbots and their complices."

"*Item*, To remember specially the Lady of Sar [Salisbury]."

"*Item*, What the King will have done with the Lady of Sarum."

"*Item*, To send Gendon to the Tower to be racked."

"*Item*, To appoint preachers to go through this realm to preach the Gospel and true word of God."

Thomas Cromwell may be said to have had something like a precursor and counterpart in William of Nogaret, the tool of Philip the Fair in the infamous proceedings against the Templars. But it does not appear that William of Nogaret kept such a notebook as that of Thomas Cromwell.

Cromwell openly professed his belief in Macchiavelli and his contempt for ordinary morality. His ability and address, his powers of insinuation especially, were on a par with his unscrupulousness. We are told, as a redeeming feature, that he was fond of literature and art. So were many of the worst men of the Renaissance. His early history is obscure. But it seems that he was a hired trooper in Italy, where he probably imbibed Macchiavelli's ideas. Afterwards, returning to England, he became a scrivener, and combined the chicane of the law with the ferocity of a mercenary camp. Of real religion he was totally devoid. To make the Crown absolute and himself, as its Vizier, omnipotent, was the aim which he most skilfully and unscrupulously pursued. If he took the side of Protestantism, it was that he might crush the independence of the Church, and transfer her power and wealth to the Crown. Henry seems to have felt that he had in Thomas Cromwell a low, though most useful, tool. He not only "beknaved" him frequently, but boxed his ears.

Wolsey had tried to rule without Parliaments. Cromwell's policy was to rule through an enslaved Parliament. Mr. Pollard seems to question the fact that Parliament in Henry's reign was servile. Parliament passed, at the dictation of the Crown, Acts for putting the victims of royal displeasure to death without a trial; it passed an Act authorizing the King to repudiate his

debts and compelling those who had been repaid to refund the payments; it betrayed its own trust as a legislature by giving the King's proclamations the force of law; it enabled him to dispose of the succession to the Crown, like a private inheritance, by his personal will. It also enabled a King on reaching the age of twenty-four to cancel Acts of Parliament made before his attainment of that age. What greater proofs of servility could it give? But we are not left to mere inference; we have the correspondence between Cromwell and the Mayor of a town, in which Cromwell commands the Mayor to set aside representatives who had been duly elected, and to elect others more pleasing to the Crown in their place; an order which is at once and without opposition obeyed. Hall tells us that a Parliament which passed a repudiation Act was packed with the King's servants. Hallam truly says that the Peers were not less servile than the Commons. Acts of Attainder were always hanging over their heads. Juries were, if possible, more servile still. The trial of a Crown victim was a farce. It was the mere registration of the decree of death.

It is almost needless to add that Cromwell was corrupt and accumulated wealth by foul means. As ecclesiastical Vicar-General, he was the worthy Vizier of a Church of which his master was the Sultan. At last, he made a false step in diplomacy, in which he seems to have been less skilful than in home administration, and he thus delivered himself into the hands of his enemies, the Catholic and reactionary party in the King's Council, to whom, as they were also representatives of the ancient nobility, the omnipotent scrivener was supremely hateful. He had committed no offence against the King, none at least except that of betraying Henry into a marriage with a Flanders mare. But he fell, and to fall in those councils was death, for the King feared those under whose influence he had been and could not bear to let them live. Cromwell begged abjectly for life, but in vain. His head fell under his own guillotine, an Act of Attainder without trial.

The dissolution of the monasteries was Cromwell's work. Wolsey had broken the spell and paved the way by the dissolution of some of the smaller houses to provide funds for his foundations at Ipswich and Oxford. The end of monasticism had, no doubt, come. In the last reign, Bishop Foxe, intending to found a mon-

astery, had been advised by a shrewd brother bishop, Oldham, of Exeter, to found a college instead:

> "What, my lord," Oldham is represented as saying, "shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing [praying] monks, whose end and fall we ourselves may live to see? No, no; it is more meet, a great deal, that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as by their learning shall do good in the church and commonwealth."

But there ought to have been gentleness in the process of dissolution, and discrimination ought to have been used. The monasteries were far dearer to the people in the intellectually backward North than they were in the more advanced South; and in the North they were the only hostels. The consequence of indiscriminate rapacity and violence was a great rebellion in the North, in the suppression of which the King showed his usual ferocity, mendacity, and perfidy. That vice abounded among the monks is undoubted. But it seems to have prevailed less in the greater than in the smaller houses. Cromwell's commissioners of inquiry were rogues, whose mission was simply to find warrants for rapine. Of the immense mass of wealth thus confiscated, a small part was devoted to public objects;—the foundation of new bishoprics and the building of forts to guard the country against the invasion to the danger of which the King's policy had now exposed it. But far the greater part was either squandered by Henry himself in Court luxury, ostentation, and the gambling to which he was greatly addicted, or lavished on the satellites of the Court, who formed a new peerage of servility and rapine, the real fountain-head of what fancy paints as the ancient aristocracy of England. Among the spoils of the monasteries were the tithes of parishes which had been held as cures and served by the monks. Even these, instead of being restored to the parishes, were swept into the general plunder.

The same violence characteristic of marauders rather than of statesmen marked the whole course of the revolution, while the oscillations caused by the King's caprice and the alternating ascendency of parties in his Council, were enough to produce total instability of religious faith and degradation of spiritual life among the people. The fruits of this policy were religious risings, first in Henry's reign, then under the Protectorate, and afterwards the counter-revolution under Mary.

IX.

Among the last portraits are those of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in the collection of the Duke of Norfolk, and Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the Protector. Surrey and his father, the Duke of Norfolk, represent the remnant of the old nobility and the Catholic and reactionary party in the Council. Surrey is a poet and represents the revival of gentler pursuits after the iron age of the civil wars. He is a harbinger of the Elizabethan era. Seymour represents the new oligarchy of placemen and the policy of religious revolution. He was the brother of Jane Seymour and uncle of the infant heir to the throne. The old tyrant was now sinking into bloated decrepitude, and the end of his career of crime was near. The Seymours were looking forward to a minority, a regency, and a concentration of power and plunder in their own hands. The judicial murder of their possible rivals, Norfolk and his son, was entirely in accordance with the customs of that Court. Surrey's head fell. Norfolk, doomed to die, was saved by the death of the King. The chief witness against Surrey was his own sister. Norfolk had borne a conspicuous part in the judicial murder of his own niece. In that Court, ambition and greed trampled not only on justice and humanity, but on natural affection.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE SULTAN AND THE CALIPHATE: A SIDE-LIGHT ON TURKISH POLICY.

BY LLOYD SANDERS.

A TREATISE on the public law of Islam may not seem a likely foundation upon which to reconstruct international relations with the Porte, at present as unsatisfactory as they can be. Yet Count Léon Ostrorog, in his recently published edition of the work of the famous jurist, Ali-ibn-Mohammed el-Mawerdi* has emphasized that possibility for those capable of drawing conclusions from well-established premises. "*El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya*" ("The Book of the Rules of Sovereign Power") will serve, as he points out, to guide Christian administrators over countries inhabited by the followers of the Prophet, like the British in India and the French in Algeria. If used with discretion, however, it should prove invaluable, as he hints rather than openly asserts, to the Foreign Offices and Constantinople Embassies as well.

El-Mawerdi flourished in the first half of the Eleventh Century, A.D., when the Caliphate, under the earlier Abbassides, contrived with consummate skill to curb the violence of the mercenary captains by the assertion of its sacred prerogatives. Thanks to his reputation as Judge of Judges at Bagdad, he was sent on more than one mission to arrogant princes and Sultans. Above all, he was intrusted by the Caliph el-Quaim (or el-Káim) with the composition of "El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya," as a manifesto to establish, against the rule of adventurers, the true and pure principles of the government of Islam.

"El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya" purports to be a treatise of practical law, ignoring the science of method on which all Mussulman

* "El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya: Traité de Droit Public Musulman" Traiduit et annoté d'après les sources Orientales par le Comte Léon Ostrorog (Paris: Ernest Leroux).

law is established. Count Ostrorog has supplied that deficiency in an erudite preface, with which, however, an inquiry into present Turkish politics need not concern itself. From that point of view, the importance of the book begins with the second volume, containing the translation and annotation of El-Mawerdi's text.

Since its identification with the present line of Sultans, the Caliphate has become a very different institution from what it was as set forth by El-Mawerdi, though of none of his numerous functions does the present holder of that office make more effusive parade than of his succession as Messenger of Allah. Abdul Hamid finds countenance, no doubt, in the shadow of authority which Selim I. extorted from the last of the puppet Abbassides in 1517, long after the Mongols had extinguished the Caliphate as a governing theocracy. Whatever the force of that delegation may have been, however, the Commandership of the Faithful was never intended to be confined to a single family. El-Mawerdi holds by the orthodox opinion, quoting the sayings of the Prophet, "The Caliph must be of the tribe of Koreish," and again "Give the chieftainship to the Koreish, and do not pretend to it yourselves." Within the tribe, moreover, he regarded the succession as determined, not by relationship—it was considered highly irregular, indeed, for a Caliph to nominate his father or his son—but by the possession of certain qualifications. The limitation to the Koreish makes, in any case, against the house of Othman, since a far more direct descent could be discovered without difficulty among the Sheikhs living about Mecca. Even if a pure pedigree is no longer held necessary—and the lay Mohammedans could hardly be persuaded to regard the Sultans from Selim downwards as usurpers—El-Mawerdi states in the plainest terms that those capable of holding the Caliphate must possess six other virtues. They are:

(1) Justice in all the fulness of its conditions;

(2) The amount of knowledge necessary to practise the *idjtihâd* (the Scripture and the Tradition) in making decisions and pronouncing sentences;

(3) Full enjoyment of the senses of hearing and sight, and of the gift of speech;

(4) Health of limb and body, so that they may be exempt from all failings which can hinder freedom and quickness of movement;

(5) The amount of wisdom necessary for the government of subjects and the direction of affairs;

(6) The amount of valor and courage sufficient to protect the land of Islam and to conduct the Holy War against the enemy.

The Caliph, now identical with the Sultan, must be, in brief, a man at the outset of tried capacity. More than that, El-Mawerdi plainly regards him as holding his sacred office subject to continued capacity and good behavior. Appointed, in theory, by the free choice of the Moslems, he has nevertheless been mostly nominated by his predecessor. El-Mawerdi cites the precedents, and declares that "the disposition emanating from the antecedent Caliph has become, by the consent of the nation, a regular method of entering into the contract of the Caliphate." If he fixes on a particular person, in all respects eligible, who is not his son or his father, the Caliph can by his personal authority cause homage to be paid to that person, even though none of the electors have been consulted. "Controversy always exists," adds El-Mawerdi, "on the point whether the validity of the homage does or does not depend upon the consent of the electors," but he decides against the democratic theory. Still, election by a limited Conclave was recognized by the author of "El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya" as of equal validity with designation by the reigning Caliph. He discusses the formation of that committee at some length, but with much obscurity. The doctors differed; and nomination was the general rule. Yet the elective system, though in an attenuated shape, has survived, even in these last days, for employment on occasions of doubt and difficulty. When, in 1876, the deposition of the weakling Murad became imperative, Abdul Hamid is known to have taken the advice of three of the Ulema before he ascended the throne. He recognized that he would reign under conditions, but he overlooked the inevitable corollary that, those conditions once broken, the law justified his subjects in rebelling against him. El-Mawerdi insists strongly upon the bond uniting Sovereign and subjects: "It is a contract depending upon the free consent of the parties, admitting neither of violence nor constraint."

The present Sultan, upon the most favorable construction of his actions, has by no means maintained the high level of conduct prescribed for him by El-Mawerdi. Next to the maintenance of true doctrine and the suppression of heresy, comes, according

to that optimist, the duty of administering justice. He must "execute judicial decisions and regulate trials, so that the idea of justice may become general, the strong may not commit abuses, and the weak are not to be ill-used." Again, "Life, honor, and goods must be protected against all aggression, so that the peoples may live freely and as they please, and travel afar in safety from all danger to their persons and their goods." Even the slaves were to be guaranteed against any attempt on their rights, and the Confederates—the Christians or Jews who had made act of allegiance—against bloodshed and the dishonor of their women at the hands of the enemy. The exactions both from the Confederates (otherwise, the Protected) and the Faithful were to be made with moderation; safe men and of good counsel were to be set over finance. Finally, the Caliph must not hand over the cares of government to another, while surrendering himself to pleasure or devotion, "because the faithful man may turn traitor and the true man a deceiver."

El-Mawerdi elaborates these principles with much eloquence in chapter after chapter, but it seems unnecessary to follow him further. He has been quoted sufficiently to show that the Caliph is no tyrant unbound by any stipulations; but that he undertakes, on the contrary, a solemn contract to rule justly and mercifully. He can be deposed not only for physical imperfections, but for those moral obliquities which come under the comprehensive term, "impiety," as well. The orthodox Sunnites believe that the nation is justified in balancing against each other the two evils, the wicked conduct of the Caliph and the troubles that his removal would cause, and in choosing the lesser. As a last resource, it can, as Count Ostrorog explains in a discreet note, invoke the doctrine of "necessity" and recognize the right of might. The Caliph, besides, lies under obligation to rule equitably over his subjects, irrespective of creed. The Protected, the Christians and the Jews, are, in theory, secure from unjust taxation and illegal imprisonment, no less than the Faithful. British diplomacy has, unfortunately, under the influence of an ill-informed public opinion, made reform in Turkey almost entirely a matter of religion. It has urged the redress of wrongs inflicted on Christians—wrongs admittedly grievous—while ignoring the sufferings of the Mussulman peasantry, who are quite as deserving of sympathy as the Greeks or Armenians. The only effect

has been to harden the Sultan's heart, and to bring massacre, as in recent years, from remote provinces into the streets of his capital. Close observers of Turkish politics assert that never was Abdul Hamid's authority more absolute and British diplomacy more impotent for good, than on the collapse of the last Armenian agitation. That senseless outcry rallied to him not only the ultra-fanatics, but Mohammedans, tolerant enough in quiet times, who regarded their creed as menaced by the Unbelievers. The most cultivated Turkish gentlemen informed Englishmen of long residence in Constantinople that never within their memory had the lives of Europeans been more insecure.

The cool-headedness of the American public preserved them from starting an agitation of their own. Yet their missionaries suffered grievous things during the massacres, many having to fly for their lives, leaving ruined schools and orphanages behind them, while one intrepid minister of the gospel narrowly escaped the cannon-shot that crashed into his sitting-room. Living in the interior, they were in a position to assert that the slaughter was of official origin far more confidently than the members of the Consular Services who conducted the inquiries. They heard with their own ears the note of the bugle which gave the signal for murder let loose, and the second note which warned it to cease. This vengeance upon their converts was the more cynically calculating, because the Sultan has invariably admitted that the American missionaries have never attempted to undermine his authority, and he has paid effusive compliments to the good work done by the Roberts College at Constantinople. It must be confessed that the diplomacy directed from Washington was a good deal more effective in wresting satisfaction from the Porte than it would have been if accompanied by a popular agitation. So much most Englishmen will admit in extenuation of the failure of their own Foreign Office. The Miss Stone episode should serve, nevertheless, as a warning to the State Department at Washington that it may be embroiled at any moment, so long as the present misrule continues.

Salisbury's deliberate adoption of a withdrawal policy, as announced in his "backing-the-wrong-horse" speech, reduced British influence to less than nothing; the Germans have assumed the British pride of place commercially, the Russians and French politically. Will his successor at the Foreign Office have the

courage to depart from this disastrous supineness, and to play in the Near East the bold game which has served him so well in the Far? It is an absolute mistake to suppose that the old Turkophile party died in England with Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Lansdowne, if he tried to re-establish his country's prestige in Constantinople, would receive plenty of backing from moderate politicians who perceive that the condition of Turkey must be a vital national interest, while Great Britain continues to be a Mediterranean Power, while it retains its occupancy of Egypt, and, above all, while it includes in its Empire millions of Mohammedans. The attitude of the averted eye cannot be considered other than an undignified denial of responsibilities which will continue to exist whether the British Foreign Office likes them or not. The alternative—a course of remonstrance, with action undisguisedly behind it—would have to be matured, of course, in concert with the rest of Europe, though the moral support of the United States could be counted upon beforehand. Despite the Kaiser's cynical professions of friendship, frugally expressed in the present of a drinking fountain, no self-respecting Government can wish the present system of terrorism by palace spies to continue. The Sultan has been warned times without number, but in respect of his duties to the Christian populations, not to his subjects irrespective of race and creed. The Sultan must be judged by the ideal of the Caliphate. "By Allah," said Omar, "he that is weakest among you shall be in my sight as the strongest, until I have vindicated for him his rights; but him that is strongest will I treat as the weakest, until he complies with the laws." That is a truly benevolent despotism, and personal rule is the only form suitable for the heterogeneous multitudes under the Sultan's sway, or indeed comprehensible by them. The Young Turk party, a mere handful of dreamers who have been miseducated in Western Universities, have shown in their paper constitutions no grasp whatever of the needs of the Ottoman Empire. Yet, short of representative assemblies, there are the safeguards of regular taxation and security for life and property. These are enjoined upon the Caliph in "El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya"; and the Powers have only to apply that treatise, which is regarded by every pious Moslem as but little inferior in authority to the Koran.

The Sultan can always be reached through the Ulema: a body of which he stands in salutary fear, despite his attempts by fre-

quent changes to secure a subservient Sheikh-ul-Islam. They are known to hate him cordially, but without external support they naturally, like all priestly societies, feel a timidity in moving. But their consent once obtained, the Sultan could be frightened as he has never been frightened before, provided they could feel secure against being left in the lurch. As Abdul Hamid knows very well indeed, depositions, followed in the case of Abdul Aziz by murder, are no new thing in his family. If Turkish opinion acquiesced in that decisive step when carried out by a mere layman like Midhat Pasha, it would hail a change of rulers with delight if actively promoted by the Ulema. It may be that the Sultan has become too hardened in sin to be driven, even by his terrors, into righteous courses; and, even if he had the will, he could not easily rid himself of the corrupt placemen who have identified themselves with his system. In that case, a prince could be chosen from the house of Othman who would follow the traditions of Abdul-Medjid, and promulgate another Hatti-sherif of Gülhanè, securing equal rights to his subjects without distinction of nationality or religious belief, and re-establishing taxation on an equitable basis.

To go farther, and to play off Mecca against Stamboul by reviving the Caliphate, would be an interesting, but hazardous, experiment. The tendency to schism, which, though Western Europe seems to look upon Islam as creed without sects, always exists, would receive a prodigious impetus, and that influence would be explosive. The combination of the Caliphate with the Sultanate has received the sanction of a good many centuries, after all; and the world of Islam is not prepared for its undoing. An Arab sheikh, however pure his descent might be, would be ill-qualified besides to deal with the conditions of Mussulman society, now that they have become modified by association with the West. The spirit of the Caliphate can be restored, nevertheless, even though the reality has passed away, together with other forms of Empire that have ceased to justify their existence. When it fell to Omar to nominate his successor, he rejected candidate after candidate. One was too simple, another too much of a nepotist. Pride ruled out a third, and avarice a fourth. A fifth was judged unworthy, because, though capable of leading a squadron of cavalry, he could not lead the State. Omar's choice fell finally upon Abdur Rahman because he was "firm without harshness,

economical without being a miser, and generous without being a prodigal." Yet Abdur Rahman surrendered his claims to Othman, on condition that he would diligently seek the interests of the nation, and formed one of the conclave who elected him. "This meeting of the candidates for the Caliphate in conclave," observes El-Mawerdi, "and the recognition of the validity of that conclave by the consent of the nation, are the bases on which stand both the validity of the contract of the Caliphate by disposition, and the validity of a disposition made in favor of a certain number of persons from among whom it should be the business of the electors to appoint the Caliph." Our true policy in Turkey should consist in the promotion of a return to this selection of the wisest and best.

The regeneration of the Turkish Empire can only come from the Moslems. The creation of the Balkan States, contiguous though they lie to civilized Governments, has been by no means an unmixed advantage. Hot-beds of intrigues calculated to disturb the peace of Europe at any moment, they enjoy but a precarious independence, which may ultimately have to be ended by their partition among the Great Powers. The Christian populations of the five villayets of Eastern Asia Minor must be accounted far less capable of administering their own affairs than the Servians or the Bulgarians. They dwell as minorities among more self-reliant races, in districts too remote to be reached by external assistance. Even if the Powers forced the Porte to dole out to them some form of home-rule, it would immediately be converted into the most dismal sham. If a somewhat trivial illustration may be permitted, they resemble schoolboys, whose parents are perpetually complaining to the head master, with the only result that he heaps punishments upon them. It is their inevitable lot to be governed by the principles contained in the Koran. But the more that great book is studied, the more does its true motive appear to be not oppression, but equality. Broken daily and hourly by the tyrannies of the present degenerate holder of the Caliphate, the Koran needs a true Caliph to interpret its essentially just decrees.

LLOYD SANDERS.

JOHN H. TWACHTMAN: AN ESTIMATION.

BY T. W. DEWING, CHILDE HASSAM, ROBERT REID, EDWARD SIMMONS, AND J. ALDEN WEIR.

I.

By the death of John H. Twachtman, the world has lost an artist of the first rank. He was a landscape painter of what is called the more modern sort; he certainly represents the most modern spirit. He is too modern, probably, to be fully recognized or appreciated at present; but his place will be recognized in the future, and he will one day be a "classic," to use the literary term; for the public catches but slowly the professional opinion, though in the end the professional opinion becomes the public opinion.

In defining the quality of Twachtman's painting, one would say that, first of all, he was a master of "values"—as much so as Whistler. The planes in his canvases lie back in their places with wonderful accuracy, producing an unsurpassed effect of atmosphere. His style is that of all great art—the line very fine and subtle, with no trick of stiffening or straightening to give what is called "classic dignity." He never composed or arranged, in the conventional sense, to fill a space.

One of his pictures instantly arrests the eye of the connoisseur by a certain true aspect, as original as Thoreau, and sometimes curiously like him. To one familiar with American out-of-door Nature, the resemblance is striking. In one of Twachtman's representations of snow—say, for instance, his painting of a dim wood-road in February—the kind of day is given perfectly. One feels the temperature, and recalls the scream of the blue jay, the black-green leaves of the sapling pines turning gray in the wind. It is like a page from Thoreau's note books. This likeness to Thoreau is, of course, due to the fact that they were both

original observers, observers at first hand. They were occupied with "*les choses vues.*"

He painted yellow autumn and gray spring; early morning by rivers in places where the horizon is low; and he also painted studies of the more spectacular parts of America, like the Yellowstone Park and Niagara Falls. These latter are interesting because of their point of view, as examples of the modern rendering—not as a finality, by any means. These places will probably not be finally treated in art for many centuries; but his studies of them have the same kind of interest that notes on the modern city of New York might have if written by Flaubert or De Goncourt.

It seems idle as yet to try to place Twachtman where he should be in relation to Corot, Rousseau or Daubigny. It is not the same kind of painting. As to Monet and Whistler, whom he is like, it is too soon to class him. What we do know is that he was a great artist; and we should preserve his work in museums, where it would not be subject to the danger of fire and careless handling, that we may show that we had at this time high art and respected it.

T. W. Dewing.

II.

It is difficult to define, perhaps, what the charm is in a work of art, and in speaking here of Twachtman's work, which had so much charm and distinction, I shall probably parallel the thoughts of many of my fellow-painters, and possibly their words if they should speak of him.

The great beauty of design which is conspicuous in Twachtman's paintings is what impressed me always; and it is apparent to all who see and feel, that his works were sensitive and harmonious, strong, and at the same time delicate even to evasiveness, and always alluring in their evanescence.

His was surely the work of a painter too—a man's work. You felt the virile line. It was in his clouds and tree forms, in his stone walls and waterfalls, in his New England hillsides, and in the snow clinging to the roof of an old barn or edging the hemlock pool. His use of line was rhythmic, and the movements were always graceful. The many landscapes that these words will recall —with their simplicity and breadth of treatment, and their handling, often of great force and beauty, of brush-work and

painter-like assurance—were amongst the very handsome modern open-air canvases. Their breadth, with the swing and sinuosity of line in his rocky pastures, and in brooks set with boulders, with the swirl of little waterfalls, had something that was very large and noble in expression. All this, with his arrangement of forms (for the pleinærist does arrange forms when working from nature), made his work most valuable and interesting—designed, and with great beauty of design. By design I mean by no means conventional composition. The definition so often given of the work of modern painters in landscape—which is, that they take a *motif* anywhere, as if looking out of an open window, and paint it just as they see it—is partly erroneous, only a half truth. These painters do try to give you frankly the aspect of the thing seen in its fundamental and essential truths; but that they do not place things as they feel they should be placed to get the balance and beauty of the whole, well seen within the frame, is a mistaken idea. Twachtman might have painted, indeed he did paint, a tree in Nutley, New Jersey, with a distance and middle distance of Gloucester Harbor, Massachusetts.

A noble and expressive line, with a joyous feeling for nature, a frank and manly directness in presenting truths, by painting, however poetic and fleeting, must give value and distinction to any work in paint—or in any other medium in which we express ourselves in what is called Art.

Twachtman was a boy in the sunlight; and Thoreau, that other remarkable landscapist and pleinærist in words, says somewhere that "the Greeks were boys in the sunlight," and to me that is a complete description of the Greek nature. His work as color had delicate refinement and truth. His color is the color of northern nature in the changing envelopes of subtle gradation. There is nothing swashbuckler about his subjects or his color, and in these days of spurious old masters, of artificiality, of rainbows and sunbursts, that is refreshing. One gets tired of Alps and sunsets, at least in literature and painting; in music they can be better done. And in this province of the painter, Twachtman has, in his small, slight sketches, these same qualities of charm of line and delicacy of vision. True to our northern nature, too! Truths well told, interestingly told, just as a few words well chosen will tell a truth that a thousand cannot!

Twachtman felt very keenly the unrelenting, constant war that

mediocrity wages against the unusual and superior things. The public are anxious to take the word of an office-boy in any art-shop, in preference to that of an American painter of recognized ability. Art has no frontiers, to be sure, but some of the dealers (not all) will assure you that there is a frontier and that it begins right here at the New York Custom House. It is curious how stupid the public can be about this! If the Celt and the Teuton cannot paint (and they have done the best painting) on this side of the ocean, then natural laws are changed.

In the last few years, American paintings have been purchased by art museums in the United States, especially by many of the minor ones. Some of the larger ones are in the hands of people too incompetent or interested to recognize the position of the American painter to-day. If it is a question of buying an American or a foreign painting—let us say, only of equal merit—by a museum, the foreign picture is bought.

The American people can at least go on record as having respected the art of their own country, which has been fully recognized abroad. Why should not the Metropolitan Museum have a gallery devoted to the work of American painters? The Metropolitan Museum should have an American room, and Twachtman should be well represented in it. We have an art! Let us respect it!

With such an estimation of the work of this American artist, a man who was an able painter and a joyous, energetic individuality, who worked for the love of it and worked well, one must feel that he has not yet been adequately appreciated.

CHILDE HASSAM.

III.

WITH all but the few the importance of a work of art depends, naturally and perhaps rightfully, upon the degree in which its subject is familiar to them—that is, upon its resemblance to some familiar scene or object. Thus, the "speaking likeness" is commonly regarded as a "great work of art," no matter what its limitations may be as an example of the painter's work; while the most exquisitely true representation of some unusual or unfamiliar phase of nature will always be considered unnatural, and, therefore, "bad art." Take, for instance, the picture which shows the mirror of a brook, as one looks down into it on a calm and sunny

day. Does one not see reflected there white clouds against the sky? The world would hang that picture upside down! And yet every one who has walked afield of a summer's day has seen, if not observed, this bit of heaven *below* the horizon!

Corot got up betimes in the morning and painted a waking Nature seen through the mist, but the world took many years to acknowledge that Nature "looked that way." Even those who had seen her oftenest at that hour, the shepherd or the fisherman, had only seen the flocks and the fields, or searched the stream for the deepest pools—not for the color of the glad reflections in their depths, giving back two-fold to the artist the sky and air and the green of trees, but knowing only where the fishes lay.

So it has been all these years, from Bonnington and Constable to Corot, and then, perhaps, to Monet, whose influence has been so great that landscape painting shall never be again the same.

Twachtman was of those to whom the subtler beauties of nature, which, though not hidden, have been seen only by the few, appealed most strongly, and it was the element in his nature which responded to that appeal that gave the charm to his work. Enthusiasm seems to have been the keynote of his character—a singularly gentle enthusiasm, a smiling rather than a laughing sympathy with his work, his family and his friends. In his work, it pervaded all he did, from the pastel note of a wild flower on a bit of tinted paper to his completest painting.

He painted as all men have done who have made great art; he painted the atmosphere he breathed, the atmosphere of his time.

He, perhaps as much as any one, illustrates the adage that "Art is nature seen through a temperament," and his was a temperament which gave to his work an entirety of personality, and made it represent a true and sincere and healthy-minded "seeing of things."

ROBERT REID.

IV.

IN the death of John H. Twachtman we lose one of our best landscape painters.

The question is pertinent as to just why there has always been a slight prejudice which places landscape in a subordinate position. One constantly hears the phrase, "only landscape." Why does the world consider painting which represents the human being superior, *per se*, to that which reproduces the sky, the sea,

the hills? He who seeks information on any subject naturally turns to that which has been done, and bases his deduction upon the masterpieces of the world, as in judging a book one compares it with the work of masters of modern and ancient literature.

The acknowledged moment of highest achievement in painting was what is called the Italian Renaissance, and in speaking of the work of any man of to-day, one naturally compares it to that of Raphael, Michel Angelo, Veronese, Titian, and their great contemporaries. In seeking for the expression of that beauty which, in colloquial phrase, we call "out-of-doors," we find little or none among these men. We who love our fields, our woods, our sea beaches, and the sky over all, must conclude that they observed but casually and cared but little for these fine things. That which has so impressed us when we have seen it pictured by Corot, seems to have been neglected by them. If they were not ignorant of it, they surely neglected it. Here is possibly a distinction of some significance between mediæval and modern art.

Such things as Whistler's pictures of the Thames, Monet's sense of *plein air,* such frank and simple expression of his delight in the air we breathe as Twachtman's, exist nowhere in the records of Italian art. Why is this? To the unprejudiced mind of to-day, it seems strange that the beauty of the outside world which we bring home with us, forgetful of the people we have seen there,—beauty which must have been waiting in the hills of Italy,—it seems strange that this was not an inspiration for the great men of the Italian Renaissance. Why did it not appeal more strongly to them? Landscape for its own sake is purely modern.

We, therefore, in searching for an answer to our question, very naturally ask why we, if we had been Titian or Leonardo, should have felt so little concern for landscape, and we attempt to put ourselves in their place, to follow in their footsteps day by day, to get back to the conditions of their century.

Only in later times could a man neither conspicuously rich nor powerful live in the country in safety. The closer one gets to the life of the Middle Ages, the more one finds the human race divided into two classes, the laborer and the lord. Throughout Europe, every gathering of human dwellings, from the small village to the great city, bears pathetic evidence that it was necessary for the humble to huddle together for protection, and to bar out the world at large with a wall.

The gentle art of landscape, with its concomitant of white umbrella, camp stool, and sandwich, must have been pursued with some difficulty with the predatory baron of the neighborhood on one hand and the city wall on the other. The accounts of every-day life of that period which we obtain from letters, constantly speak of the dangers of a trip to London, for instance——a trip which had to be undertaken with armed guards. Those who could not afford such protection did not travel.

In following the hero of "The Cloister and the Hearth" as he walks his long walk to Italy, we may, perhaps, get a more vivid view of the point we are considering.

> "For gentle Lamia judged and judged aright
> That Lycius could not love in such a fright."

Even to-day, there are places in the world where the study of the beauty of nature out-of-doors is pursued at an imminent risk of personal assault. Under such conditions, a life like that of Twachtman, passed in the absorption of the beauty of that which the earlier artist used only as a background, was a frank impossibility; and it is but logical that the first fair example of modernity in the fine arts should have sprung up in England, where the liberty and safety of the private individual first became assured. We find Delacroix and Géricault, whom the French of to-day claim as fathers of the modern movement, in their turn calling Constable their master.

All this is merely an attempt to consider, fairly and impersonally, the foundation of what has so far been a popular belief, that landscape has stood, and therefore should stand, in a subordinate position.

There is something which excites one's sense of humor in the idea of two human beings facing each other under the great sky, wreathed in the blue gauze of the atmosphere, with the spaces of the universe for a background, claiming that that part of God's creation which is not included in their own personality counts for little.

An exception to all this is the art of Japan and China. It would be interesting to learn from those who are wise in such matters how far personal safety accounts for this.

The canvases which Twachtman has left us, like all work of signally original merit, may prove for a time too fine a food for

the general palate. Their very honesty in attempting to state no more than he knew and felt separates them from the popular commonplace. But little by little we are learning. That vagueness of detail which seemed strange to us when Corot began to teach us, the photographic camera has proved to be the truth. Trees move —something so simple that it is strange that Botticelli seemed unaware of it, and that we should have had to wait for Corot to tell it to us.

No man expresses well in any art what he does not know to the bottom. It is as necessary for him who wishes to paint landscape to live surrounded by what he loves, as for him who would paint an elephant to go and find the animal.

Some day the tendency to despise everything not to be expressed in words,—so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon,—will be laughed away, and visual beauty, passionately felt and finely stated, such as we find in the work of Twachtman, will be ranked according to the artist's success in realizing the beauty he saw, and not according to its subject matter.

The harm which the contempt for material beauty peculiar to the Protestant creeds has done in coarsening our fibre and weakening our intellectual power shall be cured by just such bold and patient fingers as his. EDWARD SIMMONS.

V.

IT is rarely that the work of an artist such as Mr. Twachtman can be thoroughly estimated by those of his own time who stand outside the pale of art. To my mind, he was in advance of his age to the extent that, like many others, he lived ahead of his epoch. No artist was more thoroughly equipped for his work. He possessed, first and above all, a true and intimate love for nature, combined with a temperament of the most artistic and sensitive make-up; his attitude toward nature, in the eliminating of certain preconceived ideas as to what constitutes a work of art, naturally produced in him a *parti prit,* the character of the landscape, the light and atmosphere enveloping the same, being to him the great charm, and, therefore, the qualities the most vital. He was in accord with nature, winter or summer, and a day with him in the country was always a delight. The open fields with their long lines running into the landscape enticed one from the house on the hill-side to where the stream wandered through the valley,

capable of transforming itself into a torrent at the approach of spring. Such will be recognized as the subject of many of Mr. Twachtman's canvases, in which one is made to feel the spirit of the place and the delight with which his work was done.

Strong and firm in his convictions, he stood, searching for the beauties of those truths of which he was so keen an observer, until the time came when his brushes were laid aside. So the seer, whether in religion or art, has his convictions, which he makes known—often not being understood until in some later time he is discovered as one who was an honor and credit to his age. Rare as were the qualities which Twachtman possessed, it is hard to think that they remain veiled from the public.

J. ALDEN WEIR.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY J. H. HOLLANDER, PROFESSOR OF FINANCE IN JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

SOME twenty-three years ago, Arnold Toynbee—that beautiful soul among the social reformers of the nineteenth century—stood before an audience of working-men, in Bradford, England, and endeavored, as he said, "to dispel some of those prejudices which working-men in the past have entertained, and still, to some extent, entertain, towards Economic Science." He took for his subject the topic "Wages and Natural Law," and pointed out the natural forces which influence the position of the wage-earner for better or for worse. He must have spoken for an hour or more, but his last words have all the earnestness and pathos of a prayer:

"In conclusion, I would entreat working-men to believe that Political Economy is no longer an instrument for the aggrandizement of the rich and the impoverishment of the poor; that, in as far as it is a science at all, it endeavors to explain the laws by which wealth is produced and distributed by men, as they are at present constituted under the existing institutions of society; that, as a theoretical science, it pronounces no judgment on these laws, nor on the conduct of laborers and employers; but that, as a practical science, it does frame precepts, not in the interests of the employers alone, but in the interests of the whole people."

Toynbee's words are valuable as evidence of the unwholesome relation which existed between political economy and the laboring class for the first three-quarters of last century. With the wage-earner, it was hatred of economic science and distrust of its exponents. With the political economist, it was discredit of labor-organization theory and opposition to trades-union practice.

The evolution of this attitude of mutual antagonism is a depressing chapter in the internal history of political economy from

Adam Smith to John Stuart Mill. The science which Pulteney, in 1797, in the House of Commons, was able to declare would, through its chief expositor, "persuade the present generation and govern the next," and whose growth in popularity was such that, in 1822, Maria Edgeworth could note that it had become high fashion with blue ladies "to make a great jabbering on the subject," and even to require that their daughters' governesses should teach it—had become, a generation later, "the dismal science" and "the creed of mammonism."

More than in any other single circumstance, the clue to this extraordinary revulsion of feeling is found in the development of English economic thought with respect to the central point of the labor question—the law of wages.

In as far as Adam Smith had any scientific predecessor, it was the school of French economists, or physiocrats, of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Their theory of wages was a reflection of the condition of the French laborer on the eve of the French Revolution. Turgot wrote:

> "In every kind of work it cannot fail to happen, and, as a matter of fact it does happen, that the wages of the workmen are limited to what is necessary to procure him his subsistence."

But in England actual wages were much more above what was necessary to keep body and soul together than in France. Accordingly, Adam Smith, with a mind always intent upon actual conditions, promptly abandoned the theory that wages are limited to a necessary minimum. He saw that, before the industrial use of land and capital, "the produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor"; that, thereafter, "wages are settled by a bargain between masters and men"; that, in bargaining, the masters possessed certain strategic advantages, but that the increasing demand for labor which characterizes a progressive society causes wages to rise. Adam Smith's study of the wages question, although not without error, was a forward movement.

But the economists who succeeded Adam Smith—the Ricardians—were of very different stamp. Men of affairs, though many of them were, yet their reasoning was more abstract, more neglectful of actual conditions, than the Scotch philosopher's. Under any circumstances, this disregard of actual conditions would have been bad. But the time in which it occurred being a time of radical change, the effect was calamitous.

Adam Smith wrote, as has so often been noted, on the eve of the great industrial revolution in English economic life. There were symptoms of approaching change; but the type of industry was still a little group of hand-workers under the direction of a successful industrialist, working with a little capital and simple appliances. But in a generation came a change that was magical. Tools were replaced by machines. Manual force gave way to motive power. The domestic system decayed, and factories and mills sprang up. Capital took on a new importance. Instead of being a mere convenience and an aid to production, it became an indispensable requisite of production. It no longer meant simple tools and raw materials only a few days removed from market and sale; but great factories and costly machinery and round-about—although in the long run economical—processes, in which a long interval elapsed between the purchase of the materials and the sale of the finished product. Labor seemed to have become dependent upon capital, not for greater efficiency, but for bare exercise and for actual employment.

This qualitative subordination naturally enough gave encouragement to a theory of quantitative relation. If the existence of capital to pay wages was necessary for the employment of labor, it was but a step to declare that the number of persons who could be employed depended upon the amount of capital; or that, at any given time, the rate of wages that could be paid to the persons actually employed depended upon the fund of capital.

Such was the natural history of the well-known wage-fund theory, to which English political economists, with but few exceptions, lent willing ear for the fifty years from 1817 to 1866, and which practically dominated English socio-economic practice during the same period. It naturally reduced the question of wages to a sum in division, in which the number of laborers was the divisor, the amount of capital was the dividend and the rate of wages was the quotient. Wages could rise only by a slower rate of increase or a positive reduction in the number of laborers, or by a more rapid growth, absolutely and relatively, in the fund of capital.

It is easy to realize the unhappy corollaries inevitably drawn from the wage-fund theory. It meant that the laborer could secure none of the benefits of social progress and economic improvement; even more, that he could hope to obtain none of the

results of his own increased efficiency, greater dexterity and larger intelligence, except as they slowly filtered down to him through his sum in long division. It regarded trades unions as useless, strikes as mischievous, and legislative enactment, in so far as it sought to improve the conditions of employment, as visionary. None of these things either reduced the number of laborers or increased the wage-fund. The only possible way for wages to grow was for the laborer to exercise prudence and restraint in the increase of his numbers and thereafter to sit still and be good; in which case the profits of the capitalist-employer would increase, a part thereof would be saved and added to the wage-fund, and the laborer thus ultimately benefited.

By 1850, the mischief had been done. Since the political economist at every turn and corner seemed ever to be against the working-man, the working-man would have none of the political economist. Political radicalism and socialistic agitation intensified the antipathy; until, to the laboring class, economic theories seemed mere devices of capitalistic exploitation.

The wage-fund theory held sway in English political economy, with at best inarticulate and unavailing dissent, for the two generations following Ricardo. A reaction was inevitable, and in the decade from 1866 to 1875 it came. Longe's formal indictment in 1866 was followed by Cliffe-Leslie's criticism in 1868, by Thornton's attack in 1869, and by Mill's ponderous recantation in the same year. Whatever new life was given by "patched and revamped" versions thereafter, was formally extinguished by the powerful assault of our own brilliant soldier-economist, the late Francis A. Walker—first, in a remarkable essay on "The Wage Fund Theory," in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in January, 1875; a year later, with convincing detail in a treatise on "The Wages Question."

The noteworthy circumstance in this reaction is that, just as the Ricardian economists went astray by a neglect of that wholesome method of economic investigation employed by Adam Smith, so a healthy tendency again emerged when careful observation displaced mere assumption in economic study. General Walker was too familiar with the actual facts of American industrial life to assent for a moment to the corollaries of the wage-fund. What he did, therefore, was first to overthrow the theoretical basis of the wage-fund theory, and then to describe the status of the labor-

ing class in economic production and distribution, as revealed by careful observation of positive conditions.

The service which he rendered to the study of the labor question was thus one of method even more than of content. The so-called residual theory of wages, with which his name is associated, was naturally enough a tremendous advance over the wage-fund theory. Yet after all, the range of observation upon which that theory was based was limited, and the spirit of reaction in which it was formulated was so dominant that it never attained the status of an evident, admitted law. But, on the other hand, the method employed by General Walker in the study of the labor question has been an enduring contribution to economic science. During the twenty-five years or more that have elapsed since he first wrote, political economists have been studying the position of the laborer in the economic world, not by incidental, indirect deduction from assumed premises, but as a deliberate inquiry based upon, or tested by, actual concrete details.

The attitude of political economy to the labor question might, therefore, be stated as follows: Those industrial acts which we group together under the term, "the labor question," form an organically related and vitally important part of the general field of economic activities. Any study of those economic activities—and this is the scope of political economy—must give prominent place to the study of the labor question. And such study, to be adequate and successful, must be based upon positive conditions, and not upon theoretical abstractions.

In the light of this revolution in attitude and in method, the question that now presents itself is, What should be the future relation of the labor question to political economy? The thesis that I should like to maintain here is, that the political economist, by virtue of his purpose and his method, may be expected to attain the largest and most intelligent grasp of the many-sided aspects of the labor question, and that he should be regarded by the working-man, as by the capitalist and employer, as the person best qualified to express an authoritative opinion upon any phase of the question, be it theoretical or practical.

The association of political economy and the labor question in such intimacy will be regarded by varying judgment as either a paradox or a programme. To the first class of thinking there seems as little warrant for the relation as for conjoining snakes

with Ireland. Of all the mischievous phases of that heresy of heresies, "the scholar in politics," this dabbling of a book-worm in matter of work-a-day concern is deemed the most dangerous — bad for the political economist, worse for the labor question.

Pressed for a bill of particulars, such sentiment undertakes to show that the political economist is primarily a student; that he lives in a world of assumption and abstraction; that the conclusions which he reaches are correct only in relation to the conditions which he assumes, and that these are imaginary, artificial and unreal; that he knows nothing of the infinite detail, the countless friction, the recurrent disturbance of the world of affairs; in short, that he deals with figments and fancies, while the issue is with men and things. Within his limited area, he fulfils a certain useful function—even though Walter Bagehot did say that no English gentleman in his secret soul ever felt really sorry at hearing that a political economist had died. If left in quiet to spin his intellectual cob-webs, he does no positive harm, and perhaps as much good, in developing mental acumen and in sounding psychological depths, as many another learned academician. But, above all things, let him stick to his last and keep aloof from affairs. He may study the structure and functions of trade unions; he may investigate the workings of trade agreements; he may analyze the principles of restricted production; but he should unburden in the class-room and fulminate in the scientific journal. When it comes to the world of action, his views are theoretical, his proposals are academic, his programme is visionary.

Against such a mistaken and mischievous conception as this, earnest protest cannot be too often voiced. For it, should be substituted that truer type of the modern scientist who has exchanged the cloistered seclusion of the mediæval scholar for a lively interest in and an active co-operation with all measures that make for the betterment of mankind, and who believes that such a course, reasonably pursued, tends to heighten, rather than to reduce, his scholarship.

The rule of action which this involves in the case of the political economist is, that his voice shall be lifted and his counsel heard whenever an industrial question becomes a matter of grave public concern. In such a question, there is every reason for believing that the political economist is, of all men, qualified to

speak, and, further, that it is, of all things, desirable that he should speak.

In advocating such a course, the objection is experienced, at the very outset, to which reference has already been made, viz., that, in dealing with the labor question, the political economist is a theorist, and consequently that his opinions are of very much less value than those of the practical man—the workman himself, the capitalist, the employer, the so-called "man of affairs." "It's all very well in theory," runs the refrain; "but it doesn't work in practice." Never was there a more complete perversion of the real facts of the case. The same thing can not be good in theory and not work in practice. The very terms are contradictory. The essence of a true theory is that it will work in practice. An unworkable theory is a false theory. It is a generalization based upon insufficient data. It is an attempt to apply the experience derived from limited observation to a wide area, the essential features of which are unknown.

With respect to the labor question, who is it that is likely to stumble into this pitfall of inadequate observation and unwarranted generalization? Is it the observer who has made careful study of the experience of many communities, at many periods, in dealing with problems similar to the one at issue; who brings to the task a mind trained to distinguish the real from the chance, the essence from the accident; and who applies the lesson of one time to the needs of another with all the caution and reserve born of historical and comparative study? Or is it the actual industrialist whose life as such has been passed in absorbed devotion to a limited, almost microscopic range of facts; who has not been able to see the forest because of the abundance of leaves; who can never lift himself out of his own atmosphere; and whose practical proposals must be but a reflex of his own limited experience? It is the man of action, not the political economist, who in matters of economic moment is the theorist, in the improper sense of the word; not a true theorist, but a would-be theorist. His mere intimacy with details makes him no safe guide. We do not turn to the gunmaker for a theory of projectiles, nor to the ship-builder for methods of navigation. There is nothing in the technique of banking which makes the financier a true prophet as to the currency needs of the country as a whole. The activities of a captain of industry are in themselves no qualification for a safe pronounce-

ment upon the usefulness or otherwise of industrial consolidation. The manufacturer of a protected industry is, as such, of all persons, the least capable to give an intelligent verdict upon a national tariff policy. If the financier, the *entrepreneur,* and the industrialist succeed, as fortunately they often do, in giving wise, sane counsel upon the general questions, with the details of which they are concerned, it is not because they are practical men; but because they are, to that extent, political economists; because they have corrected the false perspective of detail by a comprehensive survey of aggregates, and have become true theorists.

Similarly, it may be said—and the statement is made in all respect and candor—that the working-man or the employer himself is often least qualified to give wise counsel with respect to matters that concern him most closely. The mere fact that he is performing these very things, that he is actually working, or directing, involves no endowment of knowledge. The circumstances that blood flows in our veins, and that the food that we eat disappears, do not acquaint us with the principles of circulation or the laws of digestion. Even more, when things are out of joint and an industrial conflict is threatened or has occurred, the parties to the struggle are by no means the most competent to suggest the true, lasting remedy, any more than a person who is sick, or who has suffered an injury, or is merely seeking physical betterment, can prescribe his own treatment. In such cases human experience has made it clear that the best results are obtained by having resort to, and following, the advice of him who, in pure spirit and disinterested motive—be he physiologist, physician or political economist—has consecrated his life to the search for truth and to its application to human affairs.

Day by day, the dominance of economic forces in the progress of the race is becoming more evident. To-morrow, perhaps, we shall paraphrase a scholar's dictum and speak of "history as past economics; and economics as present history." A larger production, a frictionless exchange, an equitable distribution and a well-ordered consumption—these are the aspiration and the goal of human effort in the satisfaction of material wants and in providing opportunity for the fullest life. If for the ruthless, wasteful course of social evolution is to be substituted conscious policy and deliberate leadership, it is of transcendent importance that that policy be intelligent and that leadership far-sighted. J. H. HOLLANDER.

UNSATISFACTORY OUTCOME OF THE CHINESE NEGOTIATIONS

BY DR. GILBERT REID.

SOME time has passed since the final Protocol of peace was signed at Peking, and we can now understand better than then the value of that document or its shortcomings and inconsistencies. The nature of the execution—or the non-execution—of the stipulations enables us to estimate through practical proofs the protracted and noteworthy negotiations.

The beginning and, to a certain extent, the continuance of the negotiations suggested the bewilderment of a kaleidoscope. Before the Allies had yet relieved the Legations, the Washington Government instructed its diplomatic representatives to sound the other Governments as to their intended future policy concerning China, and announced its own policy in the following excellent language:

"The policy of the Government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve China's territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly Powers by treaty and international law, and safe-guard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire."

Then came a Russian Note, to recognize Li Hung Chang as a proper plenipotentiary, and to facilitate his purposes of peace. Whereon the United States again sounded the other governments. While this sounding process was going on, there appeared another Russian Note, professing friendly intentions, and advocating withdrawal of ministers and the troops from Peking. Another American Note followed, favoring joint withdrawal, but recommending an important condition, namely, prior re-establishment of the Chinese Government. Then Italy came to the front,

in proposing, first, an evacuation as soon as preliminaries to negotiation were settled; second, support to China by the Powers in contracting a loan for paying the indemnity; and, third, a collective pledge to maintain the integrity of China. Germany followed with a Note, which was the first to have a clear, ringing sound, proposing that, preliminary to diplomatic relations, the Chinese Government must deliver up the instigators of the outrages. Before the Powers had time to reply, there was issued a French Note, suggesting that such a question as the surrender of the ring-leaders of the anti-foreign outbreak should be deferred for a time, and that negotiations should begin at once on such questions as compensation and its guarantees, namely, three: first, maintenance of a Legation guard; second, razing of certain forts; and, third, temporary prohibition of the importation of arms. Again, while the Powers were still meditating a reply, came a second German Note, proposing that the Powers instruct their representatives in China to examine and report on the punishment of the offenders. Great Britain, having been unable to take the lead, had taken an insignificant though cordial position; but in a few days appeared the Anglo-German Compact, of doubtful profit to England, and this immediately went the rounds of the various Powers. All this was prior to the opening up of negotiations in Peking.

The bewilderment was increased by the dual appearance in China of the diplomatic and military on the part of each of the great Powers. Was the Commander-in-Chief commanding, or was the Minister Plenipotentiary, who was as yet unaccredited, the supreme authority? Of more importance, was it war or was it peace? Or was it a peculiar, anomalous conjunction of both? Even after the Chinese plenipotentiaries had come to Peking, and were actually negotiating peace, a military expedition of Great Britain, Germany, France and Italy left Peking and Tien-tsin for Pao-ting-fu; and, later on, all through the winter months, there was an unhappy commingling of putative expedition and friendly conference. The Generals went one way, the Ministers another; neither being responsible to the other.

Chinese, both officials and people, were impressed with the inconsistency of foreigners, and were non-plussed by their mixed policy and eccentric actions. A clear, simple case, logical and undeviating, the Chinese can understand and will always appreci-

ate. The Chinese Imperial Government had openly and unflinchingly declared war against the world, had incorporated the Boxers as a part of the state, had employed every energy and all methods, legitimate or barbaric, to encompass the death of the "enemy," whether belligerent or non-combatant, and had, in the hour of defeat, deserted its capital, withdrawn its army and fled to the mountains. The natural and intelligible supposition would be that the foreign Powers would, in turn, declare war against the Imperial Government of China, though not against the peaceful provinces or against China as a whole; that the Powers would refuse to recognize the government that had committed such atrocities, until due and proper apology should have been made; that they would continue to advance and occupy until the capture of the court should have been accomplished, or at least until the Imperial troops with their generals in command should have laid down their arms; and that the Powers would refuse to enter on any negotiation whatever until the chief offenders should have been handed over and unconditional surrender achieved.

To do less (and it was less that was actually done) was to subject the Powers to the suspicion of cowardice and weakness, or of callous indifference to their own honor and to the safety of their nationals. Whatever might be gained through negotiation could not prevent the loss of prestige. Nations, especially the United States, which held aloof from extended and frequent expeditions, would only be looked upon at such a time as either being weak, or at best having a weak good nature. On the other hand, nations, like Germany, bringing terror into the land, and sending forth punitive expeditions while talking peace, drew upon themselves because of their severity hatred as well as fear, and because of their inconsistency contempt and disrepute. Russia had the peculiar advantage of being China's peaceful and best friend in Peking, and of being strong and relentless in Manchuria, where she could act alone.

The Powers and their representatives in China, in a most incomprehensible way, passed over the question, Is China entitled to be called a sovereignty, and, if so, who is her sovereign? Prior to the breaking off of diplomatic relations, on June 20th, 1900, the foreign Ministers had assumed that the Emperor, Kwang-hsü was sovereign, though in the *coup d'état* of 1898, the Empress Dowager had resumed the regency, through the alleged ill-health

and disability of the Emperor. Even if the Emperor was *de jure* ruler, the Empress Dowager was so *de facto,* and as such was accountable for the policy of war, bringing in its atrocities and the awful barbarities of 1900. If she was unsatisfactory to the Powers as the *de facto* ruler, they might have made some announcement in favor of the Emperor, and promised him every moral and material support. Instead of this, there was allowed the drifting of the boat with a helm working at each end, and sitting between, and learning from both, or more probably from neither, the insurgent Heir-Apparent, notorious son of the notorious Prince Tuan. The well known friendly disposition of the Emperor to men and methods conducive to peace, deserved better treatment. The adherence of the best men in China would have been secured if a pronunciamento by the Powers had been promulgated, something like the following: "Whilst we insist on the just punishment of all offenders against law and humanity, we are inclined to believe that the Emperor regarded with deep regret the uprising of the Boxers, and the determination of his Ministers and others to drive foreigners from the country, or to seek their extermination. The Manchu dynasty, which has sunk to such depths of shamelessness, we are ready to condone, and the future integrity of all China we are glad to maintain, if the rightful Emperor, Kwang-hsü returns to the capital, if he alone appoints plenipotentiaries to confer, and if he gives proof of intention and power to govern his people in harmonious relations with other nations, and with the full obligation to observe treaties which have been or shall be enacted. We call upon his people to assist in this proposition, just to him, best for them and safe for us all."

At the close of the Siege, there was an almost universal feeling of revulsion on the part of foreign residents in China against any recognition of the Empress Dowager. Very soon, countries like Russia and France began to make excuses for her, largely because the supposed theories of the Emperor more nearly conformed to Anglo-American sentiment. Others put the question aside. And when the foreign ministers, with surprising unanimity, and their wives proceeded to recognize the ruler, strange to say, the ruler they recognized was the Empress Dowager and not the Emperor. Such mild ductility has not tended to strengthen the essential objects of the Protocol.

After the relief of the Legations, a leading thought at home and in China was the punishment of offenders, particularly Boxer chiefs and official leaders. Germany, as was most fitting, sounded the key-note. Great Britain, and noticeably the United States, failed, at the outset, to sound the same note, though they might have sounded even a louder note in consideration of their own massacred countrymen, and so of their own national honor. American troops were instructed not to join in the expedition to Pao-ting-fu, although most of the foreigners massacred in that city were Americans. The task of avenging their deaths devolved on others. The impression that some of the Powers, and especially the United States, are indifferent to the safety of their own countrymen in China, has gradually grown among the Chinese.

To be lenient, to back down, has been construed as a sign of weakness inherent in the heterogeneous diplomacy of the concert of Powers. Even when punishment was effected by the Powers, their reputation for fairness has not been enhanced. Punishment, as distinctly proportionate to guilt, has either been regretfully given up or intentionally ignored. The Empress Dowager herself contributed one hundred thousand taels to the Boxers, after months of their glaring misdemeanors, of plunder, arson and murder. When the Governor, Yü Hsien, was removed from his post in the province of Shantung, early in 1900, through demands of five of the Powers, because of his instigation of the Boxer organization, the Empress Dowager specially honored him, and appointed him Governor in the Province of Shansi, where he afterwards perpetrated his cruel atrocities. As the China Association of London observed:

> "It may be expedient, for reasons of state, to guarantee the personal immunity of the Empress Dowager, how convincing soever the evidence of her complicity may appear. . . . The restoration of the Empress, in a word, means continued reaction, persecution and unrest. It is impossible."

And yet, we have the spectacle of our Ministers bowing to her as supreme, and our Legation ladies basking in her smiles and ecstatic over her gifts.

Three recognized leaders, not only in support of the Boxers, but in advocating attack on all foreigners, were Prince Tuan, his brother, Duke Lan (cousins of the Emperor), and General

Tung Fu Hsiang. These three men were not visited "with the severest punishment applicable to their crimes," while officials less active and less guilty, like Ch'i Hsiu, Ying Nien, and Chao Shu Chi'ao, were sentenced to death. From position, power and responsibility, if the Empress Dowager was not the most guilty, Prince Tuan certainly was. That the Powers yielded in demanding then or afterwards his full and proper punishment, lowered them at once in the eyes of all Chinese. I know of no country where there is more respect for fair-mindedness, for the faculty of discriminating correctly between right and wrong, for logical action, for adherence to principle rather than favoritism. But if foreigners fail here, the whole character of western civilization loses its claim to supremacy.

In the Protocol, next to reparation is the stipulation as to guarantees for future security. Four of the twelve articles, and part of another, have reference to this matter. The guarantees are, first, prohibition of the importation of arms for two years; second, the fortifying and guarding of the Legation area; third, the razing of certain forts between the capital and the sea; fourth, the establishment of military posts between Peking and the sea; and, fifth, the publication throughout the Empire of an imperial prohibition of membership in any anti-foreign society, and the decree that all officials, high or low, in whose jurisdiction anti-foreign disturbances may hereafter arise shall be dismissed from service. With the exception of the last point, all the stipulations relate primarily to the well-being of the Legations, while, as an actual fact, if the guilty officials are properly punished, and Peking is made to suffer, as it certainly has suffered, the foreign Ministers are the last ones to be endangered or to have cause to fear molestation. For the crime of attacking representatives of another Government the severest punishment should be exacted; but, when the question is that of guarantees against future outrages, the ones to be considered are not merely the official representatives in Peking, but all private individuals from abroad residing in the Empire under the guardianship of sacred treaties. The greater the provision for the security of the Ministers, indeed, the less will be the security of their nationals. Foreigners, even in Peking, outside the Legation area, are less secure than they were before.

If these stipulations were intended not so much to be guarantees

for the future as to be punishment for the past, their significance could be understood; but, even as such, there is a failure to discern when and where punishment should be inflicted. Swift, condign punishment, punishment inflicted on the reactionaries, even to the removal from office of a thousand of them, who in hating reform hated the foreigner, the rigorous following up of legitimate war, until the Imperial government should plead for peace with real submission, all this the Chinese expected, and the Allies might have effected. But as soon as peace began, the task of bringing humiliation should have ceased, and efforts at re-establishing harmonious relations should have begun. We may say that punishment has been too light, and we can also say that it has been too severe, for the reason that punishment was too often misplaced. The Powers, assuming from the first that their duty in waging warfare ended with the relief of the Legations, were naturally desirous of speedily opening peace negotiations. At the same time, the impression remained that the Chinese Imperial Government had acted in a criminal way and ought to suffer. The result was an aggravated case of "pin pricking" inflammation. China was affected with a gangrene which only the knife might relieve. Instead, it was pricked with an occasional needle and then plastered over. Most naturally, symptoms of eruption will appear elsewhere as serious as the first.

Another leading item in the negotiations relates to reparation through payment of an indemnity. If the indemnity is intended as a punishment, its *raison d'être* is easily understood. The Chinese themselves are accustomed to exact money as an equivalent for the punishment of misdeeds. Viewed in this light, the demand of the Powers for financial compensation is regarded as right, except that payment should be made by the guilty and not by the innocent. Viewed as reparation for losses, the demand is regarded as extravagant and the payment a hardship.

The hope of many has been that far-reaching benefits would result from the clause in the Preliminary Protocol which requires "the adoption of financial measures on the part of China, in order to provide for the payment of the indemnities and security for the loans." Many saw in this the beginning of fiscal reforms, which lie at the basis of Chinese future prosperity. But while the Maritime Customs is left intact under foreign management, and the native Customs at the ports is ordered to be placed under

the same management, no provision is made for introducing reforms into other departments of the government.

During the discussion of the question as to how China could meet the new indemnity, the Russian Minister proposed that the tariffs on imports should be increased, not merely to an effective five per cent., but to ten per cent. The United States seconded the idea, but under the condition that there be compensating commercial advantages. Mr. Rockhill, in a dispatch at the time to the State Department, said:

"The Russian Minister—and, I fancy, his French colleague will side with him—is most persistent in his desire to separate the financial from the commercial question here, while the Japanese Minister and myself are equally convinced that the two must be treated together, and that, if we make tariff concessions to China without securing settlement of the commercial questions, we lose the most powerful leverage we have here, and expose ourselves to years of desultory discussion with China before we may be able to settle one of the questions which so prejudicially affect foreign trade."

The one stumbling-block at that time was the British Minister, or, more strictly speaking, the British Government. Great Britain opposed the proposition, preferring to leave it to subsequent conference by newly appointed commercial commissioners.

When tariff on foreign goods came into operation forty years ago, one Haikwan, or customs, tael of silver was worth in gold $1.66, while now it is worth only about 75 cents. By reverting to the original rate of exchange, or by increasing the tariff to ten per cent. at the present rate of exchange, China would be treated as she was forty years ago, and would be almost able, by the increased revenue, to meet the annual installment of the indemnity. As it is, the revenues set apart, as guarantee of payment, have been stated to be insufficient, and, in consequence, extortionate taxes are being forced by the Mandarins on every province, all in the name of paying the hated foreigner. Will it be a wonder to any if, through such management, Chinese Mandarins on the one hand find new opportunities for their avariciousness and peculations, and foreigners, on the other hand, become more and more objects of Chinese hatred and animosity, until new uprisings of the people shall appear, directed in part against their corrupt officials and in the main against the hated foreigner?

If action to modify and increase the tariff had been taken at the time of completing the Protocol, not only would relief have

been given to the people from their burdens, but a *quid pro quo* in increased commercial privileges would have been secured. The following would have been the reforms: first, abolishment of the *likin*, a system detrimental to trade and the interests of foreign merchants; second, agreement to open up all the water-ways of China; third, provision for protecting foreign trade in the interior; and, fourth, arrangement for inaugurating, in all branches of revenue, a system of honest accounts and honest supervision, which in time might embrace the whole Empire in one reform.

The failure to extend commercial interests is only equalled by the total neglect of missionary interests. For the Ministers to have consented to consider such interests as these, it was not necessary to view missions from the stand-point of religion, but as legitimate interests of well-recognized societies, and even of corporations. Missionary enterprise has served to open up the country to the acceptance of new ideas, and of measures and men other than missionary. On the other hand, justly or unjustly, missionaries and their agencies have been criticised as the cause of much friction, and, in part, of the Boxer uprising. The Chinese officials, conscious of the fact that the missionary propaganda is a great enough factor to be reckoned with, have been anxious to devise methods for regulating missions in such a way as to produce harmony between Christians and non-Christians. The two Chinese plenipotentiaries in their first review of the Preliminary Protocol, made this statement:

> "The recent troubles are, of a truth, to be ascribed to lack of friendly feeling between Christians and non-Christians. While, on the one hand, these troubles afford ground for indicting past action, they, on the other, furnish a warning for the future and emphasize the necessity of framing a policy whereby permanent mutual benefit between the two classes may be insured."

The Foreign Ministers, however, would not take missionary interests into account, still less do anything to help them.

The Protocol, in several points, which at the time were deemed subsidiary but have since appeared important, was drawn up in language so obscure and indefinite that differences of interpretation would necessarily arise, and also, most naturally, a degree of friction and mutual recrimination.

In Article VI., for instance, it is stated: "By an Imperial edict, His Majesty, the Emperor of China, agreed to pay the Powers an

indemnity of four hundred and fifty million of haikwan taels." Then, immediately after, it is stated that "these four hundred and fifty million constitute a gold debt calculated at the rate of the haikwan tael to the gold currency of each country," the calculation being then given. Now, it happened that the rate of exchange, through a great fall in silver, has had a marked alteration, increasing the burdens of China. The Chinese have contended that they were to pay four hundred and fifty millions of taels only at the rate calculated in the Protocol, and in this they have been supported by the United States Government. The other Powers have argued that payment is to be made in gold, whatever the rate of the day.

Again, under the same article, it is said; "The beds of the rivers Peiho and Whangpu shall be improved with the financial participation of China." Article XI. enlarges on this point, and in the Annex appear the minute regulations on the conservancy of the Whangpu, the more important river of the two, leading up to the city of Shanghai. This river is within the jurisdiction of the viceroy at Nanking, Liu Kun Yi. He has maintained that he must be consulted in the affairs of his jurisdiction, especially when additional expenditures are concerned. On the general principle he may be in the wrong; but, considering the important service he rendered in maintaining peace in the Yangtse valley, it was not wise or becoming to ignore or irritate him in a matter that really appertained to his authority.

Once more, in Article VII. it is stipulated that a certain area in Peking shall be set apart as a Legation quarter, "in which Chinese shall not have the right to reside," and "for each Power to maintain a permanent guard in the said quarter for the defence of its Legation." It is natural for the Chinese, under such an arrangement, to resent the intrusion of these Legation guards into the non-Legation quarter, as is likely to occur when the guard is off duty or taking military exercise, and through the establishment of saloons and brothels for the special use of foreign soldiers. For once, the Chinese, and especially the Chinese soldiery, must be commended for their forbearance under most exasperating circumstances.

Finally, in Article IX. it is stipulated that the Powers may "occupy certain points for the maintenance of open communication between the capital and the sea"—one of the places being

Tientsin; and yet, through a peculiar kind of reasoning, foreign troops have not only occupied Tientsin as they do Peking, but for nearly a year after signing the Protocol, the Powers held on to the provisional government of Tientsin, and for a longer period the British have maintained military control of the railway from Peking to Tientsin and thence to Shan-hai-kwan, and the Russians military control of the railway from Shan-hai-kwan to New Chwang in Manchuria. The whole question of the evacuation of New Chwang and all Manchuria was purposely, and we might say fearfully, omitted from both the deliberations and the Protocol.

The outcome from these negotiations which is of deepest significance is the blow that has been struck at the sovereign independence of China. All the Powers have made haste to declare their determination to preserve the integrity of China; but of what use is the holding of China together and regarding it as a wonderful act of generosity on their part, if China is less able to govern herself, and her best attempts are handicapped by outside restrictions and ever increasing, ever tightening complications. What meaning is there in the "open door," if nothing is done to open the doors that are closed, or to make smooth the paths which lead to the doors already open? The restriction placed on the importation of arms, the dismantling of Chinese forts, the refusal to allow China to change at will her own tariff, the establishment of foreign fortifications in the capital, the rejection of propositions for settling the missionary question, and the placing of foreign military guards at points along the way from the capital to the sea, may all be necessary as considered by themselves, but they none the less weaken China's sovereignty, which being weakened anew will prove poor security in the overwhelming burdens and growing disorders of coming years.

While we may well hesitate to dogmatise on the kind of treatment best suited to China, after the awful upheaval of 1900, it can be safely said that the negotiations have failed, judged either as a policy of superior force, tending to frighten the people from a repetition of hostilities, or as a policy of magnanimity, intended to transform a nation of foreign haters into confiding friends.

GILBERT REID.

THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND DIFFICULTY.

BY JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ, PROFESSOR OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES IN VASSAR COLLEGE.

NEWFOUNDLANDERS have produced a large body of literature upon the French Shore controversy in which they complain of enduring great wrongs that England does not redress; that the aggressions of the French pass the limits of human endurance; that French rights are a monstrous imposition; that these rights are in the way of their provincial prosperity, etc. It may be peremptorily answered to all this, that France and England did not sign the treaties of Utrecht and of Versailles, upon which present Anglo-French relations in Newfoundland rest, with any regard for Newfoundlanders, but for imperial ends. Such as they are, with their manifest imperfections, these treaties must remain, until revised, the charters that determine the relations of the two peoples in Newfoundland.

Much must be forgiven these writers for their way of presenting the question. They live in an island without archives and without libraries. None of their historical writers were able to read, in the original, the document which is the basis of the decision of the points at issue; and no competent historian has, as yet, grappled with the earlier history of the island. Its cartography alone would suffice to prove that for a long time it was under the flags of France and England, just as the island of Borneo now belongs to England and Holland. Basque and French names predominate in the early maps, because the French were first in developing the fisheries. So important were they for France that, with every loss of territory in the New World, she tenaciously clung to them. The rights reserved to her by the Treaty of

Utrecht, in 1713, were therefore not concessions of the British, but the continuance of old privileges.

To understand the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, one must have some knowledge of the conditions of the island prior to this agreement. Great Britain looked upon Newfoundland not as an island to be worked for economic ends, but as a nursery of seamen which would so strengthen her naval population as to make her invincible at sea. Accordingly, the island was considered a great fishing station where, early in the spring, British fishermen went, and from which, late in the autumn, they returned to their English homes. Monopolies, and sometimes bounties, were given to English ship-owners who were to see that a large number of "green men" were trained for sea-faring life. There is no doubt that this course contributed to the naval greatness of England; hence the indomitable spirit with which it was pursued for so long a time. The greatest care was taken to prevent any of the fishermen from remaining on the island. The few who succeeded in evading the very stringent laws became the victims of the harshest measures. None were allowed to stay after the fishing season was over; they might not claim upon the coast so much as the scaffolding which they themselves had erected during the preceding year; nor could they settle or erect permanent structures within six miles of the shore. The policy of France was different. She not only permitted but even encouraged the permanent settlement of her subjects there. She was therefore a standing menace to the British policy. The Treaty of Utrecht involved the loss to the French of that part of the coast where they had permanent establishments, and also the loss of sovereignty over the parts of the island along which they had recognized fishery rights, though these rights were curtailed to harmonize with those of British fishermen. It was understood that the rights and practices of both would be similar. French fishermen were not allowed "to erect buildings" on their shore, neither were the British on theirs; they were not permitted to winter on the coast, neither were the British; they were not allowed to establish any permanent settlement, neither were the British. Fairness demanded that when the British removed these restraints from their own subjects they should have removed them also from the French.

The Treaty of Paris, in 1763, was the renewal, in so far as the French Shore was concerned, of the Treaty of Utrecht. At

that time, however, the British began to claim the right of fishing with the French. For that purpose they formed settlements on the coast reserved to France. This was a period of bitter controversies and quarrels between the two governments and the fishermen of both nations—a period interrupted by the American Revolution. The Treaty of Versailles, in 1783, again reasserted the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht. This time France, victorious, insisted upon the loyal interpretation of the first treaty, and she requested the removal of the settlements of Newfoundlanders which had been made on the French Shore. The King, for political reasons, complied with the request in a document now known as The Declaration, which reads as follows:

*"Pour que les pêcheurs des deux nations ne fassent naître des querelles journalières Sa Majesté Britannique prendra les mesures les plus positives pour prévenir que ses sujets ne troublent en aucune manière, par leur concurrence, la pêche des Français pendant l'exercise temporaire qui leur est accordé sur les côtes de l'île de Terre-Neuve, et elle fera retirer, à cet effet, les établissements sédentaires qui y seront formés. Sa Majesté Britannique donnera des ordres pour que les pêcheurs français ne soient pas gênés dans la coupe des bois nécessaires pour la réparation de leurs échafaudages, cabanes et bâtiments de pêche."**

"It is perfectly clear," says Judge Prowse, the latest historian of Newfoundland, "that the English envoy virtually promised to give France exclusive rights from Cape John to Cape Ray." It is perfectly clear, we would add, that the King of England recognized the exclusive rights of France upon the French Shore.

English and Newfoundland writers still claim that the fishery rights of France are "concurrent." Let any one read the French text—that is, the only text, as the Declaration was not written in English—and he will find in it the obvious exclusion of British fishermen. Were the rights of the French "concurrent" the Declaration is meaningless and inexplicable. If, after the controversies and quarrels that had taken place, the fishery was to be carried on as it had been after the Treaty of Paris, what was the

*"In order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give cause for daily quarrels, His Britannic Majesty will take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner, by their competition, the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it which is granted to them upon the coast of Newfoundland; and he will, for this purpose, cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed. His Britannic Majesty will give orders that the French fishermen be not incommoded in cutting the wood necessary for repairs of the scaffolds, huts, and fishing vessels."

use of the Declaration? Then, again, if those rights were "concurrent," they would have been so stated in the Treaty of Versailles, as they had been in the American Treaty a few months before. They would have been so stated in the Treaty of 1802, and in that of 1814 and 1815, as they were again in the Anglo-American Treaty of 1818. Had such "concurrent" rights existed after the former controversies, it is not reasonable to believe that they would have been mentioned in the American treaties, the first and last of a series of six treaties, and omitted in the second, third, fourth and fifth of the same series with France. Again, in the Anglo-American Treaty of 1782, the Americans have "the liberty to take fish of every kind on such parts of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use." The expression "such parts of the coast" shows that the British fishermen did not fish on all parts of the coast, and the parts reserved are those belonging to France. A statement by Fox in the British Parliament is conclusive on this point. As he was opposing the Anglo-American Treaty, he said, "We have granted to the Americans the privilege of fishing on the only part of Newfoundland which is left to us by our cession to France."

This exclusion of the British is also demonstrated by an Act passed in 1787 forbidding British fishermen to fish on the French Shore; by an Act in 1788 empowering the King and his Officers "to remove or cause to be removed any stages, flakes, train vats, or other work whatever, for the purpose to carry on fishery erected by His Majesty's subjects" on the French Shore; by an Act passed which excluded electoral franchise from extending over any portion of the French Shore; and by instructions to Governors and by their proclamations. That Newfoundlanders were excluded from fishing on this shore is equally evident from contemporary statements of Newfoundlanders. The following is from a letter addressed to Lord Bathurst:

"In the first place, my Lord, the garden, if I may be allowed to use the term, of Newfoundland fishing ground, extending from Cape Raye to Cape John, was given up to the French. This part of the coast had been upward of twenty years the principal resort of British fishermen, who had expended large sums in making the requisite erections; these they were compelled to abandon to their rivals without receiving the slightest remuneration; and a great portion of our fishermen have ever since been obliged to sail two or three hundred miles, passing the French Shore, to fish on the coast of Laborador."

The exclusive rights of France are sufficiently demonstrated by the organized efforts to overthrow them. Passing over in silence the performance of Albert Gallatin, which was a plea *pro domo sua* and which led to the Treaty of 1818, we find toward the eighteen-thirties an organized effort in St. John's to invade French fisheries. In 1829, the Chamber of Commerce of that city took steps in that direction, but the Governor warned them that he could not support them. In 1830, the matter was brought before the British Parliament. The discussions assume that the French are in the exclusive possession of the fisheries of the treaty-shore. During the following year, a vessel was fitted out in England to go to the French Shore as a test case. The French ordered it out, and no diplomatic protest was entered. In the Parliamentary debates which followed the course of France was approved by the Government. French fisheries were not interrupted by the participation of any other nationality. So strong was the movement, and so great the interests by which it was backed, that the English authorities were compelled to refer the matter to the Law Officers of the Crown. In 1835, that is after over fifty years of exclusive fishery by the French, their exclusive enjoyment of the fisheries was confirmed by the following decision of these high British legal authorities:

"We are of opinion, that the subjects of France have the exclusive right of fishery on the part of the coast of Newfoundland specified in Article V. of the Definitive Treaty, signed at Versailles on the 3rd September, 1783."

Englishmen often refer with legitimate pride to the independence of their judiciary. While their record in this respect is admirable, it would be erroneous to assert that their legal experts and judges have never been affected by popular feelings, especially when the prerogatives of foreigners were at stake. So great was the protest of interested parties at this time, and so well was the agitation organized, that the case of the French Shore was recommitted to the same Officers. The decision was the same as the first, only it was stated in such a way as to yield, at least in the form, something to the opposition. It runs as follows:

"If there were really good room, within the limits of the district in question, for fishermen of both nations to fish without interfering with each other, then we do not think this country would be bound to prevent her subjects from fishing there. It appears, however, from the Re-

port of Admiral Sir P. Halkett that this is barely practicable; and we are of opinion that, according to the true construction of the Treaty and Declaration, British subjects are precluded from fishing, if they thereby cause any interruption to the French fishery."

Newfoundlanders, usually unscrupulous in their use of texts, distorted this important document. They separated from the rest the words, "If there were really good room within the limits of the district in question for fishermen of both nations to fish without interfering with each other, then we do not think this country would be bound to prevent her subjects from fishing there." But the Law Officers, not wishing to leave the decision as to "good room" for the "fishermen of both nations" to any one else, decided themselves, basing their opinion upon the report of Sir P. Halkett, that this is not practicable, and that therefore the French are entitled to the exclusive rights. Newfoundlanders overlooked the real character of this decision and invaded French fisheries. In order to keep within the letter of the first part of the Second Decision, they were to retire as soon as the French intimated that they were in their way. When one remembers the kind of men that fishermen generally are,—no matter what their nationality—it must be clear that it was impossible to avoid the constant quarrels and feuds which the Declaration was intended to prevent. There can be no better demonstration *ab absurdo* of the untenableness of the interpretation of Newfoundlanders than the intolerable situation which they have created there. No British statesman would ever have signed, no British Parliament would ever have ratified and renewed three times, an international agreement to be thus interpreted.

Another, though a subordinate, point in the controversy is the nature of the fishery recognized in the Treaty. It is defined as "*piscaturam exercere*"—the exact equivalent of the English of the times, "to carry on fishery," and of the French "*faire la pêche.*" This French term is also the one used in the Declaration. The sense of "*piscaturam*" is to be established by the historical practice before and after the Treaty of Utrecht. We have abundant proof that the French caught herring, salmon and other fish —that in those days and upon those unpopulated and worthless shores fishermen enjoyed unlimited freedom. There were then none of our contemporary hair-splitting controversies, and fishermen caught anything which they deemed profitable. The terms

of the Treaty allow the taking of any creature living in water—whales, lobster, etc. Newfoundlanders, instead of using a correct translation, give as the equivalent of "*piscaturam exercere*," "to catch fish." It happens that the term "fish," in Newfoundland English, means "cod-fish." There is on record, in the island, the judicial decision that a salmon is not a fish. Such being the case, they naturally concluded that the French are not allowed to catch lobsters. The words used in the Treaty, "to carry on fishery," must be construed, in reference to the lobster, in the light of the practice of fishery as conducted by the nations. Now, the lobster is included in the piscatorial nomenclature of the Newfoundland Fisheries Commission. The United States Fish Commission includes also the lobster among the sea foods to be prepared for fish markets. Even though the term of the Treaty were "to catch fish," the position of Newfoundlanders would still be untenable. In the eighteenth century, except in strict scientific parlance, the lobster was considered a fish. The Catholic Church in ember-days uses it as a fish, and even in English law terms abound which refer to the lobster as a fish. Right as their claim was, the French would not have made any great opposition to this departure of Newfoundlanders had it not been a pretext to invade still further their prerogatives. In dealing with the "lobster factories," which have been one of the grievances, one must remember that everything in Newfoundland parlance is peculiar. A factory to us suggests a great industrial establishment, with machinery and important buildings; while the French "factories," so-called, are rough sheds, with a few movable utensils for cooking and canning lobsters. A fair and generous interpretation of the Treaty would tolerate them, but no possible interpretation can be found justifying the building of a score or more lobster factories which Newfoundlanders have erected. By the Declaration, the King of England asserts that he will remove the settlements "*qui y seront formés*"—he will not only remove those existing already, but also any formed there in the future.

These conclusions may seem hard for Newfoundlanders, but, as already said, the Treaty of Utrecht treated them as a neglectable quantity, and the Declaration has no greater consideration for them. Since that time, the population has increased from four or five thousand to over two hundred thousand. It has taken the helm of the political life of the island into its hands. Some of

the writers of this island now tell of French aggressions on their territories. This ought not to mislead intelligent readers. Which is more likely, that a small body of Frenchmen, who are there for a few months of each year, will encroach upon the privileges of the natives, or that the growing population of natives will encroach upon the rights of these few Frenchmen and try to push them out? As a matter of record it is true that upon this French Shore, which was to remain unsettled, the number of Newfoundlanders is twice or three times as large as the entire population of the island at the time of the Treaty of Utrecht. When Newfoundlanders accuse France of "aggression," and when Mr. Chamberlain speaks of her "pin-prick policy," they fail to grasp the long series of wrongs which the "wicked French" have endured at the hands of the "good British." After the Treaty of Utrecht, the English took advantage of the differences of cartographers in reference to Pointe Riche to deprive the French of nearly one-third of their Treaty Shore. The map used by the envoys at Utrecht, like many other maps of the time, had Pointe Riche where Cape Ray was supposed to be, and Cape Ray was meant in the Treaty. Even when this very map was found, the British declined to surrender the part of the coast unjustly taken. After the Treaty of Paris, the British forced upon the French the participation of British fishermen in the treaty-shore fisheries. The British claimed also the right to exercise coercive jurisdiction over the French fisheries—a claim which Lord Salisbury admitted, in a similar case in the Anglo-American controversy of 1880, to be untenable. They disturbed French fishermen by the harsh and vexatious measures of Governor Palliser. After taking from the Americans the fishery rights granted in 1782, the British accorded them rights, which did not belong to Britain, to fish along the French Shore. After the decisions of the Law Officers, the British allowed Newfoundlanders to invade French fisheries in manifest violation of those decisions. The British allowed Newfoundlanders to abuse the French on the occasions of the lobster controversies, of the Bait Act and of the burning of some of their establishments. The enumeration of these grievances of the French is useless in so far as the general issue is concerned, but it simply shows either the ignorance or bad faith of those who, in this great island, pose as the victims of their Gallic antagonists. It may be added that England has often had

more than her share of abuse from this island. For her uniform defence of Newfoundlanders, when they could possibly be defended, she deserves something better from them than abuse.

The writers of Newfoundland have been quite eloquent in speaking of the obstacles which the French place in the way of the development of the island. The question, however, may be asked, Why have Newfoundlanders not developed the parts of the island where the French are not? As to agriculture, their poor soil and cold climate are not favorable to it. Their crops scarcely ripen. Their land is so unfertile that, whenever fire has passed, it takes a long time for vegetation to spring up. When one remembers that this island is the oldest of England's colonies, and that its farm produce is still insignificant, one can have but little faith in its agricultural possibilities. The same thing so far has been true of its forestry. While France by her treaties has exclusive rights there, she has endeavored to use them in such a way as to make them stand as little as possible in the way of the progress of the island. She has exercised a toleration whereby over twelve thousand Newfoundlanders settled upon the treaty-shore. She has shown herself ready to make important concessions. By the Ford-Pennell Convention in 1884 an agreement was made between England and France giving Newfoundlanders the absolute and unrestrained use of the straight shores, making provisions for transportation and the general commercial interests of the coast. France was to keep the exclusive rights of fishing in the bays. This was a great concession on the part of France, but the Government of Newfoundland in favor of this arrangement was overthrown and the Ford-Pennell Convention was rejected with it. The reason for this, as given to the writer by representative citizens of the island, is that the bays are the best fishing-places. They value the fisheries—and rightly too—far more than the distant mirage of the great agricultural, mining and forestal wealth of the French Shore.

Newfoundland writers have laid stress upon the insignificant value of the French Shore to France and its great importance to them. When the matter of compensation is mentioned, they almost suggest that France's treaty rights do not deserve any. To this it may be answered that, if the fishery rights on the French Shore have so much potential utility to Newfoundlanders, then they have so much value. Political economy has never measured

the price of an article by its utility to the seller. If then these rights are so important for them, let them offer an adequate compensation. After the Treaty of Washington, authorized by the compensation clause, Newfoundlanders claimed from $120,000 to $160,000 a year from the United States for fishery privileges in Newfoundland. Now, if the United States had rights similar to those of the French upon the "Anglo-French-American Shore,"* as Mr. McGrath would have it, why did Newfoundlanders exact one million of dollars from the United States? The money was paid. When the award was announced in 1877, the Hon. A. V. Harvey, one of the most honored citizens of St. John's, found the sum too small. He said:

"There would hardly be a disputation that the fisheries between Cape Ray and Cape John were of more worth than the combined fisheries of the neighboring colonies, and if upon that principle the award had been decided, we should have received two millions five hundred thousand dollars."

In this instance the British were making the Americans pay for rights which belonged to the Americans, so far as Great Britain was concerned, by the treaty of 1818. The strange part of it is that she granted rights where she had none; and then she allowed her subjects to ask compensation years after for the full exercise of the rights she had granted. The importance of this act of international duplicity is that, when it was perpetrated, Newfoundlanders freely and frankly expressed their minds upon the real financial value of French fishery rights.

France has all along borne the unjust and unfair attacks of Newfoundlanders in a tolerably good spirit—though not that of turning the other cheek. The speeches in the British Parliament have abundantly recognized her patience in dealing with this question. She has a large population which depends upon her fisheries. M. Louis Legasse, the delegate of St. Pierre Island to the Superior Council of French Colonies, stated in a report to the Minister, in Paris, that over 40,000 persons in France depend upon the Newfoundland fisheries. It is true that only a part of the fishermen are on the French Shore, but the fisheries cannot be disturbed in any part without disturbing the whole. Setting aside their economic importance and the little bit of historic

* See article by Mr. McGrath in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January, 1902.

sentiment which clusters about them, they perform a national function of transcendent importance. They encourage and keep up seafaring life among the populations of the western coast of France. They furnish able, well-trained men, with sea instincts of many generations in the blood, for naval service. Therefore, regardless of economic importance, these treaty rights and their use make for the naval strength of the nation.

That the Treaty of Utrecht ought to be revised is generally admitted, but it ought to be done by men capable of gauging the old conditions and of giving corresponding values in the circumstances of our own times. France would doubtless be willing to make such a revision, or to sell her rights for an adequate compensation, but she would resent an attempt at coercion.

If the claims of France are wrong, then why should not Newfoundlanders consent to arbitrate the points at issue? Why not allow an independent court of arbitration, after the most sweeping search for evidence and the collection of all the data which bear upon the whole matter, to decide upon the contention? Newfoundlanders wish to be judges when they are only a party in the controversy. Judge Prowse says: "Most Newfoundlanders are afraid of arbitration; England is always on the losing side." The words of the Judge mean that Newfoundlanders do not dare to present their case before a competent court. Furthermore, they contain the most cruel insult which could be thrust in the face of England. Were it true that England, when she appears before the distinguished European judges selected to arbitrate, "is always on the losing side," it would seem that her contentions must always be wrong. There is not a shadow of doubt that, in this case, were England to voice the claims on the French Shore as her subjects do, she would be "on the losing side." It would be better to recognize now the evident exclusive rights of France. M. Delcassé has told the writer that the Foreign Office no longer denies them. Were it otherwise, it would be worth while for Great Britain to refer the interpretation of the treaties to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague, for then she could face France or her subjects in the island with the greater moral power.

JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

BY CHARLES H. STEVENSON.

UNLIKE the mineral, forestry and agricultural resources of the country, the fisheries can be appropriated and conserved by individuals only in part, and consequently must in a large measure be maintained by the Government for the use of the people in common. The term "fisheries" is here used in its broad and popular sense, signifying the exploitation of all products of the seas, rivers and lakes, including the taking of mollusks, crustaceans, sponges, aquatic mammals, etc., as well as of fish proper.

The responsibility for conserving and developing the fisheries of America is entrusted to the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, or, as it is generally known, the United States Fish Commission. The purpose of this article is to set forth briefly the origin of this branch of the Government service, the general work which it has in hand and some of the accomplished results.

While the present organization and functions are the result of various enactments of Congress made from time to time during the last thirty years, the original enactment establishing the Commission was a joint resolution approved on January 9th, 1871. For several years immediately preceding that date, there had been a great scarcity in the supply of food-fish on the Atlantic seaboard, and especially along the coast of southern New England. The States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were especially interested, and each appointed a legislative committee to investigate the matter. The reports of these committees differed greatly, and the controversy became so extended, that many prominent individuals and scientific associations whose intimate acquaintance with the subject entitled them to recognition urged upon Congress the necessity of a careful inquiry into the cause of the decrease, and the requisite remedial measures. In response thereto

Congress provided for the appointment, from among the civil officers of the Government, of one person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fishes of the coast, to be Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to serve without additional salary, whose duty it should be to investigate and report to Congress whether any and what diminution had occurred in the quantity of food-fishes on the coast and lakes of the United States, the causes of the same, and whether any and what protective, prohibitory or precautionary measures were required.

The qualifications and restrictions relative to the appointee to the office practically limited the choice to Professor Spencer F. Baird, then assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and in charge of the National Museum. Indeed, it was to provide especially for his appointment that the bill was thus phrased. On the appropriation of $5,000 to meet the necessary expenses of the investigation, he immediately secured a corps of assistants and entered upon the inquiry.

So impressed was Congress with the importance of the work inaugurated that, in the following year, an appropriation of $5,000 was made to continue the investigations during the year 1873, and $15,000 was provided for the introduction of shad into the waters of the Pacific coast, of the Gulf States, and of the Mississippi Valley; and of salmon, white-fish, and other useful food-fishes into American waters to which they are adapted.

This was not the origin of fish-culture in America. The artificial fertilization and hatching of fish-eggs had been discovered in Germany more than a century before, but it did not attract much attention until the success of the work in France about 1850. The subject met with considerable favor in the United States; and, previous to 1872, several States maintained hatcheries for the purpose of stocking their respective waters. Most prominent among these were Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Maine and California.

The fish-hatching work of the Commission met with such popular approval and was productive of so great benefits that, in each succeeding year, the appropriations were renewed on a gradually increasing scale; and in a few years the United States Fish Commission ranked foremost among the fish-cultural organizations of the world.

The investigations of the fishery problems were likewise con-

tinued and extended in scope from time to time. In the first ten years, these were conducted principally on the New England coast, although valuable work was done elsewhere. Headquarters were established at some point on the coast, usually at a different place each year; and the biological and economic investigations were carried on together by the Commissioner and his staff of assistants, which consisted almost entirely of volunteers, and principally of well-known specialists and advanced students from institutions of learning. In 1881, a permanent station was established at Woods Holl, Massachusetts, and since then most of the biological work on the New England coast has been conducted at that place.

While the collection of statistical data was an important part of the first work of the Commission, the inquiry was restricted to special regions and did not cover the coast in a comprehensive manner. Owing to the limited means available, it was not possible to do much work on this line until 1879, when arrangements were made with the Director of the Tenth Census whereby the Commission was financially aided in making a comprehensive investigation of the commercial fisheries of the entire country. Not only were the economic conditions canvassed, but a large amount of data was secured relative to the biology and natural history of the objects of fishery pursuit. Those data were published in seven quarto volumes, which included nearly all that was then known relative to the fisheries and fishery industries of the United States.

The work continued along these lines, gradually increasing in scope and efficiency, until the death of Professor Baird on August 19th, 1887. Dr. G. Brown Goode succeeded him in the assistant secretaryship of the Smithsonian, and at the request of the President he temporarily assumed the commissionership.

The sixteen years of Professor Baird's wise and energetic management may be regarded as the experimental and developmental period of the Commission, and a necessary preliminary step to the more practical and extensive operations of the last fifteen years. A large amount of biological and economic data had been obtained for trustworthy guidance and the culture of fish had passed from an experimental to an industrial stage. A corps of trained biologists, economists, and fish-culturists had been brought together, and the equipment secured for carrying on the work comprised

two steamers, one schooner, and sixteen hatching stations, with the necessary outfit and appliances.

During the whole of Professor Baird's term as Commissioner, he had served as assistant secretary and later as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and he also had charge of the National Museum; and a similar condition prevailed while Dr. Goode was Commissioner. These offices, however, had grown far beyond the scope of one man's direction. Consequently, on January 20th, 1888, the law was modified to permit the appointment of a Commissioner who should give his entire and undivided attention to the work, thus freeing the office from intimate association with any other department of the Government service.

Following this enactment, Colonel Marshall McDonald was appointed Commissioner, and served until his death on September 1st, 1895. He was succeeded by the Hon. J. J. Brice, and in 1898 the latter was succeeded by the present Commissioner, the Hon. George M. Bowers. In the meantime, the work of the Commission has greatly increased, and is now more than twice as extensive as it was in 1887, a very large part of this increase, especially in fish-cultural work, having occurred within the last four years.

The origin and development of the Commission having been outlined, it now remains to describe the organization and its principal functions. Aside from the general administrative offices, which need not be noted here, there are three large divisions which correspond to the three principal functions of the service. These are (1) the Division of Inquiry respecting Food-Fishes and Fishing Grounds, (2) the Division of Fisheries, and (3) the Division of Fish-Culture. This organization is based on the different kinds of work to be performed; and while the three divisions are entirely separate and distinct, each having its responsible head and personnel, they work in harmony and mutually aid one another in forwarding the general fishery interests. The work of each of these will be set forth separately.

(1) *The Division of Inquiry respecting Food-Fishes and Fishing Grounds.* The principal work of this division is a study of the fishes and other objects of fishery pursuit, including their embryology and life history, their food, diseases, conditions of growth, methods of culture, etc., and likewise the biological and physical characteristics of the seas, lakes, and rivers in which they occur. In order to understand the various fishery problems, it is

necessary to know the life history of all aquatic animals and plants, and it is equally important to understand the physical conditions of the water, such as density, currents, temperature, etc. These inquiries are conducted with a view to practical results and conclusions rather than the advancement of science, although it is the policy of the Commission to afford every reasonable means for advancing knowledge of aquatic biology.

The work of this division is performed by a corps of scientific naturalists and biologists, whose training qualifies them to deal with the problems involved. In addition to the regular personnel, most efficient services are rendered by volunteers, including some of the most skilful of American specialists.

A large part of the investigations are prosecuted at the marine biological stations maintained at Woods Holl, Massachusetts, and Beaufort, North Carolina. These are resorted to by eminent zoölogists from all parts of the country, who avail themselves of the facilities there afforded for studying aquatic biology; and the Commission has the benefit of the many important investigations there carried on. In addition to this, field parties are assigned to various parts of the country to study special problems, and to develop knowledge of the resources of the waters and the geographical distribution of aquatic products.

Many experiments relating particularly to extension of the fishery resources are likewise conducted. Among the special experiments in progress at the present time are those relating to the growing of sponges from cuttings, the rearing of lobsters, the cultivation of clams, and the fattening of oysters for market.

An important work of this division since 1887 has been a systematic survey of the oceanic fishing grounds, especially those not previously exploited, in order to make the present resources known to the fishery interests. This work has been performed largely by the vessels owned by the Commission. In accordance with the law, and through the courtesy of the Secretary of the Navy, naval officers have been detailed to these vessels, an arrangement which has resulted in mutual benefit to the two branches of the service.

(2) *The Division of Statistics and Methods of the Fisheries.*— For the sake of brevity this division is commonly known as the Division of Fisheries. Its function is also that of investigation; and while the work of the Division of Inquiry respecting Food-

Fishes and that of the Division of Fisheries may overlap in certain particulars, yet in general the former relates especially to conserving and extending the aquatic resources, while the latter is concerned with the best and most extensive utilization of those resources. This division deals with the economic phases of the fisheries themselves, such as the collection of statistical data, the study of the apparatus and methods of capture with special reference to their utility and their effect on the fisheries, the best methods of utilizing the products, the effects of fishery legislation and international fishery relations, and all other matters affecting the economy of aquatic resources. The work is carried on by trained experts who visit the fishery sections to study the conditions, while in some important centres special agents are permanently located.

The collection of statistical data constituted a part of the work of the Commission from its origin. The Halifax Convention of 1877, which determined the amount of the award to be paid by the United States to the Canadian Government on account of the privileges granted by the Treaty of Washington, emphasized the necessity of having at hand accurate and comprehensive statistics of the fisheries and the impossibility of judicious legislation without them. It has been confidently asserted by persons whose experience qualifies them to speak, that the results of that convention would have been far different, and the United States would not have been called upon to pay the award of $5,500,000, if it had possessed such statistical data as are now available.

Since 1888, the small amount of funds available annually for this work has enabled the division to make a canvass of the entire country every four or five years, and thus keep a fairly continuous record of the condition in every section. These data furnish a guide for determining the direction and results of fish-culture, and they are also of the greatest service in the study of fishery problems and in connection with fishery legislation.

The work of this division also includes a study of the apparatus and methods of the fisheries, with a view to discouraging the use of those which are especially injurious, and the introduction of full information relative to the most approved methods of capture devised in this and other countries.

Another important function of the Division of Fisheries is the dissemination among American fishery interests of information

relative to the utilization of fishery products, including methods of refrigeration, drying, pickling, canning, and other processes of preservation for food, and also their employment in the arts and industries. This is a very broad and important subject, and it is receiving special attention in the divisional work. The thorough utilization of the present resources is no less important than the extension of those resources. In few countries has greater care been given to the preparation of fishery products than in America; yet there are many additional methods that could be employed advantageously. Numerous products highly valued in Europe and Asia are never used here, although abundant in our waters, and a large part of our resources are undeveloped through a failure to appreciate and follow the foreign methods. Herring, for instance, is one of the most abundant species on the American coast, obtainable nearly every season in much larger quantities than can be handled; yet the United States imports annually over $2,000,000 worth of herring products. Millions of dollars worth of oil, fertilizer, glue, skins, shells, seaweeds, etc., are annually wasted in this country through a lack of information as to the proper methods of manufacture. The use of the Mississippi pearl-shells illustrates the importance of this work. Twelve years ago they were of no market value whatever. The method of using them in button-manufacture was then introduced, and that industry now employs over 5,000 persons in America.

The prosperity of the fisheries is likewise enhanced by extending the foreign fishery trade. In case of some products, the foreign demand is of as much importance as the home market, and the fluctuations in that demand are of great consequence to the fishery interests. The value of our annual exports of fishery products approximates $7,000,000, but that it is not nearly so great as it might be is apparent from the fact that more than $100,000,000 worth of fishery products are imported into various foreign countries. The Division of Fisheries devotes considerable attention to this subject, studying the foreign markets, the prevailing trade conditions, the special articles that may be disposed of, and the particular methods of preparation suited to the foreign demand.

(3) *The Division of Fish-Culture.*—The work of this division consists in the hatching and distribution of fish for the maintenance and increase of existing fisheries, and for the establishment of new resources. As regards the amount of money expended and

the number of persons employed, this is by far the most extensive branch of the service, although it was not contemplated when the Commission was established.

This division now operates thirty-five hatcheries, four railroad cars for distribution, and an extensive equipment for carrying on the work. Two stations in Maine, at Green Lake and Craig Brook, are used for cultivating the Atlantic and landlocked salmon for distribution in New England and adjacent territory. At Gloucester and Woods Holl, Massachusetts, cod, lobster, flat-fish, and other marine species are propagated. The hatching operations of the steamer "Fish-Hawk" in Delaware River, Battery Station and Bryan Point in Maryland, Edenton in North Carolina, and the stations in Washington, D. C., are devoted principally to shad, which are distributed all along the Atlantic seaboard. Hatcheries on the Great Lakes at Cape Vincent, New York; Put-in-Bay, Ohio; Detroit, Alpena, and Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; and Duluth, Minnesota, are devoted to white-fish, pike perch, lake trout, lake herring, etc. At St. Johnsbury, Vermont; Nashua, New Hampshire; Wytheville, Virginia; Erwin, Tennessee; Cold Spring, Georgia; Northville, Michigan; Quincy, Illinois; Manchester, Iowa; Neosho, Missouri; San Marcos, Texas; Leadville, Colorado; Spear Fish, South Dakota; and Bozeman, Montana, the work is principally with brook trout, black-spotted trout, grayling, rainbow trout, black bass, crappie, bream, and the like. Six stations are maintained on the Pacific seaboard for the cultivation of the various Pacific salmon.

The output of fish fry and eggs from these hatcheries during the year ending June 30th, 1902, amounted to 1,488,673,000. The principal species were as follows—white-fish, 594,490,000; pike perch, 237,099,000; cod, 212,001,000; flat-fish, 168,133,000; shad, 104,986,000; lobster, 81,020,000; salmon, 53,599,000; lake trout, 27,257,000; brook trout, 6,142,000; grayling, 1,785,000; and rainbow trout, 1,183,000. Of yearling and adult fish 6,870,000 were distributed, the principal items being 2,006,000 shad, 1,488,000 black-spotted trout, 735,000 crappie, 606,000 sunfish, 492,000 rainbow trout, 437,000 brook trout, 381,000 salmon, 262,000 black bass, 77,000 steel head trout, and 37,000 rock bass.

The results attendant upon these fish-hatching and distribution operations have been exceedingly gratifying. Millions of pounds of fish are now captured in waters originally stocked by the Com-

mission, and equally favorable results have followed plantings made in native waters for the purpose of restoring depleted fisheries. Thousands of small lakes and streams throughout the country are now supplied with food and game fish entirely new to those waters. On the Pacific coast the results are especially striking. The small plantings made there of shad and striped bass have resulted in making these non-indigenous fish abundant along a large section of the coast. The confidence placed in fish-culture by the salmon interests on the Pacific is practically universal, and some of the canners have even established private hatcheries at their own expense.

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that the perpetuation of the extensive shad fisheries on the Atlantic seaboard is largely the result of artificial propagation. The adverse agencies, such as dams across the rivers, sawdust, chemicals, and other refuse, and the extensive fisheries, have reduced natural reproduction to almost an insignificant factor in the maintenance of the fisheries, and make them almost wholly dependent on artificial propagation. The increased catch of shad since 1880, when the results of hatching operations began to appear, now approximates 8,000,000 in number annually. At twenty-five cents each, which is about the average price paid by consumers, this represents an increase in value of $2,000,000, fifty times the outlay for shad propagation.

The work of fish-culture has met with so much success that many persons consider it more advisable to spend money for the hatching and distribution of fish, with a view to making them so abundant that they may be caught without risk of depleting the resources, than to spend an equal amount in policing and restricting the fisheries with a similar object in view.

A consideration of the work already accomplished by the Commission in its several departments recently drew from a prominent Congressman and financier, a member of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and therefore competent to speak, the statement that "there is no expenditure on the part of the Government which results in greater economic benefit to the country at large than that applied to fostering the fisheries."

CHARLES H. STEVENSON.

CANADA'S GROWING COMMERCIAL INDEPENDENCE.

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

JUDGED by existing conditions, financial and commercial, and the promising prospect for the future, which the people of Canada regard as a certainty, no greater service was ever done by one country to another than has been rendered to Canada by the United States by the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1867, and the persistent refusal of the United States Senate to renew it, ever since, notwithstanding numerous applications in various forms. This is a fact which it is difficult to realize without an accurate knowledge of the circumstances in which Canada now finds herself, as a self-reliant, permanently prosperous, and commercially independent nation. Thrown upon her own resources, and denied access for her natural products to her nearest market by the United States tariff, Canada appears to have come forward into active competition with the United States in the markets of the world, with such success in certain lines peculiar to the United States that this country must needs make extraordinary efforts in order to maintain its boasted position as *the* food-provider of the world.

The prosperous condition of Canada is exemplified by the Annual Report of the Department of Trade and Commerce of the Dominion. The aggregate foreign trade of 1902, as compared with that of 1895, had increased in the enormous proportion of ninety-one per cent., while the total trade showed a gain of above $70 *per capita*,—probably the largest proportionate gain ever made by any nation—far greater than that of the United States, even in the recent years of her great prosperity. This, of course, does not represent quantity, but only proportionate gain, per head of population; but, as will be seen later on, the magnitude of the

country and its powers of producing and handling food products are such that it will not be long before the quantity also will be equally astonishing.

Thus, if, in an article so peculiarly representing this country as cheese, and so important to Great Britain as an article of consumption, Canada, in a few short years, has made American cheese take a second place and put her own in the first, by the excellence of her product, what may not be expected in the matter of grain, such as wheat, or even of flour? The excellence of the article, as the result of individual effort, or its adaptation to the needs or the tastes of certain localities, has a deciding effect in its sale, and Canada has, so far, proved her capacity to produce a superior and more popular article than her competitors. This is exemplified by the demand in English markets for Canadian bacon, which commands the highest price there, because Canadian pigs are fed in small numbers on sound, ripened peas in farmyards, and not by the thousand, in slaughter-houses, on heated corn, as is sometimes the practice in the enormous establishments of Chicago and the West.

How far the demand for Canadian goods in Great Britain has been stimulated because of the attachment of the Canadian people to the British Crown, can never be shown by statistics; but it is a fact that the extraordinary loyalty displayed by Canada, during the recent war in South Africa, has been influential in promoting the sale of Canadian products in the Mother-country. This result has been greatly influenced by the preferential reduction, amounting to twenty-five or thirty per cent., in the tariff duties on British goods imported into Canada, a concession which Canada voluntarily made two years ago. The sale of Canadian goods in England was doubtless promoted also by the sympathy which was felt for Canada, in being so frequently and persistently denied free admission to the United States for the surplus of her natural products, such, for instance, as fish and potatoes, by an aggressive tariff law, while, at the same time, Great Britain admitted free of duty, to the greatest market in the world—to the only market, in fact, competent to absorb it—the vast excess production of the United States.

The sapient Senators in Washington do not seem to have realized that, while they denied reciprocity and free admission to five million dollars' worth of natural products, solely available for

food for their own people, from Canada, which comprises forty per cent. of the area of the British Empire, this country has relied upon the remaining sixty per cent. of the same Empire for a market for its excess production—over five hundred million dollars' worth every year.

That this condition should continue is hardly to be anticipated, especially in view of the belief, which exists in Canada to-day, that any legislation in the United States, in which Canada has any concern, has as its ultimate intention the idea of forcing Canada into the Union—a consummation intensely obnoxious to the great majority of Canadians. In the history of commonwealths, never has greater loyalty been shown than exists to-day in Canada to the British Crown. It can be compared to nothing less than a deep and sincere religious belief, imbibed with the mother's milk, and fostered at every stage and by every circumstance. No sacrifice, even to life itself, appears too serious to be undertaken to maintain the relation to the Mother-country, as was shown by the extraordinary eagerness of the Canadian volunteers in South Africa, and the willingness of the Canadian parents to send forth their offspring to fight the battles of the Queen and maintain the integrity of the Empire. With such a sentiment prevailing, is it any wonder that the proposal to forfeit allegiance to Great Britain presents no temptation to Canadians?

Annexation to the United States is unpopular and universally disapproved in Canada, not because the Canadians are not attracted by the Americans—though they have had good occasion to distrust their legislative sincerity,—not because they love the "Yankees" (as Americans are universally termed) less, but because they love themselves more, and propose to shape their own future in the magnificent possibilities before them in governing and developing what they conceive to be the greatest country under the sun.

The Dominion comprises more space on the earth's surface than every State in the Union combined,—a fact which was stated in these pages, by the writer, ten or twelve years ago, but which has really never been realized in regard to legislation. It is not only the larger of the two countries, but, because of its enormous volume of minerals, and, specially, because of its food-producing lands, it is believed by Canadians to be the richer. Omitting the possessions of both countries in Alaska, Canada has five hundred

thousand square miles more of land available than the United States; besides, it has more than half the fresh water of the globe within its borders and within its control—a fact of supreme importance, as will be seen later on, when its geographical location and the grades of its rivers are realized. This five hundred thousand square miles of land comprises Northwest Canada, rendered available within the last twenty years through the operations of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has made all Canada accessible. This region is said to be extremely rich in food productiveness, so much so that now it is becoming very attractive to emigrants from the United States, owing to the exhaustion of American soil in Minnesota and other pivotal producing points; and it is inferred, from non-statistical data, that there is a volume of emigration now trending toward the Canadian Northwest that will fully equal that which is received by the United States from all points abroad within a short period.

The following extract from an official document demonstrates the quality of the productiveness of the soil:

"*Wheat.*—71 varieties tested; days to mature, 103 to 108; yields ranged from 62 to 67 bushels per acre; Minnesota's average yield, 17 bushels.

"*Barley.*—30 varieties tested; days to mature, 38 to 93; yields ranged from 59 to 68 bushels to the acre.

"*Oats.*—63 varieties tested; days to mature, 99 to 103; yields ranged from 130 to 147 bushels to the acre.

"*Peas.*—57 varieties tested; days to mature, 103 to 113; yields ranged from 58 to 66 bushels to the acre.

"*Fodder Corn.*—34 varieties tested; planted in May and cut in September; height from 127 to 138 inches; yields ranged from 24 to 36 tons to the acre."

As to the exhaustion of American soil for settlement it is a fact that so rapid has been the demand for land, and so extravagant have been the railway grants, that very little of the desirable public domain remains for settlement. This fact was recently pointed out in Minneapolis by Mr. C. C. Webber, in an address before the annual convention of the National Agricultural Implement Manufacturers of the United States, a prudent, careful man, well informed on what he says. Mr. Webber, as representing a leading plow manufacturing company, has had abundant opportunity for observing this matter, and his utterances therefore are worthy of careful consideration. The places he mentions

are the four great provinces comprising the great Canadian wheat fields. He spoke as follows:

"The rapid disappearance of our government and railroad land within the rain belt has brought our people to a realizing sense of the value of good farming land. The district that is now attracting so much attention lies north of Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana, and comprises the provinces of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, with a total area of about 375,000 square miles, and if Athabasca be included, in which is situated the Pease River valley, where good crops are raised, it will add 104,500 square miles. Not all of this is good agricultural land, but much of it is. The rich soil and long hours of sunshine during the summer months have much to do with the fertility of this northern region, and as the mountain district is reached, the severity of the weather is tempered by the warm breezes from the Pacific. This territory raised for export in 1902, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat, to say nothing of oats, barley, flax, etc."

Opinions differ sharply as to the eventual output of these regions because of early frosts; but, inasmuch as last year sixty million bushels of grain have been harvested and marketed, and as emigrants are pouring in in large numbers into those regions, we are compelled to accept, for the moment, the evidences that are available as to the effectiveness of the climate.

So that Canada, in addition to the trade which she has built up abroad, has a large source of revenue from emigrants daily arriving, generally with means sufficient to cultivate the soil to the greatest advantage. The emigrants having had experience in the settlement of the United States, are admirably adapted to succeed, if success is possible.

As a grain grower Canada possesses an inestimable advantage over her competitors, in the matter of cheap and ready transportation for her products to the seaboard. By means of a ship canal from the foot of Lake Huron, by way of the Ottawa River, to the St. Lawrence River at Montreal,—straight as a bird flies,—and thence by Lake Champlain, through the proposed Richelieu Canal, to the Hudson River, a thousand miles of transportation will be saved over present routes; and because of her ownership of half the fresh water of the globe, Canada, while the greatest grower, bids fair to be also the readiest transporter and exporter of food products.

But, in addition to grain growing and food producing, Canada possesses a vast element of wealth in vast areas of paper-pulp

wood; and, with the water power she possesses, she is admirably equipped to prepare the pulp for paper manufacture. The pulp area extends from the interior of Labrador, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia, west and northwest to Alaska in an immense area north of the St. Lawrence valley and the prairie sections, almost up to the Arctic circle. The pulp area, which is estimated to comprise four hundred and fifty millions of acres, is sufficient to supply the world with paper stock for ages to come, and has been and is a continual source of revenue to Canada, especially beneficial and helpful to the new settler.

Reference has been made to the fact that Canada possesses half of the fresh water of the globe, and this fact, taken in connection with unlimited supply of pulp wood, may have very unusual significance in regard to the manufacture of paper, of which Niagara Falls and the enormous development at Sault Ste. Marie at the foot of Lake Superior are suggestive. Places never heard of before are now centres of great activity because of the power concentrated there and the possibility of transmitting it by electricity. Thus at Shawinigan Falls and at Chambly on the Richelieu River are power-producing plants, transmitting, in the first instance, seventy-five thousand horse-power, and in the latter twenty-five thousand horse-power, eighteen to seventy-five miles.

This unknown and cheap water-power will be extraordinarily influential in the manufacturing of an article of such universal use as is paper, and articles in which paper is an element, among which are the following: Pails, dishes and other hollow ware, paper parchment, cotton wool for hospital dressings, cotton yarn and cloth, silk yarn and fabrics, cigar boxes, medals, cornices, panels and other architectural details, picture frames, car wheels, steam pipes, water pipes, telegraph poles, electric conduits, roofing material, coffins, boats, cigar holders, carpets, mattresses, lead pencils, artificial straw, shoe heels, vases and ornaments, furniture, horse-shoes, spools and bobbins, tool handles, buttons, cycle bar handles, fruit cans, hats, pinions for machinery, pulleys, letters for signs, substitutes for building stones and for boards, piano cases, tiles, paving blocks, fibre chamois, etc. It has also been used for encasing broken arms and legs.

Canada appears to possess in this universal development of water-power all over the Dominion extraordinary facilities for manufacturing of all descriptions. It is, therefore, important to

ascertain what sources of minerals she possesses ready at hand. The following synopsis is derived from the best informed source:

"Almost every mineral and metal known can be found in Canada, and a number of the most valuable products exist here in quantities not exceeded anywhere else in the world; take, for instance, the metals iron, copper, lead, nickel, gold, silver, zinc, manganese, and the non-metallic minerals, coal, petroleum, natural gas, salt, corundum, asbestos, gypsum, cements, phosphates, mica, slate, etc."

Rich ores of iron abound all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Among many localities, may be mentioned Texada Island, between Vancouver Island and the mainland; several places along the Crow's Nest line of the Canadian Pacific Railway system; the Atikokan district, about seventy miles west of Thunder Bay; the Iron Lake, Frances and Helen hematite mines near the northeastern angle of Lake Superior, extensive deposits of rich ores in various parts of the country between Lake Ontario and the Ottawa River, and in the valley of this stream; besides many others of different kinds of iron ore in the provinces of Quebec and Nova Scotia, and on the east side of Hudson Bay and in the Labrador peninsula (which is 1000 miles across).

Canada possesses coal enough to supply the world. Although the limits of her enormous coal-fields in the Northwest territories, and in the mountainous country extending from the State of Washington to beyond the Arctic circle, have not yet been accurately defined, they probably exceed those of the United States and consequently of any other country in the world. It is a remarkable and important fact that, while the United States possesses no coal-fields on the shores of either ocean, Canada has rich mines capable of great development at tidewater in Nova Scotia on the Atlantic, and on Vancouver Island on the Pacific.

An efficient Geological Survey on practical lines, with about fifty officers, is carried on by Canada under Dr. Robert Bell, F.R.S., to whom the reader is indebted for the foregoing limited synopsis of Canada's mineral situation.

Reciprocity between the United States and Canada has never appealed to the good sense of either people to a sufficient degree to afford a practical test of its possibilities, and the independent attitude of Canada to-day makes the probability of such a test more remote than ever. For, under present conditions, Canada is not likely to renew her overtures for unrestricted trade relations

with the United States. She appears to be going forward, self-reliantly, to build up her own trade and develop her own resources, and with such success that her people are, to-day, not only entirely independent of the United States, but, also, comparatively indifferent to any tariff legislation of the government at Washington.

It is true that the Joint High Commission, appointed by the two governments, is still in existence, although its meetings were abruptly suspended two years ago, by circumstances relating to the Alaskan boundary and which had no connection with the reciprocity idea; but it is true that the members of the Commission have, by no means, abandoned hope of future action; and such propositions as have been made on the behalf of either government, are still open to acceptance. But it would need an attractive offering to overcome the growing sentiment of Canadian independence of the United States, and the desire for realization of the advantages which equip that country to compete successfully for supplying the food of the world.

It may be that a solution of the whole question, in default of Reciprocity being achieved, will be found in the suggestion for the establishment of a Zollverein in North America, like the famous customs union of Germany. No great difficulties appear to stand in the way of such an arrangement,—certainly none as great as confronted the framers of the German customs alliance, when the proposition meant the adjustment of the tariffs of twenty-six states, each having its own business interests to satisfy.

In order to set the matter in motion, the following resolution has been suggested:

"*Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:* That, whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the government of the Dominion of Canada, or the republics of Mexico, Argentina, or Cuba; or the governments of any countries in North or South America have declared a desire to enter into such commercial arrangements with the United States, on the principle of the German Zollverein, as would result in the complete removal of all duties upon trade between such countries and the United States, he shall appoint three commissioners to meet those who may be likewise designated to represent said country or countries, to ascertain on what terms greater freedom of intercourse between the United States and said country or countries can be best secured; and said commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress."

ERASTUS WIMAN.

GABRIELLE.

A DREAM FROM THE TREASURES CONTAINED IN THE LETTERS OF ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE.

BY KATHERINE MACKAY.

CHARACTERS:

GABRIELLE. THÉOPHILE. GRÉGOIRE.

The period of the play is late in the 11th century. The time of the action covers one year.

ACT I.

"Ich sag' euch gebt nur mehr und immer, immer mehr,
So könnt ihr euch vom Ziele nie verirren."

The scene represents the library in the house of Grégoire. On the left is a large open fireplace, with a blazing fire. A long table covered with books, and with two tall candlesticks at the corners, stands near it. A carved armchair at both ends of the table. Books line the walls. The coloring of the room is a sombre red. At the back of the stage, facing the audience, is a door leading to a terrace; a wide window on either side of the door, through which one sees the city of Paris and the country beyond. At the beginning of the scene, the whole stage is lighted by the glow of the setting sun on the autumn landscape; as the sun slowly sinks beneath the horizon, dusk creeps over the country and the light of the fire illuminates the actors, throwing their faces into strong relief. Night comes on gently, and by the end of the Act the view is bathed in soft moonlight.

Gabrielle is seated in the chair nearest the fire, listening to Théophile read; her arms are resting on the table, her hands are loosely clasped, her eyes are on his face. She is dressed in white. Théophile is standing near the fire, his back to the audience, finishing a manuscript covered with Papal seals.

Théophile (reading). "Transgressed the limits of his forefathers." . . . . Because I have questioned the rationality of

the doctrine of the Trinity! So if I continue my work, it must be in secret. Freedom of thought frightens the Church so much, she forbids philosophical speculation. All my years of work have brought me this, a reprimand, a warning from His Holiness. By what right does he say I shall go no further? Does he think I am terrified by the power of the throne in Rome?

Gabrielle. Established custom fears the questioner. You, who have been brave enough to think without its empty books, strong enough to work without its help, tall enough to look over its limitations into pure nature beyond, must expect rebuke. The tolerance of the Church has meant nothing to you. Work on without it, grow into achievement in spite of its disapproval. Individuality is the spark of originating life these men call soul; let it grow free and straight. Our only obligation is to the Cosmos which gave us a little substance and a little power. If we give our utmost towards the Great Total, we pay the price of living. You and I have laid out a road to walk across this earth which has no boundary walls. Free from mental superstitions, you have sought the elements for God. You have seen Him in the waters, you have breathed Him in with the air, you have worshipped Him in the stars. We have studied and understood our masters of two thousand years ago. Truth is in them. Fill your brain with the purest thoughts of science and philosophy, life and death, those grand dead thinkers worked out so carefully. Soar on and on into unknown cycles of thought, until you find the answer of the All and preach it to the world. Let the Pope send his reprimand to-day; the morning will dawn which shall bring his emissary to you, asking your advice. Leave the Church, stand forth before France and Germany, Spain and Italy, and proclaim its rottenness to the world.

Théophile. I cannot do that. My career is within the limits of the Church. As I mount higher and higher through the ranks of this wonderful organization, preaching our truths unobtrusively, opening all the ancient channels of learning to my fellow churchmen, showing them how knowledge and religion may be blended and taught, I shall acquire a vast audience, reaching all countries lying in the shadow of Rome. My years of assent will have accustomed the learned and the learners to the sound of my voice and the meaning of my words, until, when the triple mitre is placed upon my brow, and St. Peter's key is

in my hand, I shall control the world with my will, letting the mitre prove through me the power of knowledge.

Gabrielle. And will not the key be too heavy for you to open the gates to the stars? Nay, Théophile, you do not believe in your inmost heart that there is truth in all those ranks of priestly intriguers. Your eyes pierce through their lies. If you make something you do not believe in the means of your achievement, there will be little merit in the Gospel you preach. And do you suppose that once within the Church's limits your hunger for learning will be keen? You, too, will close the gates of the Past; you, too, will block the road to Knowledge, fearing to lose power.

Théophile. I will use my power from within to speak so that all may understand. Think of the Church of Rome as you do of the town-crier; with the sounds of sweet music, the sensuousness of beautiful churches, the gorgeousness of pageants, the perfume of clouds and incense, it attracts the multitude, and gives to some of those who listen a little wisdom and a little truth. If I leave it, if I start again alone, I shall have to strain every particle of energy to gain followers one by one, whereas now my audience is innumerable, reaching from ocean to ocean. They will all stop and listen, and nearly all must learn. I shall be the leader of mankind; I will teach our gospel to Humanity.

Gabrielle. Not thus can we see the Infinite. Not looking up from crumbling and decaying superstitions, but abreast with the foremost workers, unhampered by ties or obligations, letting our souls guide us to the accomplishment of the task our capacity has set for us.

Théophile. You are so young, I am so old. . . . Perhaps I love you all the more because of your earnest view of life, your ambition, your youth-given impetuosity.

Gabrielle (kissing him gently on both eyes). Our souls live in the firmament, walking among the stars.

Théophile (kissing her passionately upon the mouth). Our bodies live in the city of Paris, walking among strangers.

Gabrielle. The Greeks led a beautiful, thinking life, learning of a peaceful dreamless sleep to follow. Let us walk with them for a little way; breathing the cool, calm air of Athens, looking in their ruined temples. Friendship and Love are there, so close entwined we cannot tell the difference.

Théophile. You are a strange combination; the strongest of your qualities are your sentiment and your ambition. You would have me rush blindly into a stone wall, when, with a little patience and by a little longer walk, I may find an open gate through which to enter the field of work. The strength of your feeling for me lies in the fact that your love makes me seem to you what you wish me to be. In reality, compared with you, I am a cold-blooded old man, with no sentiment, many weaknesses, but with a sincere appreciation of you.

Gabrielle. If you had no sentiment, and if you were the cynical old gnome carrying fagots to the fire you love to picture yourself to me, you would not tell me so. You feel too much. I can see all the sorrows of humanity in the lines of your face. You stand alone like Atlas, bearing the burden of the world on those strong shoulders. We are here to work in the best way, using every minute of our life. As the days unfold the future into the present, and we shall have lived our share, we shall see our love bloom again in our child's eyes; and, as we sink into disuse and death, we may feel the scale of human justice bending a little with the weight of our small fraction of work accomplished. Your task is to preach the truth the Ancients have shown you, adding your conception of the solution of the problem of Life.

We all dwell too much upon the dead future, while we are working in the living present. Deeds, not dreams, lead us on to our goal. I wish I might build a big fire out there in the fields, and watch superstition, deception, false values, and, above all, the everlasting golden calf, burn up in smoke. Then, in the air of pure reason, your voice would ring out, you would give far more than you destroy. Be true to your best self alone.

Théophile. Alone, and with you. For, since that day a year ago when I came into this house as your teacher, I have had two thoughts in my mind, two loves in my heart, two truths in my soul: my work and you. As they matured together, I have known your power and understood it. Some fires burn but to fill a room with smoke; mine shall burn to illuminate the world.

Gabrielle. If my power were the stronger, it might put the fire out. Passion leaves but ashes, love gives birth to friendship. Let us continue to live our lives our way, working, thinking, loving, in unison. Because we are not man and wife, you free to be yourself, I to be myself. Our very separation gives our powers

new impetus, more vigor. We shall watch our fire of love burn through future years, and, if we see the flame growing dim, whoever feels the creeping shadow first must gently blow it out, that neither of us may touch the ashes, and both of us may know the Phœnix-Friendship.

Théophile. Into the infinite I shall love you and need you by my side. Marry me. Then there can be no thought of ashes, nor of cold-blooded friendship. Marry me for the sake of the stranger on its way to us. Let me spare you the shame of the world's cold judgment. Be mine before all. Our love will be purified by the marriage bond, the union of our hearts and souls will be completed by the blending of our daily lives.

Gabrielle. What tears would this marriage cause philosophy to shed! You, created for the benefit of the world, made to serve a wife! Remember what wise men have said of marriage. Read what St. Jerome wrote: "A Sage should never enter matrimony, for a wife and philosophy are more than one man's burden." What union is possible between a book and a spinning-wheel, a desk and a cradle? Is there a man who, meditating some deep thought-work, can concentrate the force of his brain, while the cry of a new-born infant and the cradle-song of a mother are ringing in his ears? Trammelled by any bond, your philosophy would die, and our love would decay beside its corpse. The obligation, the duty of marriage, would stifle aspiration in us both. We could not dream into the unknown then, as now. Our free love could not breathe in routine-dulled days and years. No, I shall not be your legal wife.

Théophile. For your sake, for your child's sake, marry me!

Gabrielle. For the growth of your knowledge, for the preservation of your love, no.

Théophile. In the name of worldly wisdom and human experience, be my wife.

Gabrielle (rising and walking to Théophile, speaking with her hands on his shoulders). Listen. I love you more than myself, more than my past, more than my future. You are all three to me. I love you of my own will, for your sake. You always find me ready to give you what you seek: I am either your friend or your mistress. I keenly feel your limitations as well as your possibilities. Your achievement is the aim of my love. Grow, you must; live, you must; and you shall fulfil your duty towards the

creative power which gave you genius. If I married you, love might absorb your personality, your power "to do," it might dull your activity, clog your thought. By blending our daily lives, the inspiration might cease. There would be no separation between my soul and your brain. The nearness of our being would dull sensation, deadening the life-giving spark. Because I am not wholly yours, you fear to lose me. You strive to satisfy my boundless belief in you. I am far enough from you to seem an ethereal muse. If you make me your wife, I shall soon turn to flesh and blood at your touch, and my inspiring lyre will crumble in your hand to daily bread and butter.

Théophile. I want you to be a human woman, living on a human earth. Marry me, come to my old home, in the north. There, in my solemn stone hall, in those wild hills, with the sound of the ocean in our ears, we can stand upon a solid basis. Our flights to Dreamland will be all the easier from that wild country: the stars and the sky will be very near us there. I will prepare my work, carefully revising what I already believe, perfecting and purifying the Gospel of Knowledge. This work we can do together, and surely in the coming winter nights, while we sit, filled with the past, we shall feel that the hand of Time has failed to find us, and we shall count our days and years by work accomplished, love increased. There our child shall draw its first breath. Think of our peaceful years—you and he and I. If you become my wife, you will not have to bear the bitterness of the question you will inevitably hear in that sure-coming future, when eyes like mine shall look into yours and say: "Where is my father?"

I look through past years, and several gentle visions glimmer softly in vague recesses of my mind: lovely women, dark and fair, who make me think of lilacs and white roses, of daisies and the heavy-scented hyacinth. I touched the stem of each, holding it in my hand; but as I touched, I went on my way and did not pluck a flower. My heart had not been warmed, I could not love. Oh! what a lonely road mine was! How I was haunted by the faces of the friends I had outgrown, the loves I could not feel! Then I saw you. A bunch of flowers of all kinds you were to me, and in the midst of the lilacs and the violets, the orchids and the pansies, there was one crimson rose: the burning heart of all your being, which quivered at my touch and thrilled

me with your love. Your heart I must have for all my life; give it to me, dearest. Let me take you to my home.

Gabrielle. It is yours for always, "Oh, thou whom my soul loveth." Yes, I will go with you to your father's home. But no one shall know. Secretly I will go with you into that strange country, and secretly give birth to our child. I love the prospect of our peaceful winter, and I shall bless the snow which deadens sound and covers footsteps. If the morning comes when you shall ask the time, I shall not stay to answer. Not as your wife, but as your love, as the one flower you wanted enough to fold in your heart and make yours. The others gave you little, because they did not know the deep joy of loving their love more than themselves. As long as you need me I will stay with you.

If I married you, your church would excommunicate you. You would not leave it for the sake of freedom of thought, but you would leave it for the sake of possessing me nominally more than you already do. I dare not value myself as high as your ambition. A poor sort of woman I should be to allow your love to sacrifice your career. The two can live only if they are one. Let me be silently happy with you in your success, gently clasping you in my arms and resting your heavy head on my breast, when the hour of trial shall seem too bitter for you to fight alone. As for the future, my child's questions, I shall answer them. This child is mine; it is the crystallization of our love, and if I am ever left alone with it, I will see in it a living memory of my dearest hours, and my heart shall find an answer to all its puzzling questions.

Théophile. You have a heart of which I cannot see the depths, a will as strong as mine. You wish it, my friend; come to the hills to-day. There we shall find our happiness, outside the world, within our own laws.

Gabrielle. The dusk is creeping even now over the country. When the night comes, I will go out with you in its shadows to look for the sun rising over the seas. Sit close to me, dear love, I dreamt a dream last night. Let me tell it to you while you see my vision in the fire. *(Théophile sits at her feet and listens to her with his hands in her lap.)*

The roar of the passing worlds deafened me. It seemed as if I was in the harmonies of a thousand organs rolling by. I felt the rhythm with exquisite pleasure. The Spirit of Life filled

Space. The melody of the stars was the stream of its thought. The Spirit of Life is Consciousness. The stream was a million million particles which flowed on, until each reached the star where in a human body it became a soul and lived the span of its capacity.

One of these particles was stronger than the rest, for it was pure Love. As it floated on the stream, because of its strength the Spirit of Life felt it and knew its power. So the Spirit said, in speech which was not words, but which I understood: "I am Eternity. I am the Whole, unconscious of the individual sparks which people worlds. This particle is entire and it is worth a test. It shall separate into two parts, and live two different earthly lives. If it be pure Love, the parts will grow together again, proving me to the world, making another era on the earth."

The particle dissolved in two, as the Spirit spoke. One fragment was the larger; it dropped to earth with great velocity, and, reaching here, was born in the body of a boy. Perhaps its rapid flight had wearied it, for, no sooner did it touch the child, than it sank into the undermost recesses of his heart and slept there peacefully. The lighter part was longer falling, and when it reached the earth it kissed the brow of a tiny maid and grew into her soul and filled it. The boy became a man. He worked and thought and lived. His fragment of eternity had slept so soundly for so many years that neither his brain nor his heart knew it was there. He accomplished much and became the philosopher of the day. Cruel, heartless, they said he was, because he never gave any of his real self to either man or woman. Lonely he was in his desert of dead knowledge, striving to fill his life with deeds, losing much because he knew not love, gaining much because his very self-sufficiency seemed to charm the others' best into his path. He sought the dead and the living world for happiness, but he never found it, as he thought his happiness would come to him from another's heart; and where we seek so hard for love in others, we cannot find it in ourselves. The years rolled by, making him a student and a scholar, learned enough to refute the teachings of those who taught him; a studious worker, cold, hard as mountain rock in his will, calm and serious as a great broad river in his desires.

The baby girl grew into maidenhood through many stormy years. The little fragment in her heart absorbed her nature and made

her will its own. She looked for happiness by loving others. Several times she thought she loved, but the Spirit in her drew back and said, "Not this one, he is a stranger." So the maid lived quietly with her father, learning with him from his books much of the world's knowledge, deriving real pleasure from his intellectual companionship, growing into womanhood alone. One day the famous scholar was to speak in the church to which her father took her every Sunday. A beautiful Spring morning it was, all nature seemed aglow with life. She knelt before the altar, and, kneeling there, her eyes turned to the pulpit. A man stood in it with flashing glances and a voice of gold, which seemed to enter into her whole being, and play on each string so intensely, she knew not if it was with pain or joy. On the instant the Spirit in her beat the blood through her veins into a raging torrent; what words this stern gray-haired man spoke, she knew not, for the Spirit made her heart beat so wildly that all she heard was her soul throbbing the thought: "I have found him; it is my stronger self."

From that day a great wave of peace drowned all her troubled questionings. The Spirit was waiting for its other part. The preacher had seen the girl and her auburn hair and her strange eyes. Beautiful he thought her, but only in his mind. The stone in his breast was untouched. Time passed. The girl was twenty. The preacher past forty; their lives were far apart. One day he passed her garden gate as she was coming out. The Spirit in her looked at his from her gray eyes with so much power, that something in his breast melted, and from under its icy cover his fragment of eternity raised its tendrils and felt its other self. In that moment the man and the girl knew love.

Then the vision of their human forms grew dim, and I felt again the vast roar of the ever-travailing universe, and I saw again the Spirit of Life, and I heard again that speech which was the melody of the heavens. But what the Spirit spoke I do not know; for I awoke, and, behold! it was the dawn of another day in which you were to come to me.

(A long pause. They sit in silence, Théophile looks into the fire, while Gabrielle gently strokes his head, and sighs. Night has come. The fire lights their faces. The sound of distant church-bells, ringing a death-knell, comes through the open window.)

Théophile (rises, walks to the door, opens it. The bells sound louder. The terrace and street are hidden in darkness. He goes back to Gabrielle and takes her hand). Come, my love, our hour is here. Come, before the moon rises.

(Gabrielle sighs again deeply, rises from her chair, walks across to the further end of the room, opens a cupboard, takes a long black cloak from it, wraps it around herself, and walks back to Théophile, with both hands outstretched. He leads her to the open door. Gabrielle keeps her eyes on his. They cross the threshold, and vanish in the darkness.

The fire burns low. The moon rises and floods the empty room, the church-bells ring on solemnly.)

ACT II.

"To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme."

The scene represents a stone hall which is lighted by two stained-glass windows. On the left is a small door leading to Gabrielle's room. Facing the audience is a wider door hung with faded tapestries, leading to another smaller hall. What furniture there is looks worn and old. A reading-desk stands by the farthest window, upon which is an open book. A spray of tender green leaves lies across the pages. The window nearest the audience is open. It leads to a stone balcony.

The sound of the waves breaking on the rocks below is heard; through the window one sees only the sky. It is the beginning of May, but Spring is late in the north, the sun has little warmth.

Gabrielle is standing on the balcony, leaning over the balustrade. The wind is blowing through her hair, which looks like gold in the morning sun. She is dressed in gray.

Scene I.

Gabrielle (lifting her hands so the rays of the sun shine on them). Golden Sunbeam, it will cost you nearly all the hours of your life to light your way from this dreary rock to where he dwells. Bear him a message from me of love and tender greetings. Whisper to him of the tiny stranger in my room there, whom you awoke this morning with your inquiring rays.

Perhaps to-night at sunset, if he leans from his window overlooking Paris, he will feel you, Sunbeam, and understand the message of your golden glow. If he is late at work and your

hour is done, tell the Evening Star what you are seeing now, so he may whisper to my love: "The waves are breaking on the rocks, she has waited for you through many lingering months!"

(Gabrielle enters the room, crosses to the small door, opens it, listens and, leaving it ajar, goes to the reading-desk. She rests her elbows on the book, clasping her forehead with her hands.)

Eight months ago he brought me here. For twenty days we loved and lived as we had said we would. The joy of that short time proved Love is Life . . . . to woman.

One morning I awoke alone. In that instant, a thousand years of anguish I knew. My enemy, his other self, had taken him away from me. They brought me a letter of words, not feelings, in which I read of work, the church, his duty, with a terribly clear knowledge of the real meaning. They tell me days rolled by, that on Christmas night my son was born "in the hall of his father's home." For weeks I seemed a dream, watching the mirage of my starved imagination: presently, I would awaken in my father's house to read my fancies in some ancient book.

One day the sound of the waves awoke me, driving away all weakness, showing me myself. I lay there thinking, compelling my heart to feel that I might doubt God and his creations; but one thing is sacred, real, true, my love for Théophile. Of it there shall be no doubt. I read his letters, telling of advancement and success; I followed his studies here, endeavoring to keep near him on his distant road. If I am only what those other women were to him, if he has run the gamut of my mind, he cannot fathom the depths of my heart, for they are beyond philosophy, and every one is his.

I have put my sorrow out of my mind, burying it in my heart. With renewed vigor and a clear brain I have opened my books, so he shall find me ready to work on with him, living his life in him, not living mine in his. *(Gabrielle turns the pages of the book and reads.)*

"Intreat me not to leave thee,
And to return from following after thee:
For whither thou goest, I will go:
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge:
Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God, my God:

Where thou diest, I will die,
And there will I be buried:
The Lord do so to me,
And more also,
If aught but death part you and me."

(As she reaches the line: "And thy God, my God," the curtains of the big door are slowly drawn aside by Théophile, who listens in the doorway.)

Come to me soon, bring me back those clear eyes, those strong hands, that tender heart. Come, my love!

Scene II.

Théophile (speaking from the door). I am here.

Gabrielle (turns at the sound of his voice, sees him; her hands drop to her sides, for a minute she stands speechless. Then moving her lips only, she speaks softly). You heard the waves on the rocks, you felt the cold winds blow, you knew I was waiting for you?

Théophile (kissing her face passionately, holding her in his arms). A dreary winter of work, nothing but work. But the Eve of Promise shall soon be the Morrow of Achievement.

Gabrielle. You look so weary, Théophile, the light has gone from your eyes. Where is your youth?

Théophile. I was born old . . . . youth I never had. The semblance of it you lent me has vanished in the hours of study. Do not stand there with all your soul questioning me from your eyes. Put your arms around my neck and kiss me.

Gabrielle (without moving). Something I loved has left you with a strange line written across your forehead in its stead. Have you found philosophy by losing love?

Théophile. I have lost nothing.

Gabrielle. Have you found happiness?

Théophile. The only real happiness in life is derived from intellectual pleasures. They give satisfaction. Love is composed of different qualities. The source of each is in your brain. The physical part is the least of all and lasts the shortest time. When it dies, as it inevitably will, whether in a few months or a few years, we shall continue another relationship on purely mental grounds.

Gabrielle. Had we not better begin this friendship now? I think your love is going. I cannot bear to see it dwindle to a tiny heap of tender memories, which might change to bitter sorrows if time were to hold them in her lingering hand.

Théophile. I am not aware of any change in my feeling towards you. No other woman has given me as much as you.

Gabrielle (throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him). Dear, you will not see how deeply I care for you. You will not let me into your working life. Am I of any use to you?

Théophile. There is no necessity of your being of use to me. Our lives are very different. Mine is one of work. Work I do best alone. Even you, were you to interfere with my duty, would be left behind on my toiling road. When I go out of your life, you will soon find a warmer, younger love to give you your sort of happiness.

Gabrielle (in a voice of hopeless sadness). You will not see how I hunger for you. You will not let yourself believe I love you. Some day I may prove it. I have given you the virginity of my mind and of my body. There is nothing left for any one else. Why do you let cynical Philosophy blind your eyes to love?

Théophile (looking around the room). Where is the boy?

Gabrielle (going over to her door, points within). There. How shall we begin the writing in his soul? *(Théophile passes her, walks into the room, closes the door. Gabrielle sobs deeply once, without a tear.)* Is there nothing real in life?

From the open window comes the sound of a boy's voice singing:

"Gabrielle! Love! I call to thee, and in the low refrain
That breathes within my heart of hearts, I hear thy voice again.
The sad, soft echo wafted by upon the night wind's wings,
Bears back to me thy living sighs, and in the shadow sings
That song which I most love to hear. The harmonies that swell
Upon the breeze, my ears translate to mean 'Loved Gabrielle!'
I see thy image in my sleep, I sigh for thee by day,
My passion burns through endless nights; I vanish quite away
From my dull self, when in my dreams I hold my darling fast,
And melt, like morning mist, within the shadow of the past."

Gabrielle (listening with a look of horror in her eyes as she recognizes the song). Yes . . . . ashes!

Scene III.

A small boy draws the curtains of the main door aside. Grégoire enters.

Grégoire (to the boy). Here is your pay for showing me the road from the village. Go. *(Turning to Gabrielle.)* Where is your lover?

Gabrielle. In my room with our son. Why are you here? How did you find me?

Grégoire. You dare to speak to me thus? Have you no shame? No modesty to hide your sin? For eight months I have sought you. First I thought you were dead and mourned for you. Then I grew suspicious of my friend, your teacher: he never came near me. I had him watched. Then this scholar of yours, not content with robbing you of your virtue secretly, must feed his vanity by selling his love-songs to the city. Your amours are sung in the palace, screeched in the gutter; Tinsel and Mud both smile at the story of Théophile and Gabrielle. So the day he left Paris I followed. I tracked him to the village yonder. Why, even the small boy who led my horse here sang one of his songs. What manner of man is this, who comes into his friend's house and deceives him, who pretends to teach his daughter philosophy, and shows her sin? He is here you say; call him. He must pay the price of his crime. Call him.

Gabrielle. There is no crime for which Théophile need pay a price. I loved him; I gave him all I had. There is no sin in giving Love. A gift has no price. If, when I look in the mirror of my soul, I saw a guilt-soiled surface . . . . sin would be there; but as his true clear eyes meet mine within, there is no wrong. He did not take, I gave. I belonged to myself, I took nothing from you. You cannot ask for any payment.

Grégoire. Has he murdered your conscience? If you will not see your sin towards the world, you must realize your guilt towards yourself. You had everything to make your life agreeable, easy, happy. I hoped soon to see you the honored wife of some learned lord, a living example of what a clever woman may do to elevate her corner of the world, using her intellect to influence men and women towards living worthy, thoughtful, honorable lives. Many years we spent together over books; I watched your mind assimilating knowledge, thinking you would thus be prepared for a great career. My friends advised me against over-teaching you. They

argued that a woman's mind was not strong enough to face life in the glare of truth, that you would become an alien among us all. An alien indeed! The hours of study must have undermined all your standards; so when the Tempter came, he only had to lead you to an imaginary star, promising you all the kingdoms of eternity, if. . . . A moral suicide he made you. For this he must pay too, and I know the penalty. *(Théophile opens the door and stands listening on the threshold.)* Either he marries you, thus justifying you, or I shall avenge the stain of your body and the murder of your soul by damning him in his career, first; then, when he has sunk to the lowest ebb of hopeless disappointment, I shall let him linger in bitter disgrace and poverty, until I feel the hour has come to kill him. He must pay the forfeit of your soul's death by the extinction of his mind and of his body.

Gabrielle. I have not married him because I would not. He begged me to become his wife many months ago. You could not understand my reasons if I explained. There is no use in my degrading my love by laying it bare to you. I will not answer you. You wish to end his mental and his physical life. The task is more than your moral pride and worldly power can undertake to carry out. End his life by the dagger of a hired varlet if you dare, but prevent his working his utmost during his remaining days, you cannot. Go back to your Paris, live in your worldliness, rot in your vengeance. Track him, hound him, murder him; his spirit you shall not break. My love is stronger than your hate.

SCENE IV.

Théophile (quietly approaching Grégoire). Greetings to you, Grégoire. Have you come from Paris to help me persuade my love to honor me by becoming my wife?

Grégoire (aside). A very clever man. *(Very coldly.)* Either my daughter marries you, or your career is ended.

Gabrielle (to Théophile). Tell my father you are equal to his vengeance, show him how impossible it is for strife and bloodshed to disturb our love, prove your power, speak the truth.

Théophile (taking her hand). You once refused to marry me for love; a second time, because of my career; I ask you now to save our love, to help me in my work, by answering Yes. As

long as our secret was a secret, there was no sin towards you, no wrong towards the world. The moment our love was known, and because it violated the accepted standard of the day, we became guilty towards each other and towards humanity. Living under our own laws of right and wrong unknown to others was not sinful, for it offended no one; but publicly flaunting our relationship is criminal: we crush knowledge, we kill love, we end our usefulness. Be reasonable, Gabrielle, marry me.

Grégoire. As his wife, you can help him in his career; and, if he achieves success, you will have the right to share his triumph before all. You are fitted for the highest place. Take it. Marry Théophile.

Gabrielle. Rather than be the Emperor's wife, I would be my love's mistress.

Théophile (more and more warmly). But you are my love, and you shall be my love, and the joy of our marriage will surpass all else. Your father is powerful in the Church, and, with his aid, we must achieve our aim. I shall be proud above all men to think my wife is what she is, grateful to her for her sacrifice of freedom.

Grégoire (sternly to Gabrielle). Choose; you can either give Théophile his career and his life, or his degradation and his death. Choose; it rests within your words.

Gabrielle (to herself). Bitter-sad reality! *(To her father.)* I will marry him to save the wreck of all his hopes, but on one condition: our marriage shall be a secret. No one can know but we three. His life and mine shall seem the same, and you will let him accomplish his duty towards himself, unhindered, unharmed.

Grégoire. It shall be as you desire. We will go back to our library, our books, our real life. I have missed you sadly, I need your companionship again. Théophile shall go his way to climb his road and find his goal, if his capacity will guide him straight.

Gabrielle (goes to Théophile, speaks close to his ear). Love me, my love! Let the future bring more than the past, proving me right in granting your wish.

Théophile. Dreamland is behind us; we have at last opened our eyes to the realities of Life!

Gabrielle (very sadly). I know but one reality.

Théophile. And that is?

Gabrielle. The future may tell you, I will not. *(She goes to*

the window, a flight of swallows pass quite near her, disappearing in the horizon.) The swallows are carrying all my sweet memories to Dreamland, they will await my coming into the end of time. *(She stretches her hands towards them.)*

As the curtain descends the voice of the small boy is heard singing:

"I see thy image in my sleep; I sigh for thee by day,
My passion burns through endless nights; I vanish quite away
From my dull self, when in my dreams I hold my darling fast,
And melt, like morning mist, within the shadow of the past."

ACT III.

"I will not steal the victory."

The scene represents a half-ruined garden. A large apple-tree, laden with blossoms in full bloom on the left. Under its branches is a sunken pool of water with a crumbling, circular marble bench surrounding it. At either end of the bench is a statue: Anaxagoras on the left, Empedocles on the right.

The entire right side of the stage is filled by a Monastery. The garden is enclosed at the back and on the right by a stone wall. In the background is a large stone Nunnery; on the left, the houses of the street are seen.

A wooden gate leads through the wall to the Nunnery; an iron door opens into the street on the left.

It is dawn. The light increases, the sunlight streams on the stage, the birds sing. By the end of the Act, the noon sun warmly lights the whole garden, the bees hum, the insects buzz.

Scene I.

Théophile lies sleeping on the marble bench, dreaming. The branch of the apple-tree moves gently in the breeze, the blossoms rustle very softly.

Gabrielle's voice (coming from the blossoms). Théophile, the spring is here, all nature breathes forth Love; open your heart to me again.

Théophile (speaking in his sleep). Why are you hiding from me in the flowers?

Gabrielle's voice (coming from the blossoms). I am the flowers, I am the spring-time, I am Love.

Théophile (speaking in his sleep, grasping the branch and

crushing it to his face). Awaken me by your fragrance and your life from my frightful dream. Grégoire has driven me from one refuge to another; in vain have I hidden; his watchers have harassed me, tortured me. I lost you. Are you alive, or is your soul breathing hope to me from these blossoms?

Gabrielle's voice (coming from the blossoms). I am the dream of this hour. Look into the pool, I am there; listen to the birds, I am in them; feel the warmth of the sun, it is my heart; Spring and Love are one, and I am Love.

Théophile (leaning over the pool). Your eyes are sad, your face is lined, you are all in black: you are not Love, you are Sorrow.

Gabrielle's voice (coming from the pool). Love is Sorrow, Love is Joy, Love is Life. My eyes are sad from our son's death, my face is drawn by the weariness of my days of wandering, my robes seem black to you because you cannot see the white light of Love.

Théophile (speaking in his sleep). I know Love.

Gabrielle's voice (coming softly from the sky). Nay, you do not, for you believe Knowledge is the greatest of all earthly aims. Knowledge dies without Love. If your heart calls me, I shall come from Dreamland, bringing all the stars from Heaven to crown you in unfathomable Joy.

Théophile (speaking in his sleep). My heart, my mind, my soul call you; bring Love to me. I know Love.

The statue of Empedocles throws back its head, laughing a strident, mocking laugh.

Scene II.

Théophile (awakened by the laugh, touches the blossoms, looks into the pool, stands up and stares at the immovable smiling face of Empedocles). Three nights I have dreamt this vision. Each time the dream seemed life and real life a dream. Gabrielle must be dead! Could curses kill, Grégoire would now be writhing in hell-agony, paying his forfeit for her sufferings and mine. His vengeance was for what? No lost soul was ever tortured by the furies as I have been by Grégoire, since he found I had told my marriage to the world. Now at last I have found a safe

refuge. My holy orders save me from the shadow of her love, the monastery walls protect me from his revenging spies. I have gone beyond love on my road. My heart is dead, my mind lives alone. Now, in this vast silence of which the peace has entered my soul, I shall fulfil my destiny.

A breeze shakes the branches of the apple-tree, the blossoms fall. A knock at the door leading to the street. Théophile is so deep in his thoughts that he does not hear. Another knock and a third. The song of the nightingale rings out. Théopile rises from the bench, opens the door.

Scene III.

Gabrielle enters. She is dressed in the white robes of a novice. As she sees and recognizes Théophile and as he sees and recognizes her, they sink into each other's arms, their lips meet, while the birds sing and the nightingale seems to pour out its soul in melody.

Gabrielle. Living! living! my love lives!

Théophile (as if awakening from a trance, leads her to the bench). No, dear sister, your friend lives.

Gabrielle (very tenderly). I am not your sister; this is but a disguise to hide me from my father. I thought of you, dearest, as I lay with my dying child. When his tiny heart beat its last throb against my breast, and the bitterness of death filled my soul, that thought prevented me from following this dead memory into eternity. It seems as if the living child had stretched its arms between us, as if his little life pushed you out of mine. . . . His soul has gone on its way without one word upon it. There is nothing now between you and me. Let us turn a new page of Life and seek the fulness of Love.

Théophile. My love is dead. I live in peace above the world in the realm of reason. I must live alone.

Gabrielle (laying her hand on his arm, drawing him down on the bench beside her). All men separate the units of Life, because their mental vision is not broad enough to understand that Love and Hate, Work and Idleness, Joy and Sorrow, Life and Death are all the same. We are given the quality entire. We use a little, the part we see, the balance we call Evil. Evil is the good we cannot understand. There is no sin outside our

own hearts, there is no life but in our own souls. For all the world dies in our individual death. To live, we must grasp Good and Evil, Strength and Weakness firmly in our right hand, until, when death shall unclinch it, there shall be a unit in the palm: Achievement. You know Wisdom, not Love. Open your eyes, see they are one. Life is a dead, raw material given to us at birth to make into a living thought, or act, or work. To do this we must take the whole mass, use every particle. A tangible result will live after us to show our life was worth the living. If you stay here, your horizon will narrow and lower itself into a stone wall, like this one, your field of work will change into a ruined garden like this one, filled with crumbling emblems of dead civilizations: a very beautiful, but a very sad ruin. Could you commit the crime of leaving unfulfilled possibilities as your imprint on the world's thought? Mental murder knows not death, it is for Eternity. Would a man crush a shadow?

Théophile (looking into the pool). I believe you believe what you say. My life will prove that Knowledge alone is eternal thought. Here my time is all mine. Each hour breeds a new ambition, another aim. I do not need Love. Its troubles are behind me. My peace means more than all you have given me.

Gabrielle. I never did you any harm; I may love you too much. Let us go to another country, let us live among a strange people. Work there, in our love. *(Gently stroking his hand.)* Your love cannot be dead unless you have killed it by placing a stranger in my corner of your heart. This you could not do, for I shall live there through all your life. Even in death, for were you to go first, your dead arm would open to clasp my body upon your dead heart when they laid me in your grave. *(Her arm is around his neck.)* Breathe in this glorious sunlight, let the spring fill you with its glow of vigor. This is the Resurrection! Worship, love the sun for giving us our youth. Let your innermost being sing with the birds, understanding the glory of eternal nature!

Théophile (taking her hand in his). Not the power of the spring, but the warmth of your love seems to make my heart-beat an echo of the past.

Gabrielle. An echo, a shadow! Is that all? How strange is the phenomenon of Life! A man makes the Universe the tool of his love, seeing the glory of Life from the summit of aspiring Hope; while, in a little time, the same man, looking up from the

valley of satisfied desire, sighs, and asks: "What is that soft mist behind me that has not substance enough even to leave a shadow on my past?" But the seal of Love is lasting. The man who loves one woman once, and the man who loves one woman always, is the conqueror of time, for he knows life.

Théophile. I loved you with all the feeling I had to give you. You fancied it was endless, forgetting that every human emotion runs its course to its limit. Eternity is forever, but there is nothing born of mind or body on this earth which is stronger than death. Knowledge teaches us appreciation; more than that we have not the power to understand. *(Looking at Gabrielle.)* I know how beautiful you are, I love your eyes with their emotional depths, and your lips with their messages from your soul. You seem the Emblem of the Passion of all ages; the touch of your hand warms my heart again. . . . I want your love once more.

Gabrielle (interrupting). You want the part which means nothing. You said I awoke an echo of the Past, and I fear the spectre you think you see is the vast Power of Evil Love which would hide all Good from you forever.

Théophile. I see Incarnate Love. I have held it in my arms and it is mine; I shall find it again.

Gabrielle. What you are looking for is found in many dreary hearts wandering hopelessly beyond the river in yonder streets. Go! Take it from them! *(Théophile takes her in his arms, and kisses her passionately on her face and hair. Gabrielle tears herself from him.)* You are seeking one sort of love and I can only give another. We are not striking the same chord; but neither has any man or any woman ever loved in the same way at the same time. You are giving me one part of you, from which I must feed all the cravings of my soul and heart.

Théophile (having regained his composure). Each proof which I have asked your love to bring me has been given generously and freely. Now I ask the final test, for you are strong enough to give it. Leave the world completely, take the vows, come to yonder nunnery; from this oasis we shall step into Eternity hand in hand, able to vanquish Heaven and Hell, because we shall both make Knowledge master Love. Sharing work, abreast in endeavor, we shall live in peaceful friendship, while our souls grow together into one perfect human whole. Here realities will seem distant echoes. Time shall pass unrecorded. We shall as-

cend to unknown heights, and, by pursuing Knowledge to its source, indicate its direction to the unborn armies of seekers who follow in our footsteps. Humanity's history lies written in gigantic letters across the earth; together we may open our eyes wide enough to let the lesson of past ages answer man's everlasting question. The mountains, the valleys, the rivers and the oceans are an open book. We shall turn the pages undisturbed behind these walls.

Gabrielle. Am I to close my eyes so as not to see, and my mouth so as not to lie? Truth is my star. It cannot shine into such an abyss of daily deceit. None of those gods are mine; that is an alien faith. How dare you ask me to forswear myself?

Théophile. Then you honor a dead myth more than you love me? The vows required of you are far outside our friendship, they but insure a safe asylum in which you and I can live without the jarring sounds of every-day humanity. You would not forswear yourself, you would be bringing me the promise of the balance of your life. I can accomplish nothing without you. I must have your wise judgment to spur me on in my writings and teachings. You alone can influence me; yours are the only words of praise or blame which matter to me. If you go out by that door *(pointing to the door leading to the street)*, I shall end my questionings and failures with some of the Arabian poison I carry in my pouch. If you come in by this gate *(pointing to the gate leading to the nunnery)*, you shall make the solution of the problem yours, proving that Love and Youth are strong enough to conquer life by using its essence to find Wisdom.

Gabrielle (after a silence). This moment is pregnant with Destiny. You fear the result of your capacity, and you thrust the responsibility upon my shoulders. *(With the intensity of compressed emotion.)* You are not a part of Nature's Harmony, you are a passing Discord. You are a lie, for you ask me to crush my soul by living a deception. *(More gently.)* I came to you this morning, as I have always come, with my heart overflowing with the softness of Love, and you degrade yourself by asking me to lie in my inmost being. *(Very sadly, looking into the pool.)* I see what seems a bottomless pool. The blossoms falling on the surface of the stagnant water breathe a semblance of life upon the ripples, as they sink and vanish in its depths. I look into those shadows; behold, the water only seems unfathomable, for the bot-

tom is dull, lustreless, dead stone. One flower is still shining there, the others are all withered. Only what is real endures. *(Leaning down and plucking a white blossom from the pool and placing it in her breast, she turns to Théophile and speaks quietly.)*

I thought we could walk together up the road leading to our star, with Love and Courage travelling with us and Truth lighting us on ahead. You might have been the Voice; I, the Inspiration. But you have never looked up to the skies and beheld Truth glowing over all. I might have dreamed on into Eternity, had not your real self revealed the coldness of your soul, which has frozen love from my heart. I have dreamed my dream and left it beneath me in the shadows of the dusk. You! You! to whom I freely gave my youth, my freedom, my love, you are craven enough to demand the murder of my soul!

I live without the aid of any God.

I believe in Nature, the universal, intangible originator of spiritual and physical being.

I believe in Truth, which shows us our way over the Earth.

I believe in Death, for it shall open our understanding to what we name, in this earthly consciousness, the mystery of the Infinite.

I shall go on alone, for I see the limit of your soul. Love is dead, and nothing human ever comes to life again. I shall grow on without you into the Universe, feeling the whole, understanding the marvellous message borne in every particle. On and on and on through the fulness of Life to Victory, seeking Truth in all things, great and small. When the time comes for me to rest within the vast arms of the Great Stillness, ... I shall need my sleep. Perhaps I may stumble as I walk, but I would rather fall alone, than stand erect because I leaned on cowardice. I am grateful to you for what you have shown me in the realm of Reason, for what you have given me in that of Love. Beyond all else I thank you for showing me the door *(pointing to the door leading to the street)*, through which I shall pass to my heritage. Our dead memories can never seem ashes in my sight, for they were living sparks I gave you from my soul. Sometimes in my loneliness I shall see them glimmering in their shadowland, and I shall feel gratitude to you for the happiness they meant. *(She unfastens the novice robes, and, as they drop to the ground, her auburn hair falls over her shoulders; she stands clad in the white gown of the beginning).*

Farewell, O Past, you have revealed your share. I see the sun shining on my path, and my first step alone into the world shall be under its virile warmth, with the glory of Nature's Anthem ringing in my ears. Farewell, Théophile! I walk forth on the High Road of Life, feeling the mighty wings of Truth rustling above me in the winds of everlasting freedom!

Gabrielle walks out of the door, transformed into a radiant emblem of Life by the rays of the sun.

Théophile sinks into a heap against his monastery wall.

The living breath of the noon-hour is over all.

FINIS.

THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART IV.

VIII.

"I've come, you know, to make you break with everything, neither more nor less, and take you straight home; so you'll be so good as immediately and favorably to consider it!"—Strether, face to face with Chad after the play, had sounded these words almost breathlessly, and with an effect at first positively disconcerting to himself alone. For Chad's receptive attitude was that of a person who has been gracefully quiet while the messenger at last reaching him has run a mile through the dust. During some seconds after he had spoken Strether felt as if *he* had made some such exertion; he was not even certain that the perspiration was not on his brow. It was the kind of consciousness for which he had to thank the look that, while the strain lasted, the young man's eyes gave him. They reflected—and the deuce of the thing was that they reflected really with a sort of shyness of kindness—his momentarily disordered state; which fact brought on, in its turn, for our friend, the dawn of a fear that Chad might simply "take it out"—take everything out—in being sorry for him. Such a fear, any fear, was unpleasant. But everything was unpleasant; it was odd how everything had suddenly turned so. This, however, was no reason for letting the least thing go. Strether had the next minute proceeded as roundly as if with an advantage to follow up.

"Of course, I'm a busybody, if you want to fight the case to the death; but, after all, mainly in the sense of having known you, and having given you such attention as you kindly permitted, when you were in jackets and knickerbockers. Yes—it was knickerbockers, I'm busybody enough to remember that, and that you had, for your age—I speak of the first far-away time—tremendously stout legs. Well, we want you to break. Your mother's heart is passionately set upon it; but she has, over and beyond that, excellent arguments and reasons. I've not put them into her head—I needn't remind you how little she's a person who needs that. But they exist—you must take it from me as a friend both of hers and

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yours—for myself as well. I didn't invent them, I didn't originally work them out; but I understand them, I think I can explain them —by which, I mean, make you actively do them justice; and that's why, you see, I'm here. You had better know the worst at once. It's a question of an immediate rupture and an immediate return. I've been conceited enough to dream I can sugar that pill. I take, at any rate, the greatest interest in the question. I took it, already, before I left home; and I don't mind telling you that, altered as you are, I take it still more now that I've seen you. You're older and—I don't know what to call it—more of a handful; but you're by so much the more, I seem to make out, to our purpose."

"Do I strike you as improved?" Strether was to recall that Chad had at this point inquired.

He was likewise to recall—and it had to count for some time as his greatest comfort—that it had been "given" him, as they said at Woollett, to reply with some presence of mind: "I haven't the least idea." He was really, for a while, to like to think he had been positively hard. On the point of conceding that Chad had improved in appearance, but that to the question of appearance the remark must be confined, he checked even that compromise and left his reservation bare. Not only his moral, but also, as it were, his æsthetic sense had a little to pay for this, Chad being unmistakably —and wasn't it a matter of the confounded gray hair again?— handsomer than he had ever promised. That, however, fell in perfectly with what Strether had said. They had no desire to keep down his proper expansion, and he would not be less to their purpose for not looking, as he had too often done of old, only bold and wild. There was indeed a signal particular in which he would distinctly be more so. Strether didn't, as he talked, absolutely follow himself; he only knew he was clutching his thread and that he held it, from moment to moment, a little tighter; his mere uninterruptedness, for five minutes, helped him to do that. He had frequently, for a month, turned over what he should say on this very occasion, and he seemed at last to have said nothing he had thought of—everything was so totally different.

But in spite of that he had put the flag at the window. That was what he had done, and there was a minute during which he affected himself as having shaken it hard, flapped it with a mighty flutter, straight in front of his companion's nose. It gave him really almost the sense of having already done his part. The momentary relief—as if from the knowledge that nothing of *that* at least could be undone—sprang from a particular cause, the cause that had flashed into operation, in Miss Gostrey's box, with direct apprehension, with amazed recognition, and that had been concerned, since then, in every throb of his consciousness. What it came to was that with an absolutely *new* quantity to deal with, one could simply not know. The new quantity was represented by the fact that Chad had been made over. That was all; whatever it was,

it was everything. Strether had never seen the thing so done before; it was perhaps a specialty of Paris. If one had been present at the process one might little by little have mastered the result; but he was face to face, as matters stood, with the finished business. It had freely been noted for him that he might be received as a dog among skittles; but that was on the basis of the old quantity. He had originally thought of lines and tones as things to be taken, but these possibilities had now quite melted away. There was no computing at all what the young man before him would think or feel or say on any subject whatever. This intelligence Strether had afterwards, to account for his nervousness, reconstituted as he might, just as he had also reconstituted the promptness with which Chad had corrected his uncertainty. An extraordinarily short time had been required for the correction, and there had ceased to be anything negative in his companion's aspect as soon as it was made. "Your engagement to my mother has become, then, what they call here a *fait accompli?*"—it had consisted, the determinant touch, in nothing more than that.

Well, that was enough, Strether had felt while his answer hung fire. He had felt at the same time, however, that nothing could less become him than that it should hang fire too long. "Yes," he said, brightly, "it was on the happy settlement of the question that I started. You see, therefore, to what tune I'm in your family. Moreover," he added, "I've been supposing you'd suppose it."

"Oh, I've been supposing it for a long time; and what you tell me helps me to understand that you should want to do something. To do something, I mean," said Chad, "to commemorate an event so—what do they call it?—so auspicious. I see you make out, and not unnaturally," he continued, "that bringing me home in triumph as a sort of wedding-present to mother would commemorate it better than anything else. You want to make a bonfire in fact," he laughed, "and you pitch me on. Thank you, thank you!" he laughed again.

He was altogether easy about it, and this made Strether now see how, at bottom, and in spite of the shade of shyness that really cost him nothing, he had from the first moment been easy about everything. The shade of shyness was mere good taste. People with manners formed could apparently have, as one of their best cards, the shade of shyness too. He had leaned a little forward to speak; his elbows were on the table; and the inscrutable new face that he had got somewhere and somehow was brought by the movement nearer to his companion's. There was a fascination for that companion in its not being, this ripe physiognomy, the face that, under observation at least, he had originally carried away from Woollett. Strether found a certain freedom on his own side in defining it as that of a man of the world—a formula that indeed seemed to come now in some degree to his relief; that of a man to whom things had happened and were variously known. In gleams, in

glances, the past did perhaps peep out of it; but such lights were faint and instantly merged. Chad was brown and thick and strong; and, of old, Chad had been rough. Was all the difference, therefore, that he was actually smooth? Possibly; for that he *was* smooth was as marked as in the taste of a sauce or in the rub of a hand. The effect of it was general—it had retouched his features, drawn them with a cleaner line. It had cleared his eyes and settled his color and polished his fine square teeth—the main ornament of his face; and at the same time that it had given him a form and a surface, almost a design, it had toned his voice, established his accent, encouraged his smile to more play and his other motions to less. He had formerly, with a great deal of action, expressed very little; and he now expressed whatever was necessary with almost none at all. It was as if, in short, he had really, copious perhaps, but shapeless, been put into a firm mould and turned successfully out. The phenomenon—Strether kept eyeing it as a phenomenon, an eminent case—was marked enough to be touched by the finger. He finally put his hand across the table and laid it on Chad's arm. "If you'll promise me—here on the spot and giving me your word of honor—to break straight off, you'll make the future the real right thing for all of us alike. You'll ease off the strain of this decent, but none the less acute, suspense in which I've for so many days been waiting for you, and let me turn in to rest. I shall leave you with my blessing and go to bed in peace."

Chad again fell back at this, and, with his hands in his pockets, settled a little in his chair; in which posture he looked, though he rather anxiously smiled, only the more earnest. Then Strether seemed to see that he was really nervous, and he took that as what he would have called a wholesome sign. The only mark of it hitherto had been his more than once taking off and putting on his wide-brimmed crush hat. He had at this moment made the motion again to remove it, then had only pushed it back, so that it hung informally on his strong young grizzled crop. It was a touch that gave the note of the familiar—the intimate and the belated—to their quiet colloquy; and it was indeed by some such trivial aid that Strether became aware at the same moment of something else. The observation was at any rate determined in him by some light too fine to distinguish from so many others, but it was none the less sharply determined. Chad looked unmistakably during these instants—well, as Strether put it to himself, all he was worth. Our friend had a sudden apprehension of what, on certain sides, that would be. He saw him, in short, in a flash, as the young man marked out by women; and for a concentrated minute the dignity, the comparative austerity, as he funnily fancied it, of this character, affected him almost with awe. There was an experience on his interlocutor's part that looked out at him from under the displaced hat, and that looked out moreover by a force of its own, the deep fact of its quantity and quality, and not through Chad's

intending bravado or swagger. That was the way, then, men marked out by women *were*—and also the men by whom the women were doubtless in turn sufficiently distinguished. It affected Strether for thirty seconds as a relevant truth; a truth which, however, the next minute, had fallen into its relation. "Can't you imagine there being some questions," Chad asked, "that a fellow —however much impressed by your charming way of stating things —would like to put to you first?"

"Oh yes—easily. I'm here to answer everything. I think I can even tell you things, of the greatest interest to you, that you won't know enough to ask me. We'll take as many days to it as you like. But I want," Strether wound up, "to go to bed now."

"Really?"

Chad had spoken in such surprise that he was amused. "Can't you believe it?—with what you put me through?"

The young man seemed to consider. "Oh, I haven't put you through much—yet."

"Do you mean there's so much more to come?" Strether laughed. "All the more reason then that I should gird myself." And as if to mark what he felt he could by this time count on, he was already on his feet.

Chad, still seated, stayed him, with a hand against him, as he passed him between their table and the next. "Oh, we shall get on!"

The tone was, as it were, everything Strether could have desired; and quite as good the expression of face with which the speaker had looked up at him and kindly held him. All these things lacked was, perhaps, not showing quite so much as the fruit of experience. Yes, experience was what Chad did play on him, if he didn't play any grossness of defiance. Of course, experience was in a manner defiance; but it wasn't, at any rate—rather indeed quite the contrary—grossness: which was so much gained. He fairly grew older, Strether thought, while he himself so reasoned. Then, with his mature pat of his visitor's arm, he also got up; and there had been enough of it all, by this time, to make the visitor feel that something *was* settled. Wasn't it settled that he had at least the testimony of Chad's own belief in a settlement? Strether found himself treating Chad's profession that they would get on as a sufficient basis for going to bed. He had not, however, after this, gone to bed directly; for, after they had again passed out together into the mild bright night, a check had virtually sprung from nothing more than a small circumstance which might have acted only as confirming quiescence. There were people, expressive sound, projected light still abroad, and after they had taken in for a moment, through everything, the great, clear architectural street, they turned off, in tacit union, to the quarter of Strether's hotel. "Of course," Chad here abruptly began, "of course mother's making things out with you about me has been natural—and of course

also you've had a good deal to go upon. Still, you must have filled out."

He had stopped, leaving his friend to wonder a little what point he wished to make; and this it was that enabled Strether meanwhile to make one. "Oh, we've never pretended to go into detail. We weren't in the least bound to *that*. It was 'filling out' enough to miss you as we did."

But Chad rather oddly insisted—though, under the high lamp at their corner, where they paused, he had at first looked as if touched by Strether's allusion to the long sense, at home, of his absence. "What I mean is, you must have imagined."

"Imagined what?"

"Well—horrors."

It affected Strether: horrors were so little—superficially at least—in this robust and reasoning image. But he was none the less there to be veracious. "Yes, I dare say we *have* imagined horrors. But where's the harm if we haven't been wrong?"

Chad raised his face to the lamp, and it was one of the moments at which he had, in his extraordinary way, most his air of designedly showing himself. It was as if, at these instants, he just presented himself, his identity so rounded off, his palpable presence and his massive young manhood, as such a link in the chain as might practically amount to a kind of demonstration. It was as if—and how but anomalously?—he couldn't, after all help thinking sufficiently well of these things to let them go for what they were worth. What could there be in this for Strether but the hint of some self-respect, some sense of power, oddly perverted; something latent and beyond access, ominous and perhaps enviable? The intimation had, the next thing, in a flash, taken on a name—a name on which our friend seized as he asked himself if he were not perhaps really dealing with an irreducible young pagan. This description—he quite jumped at it—had a sound that gratified his mental ear, so that, of a sudden, he had already adopted it. Pagan—yes, that was, wasn't it? what Chad *would* logically be. It was what he must be. It was what he was. The idea was a clue and, instead of darkening the prospect, projected a certain clearness. Strether made out in this quick ray that a pagan was perhaps, at the pass they had come to, the thing most wanted at Woollett. They would be able to do with one—a good one; he would find an opening—yes; and Strether's imagination even now prefigured and accompanied the first appearance there of the rousing personage. He had only the slight discomfort of feeling, as the young man turned away from the lamp, that his thought had, in the momentary silence, possibly been guessed. "Well, I've no doubt," said Chad, "you've come near enough. The details, as you say, don't matter. It *has* been generally the case that I've let myself go. But I'm coming round—I'm not so bad now." With which they walked on again to Strether's hotel.

"Do you mean," the latter asked as they approached the door, "that there isn't any woman with you now?"

"But pray what has that to do with it?"

"Why, it's the whole question."

"Of my going home?" Chad was clearly surprised. "Oh, not much! Do you think that when I want to go any one will have any power—"

"To keep you"—Strether took him straight up—"from carrying out your wish? Well, our idea has been that somebody has hitherto—or a good many persons perhaps—kept you pretty well from 'wanting.' That's what—if you're in anybody's hands—may again happen. You don't answer my question"—he kept it up; "but if you aren't in anybody's hands, so much the better. There's nothing, then, but what makes for your going."

Chad turned this over. "I don't answer your question?" He spoke quite without resenting it. "Well, such questions have always a rather exaggerated side. One doesn't know quite what you mean by being in women's 'hands.' It's all so vague. One is when one isn't. One isn't when one is. And then one can't quite give people away." He seemed kindly to explain. "I've *never* got stuck—so very hard; and, as against anything at any time really better, I don't think I've ever been afraid." There was something in it that held Strether to wonder, and this gave him time to go on. He broke out as with a more helpful thought. "Don't you know how I like Paris itself?"

The upshot was indeed to make our friend marvel. "Oh, if *that's* all that's the matter with you—!" It was *he* who almost showed resentment.

Chad's smile, however, more than met it. "But isn't that enough?"

Strether hesitated, but it came out. "Not enough for your mother!" Spoken, however, it sounded a trifle odd—the effect of which was that Chad broke into a laugh. Strether, at this, succumbed as well, though with extreme brevity. "Permit us to have still our theory. But if you *are* so free and so strong, you're inexcusable. I'll write in the morning," he added, with decision: "I'll say I've got you."

This appeared to open for Chad a new interest. "How often do you write?"

"Oh, perpetually."

"And at great length?"

Strether had become a little impatient. "I hope it's not found too great."

"Oh, I'm sure not. And you hear as often?"

Again Strether paused. "As often as I deserve."

"Mother writes," said Chad, "a lovely letter."

Strether, before the closed *porte cochère,* fixed him a moment. "It's more, my boy, than *you* do! But our suppositions don't matter," he added, "if you're actually not entangled."

Chad's pride, however, seemed a little touched. "I never *was* that—let me insist. I always had my own way." With which he pursued: "And I have it at present."

"Then what are you here for? What has kept you," Strether asked, "if you *have* been able to leave?"

It made Chad, after a stare, throw himself back. "Do you think one's kept only by women?" His surprise and his verbal emphasis rang out so clear in the still street that Strether winced till he remembered the safety of their English speech. "Is that," the young man demanded, "what they think at Woollett?" At the good faith in the question Strether had changed color, feeling that, as he would have said, he had put his foot in it. He had appeared, stupidly, to misrepresent what they thought at Woollett; but before he had time to rectify Chad again was upon him. "I must say then you show a low mind!"

It so fell in, unhappily for Strether, with that reflection of his own prompted in him by the pleasant air of the Boulevard Malesherbes, that its disconcerting force was rather unfairly great. It was a dig that, administered by himself—and administered even to poor Mrs. Newsome—was no more than salutary; but administered by Chad—and quite logically—it came nearer drawing blood. They *hadn't* a low mind—nor any approach to one; yet, incontestably, they had worked, and with a certain smugness, on a basis that might be turned against them. Chad had at any rate pulled his visitor up; he had even pulled up his admirable mother; he had absolutely, by a turn of the wrist and a jerk of the far-flung noose, pulled up, in a bunch, Woollett browsing in its pride. There was no doubt Woollett *had* insisted on his coarseness; and what he at present stood there for in the sleeping street was, by his manner of striking the other note, to make of such insistence a preoccupation compromising to the insisters. It was exactly as if they had imputed to him a vulgarity which he had by a mere gesture caused to fall from him. The devil of the case was that Strether felt it, by the same stroke, as falling straight upon himself. He had been wondering a minute ago if the boy weren't a pagan, and he found himself wondering now if he weren't by chance a gentleman. It didn't in the least, on the spot, spring up helpfully for him that a person couldn't at the same time be both. There was nothing at this moment in the air to challenge the combination; there was everything, on the contrary, to give it something of a flourish. It struck Strether, into the bargain, as doing something to meet the most difficult of the questions; though perhaps indeed only by substituting another. Wouldn't it be precisely by having learned to be a gentleman that he had mastered the consequent trick of looking so well that one could scarce speak to him straight? But what in the world was the clue to such a prime producing cause? There were too many clues, then, that Strether still lacked, and these clues to clues were among them. What it accordingly amounted to for

him was that he had to take full in the face a fresh attribution of ignorance. He had grown used, by this time, to reminders, especially from his own lips, of what he didn't know; but he had borne them because, in the first place, they were private and because, in the second, they practically conveyed a tribute. He didn't know what was bad, and—as others didn't know how little he knew it—he could put up with his state. But if he didn't know, in so important a particular, what was good, Chad at least was now aware he didn't; and that, for some reason, affected our friend as curiously public. It was in fact an exposed condition that the young man left him in long enough for him to feel its chill—till he saw fit, in a word, generously again to cover him. This last was in truth what Chad quite gracefully did. But he did it as with a simple thought that met the whole of the case. "Oh, I'm all right!" It was what Strether had rather bewilderedly to go to bed on.

IX.

It really looked true, moreover, from the way Chad, after this, behaved. He was full of attentions to his mother's ambassador; in spite of which, remarkably, however, the latter's other relations still contrived to assert themselves. Strether's sittings, pen in hand, with Mrs. Newsome up in his own room were broken, but they were richer; and they were more than ever interspersed with the hours in which he reported himself, in a different fashion, but with scarce less earnestness and fulness, to Maria Gostrey. Now that, as he would have expressed it, he had really something to talk about, he found himself, in respect to any oddity that might reside for him in the double connection, at once more aware and more indifferent. He had been fine to Mrs. Newsome about his useful friend, but it had begun to haunt his imagination that Chad, taking up again for her benefit a pen too long disused, might possibly be finer. It wouldn't at all do, he saw, that anything should come up for him at Chad's hands but what specifically *was* to have come; the greatest divergence from which would be precisely the element of any lubrication of their intercourse by levity. It was accordingly to forestall such an accident that he frankly put before the young man the several facts, just as they had occurred, of his funny alliance. He spoke of these facts, pleasantly and obligingly, as "the whole story," and felt that he might qualify the alliance as funny if he remained sufficiently grave about it. He flattered himself that he even exaggerated the wild freedom of his original encounter with the wonderful lady; he was scrupulously definite about the absurd conditions in which they had made acquaintance—their having picked each other up almost in the street; and he had —finest inspiration of all!—a conception of carrying the war into the enemy's country by showing surprise at the enemy's ignorance.

He had always had a notion that this last was the grand style of fighting; the greater therefore the reason for it, as he couldn't re-

member that he had ever before fought in the grand style. Every one, according to this, knew Miss Gostrey: how came it Chad didn't know her? The difficulty, the impossibility, was really to escape it; Strether put on him, by what he took for granted, the burden of proof of the contrary. This tone was so far successful as that Chad quite appeared to recognize her as a person whose fame had reached him, but against his acquaintance with whom much mischance had worked. He made the point, at the same time, that his social relations, such as they were, were perhaps not to the extent Strether supposed with the rising flood of their compatriots. He hinted at his having more and more given way to a different principle of selection; so that the moral of it seemed to be that he went about little in the "colony." For the moment, certainly, he had quite another interest. It was deep, what he understood; and Strether, for himself, could only so observe it. He couldn't see as yet how deep. Might he not all too soon! For there was really top much of their question that Chad had already committed himself to liking. He liked, to begin with, his prospective stepfather; which was distinctly what had not been on the cards. His hating him was the untowardness for which Strether had been best prepared; he had not expected the boy's actual form to give him more to do than his supposed. It gave him more through suggesting that he must somehow make up to himself for not being sure he was sufficiently disagreeable. That had really been present to him as his only way to be sure he was sufficiently thorough. The point was that if Chad's tolerance of his thoroughness were insincere, were but the best of devices for gaining time, it none the less did treat everything as tacitly concluded.

That seemed, at the end of ten days, the upshot of the abundant, recurrent talk through which Strether poured into him all it concerned him to know, put him in full possession of facts and figures. Never cutting these colloquies short by a minute, Chad behaved, looked and spoke as if he were rather heavily, perhaps even a trifle gloomily, but none the less fundamentally and comfortably, free. He made no crude profession of eagerness to yield, but he asked the most intelligent questions, probed, at moments, abruptly, even deeper than his friend's layer of information, justified by these touches the native estimate of his latent stuff, and had in every way the air of trying to live, reflectively, into the square, bright picture. He walked up and down in front of this production, sociably took Strether's arm at the points at which he stopped, surveyed it repeatedly from the right and from the left, inclined a critical head to either quarter, and, while he puffed a still more critical cigarette, animadverted to his companion on this passage and that. Strether sought relief—there were hours when he required it—in repeating himself; it was in truth not to be blinked that Chad had a way. The main question as yet was of what it was a way *to*. It made vulgar questions no more easy; but that

was unimportant when all questions save those of his own asking had dropped. That he was free was answer enough, and it was not quite ridiculous that this freedom should itself prove what was difficult to move. His changed state, his lovely home, his beautiful things, his easy talk, his very appetite for Strether, insatiable and, when all was said, flattering—what were such marked matters all but the notes of his freedom? He had the effect of making a present of it, in these handsome forms, to his visitor; which was mainly the reason the visitor was privately, for the time, a little out of countenance. Strether was at this period again and again thrown back on a felt need to remodel somehow his plan. He fairly caught himself shooting rueful glances, shy looks of pursuit, toward the embodied influence, the definite adversary, who had, by a stroke of her own, failed him, and on a fond theory of whose palpable presence he had, under Mrs. Newsome's inspiration, altogether proceeded. He had once or twice, in secret, literally expressed the irritated wish that *she* would come out and find her.

He couldn't quite yet force it upon Woollett that such a career, such a perverted young life, showed after all a certain plausible side, *did* in the case before them flaunt something like an impunity for the social man; but he could at least treat himself to the statement that would prepare him for the sharpest echo. This echo—as distinct, over there, in the dry, thin air, as some shrill "heading" above a column of print—seemed to reach him even as he wrote. "He says there's no woman," he could hear Mrs. Newsome report, in capitals almost of newspaper size, to Mrs. Pocock; and he could focus in Mrs. Pocock the response of the reader of the journal. He could see in the younger lady's face the earnestness of her attention and catch the full scepticism of her but slightly delayed "What *is* there then?" Just so he could again as little miss the mother's clear decision: "There's plenty of disposition, no doubt, to *pretend* there isn't." Strether had, after posting his letter, the whole scene out; and it was a scene during which, coming and going, as befell, he kept his eye not least upon the daughter. He had his fine sense of the conviction Mrs. Pocock would take occasion to reaffirm—a conviction bearing, as he had from the first deeply divined it to bear, on Mr. Strether's essential inaptitude. She had looked him in his conscious eye even before he sailed, and that she didn't believe *he* would find the woman had been written in her look. Hadn't she, at the best, but a scant faith in his ability to find women? It wasn't even as if he had found her mother—so much more, to *her* fearless sense, had her mother performed the finding. Her mother had, in a case her private judgment of which remained educative of Mrs. Pocock's critical sense, found the man. The man owed his unchallenged state, in general, to the fact that Mrs. Newsome's discoveries were accepted at Woollett; but he knew in his bones, our friend did, how almost irresistibly Mrs. Pocock would now be moved to show what she thought of his own.

Give *her* a free hand, would be the moral, and the woman would soon be found.

His impression of Miss Gostrey after her introduction to Chad was meanwhile the impression of a person almost unnaturally on her guard. He struck himself as at first unable to extract from her what he wished; though indeed *of* what he wished at this special juncture he would doubtless have contrived to make but a crude statement. It sifted and settled nothing to put to her *tout bêtement,* as she often said, "Do you like him, eh?"—thanks to his feeling it actually the least of his needs to heap up the evidence in the young man's favor. He repeatedly knocked at her door to let her have it afresh that Chad's case—whatever else of minor interest it might yield—was, first and foremost, a miracle almost monstrous. It was the alteration of the entire man, and was so signal an instance that nothing else, for the intelligent observer, could—*could* it?—signify. "It's a plot," he declared—"there's more in it than meets the eye." He gave the rein to his fancy. "It's a plant!"

His fancy seemed to please her. "Whose, then?"

"Well, the party responsible is, I suppose, the fate that waits for one, the dark doom that rides. What I mean is that with such elements one can't count. I've but my poor individual, my modest human, means. It isn't playing the game to turn on the abnormal. All one's energy goes to facing it, to tracking it. One wants, confound it, don't you see?" he confessed with a queer face—"one wants to enjoy anything so rare. Call it then life"—he puzzled it out—"call it poor dear old life simply that springs the surprise. Nothing alters the fact that the surprise is paralyzing, or at any rate engrossing—all, practically, hang it, that one sees, that one *can* see."

Her silences were never dull. "Is that what you've written home?"

He tossed it off. "Oh dear, yes!"

She had another pause while, over her carpets, he had another walk. "If you don't look out you'll have them straight over."

"Oh, but I've said he'll go back."

"And *will* he?" Miss Gostrey asked.

The special tone of it made him, pulling up, look at her long. "What's that but just the question I've spent treasures of patience and ingenuity in giving *you,* by the sight of him—after everything had led up—every facility to answer? What is it but just the thing I came here to-day to get out of you? Will he?"

"No—he won't," she said at last. "He's not free."

The air of it held him. "Then you've all the while known—?"

"I've known nothing but what I've seen; and I wonder," she declared with some impatience, "that you didn't see as much. It was enough to be with him there—"

"In the box? Yes?" he rather blankly urged.

"Well—to feel sure."

"Sure of what?"

She got up from her chair, at this, with a nearer approach than she had ever yet shown to dismay at his dimness. She even, fairly pausing for it, spoke with a shade of pity. "Guess!"

It was a shade, fairly, that brought a flush into his face; so that, for a moment, as they stood there, their difference was between them. "You mean that just your hour with him told you so much of his story? Very good; I'm not such a fool, on my side, as that I don't understand you, or as that I didn't in some degree understand *him*. That he has done what he liked most isn't, among any of us, a matter the least in dispute. There's equally little question at this time of day of what it is he does like most. But I'm not talking," he reasonably explained, "of any mere brute he may still pick up. I'm talking of some person who, in his present situation, may have held her own, may really have counted."

"That's exactly what *I* am!" said Miss Gostrey. But she as quickly made her point. "I thought you thought—or that they think at Woollett—that that's what mere brutes necessarily do. Mere brutes necessarily *don't!*" she declared with spirit. "There must, behind every appearance to the contrary, still be somebody—somebody who's not a mere brute, since we accept the miracle. What else but such a somebody can such a miracle be?"

He took it in. "Because the fact itself *is* the woman?"

"*A* woman. Some woman or other. It's one of the things that *have* to be."

"But you mean, then, at least a good one."

"A good woman?" She threw up her arms with a laugh. "I should call her excellent!"

"Then why does he deny her?"

Miss Gostrey thought a moment. "Because she's too good to admit! Don't you see," she went on, "how she accounts for him?"

Strether clearly, more and more, did see; yet it made him also see other things. "But isn't what we want that he shall account for *her?*"

"Well, he does. What you have before you is his way. You must forgive him if it isn't quite outspoken. In Paris such debts are tacit."

Strether could imagine; but still—! "Even when the woman's good?"

Again she laughed out. "Yes, and even when the man is! There's always a caution in such cases," she more seriously explained, "for what it may seem to show. There's nothing that's taken as showing so much here as sudden unnatural goodness."

"Ah, you're speaking then now," Strether said, "of people who are *not* nice."

"I delight," she replied, "in your classifications. But do you want me," she asked, "to give you in the matter, on this ground,

the wisest advice I'm capable of. Don't consider her, don't judge her at all in herself. Consider her and judge her only in *him*."

He had the courage at least of his companion's logic. "Because then I shall like her?" He almost looked, with his quick imagination, as if he already did, though seeing at once also the full extent of how little it would suit his book. "But is that what I came out for?"

She had to confess indeed that it wasn't. But there was something else. "Don't make up your mind. There are all sorts of things. You haven't seen him all."

This, on his side, Strether recognized; but his acuteness none the less showed him the danger. "Yes, but if the more I see the better he seems?"

Well, she found something. "That may be—but his disavowal of her isn't, all the same, pure consideration. There's a hitch." She made it out. "It's the effort to sink her."

Strether winced at the image. "To 'sink'—?"

"Well, I mean there's a struggle, and a part of it is just what he hides. Take time—that's the only way not to make some mistake that you'll regret; then you'll see. He does really want to shake her off."

Our friend had by this time so got into the vision that he almost gasped. "After all she has done for him?"

Miss Gostrey gave him a look which broke the next moment into a wonderful smile. "He's not so good as you think!"

They remained with him, these words, promising him, in their character of warning, considerable help; but the support he tried to draw from them found itself, on each renewal of contact with Chad, defeated by something else. What could it be, this disconcerting force, he asked himself, but the sense, constantly renewed, that Chad *was*—quite, in fact, insisted on being—as good as he thought? It seemed somehow as if he couldn't *but* be as good from the moment he wasn't as bad. There was a succession of days, at all events, when contact with him—and in its immediate effect, as if it could produce no other—elbowed out of Strether's consciousness everything but itself. Little Bilham once more pervaded the scene, but little Bilham became, even in a higher degree than he had originally been, one of the numerous forms of the inclusive relation; a consequence promoted, to our friend's sense, by two or three incidents with which we have yet to make acquaintance. Waymarsh himself, for the occasion, was drawn into the eddy; it absolutely, though but temporarily, swallowed him down, and there were days when Strether seemed to bump against him as a sinking swimmer might brush a submarine object. The fathomless medium held them—Chad's manner was the fathomless medium; and our friend felt as if they passed each other, in their deep immersion, with the round, impersonal eye of silent fish. It was practically produced between them that Waymarsh was giving him, then, his chance; and the shade of

discomfort that Strether drew from the allowance resembled not a little the embarrassment he had known, at school, as a boy, when members of his family had been present at exhibitions. He could perform before strangers, but relatives were fatal, and it was now as if, comparatively, Waymarsh were a relative. He seemed to hear him say "Strike up then!" and to enjoy a foretaste of conscientious domestic criticism. He *had* struck up, so far as he actually could; Chad knew by this time in profusion what he wanted; and what vulgar violence did his fellow-pilgrim expect of him when he had really emptied his mind? It went somehow to and fro that what poor Waymarsh meant was, "I told you so—that you'd lose your immortal soul!" but it was also fairly explicit that Strether had his own challenge and that, since they must go to the bottom of things, he wasted no more virtue in watching Chad than Chad wasted in watching him. His dip for duty's sake—where was it worse than Waymarsh's own? For *he* needn't have stopped resisting and refusing, needn't have parleyed, at that rate, with the foe.

The strolls, in Paris, to see something or call somewhere, were, accordingly, inevitable and natural, and the late sessions in the wondrous *troisième,* the lovely home, when men dropped in and the picture composed more suggestively through the haze of tobacco, of music more or less good and of talk more or less polyglot, were on a principle not to be distinguished from that of the mornings and the afternoons. Nothing, Strether had to recognize as he leaned back and smoked, could well less resemble a scene of violence than even the liveliest of these occasions. They were occasions of discussion, none the less, and Strether had never in his life heard so many opinions on so many subjects. There were opinions at Woollett, but only on three or four. The differences were there to match; if they were doubtless deep, though few, they were quiet—they were, as might be said, almost as shy as if people had been ashamed of them. People showed little diffidence about such things, on the other hand, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and were so far from being ashamed of them—as indeed of anything else—that they often seemed to have invented them to avert those agreements that destroy the taste of talk. No one had ever done that at Woollett, though Strether could remember times when he himself had been tempted to it without quite knowing why. He saw why at present—he had but wanted to promote intercourse.

These, however, were but parenthetic memories; and the turn his affair had, on the whole, taken was positively that, if his nerves were on the stretch, it was because he missed violence. When he asked himself if none would then, in connection with it, ever come at all, he might almost have passed as wondering how to provoke it. It would be too absurd if such a vision as *that* should have to be invoked for relief; it was already marked enough as absurd that he should actually have begun with flutters and dignities on the score of a single accepted meal. What sort of a wretch had he expected

Chad to be, anyway?—Strether had occasion to make the inquiry, but he was careful to make it in private. He could himself, comparatively recent as it was—it was truly but the fact of a few days since—focus his primal crudity; but he would, on the approach of an observer, as if handling an illicit possession, have slipped the reminiscence out of sight. There were echoes of it still in Mrs. Newsome's letters, and there were moments when these echoes made him exclaim on her want of tact. He blushed of course, at once, still more for the explanation than for the ground of it: it came to him in time to save his manners that she couldn't at the best become tactful as quickly as he. Her tact had to reckon with the Atlantic Ocean, the General Post-Office and the extravagant curve of the globe.

Chad had one day offered tea, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, to a chosen few, a group again including the unobscured Miss Barrace; and Strether had, on coming out, walked away with the acquaintance whom, in his letters to Mrs. Newsome, he always spoke of as the little artist-man. He had had full occasion to mention him as the other party, so oddly, to the only close personal alliance observation had as yet detected in Chad's existence. Little Bilham's way, this afternoon, was not Strether's, but he had none the less kindly come with him, and it was somehow a part of his kindness that, as, awkwardly, it had begun to rain, they suddenly found themselves seated for conversation at a café in which they had taken refuge. He had passed no more crowded hour in Chad's society than the one just ended; he had talked with Miss Barrace, who had reproached him with not having come to see her, and he had above all hit on a happy thought for causing Waymarsh's tension to relax. Something might possibly be done, for the latter, with the idea of his success with that lady, whose quick apprehension of what might amuse her had given Strether a free hand. What had she meant if not to ask whether she couldn't help him with his splendid encumbrance, and mightn't the sacred rage, at any rate, be kept a little in abeyance by thus creating for his comrade's mind, even in a world of irrelevance, the possibility of a relation? What was it but a relation to be regarded as so decorative, and, in especial, on the strength of it, to be whirled away, amid flounces and feathers, in a coupé lined, by what Strether could make out, with dark blue brocade? He himself had never been whirled away—never at least in a coupé and behind a footman; he had driven with Miss Gostrey in cabs, with Mrs. Pocock, a few times, in an open buggy, with Mrs. Newsome in a four-seated cart and, occasionally, in the mountains, on a buckboard; but his friend's actual adventure transcended his personal experience. He now showed his companion soon enough indeed how inadequate, as a general monitor, this last queer quantity could once more feel itself.

"What game, under the sun, is he playing?" He signified the

next moment that his allusion was not to the fat gentleman immersed in dominoes on whom his eyes had begun by resting, but to their host of the previous hour, as to whom, there on the velvet bench, with a final collapse of all consistency, he treated himself to the comfort of indiscretion. "Where do you see him come out?"

Little Bilham, in meditation, looked at him with a kindness almost paternal. "Don't you like it over here?"

Strether laughed out—for the tone was indeed droll; he let himself go. "What has that to do with it? The only thing I've any business to like is to feel that I'm moving him. That's why I ask you whether you believe I *am?* Is the creature"—and he did his best to show that he simply wished to ascertain—"honest?"

His companion looked responsible, but looked it through a small dim smile. "What creature do you mean?"

It was on this that they did have, for a little, a mute interchange. "Is it untrue that he's free? How then," Strether asked wondering, "does he arrange his life?"

"Is the creature you mean Chad himself?" little Bilham said.

Strether here, with a rising hope, just thought. "We must take one of them at a time." But his coherence lapsed. "*Is* there some woman? Of whom he's really afraid, of course I mean—or who does with him what she likes?"

"It's awfully charming of you," Bilham presently remarked, "not to have asked me that before."

"Oh, I'm not fit for my job!"

The exclamation had escaped our friend, but it made little Bilham more deliberate. "Chad's a rare case!" he luminously observed. "He's awfully changed," he added.

"Then you see it too?"

"The way he has improved? Oh yes—I think every one must see it. But I'm not sure," said little Bilham, "that I didn't like him about as well in his other state."

"Then this *is* really a new state altogether?"

"Well," the young man after a moment returned, "I'm not sure he was really meant by nature to be quite so good. It's like the new edition of an old book that one has been fond of—revised and amended, brought up to date, but not quite the thing that one knew and loved. However that may be, at all events," he pursued, "I don't think, you know, that he's really playing, as you call it, any game. He really wants, I believe, to go back and take up a career. He's capable of one, you know, that will improve and enlarge him still more. He won't then," little Bilham continued to remark, "be my pleasant well-rubbed old-fashioned volume at all. But of course I'm beastly immoral. I'm afraid it would be a funny world altogether—a world with things the way I like them. I ought, I dare say, to go home and go into business myself. Only I'd simply rather die—simply. And I've not the least difficulty in making up my mind not to, and in knowing exactly why, and in

defending my ground against all comers. All the same," he wound up, "I assure you I don't say a word against it—for himself, I mean—to Chad. I seem to see it as much the best thing for him. You see he's not happy."

"*Do* I?"—Strether stared. "I've been supposing I see just the opposite—an extraordinary case of the equilibrium arrived at and assured."

"Oh, there's a lot behind it."

"Ah, there you are!" Strether exclaimed. "That's just what I want to get at. You speak of your familiar volume altered out of recognition. Well, who's the editor?"

Little Bilham, for a minute, looked before him in silence. "He ought to get married. *That* would do it. And he wants to."

"Wants to marry her?"

"Again, for a moment, Bilham waited, and with his sense that he had information, Strether scarce knew what was coming. "He wants to be free. He isn't used, you see," the young man explained in his lucid way, "to being so good."

Strether hesitated. "Then I may take it from you that he *is* good?"

Bilham had, on his own side, a pause; but there was a quiet fulness in the way he made it up. "*Do* take it from me."

"Well then, why isn't he free? He swears to me he is, but meanwhile does nothing—except of course that he's so kind to me—to prove it; and couldn't really act much otherwise if he weren't. My question to you just now was exactly on this queer impression of his diplomacy: as if instead of really giving ground his line were to keep me on here and set me a bad example."

As the half-hour meanwhile had ebbed, Strether had paid his score, and the waiter was now in the act of counting out change. Our friend pushed back to him a fraction of it, with which, after an emphatic recognition, the personage in question retreated. "You give too much," little Bilham permitted himself benevolently to observe.

"Oh, I always give too much!" Strether helplessly sighed. "But you don't," he went on as if to get quickly away from the contemplation of that doom, "answer my question. Why isn't he free?"

Little Bilham had got up as if the transaction with the waiter had been a signal, and had already edged out between the table and the divan. The effect of this was that, a minute later, they had quitted the place, the gratified waiter alert again at the open door. Strether had found himself deferring to his companion's abruptness as to a hint that he should be answered as soon as they were more isolated. This happened when, after a few steps in the outer air, they had turned the next corner. There our friend had kept it up. "Why isn't he free if he's good?"

Little Bilham looked him full in the face, "Because it's a virtuous attachment."

This had settled the question so effectually for the time—that is for the next few days—that it had given Strether almost a new lease of life. It must be added, however, that, thanks to his constant habit of shaking the bottle in which life handed him the wine of experience, he presently found the taste of the lees rising, as usual, into his draught. His imagination had in other words already dealt with his young friend's assertion; of which it had made something that sufficiently came out on the very next occasion of his seeing Maria Gostrey. This occasion, moreover, had been determined promptly, by a new circumstance—a circumstance he was the last man to leave her for a day in ignorance of. "When I said to him last night," he immediately began, "that without some definite word from him, now, that will enable me to speak to them over there of our sailing—or at least of mine, giving them some sort of date—my responsibility becomes uncomfortable and my situation awkward; when I said that to him, what do you think was his reply?" And then as, this time, she gave it up: "Why, that he has two particular friends, two ladies, mother and daughter, about to arrive in Paris—coming back from an absence; and that he wants me so furiously to meet them, know them and like them, that I shall oblige him by kindly not bringing our business to a crisis till he has had a chance to see them again himself. Is that," Strether inquired, "the way he's going to try to get off? These are the people," he explained, "that he must have gone down to see before I arrived. They're the best friends he has in the world, and they take more interest than any one else in what concerns him. As I'm his next best, he sees a thousand reasons why we should comfortably meet. He hasn't broached the question sooner because their return was uncertain—seemed, in fact, for the present, impossible. But he more than intimates that—if you can believe it—their desire to make my acquaintance has had to do with their surmounting difficulties."

"They're dying to see you?" Miss Gostrey asked.

"Dying. Of course," said Strether, "they're the virtuous attachment." He had already told her about that—had seen her the day after his talk with little Bilham; and they had then threshed out together the bearing of the revelation. She had helped him to put into it the logic in which little Bilham had left it slightly deficient. Strether had not pressed him as to the object of the preference so unexpectedly described; feeling in the presence of it, with one of his irrepressible scruples, a delicacy from which he had, in the quest of the quite other article, worked himself sufficiently free. He had held off, as on a small principle of pride, from permitting his young friend to mention a name; feeling he made the great point, with this, that Chad's virtuous attachments were none of his business. He had not wanted, from the first, to think too much of his dignity; but that was not a reason for not allowing it any little benefit that might turn up. He had often enough wondered

to what degree his interference might pass for interested; so that there was no want of luxury in letting it be seen whenever he could that he didn't interfere. That had of course, at the same time, not deprived him of the further luxury of much private astonishment; which, however, he had reduced to some order before communicating his knowledge. When he had done this, at last, it was with the remark that, surprised as Miss Gostrey might, like himself, at first be, she would probably agree with him on reflection that such an account of the matter did, after all, fit the confirmed appearances. Nothing, certainly, on all the indications, could have been a greater change for him than a virtuous attachment, and since they had been in search of the "word" as the French called it, of that change, little Bilham's announcement—though so long and so oddly delayed—would serve as well as another. She had assured Strether in fact, after a pause, that the more she thought of it the more it did serve; and yet her assurance had not so weighed with him as that, before they parted, he had not ventured to challenge her sincerity. Didn't she believe the attachment *was* virtuous?—he had made sure of her again with the aid of that question. The tidings he brought her on this second occasion were, moreover, such as would help him to make surer still. She showed at first, none the less, as only amused.

"You say there are two? An attachment to them both then would, I suppose, almost necessarily be innocent."

Our friend took the point, but he had his clue. "Mayn't he be still in the stage of not quite knowing which of them, mother or daughter, he likes best?"

She gave it more thought. "Oh, it must be the daughter—at his age."

"Possibly. Yet what do we know," Strether asked, "about hers? She may be old enough."

"Old enough for what?"

"Why, to marry Chad. That may be, you know, what they want. And if Chad wants it too, and little Bilham wants it, and even *we*, at a pinch, could do with it—that is if she doesn't prevent repatriation—why, it may be plain sailing yet."

It was always the case for him in these counsels that each of his remarks, as it came, seemed to drop into a deeper well. He had at all events to wait a moment to hear the slight splash of this one. "I don't see why if Mr. Newsome wants to marry the young lady, he hasn't already done it, or hasn't been prepared with some statement to you about it. And if he wants both to marry her and is on good terms with them, why isn't he 'free'?"

Strether, responsively, wondered indeed. "Perhaps the girl herself doesn't like him."

"Then why does he speak of them to you as he does?"

Strether's mind echoed the question, but also again met it. "Perhaps it's with the mother that he's on good terms."

"As against the daughter?"

"Well, if she's trying to persuade the daughter to consent to him, what could make him like the mother more? Only," Strether threw out, "why shouldn't the daughter consent to him?"

"Oh," said Miss Gostrey, "mayn't it be that every one else isn't quite so struck with him as you?"

"Doesn't regard him, you mean, as such an 'eligible' young man? *Is* that what I've come to?" he audibly and rather gravely wondered. "However," he went on, "his marriage is what his mother most desires—that is if it will help. And oughtn't *any* marriage to help? They must want him"—he had already worked it out—"to be better off. Almost any girl he may marry will have a direct interest in his taking up his chances. It won't suit *her* at least that he shall miss them."

Miss Gostrey debated. "No—you reason well! But of course, on the other hand, there's always dear old Woollett itself."

"Oh yes," he mused—"there's always dear old Woollett itself."

She waited a moment. "The young lady mayn't find herself able to swallow *that* quantity. She may think it's paying too much; she may weigh one thing against another."

Strether, ever restless in these councils, took a turn about. "It will all depend on who she is. That of course—the proved ability to deal with dear old Woollett, since I'm sure she does deal with it! —is what makes so strongly for Mamie."

"Mamie?"

He stopped short, at her tone, before her; then, though seeing that it represented not vagueness, but a momentary embarrassed fulness, he let his exclamation come. "You surely haven't forgotten about Mamie!"

"No, I haven't forgotten about Mamie," she smiled. "There's no doubt whatever that there's ever so much to be said for her. Mamie's *my* girl!" she roundly declared.

Strether resumed for a minute his walk. "She's really perfectly lovely, you know; far prettier than any girl I've seen over here yet."

"That's precisely on what I perhaps most build." And she mused a moment in her friend's way. "I should positively like to take her in hand!"

He humored the fancy, though indeed finally to deprecate it. "Oh, but don't, in your zeal, go over to her! I need you most and can't, you know, be left."

But she kept it up. "I wish they'd send her out to me!"

"If they knew you," he returned, "they would."

"Ah, but don't they?—after all that, as I've understood you, you've told them about me?"

He had paused before her again, but he continued his course. "They *will*—before, as you say, I've done." Then he came out with the point he had wished, after all, most to make. "It seems

to give away, now, his game. This is what he has been doing—keeping me along for. He has been waiting for them."

Miss Gostrey drew in her lips. "You see a good deal in it!"

"I doubt if I see as much as you. Do you pretend," he went on, "that you don't see—?"

"Well, what?"—she pressed him as he paused.

"Why, that there must be a lot between them—and that it has been going on from the first, even from before I came."

She took a minute to answer. "Who are they then—if it's so grave?"

"It may not be grave—it may be gay. But at any rate it's marked. Only I don't know," Strether had to confess, "anything about them. Their name, for instance, was a thing that, after little Bilham's information, I found it a kind of refreshment not to feel obliged to follow up."

"Oh," she returned, "if you think you've got off—!"

Her laugh produced in him a momentary gloom. "I don't think I've got off. I only think I'm breathing for about five minutes. I dare say I *shall* have, at the best, still to get on." A look, over it all, passed between them, and the next minute he had come back to good-humor. "I don't, meanwhile, take the smallest interest in their name."

"Nor in their nationality?—American, French, English, Polish?"

"I don't care the least little 'hang,'" he smiled, "for their nationality. It would be nice if they're Polish!" he almost immediately added.

"Very nice indeed." The transition kept up her spirits. "So you see you do care."

He did this contention a modified justice. "I think I should if they *were* Polish. Yes," he thought—"there might be joy in *that*."

"Let us then hope for it." But she came, after this, nearer to the question. "If the girl's of the right age, of course the mother can't be. I mean for the virtuous attachment. If the girl's twenty—and she can't be less—the mother must be at least forty. So it puts the mother out. *She's* too old for him."

Strether, arrested again, considered and demurred. "Do you think so? Do you think *any one* would be too old for him? *I'm* eighty, and I'm too young. But perhaps the girl," he continued, "*isn't* twenty. Perhaps she's only ten—but such a little dear that Chad finds himself counting her in as an attraction of the acquaintance. Perhaps she's only five. Perhaps the mother's but five-and-twenty—a charming young widow."

Miss Gostrey entertained the suggestion. "She *is* a widow then?"

"I haven't the least idea!" They once more, in spite of this vagueness, exchanged a look—a look that was perhaps the longest yet. It seemed in fact, the next thing, to require to explain itself; which it did as it could. "I only feel what I've told you—that he has some reason."

Miss Gostrey's imagination had taken its own flight. "Perhaps she's *not* a widow."

Strether seemed to accept the possibility with reserve. Still, he accepted it. "Then that's why the attachment—if it's to her—is virtuous."

But she looked as if she scarce followed. "Why is it virtuous if —since she's free—there's nothing to impose on it any condition?"

He laughed at her question. "Oh, I perhaps don't mean as virtuous as *that!* Your idea is that it can be virtuous—in any sense worthy of the name—only if she's *not* free? But what does it become then," he asked, "for *her?*"

"Ah, that's another matter." He said nothing for a moment, and she soon went on. "I dare say you're right, at any rate, about Mr. Newsome's little plan. He *has* been trying you—has been reporting on you to these friends."

Strether, meanwhile, had had time to think more. "Then where's his straightness?"

"Well, as we say, it's struggling up, breaking out, asserting itself as it can. We can be on the side, you see, of his straightness. We can help him. But he has made out," said Miss Gostrey, "that you'll do."

"Do for what?"

"Why, for *them*—for *ces dames.* He has watched you, studied you, liked you—and recognized that *they* must. It's a great compliment to you my dear man; for I'm sure they're particular. You came out for a success. Well," she gayly declared, "you're having it!"

He took it from her with momentary patience, and then turned abruptly away. It was always convenient to him that there were so many fine things in her room to look at. But the examination of two or three of them appeared soon to have determined a speech that had little to do with them. "You don't believe in it!"

"In what?"

"In the character of the attachment. In its innocence."

But she defended herself. "I don't pretend to know anything about it. Everything's possible. We must see."

"See?" he echoed with a groan. "Haven't we seen enough?"

"I haven't," she smiled.

"But do you suppose then little Bilham has lied?"

"You must find out."

It made him almost turn pale. "Find out any *more?*"

He had dropped on a sofa for dismay; but she seemed, as she stood over him, to have the last word. "Wasn't what you came out for to find out *all?*"

To be Continued.

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has travelled in almost every quarter of the globe and given to the world the results of his observations and his reflections in a goodly library of most interesting and instructive volumes. In 1871, in his twenty-third year, he obtained an appointment in the Indian Public Works Department, and in 1879 he became secretary and second in command of the Government Mission to Siam and the Siamese Shan States. In 1881-82 he was engaged in exploring the region between Canton and Bhamo with a view to determining the best route for connecting Burmah and China by railway, and he was correspondent for *The Times* during the Franco-Chinese War in 1883-84. From 1885 to 1889, he was Deputy-Commissioner of Upper Burmah, and in 1890 he became Administrator of Mashonaland. In 1895, he visited Central America to examine the Nicaragua and Panama Canal routes, and he went to China in the following year in connection with negotiations for railways. In 1898-99, he travelled through Siberia, Eastern Mongolia, and traversed China from north to south, and a year later he journeyed through the Dutch East Indies, Borneo, the Philippines, and Japan, returning to England by way of Siberia. Among Mr. Colquhoun's writings are "Across Chrysê," "Amongst the Shans," "China in Transformation," "The Mastery of the Pacific," "The Renascence of South Africa," and "Russia against India."

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graduated from the Naval Academy in 1879, and was attached to the U. S. S. *Adams*, on the Pacific Station, till 1881. He was appointed Midshipman in 1881, Ensign (junior grade) in 1883, and Ensign in 1884. He was attached to the training-ship *Jamestown* from 1882 to 1885; to the Naval Academy, 1885-8; to the *Mohican*, *Vandalia*, and *Adams*, on the Pacific Station, 1888-90 (he was a watch-officer on board the *Vandalia* when that vessel was wrecked at Apia, Samoa); to the Coast Survey steamer, *Gedney*, 1890-1. He was promoted to Lieutenant (junior grade) in 1891. He served at the Naval Academy, 1891-2, at the Naval Gun Factory, in Washington, 1892-4, and on the *Chicago*, on the European Station, 1894-5. He was promoted to Lieutenant in 1896. He was attached to the *Raleigh*, on the North Atlantic Station, 1895-7. He was aide to the Assistant-Secretary of the Navy and had charge of the Naval Militia, 1897-8. He served on the *Newark* during the Spanish-American war; on the *Massachusetts*, on the North Atlantic Station, in 1899; and on the *Brooklyn*, on the Asiatic Station, from 1899 to 1901. He was made Captain of the Port at Manila in

March, 1901. While attached to the *Brooklyn* he commanded the gun-boat *General Alava* in an expedition to the Gulf of Rogay, for the rescue from the insurgents of Spanish prisoners. On his return to the United States, he was ordered to his present duties in the Office of Naval Intelligence, on November 1, 1901. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Commander in February, 1902.

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was born in Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. For several years he was Assistant and, later, Deputy Magistrate at Murshidabad, in Lower Bengal, and afterwards at Cuttack, in the District of Orissa. In 1891, he returned to England from India, and spent the subsequent four years on the Continent, travelling in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, Austria and France. Since 1896, he has resided in the United States.

LORD NORTH,

the great-grandson of the statesman who was Prime Minister of England when the American Colonies declared their independence of the British Crown, was born in 1836, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. In his biographical sketch of his famous ancestor, he inserts a number of letters from Lord North to his father, the Earl of Guilford, which have never before been given to the public.

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THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

In discussing a question which has been so freely ventilated during the past two decades as the Negro Problem, the writer is under a certain disadvantage, since in the masses of accumulated evidence on the subject he finds nearly every aspect of the case carefully studied, and he is perforce compelled to go over again many time-worn arguments. And yet, in the present condition of affairs, in the confusion of the public mind, and, more particularly, in the indefinite attitude of the average American towards this problem, one finds the clearest proof that it is as fresh to-day as ever, as full of debatable points, and as important to the people of this country. Every now and then some special incident brings the subject forcibly before the nation; but, although it takes these sensational episodes to earn the tribute of colossal headlines in the daily papers, the Negro Problem is, like the poor, always with us—a part of the national life of the United States, a factor in her social evolution, a "black cloud" hanging on the horizon of her brilliant future.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the history of the movements by which the African savage was transplanted to American soil, given a certain training in the school of slavery, and then turned loose on the world as a full-blown American citizen. The only

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explanation of the series of blunders made in the treatment of the negro race by their white masters can best be given in the words of Dr. Johnson, "Ignorance—pure ignorance!" After all, even with our superior instruction and the judicial attitude which the perspective of time allows, it would be difficult for any one of us to construct a plan which would have met the requirements of the case and nullified the inevitable evils arising from an anomalous and impossible situation. There is, the writer believes, a general consensus of opinion in this country, both North and South, that many mistakes have been made in dealing with the negro, and as an unprejudiced observer he would like to see a similar unanimity in forgetting the past and constructing some definite policy for the future. Ten years ago, James Bryce, writing in this REVIEW, noted the extreme divergence of opinion amongst educated Americans as to the character, possibilities and future of the negro. Were he to travel to-day, as the writer has done, in the same parts of the country, and converse with men of similar calibre, he would, it is to be feared, find still more confusion and discrepancy.

No conclusion as to the Negro Problem can be arrived at without a brief preliminary statement of certain facts. The negro colored population of the United States at the last census was 8,840,789, the total population being 76,303,387. The decennial increase (1890-1900) was at the rate of 18.1 per cent., as compared with 21.4 per cent. among the whites, or 18.9 among the whites of American parentage.* In the last century the negro percentage, in proportion to the total population, decreased from 18.9 to 11.6. The negro element in 1790 was one-fifth of the total population, while now it is merely one-ninth. But the relative decline of the negro element is due to foreign white immigration, the natural increase of the two races being about equal. We are not, therefore, as has been sometimes stated, face to face with the possible swamping of the white by the black race. On the other hand, the figures show that the negro race is not, by any means, dying out, that its increase, on the contrary, is steady, and that the high death-rate is due to causes altogether apart from racial deterioration. We have, therefore, in the United States, with a large black population which is tending more and more to

* In the South Atlantic division the increase of whites was 19.9 per cent., as compared with 14.3 for negroes, and in the South Central division the figures were respectively 29.1 and 19.9.

segregation, this anomaly—a nation within a nation; and many are the schemes which have been devised to cut the Gordian knot of difficulties arising from this situation.

First, people have dreamed of transplanting the entire race, and although this idea may be absurd it seems still to be cherished by serious people. The experiment in Liberia, and another more recently in Mexico, having resulted in failure, other suggestions have been made. Africa, practically partitioned among the European Powers, is no longer available as a dumping ground, even were the negroes willing to return there. A suggestion, so wild as to be fantastic, which yet seems to have been seriously received in this country, is the transportation of negroes to the Philippines. That such an idea should have even obtained a hearing demonstrates a lamentable state of ignorance both as regards the negro and the Filipino. These fantastic schemes may at once be dismissed, for no one with the most elementary knowledge of the subject can doubt that, for good or evil, the negro has become an integral part of the United States system, and that the problem is one that cannot be got rid of by any such drastic measures.

There are many people who argue that the question had better be left alone—that it will settle itself, and that the social and economic difficulties will be adjusted by the mere process of time. This theory, though convenient, is hardly warranted by facts; for it needs little study to realize that, instead of smoothing out the tangled threads, time is engaged in confusing them, and that, to drop the metaphor, relations between the two races are becoming more and more strained.

It is the aim and ambition of every true American of the United States to make his country the first in the world, not merely in wealth and power but in social evolution. How can this be accomplished when a great canker eats into the heart of the nation? More than eight millions of American citizens, theoretically free, are enslaved by the chains of tradition and prejudice. While the bulk of the nation moves forward, this eight millions—one-ninth of the whole—remains practically stationary; for, while a few individuals of the negro race succeed in raising themselves far above its old limits, the great mass is making no progress, is indeed receding in many respects. The gulf widens day by day, is infinitely wider now than in slavery days. The negro race, too, has this characteristic,—it rises very slowly, it retrogrades with

extraordinary rapidity. As an unprejudiced observer, it seems to the writer impossible that a country which prides itself, as does the United States, on enlightenment, freedom and justice, and which expects to play the leading part in world affairs in the future, can afford to have at its very heart this disintegrating force, this constant irritant, this potent reminder of past and present mistakes.

Let us put aside, therefore, as equally impracticable, the policies of wholesale deportation and "masterly inactivity"; but, before attempting any constructive policy, it is necessary to review briefly the character of the people under consideration.

Widely different as are the estimates of the negro given by white men, they agree generally in certain conclusions. One of the keenest observers of the African negro (the late Mary Kingsley) speaks of his weakest points as "his emotionalism, his sloth, his vanity, and—want of mechanical idea." The three first are faults of temperament, the latter largely a defect in training—temperament, of course, is also modified by training; and we have constantly to remind ourselves that there is no educated ancestry behind the negro of to-day. Indolence, physical and mental, is undoubtedly the keynote of the African race; friends and foes agree equally in this estimate. Indolent and ignorant, untrained in the most elementary manual labor and incapable of the simplest mental exercise, the African negro of the West Coast was transplanted at one bound to a country where physical exertion was exacted from him and a certain amount of mental exercise became a necessity.

There is no space here to enter into a discussion of the various aspects of the slave system; but it is generally admitted, the writer believes, that under it some advance was made—the American negro was raised to a higher plane; he learned a civilized language, acquired a better standard of living, and in many cases attained considerable skill as a mechanic or house-servant. That the bulk of the slaves performed more or less mechanical field work, not calculated to train either mind or hand, is true; but the mere habit of labor, which civilized man accepts as a matter of course and the savage despises, was a training in itself. Naturally, the slaves submitted to this discipline without any appreciation of its educational value, and, like children, their first idea on receiving freedom was that it meant eternal holidays; but it is idle

to deny that during the period of slavery the majority of the negroes had learned lessons which were of the utmost value in fitting them for their environment. As for the exceptional men, it is, indeed, remarkable to find how many, some born in Africa, rose above the level of their own people; and we are familiar with instances of slaves who exhibited the highest traits of faithfulness, self-reliance and industry when the white master was no longer there. To what did they owe their emancipation from constitutional lethargy, both mental and physical? To their constant association with white people and the discipline enforced, but also to inherent possibilities in the race. And while it is impossible to judge a people from picked specimens of their race, it is equally impossible to ignore those exceptions in making an estimate of racial capacity. Every Englishman is not a Shakespeare, but we feel that only a nation with our latent possibilities could have produced that genius.

There is a general impression, borne out to a certain extent by statistics, that the negroes have degenerated in capacity and industry since the abolition; and one of themselves, the able and enlightened Booker Washington, makes a strong point of this, attributing the change to the fact that on the plantation and in the "great house" slaves were trained in every department of skilled labor and were master carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, and mechanics, whereas now, handicapped by their own indolence and by the competition of white men, they are being driven to the wall, white labor even ousting them from the fields of agriculture and domestic service. This is, no doubt, largely due to race prejudice, but not altogether. The average negro is not as satisfactory in any of these departments of human industry as the average white man, and as a rule it is quite as much his faults of character and temperament that disqualify him as his lack of technical skill. These faults—instability, unreliability, restlessness and the like—were corrected and subdued by the discipline of slavery, and therefore in many respects the negro artisan, mechanic, field-hand or servant of to-day is inferior to his prototype of slave-days. This is one side of the question.

As we find him to-day, the American negro is a mass of anomalies and incongruities. There are brilliant and abnormal individuals who seem to controvert in their persons every charge brought against the race, and, as has been said, we cannot leave

these out in the estimation of racial possibilities. But, on the whole, it must be confessed that the combined product of six generations of slavery and forty years of freedom is what might be expected from two systems so entirely opposite in their effects, acting on an original foundation of practical savagery. To take a race, still in the most elementary stage of development, and put it through such extremes in the short space of some two centuries, was an experiment which subverts all theories of racial evolution. The American negro, therefore, wears the garments and speaks the language of a civilized people. He accepts the wonders of science as utilized in modern American life; he practices, with much fervor, the rites of Christianity, and he does everything in his power to lessen the outward difference between himself and the white man. But scratch the negro and you will find a savage. His constitutional enemies—sloth, emotionalism and vanity—and his inherited lack of mechanical capacity are forever dragging him back. His Christianity is tinctured with the gross superstitions of his former home, and has little connection in his mind with morality. His devotion to the church, as has been pointed out, is greatly due to the fact that it provides him with a centre for that communal life which, in his state of evolution, takes the place of the home. He regards education merely as a means to cheap distinction or something which may place him above the necessity of labor. In this connection it may be mentioned that, while the negro race contributes vast sums for religious purposes, and owns church property valued at $26,000,000, its contributions to education would hardly amount to one-tenth of that sum. The nomadic habits of African ancestors, modified but not eradicated by the discipline of slavehood, have returned with force since the black man became his own master, and, above everything, he is unreliable and fond of change.

One might multiply these descriptions indefinitely, and trace every trait back to its original home in the African swamp. The moral frequently drawn from such researches seems to be, "Once an African, always an African"; so that any attempts to "elevate the negro" are foredoomed to shipwreck on the rocks of racial incapacity. But what authority have we for placing one race of mankind entirely apart by denying it any capacity for development? The traditional classification of the human family has

been abandoned by most modern ethnologists, and the Bible is no longer quoted by men of science or culture as a proof that one race of mankind is foredoomed to slavery. We have, certainly, in the Negritos and the Australian Bushmen, two instances of primitive races which do not seem capable of making even the smallest advance, but their incapacity to adopt civilization is to a great extent physical; they simply droop and die, as did the highly-cultivated Indians when brought in contact with the Spanish system, or as the gentle South Sea Islanders are dwindling under a civilization to which they are unadapted.

On the contrary, no devitalization of the negro race has yet taken place, even under the most adverse circumstances; and the American negro, being to a certain degree the product of selection, is physically vigorous, even when transplanted to a temperate climate. There is, therefore, no physical reason against his evolution, and we have yet to receive proofs that he has arrived at the extreme point of mental and moral development. Under a system, brutal and faulty, entirely impossible in the present era of civilization but adapted to the requirements of a situation which was fundamentally wrong, he made distinct progress. How many of the countless millions who have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have ever reflected what that venerable man would have been like if he had been living out of slavery—on his native African swamp? This is no defence of slave-holding—merely an appreciation of the progress made by the black race under a system so indefensible in many of its aspects.

As for the progress of the race after emancipation, it has been said that the negro regarded his return to freedom as a deliverance from all labor. Although this argues a very elementary stage in evolution, it must be remembered that hitherto, while he had certainly been raised several grades above his original state, he had had no chance of developing the sense of responsibility which is an essential of good citizenship. In addition to this he was made the tool of party politicians, and, therefore, with his sudden acquisition of political and social rights, he lost, during the period of reconstruction, far more than he gained from the point of view of character development. This was inevitable, and will always occur when a strong people puts into the hands of a weak one weapons which the latter do not understand and can only wield with danger to themselves and others. When affairs in the South

finally settled down, and compromises were arrived at which rendered the misused weapons harmful chiefly to those who handled them, there was left the terrible gulf between the races, who had hitherto lived together in the capacity of masters and servants on terms of intimacy and often of affection. On the other hand, a whole stream of private benevolence was let loose, having for its object the uplifting of the negro, and facilities were provided, by which the gates of higher education, hitherto barred, were opened to the black race, with many other possibilities. Unfortunately the education provided was purely literary, quite unsuited for the negro.

The new conditions were more favorable to the exceptional negro, but far less, from many points of view, to the great mass of black people, for this reason: that they were removed from the sphere of white influence, and thrown on their own resources while still in an unfledged, and immature, condition. Time and space do not allow the following out in detail of the different ways in which the new forces operated; but, taking the Southern negroes roughly on the whole, we find to-day that they are further from, instead of nearer to, the ideal of American citizenship. They betray a tendency to leave the work for which they are best adapted —agriculture, and field-work generally; and even when still employed on the land they give increasing cause for dissatisfaction because of their irregular and nomadic habits. In the South they are segregating into what is known as the Black Belt, while in the Border States they are crowding into the larger cities, and in both parts they congregate in districts where too often are reproduced the worst features of the old slave-quarter, without its wholesome restraint and supervision. With the gradual dying out of old slaves, trained in various forms of mechanical skill, there has arisen no similar class among free negroes, for those trained in industrial schools and colleges to-day represent a higher stratum of negro society. They are in fact picked men, and not sufficiently numerous to leaven the whole lump. Very few indeed actually practise the trades they learn, but are employed as school-teachers. The skilled negro artisan becomes more and more rare, and whereas technical training was practically forced on the slaves, and a large proportion of them took to it as a rise in their position, the present-day negro is being relegated more and more to the humblest occupations and domestic service,

and even here he has to meet more and more with competition from the whites. In two respects, the condition of the negroes is certainly improved—landed property in the rural districts has been acquired by them on a considerable scale and the percentage of illiteracy is less; and education is, undoubtedly, the most valuable of gifts. To this subject we must return later. The writer's object here is merely to sum up what he has gathered from many sources, and what is certainly apparent to any one returning to the Southern States, as he has done, after a ten years' absence. The sum of his impressions and of the evidence gathered from all sources is, that the position of the negro has not improved in the last decade, that his character shows distinct signs of retrogression, and that the relations between the white and black races are far less satisfactory.

One does not require to go far afield to see the result of "leaving the negro to his own devices." Hayti has become a byword among the nations, and it is incontrovertible that, with the removal of white control, the negroes have reverted to a condition almost of savagery, because they retain the vices of the white man, in addition to their own, and clothe both with the outward semblance of civilization and Christianity. Liberia is another instance of dismal failure. Jamaica in the early days afforded a similar object lesson, and was only rescued from disorder by prompt action. Placed once more under the Crown, under a paternal and liberal government, the Jamaican negro is probably the best specimen of his race,—orderly, industrious and making steady strides in character development.

To go back a little. It must be admitted that the American negroes advanced under slavery, and it is also allowed by many, including the best among themselves, that they have in many respects retrograded since the abolition. Despite the improvement in their status, political and social, the black race seems to be losing instead of gaining ground. In literary education their progress has certainly been marked; but it seems doubtful, to say the least of it, whether this improvement has accomplished what was expected in fitting the black man for the battle of life which he is constrained to wage under hostile conditions. Even in the new industrial development of the South, which will transform that part of the country as it has done the East and North, the negro finds no place.

What, therefore, is the "one thing needful," the element which, triumphing over the evils of the slave system, was working out the salvation of the negro against his will? In one word—discipline. Civilized people recognize the necessity for this and enforce it on themselves and their children, knowing that nations have only risen to greatness in proportion to their obedience to a central authority. In the present stage of negro evolution, the great need is for a paternal government, and the problem for the United States is how to combine such government with the theories of a democracy. The question of how to accomplish this does not arise only in connection with the American negro. It has been met in connection with the Indian, and although the friends of the Noble Red Man must doubt the wisdom of the methods employed, these constitute a precedent for a liberal interpretation of the Constitution which is sometimes forgotten. In the Philippines and Porto Rico a similar problem has to be faced; and there can be no doubt that the destinies of the United States will lead her to take up still more the white man's burden. She has got somehow to evolve a workable hypothesis on which to construct a government for alien people in a different stage of evolution. She has already lost much of the spirit of a true democracy; and to-day one finds, amidst the constant assertion of social equality, that hardly even in aristocratic Britain are the privileges of family and caste more jealously guarded and more proudly acclaimed. This social phenomenon is, of course, stronger in the South than anywhere else; but the East has its full share, and, despite the ideals of individual liberty and universal justice, we see in this country the crushing tyranny of Trusts on one hand and of Labor Unions on the other. There is nothing unnatural in the evolution of this state of affairs; but, to the writer, it is symptomatic of a tendency which seems typical of present-day America—a tendency to proclaim aloud the letter of democracy while secretly controverting its spirit. This was the pitfall into which the negro fell. He was promised an equality with the white man which the latter neither could, nor would, allow him. This was done in ignorance and good faith; but, once the mistake revealed itself, the white man was not prepared to own his error. He merely patched up the situation by methods often as illegal as they were illogical. As a matter of fact, the position of an inferior race in a democratic country was, and is, an

anomaly. It would be far better if the situation were accepted broadly as such, and if, instead of trying to fit the inferior race to the American Constitution, the Constitution were generously interpreted to suit the needs of the inferior race. The initial mistake having been made of giving the negroes universal suffrage, the white men of the South have been compelled in self-defence to restrict that suffrage in various ways. This was not "liberally interpreting" the Constitution however, but juggling with it. The introduction of education and property test is a legitimate solution of the difficulty, but there must be a great change in the spirit and the methods in which they are applied, if they are to work satisfactorily. Incidentally it may be said here that the negro has good sense and justice on his side in claiming that the tests should apply equally to the illiterate whites. Political jerry-mandering, although it may be outwardly successful, has a most deteriorating effect on both blacks and whites, and by demoralizing politics defeats its own ends in the long run.

The great essential is a radical change in the attitude of the white race towards the negroes. With the declaration of a democracy which should embrace both we have seen the gradual widening of the gulf between them, and an evident tendency of the strong to push the weak to the wall. The idea of racial fusion is repulsive, and there is strong evidence that it becomes more so. No student of ethnology could desire it otherwise. The logical attitude seems to the writer to be an entire change from this pseudo-democratic equality. Let the fact be acknowledged by both races, that the negro belongs to a different plane to the Anglo-Saxon, that he is inferior, mentally and morally, not from inherent defects, but because he is at a different stage of social evolution. Let us not deny in the face of evidence his power of development, but bend our minds to the task of helping him in his upward path. The fusion, social or otherwise, of the two races is impossible; but why can they not live side by side, without contempt on the one hand and hatred on the other? Although there are difficulties to be adjusted which do not arise in a country governed by a Crown, the writer can see no real obstacle to the American negro ultimately living with his white neighbor on terms similar to those of the Mohammedan or Hindoo with the British. To take an instance nearer to hand. Why cannot the relations be similar to those prevailing in Jamaica?

That island should be carefully studied by all who are interested in the future of the negro. The conditions of life there were very similar to those in the South in the ante-bellum days. Since that time there has been no industrial development, and there is still no white competition; but still the parallel is sufficiently close to be very instructive. The commercial depression of the West Indies was unfavorable to the development of the negro, but in spite of it he has made strides. In morality, for instance, there is a remarkable improvement; crime is comparatively rare and trivial. An instructive anecdote which illustrates this was told me recently of a lady who lived in the island alone on her plantation, many miles from any other white people. "Are you not afraid?" she was asked, and she replied: "Oh no! We have plenty of black men about the place!" It is no exaggeration to say that a woman can go from one end of the island to the other in perfect safety. In industry a great advance has been made. The roads and public works are all the fruit of native labor, many of the foremen and overseers being also colored men. In Central America, in developing the coast lands, the Jamaican negroes are in great request and are practically indispensable in that region; nor would it be possible to construct a Trans-Isthmian canal without them. Large employers of Jamaica laborers, who have experience of negroes in the Southern States, speak of the superior docility and industry of the former. Finally, a word of praise must be given to the West-Indian soldier, whose white officer speaks of him with pride and affection. There is a striking contrast between the status of the negro in Jamaica and in America. In the former, it is not only possible but customary for the Governor to entertain any colored man of standing, and many of the government offices are open to them. The writer can speak from experience of the capacity and intelligence displayed by such men. There is no restriction in cars, theatres or hotels; and yet there is far less chance of insolence or intrusiveness on the part of the negro. On the country roads every man or woman greets the white traveller with a bow or curtsey "Marnin', Massa," or "Missus," and as often as not is answered with "Morning, uncle" or "auntie!"

What is the reason of this difference in the relations of the two races? In the first place, the Jamaican negro labors under no sense of injustice. He has not been taught to consider himself

the absolute equal of the white man; but, at the same time, he knows that he will be treated according to his deserts if he rises above the level of his race. Racial fusion is out of the question; but on his merits he can raise himself in the eyes of the world, both black and white. He respects himself accordingly, and regards himself, often with touching *naïveté,* as an integral and valuable part of the Empire. Meet him where you may, he pats himself on the chest and says, with a grin, "British subject, sar!"

The great panacea suggested for the evils of the condition of the negro race is education. It is interesting to note that in Jamaica education has been, until quite recently, very defective and unscientific. Nevertheless, the Jamaican negro, while less "up to date" in some ways, is undoubtedly a better, wiser, more useful man than his American brother; without any "problems" to worry him; advancing slowly but surely along the paths of progress towards material prosperity and spiritual enlightenment. There is no need to quote statistics in proof of this. The phenomena I have cited can be observed by the merest globe-trotter. The important point is the existence in this island of a system by which blacks and whites live together, enjoying the same privileges, and to a great extent the same opportunities, without race fusion, and without race hatred. The whites, numerically small, are and have always been politically the stronger (since the reconstruction which was necessary after the first period of freedom). In a word, the white man has ruled and influenced the black, and because he has done so openly and legally the negro has not resented the situation, and because their relations are clearly defined the white can afford to treat the negro with generosity and sympathy.

It may be impossible to create a situation such as this in the United States, but a good deal could be done by a franker and more just appreciation of the state of affairs. It may not be possible to take the negro question out of the realms of party politics, but a wider sympathy with the negroes and appreciation of their needs, especially among the prosperous communities of the North, would do a good deal to help them out of the slough of despond into which the avarice and ignorance of the white man have plunged them. The sympathy of the North is largely theoretical. Throughout the dark days the Southern gentry have done much for their poor colored neighbors. That their efforts have too often

been unfruitful must be attributed to a lack of organization. The difference between the South and North is this, according to a brilliant colored observer—the Southerner sympathizes with *a* negro, but not *the* negro; the North with *the* negro, but not *a* negro.

Education, though not a panacea, is the first and most practical question, but the American's idea of education is curiously inelastic. He thinks it well to adopt the same methods with the Filipino, for instance, as with the boy from Ohio or the negro from Georgia. It is curious in this connection to see how history repeats itself. The suffrage, with education to follow, was to fit the negro for American citizenship. The same method, slightly adapted, is to fit the Filipino for self-government. Unfortunately for the white man, he cannot assume and reject responsibility at will, nor can he, by arbitrary methods, break down the intellectual and moral barriers imposed by race and evolution. He will only make bad Americans out of fairly good black or brown men. It is not so much education which is at fault, as the attempt to make all education fit in with American ideas, and with the theory that each child is a full-blown American citizen. The American negro is pitchforked into a machine little adapted for his mental or moral needs and he suffers accordingly. The tendency is to condense and compress, to force the bright intellects at the expense of the dull ones, and to make the discipline as light as possible. The negro who goes to a mixed school in the North has to keep pace with children of a very different mental calibre, or to drop hopelessly behind. In the colored schools of the South, taught by colored teachers, he has still to contend with a false standard—false, because it aims at making him the equal in mental attainment of white children, instead of endeavoring to bring out the best sides of his own character? Too often, indeed, the elaborate method of teaching involved by the American system breaks down utterly and becomes a farce, because of inefficient equipment of country schools and the superficial attainments of teachers. In this case the last state of that negro is worse than the first, and he would have been far better off in an old-fashioned village school, where the acquisition of a little reading and writing would not have prevented him from realizing his ignorance, and a frequent application of the stick might have improved his manners.

It has been said that to treat the negro frankly as an alien race would be the wisest course. This would involve separate schools,

specially adapted to the wants of the race, in which strictest account should be taken of the fact that the average negro child has neither heredity nor home influence at the back of him. It must also be remembered that the negro child develops quickly at first, and then seems to stagnate. All these things are in favor of separate schools with a carefully specialized system, but do not eliminate the white element from the school staff. In connection with this it may be mentioned that, at present, there are 99,000 white teachers, compared with 27,746 colored teachers, employed in colored schools; but the class of teachers is inferior and there is the authority of a white lady who worked in a missionary school in the South that it is difficult to get a good class of female teachers, since they are practically ostracised by their fellow-countrywomen because of their connection with the negroes. Such a condition as this should certainly cease to exist.

There is no reason why this school system should not be adjusted so that the bright and ambitious negro could pass on to normal school and to college or university if he wished,—for a career should be open to the superior man; and the character training through which he must first pass would tend to eradicate the faults of superficiality and egotism of which the college-bred negro is sometimes accused.

A great many people believe that industrial training alone can work the regeneration of the negro, and the good results obtained at Hampton, Tuskegee and elsewhere are quoted in proof. Industrial training was one of the great factors in the negro's first rise from savagery, and it becomes a necessity under the present conditions of life. The writer is inclined to think that every negro boy or girl should be given an elementary manual training as much on account of its value in character formation as because of the technical skill acquired. The best of them should afterwards follow their individual bent in taking up industrial or higher school work, every encouragement being given to direct them to occupations for which the negro is specially adapted; but it must be remembered that the vast majority enjoy only a short school-life, and that it is their character, and not their mental attainments, which is the important factor to be considered. In all American public schools there is a tendency to cover too much ground, so that the quick-witted child—and the Anglo-American is peculiarly quick-witted—betrays a brilliance quite beyond his

real knowledge. The whole aim and end of all negro training should be to make every boy or girl a better black, and not a closer imitation of a white. The training of teachers is one of the most important features in every educational scheme, and again it must be repeated that the teacher for colored schools needs a specialized training, and should be of the highest calibre.

There is no doubt that, in his present stage of evolution, the negro is at his best and is most valuable to the state when he remains on the land, employed in agriculture or field labor. Those who desire him to remain on the land should see to it that he is not debarred by so doing from advantages which he could obtain in cities. The condition of country schools in many districts of the South leaves much to be desired, and poverty has been an excuse; for, since the War, it has been difficult for many Southerners to educate their own children. But an era of prosperity has set in, and there should be an increase in educational facilities. The proportion of the money spent in the South since 1870 on education of white and black is about five to one. Only about 17 per cent. is spent on the negro public schools. The expenditure *per capita* of school population is 4.92 for the whites and 2.21 for the colored. And yet the training required by the latter is far more difficult and must be expensive if it is well done.

Throughout, the writer is strongly of the opinion that the control of schools, churches, institutions and every organization of social life should remain to a large extent in the possession of white men. This is indeed a field which calls for missionary enterprise. To teach, or preach, or organize among the negroes of a Southern State really requires more self-sacrifice than to go to China, and the tangible results of such a mission will certainly be far greater. In all missionary work it is the quality and not the quantity that tells, and nowhere more than in dealing with such a delicate situation as this.

It may be said that this course would reduce the openings for educated negroes while increasing their numbers, but this would not necessarily be the case. The increase in educational facilities would create more posts, while the higher standard of teaching power and specialized training required would decrease the number of eligible people. The aim and end of the education given, moreover, should be to create a class less superficial, and therefore more inclined to do thoroughly and well the tasks of housework

or agriculture, and to acquire the technical skill and steadiness necessary for industrial occupations. We do not want more facilities for the exceptional negro, but for the average one—something that will reach that great black mass and move it as the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

The future of the American negro chiefly depends upon the American white man. His is the responsibility, his the loss or gain in proportion as the negro rises or falls. Great as is the work begun by individual negroes of altogether exceptional type, they cannot hope to wrestle with the problem without co-operation from the great bulk of the American nation. First, in all justice get rid of the idea that the negro cannot rise, that he is a helpless, hopeless, log, to be forever whirled about in the torrent of civilization. Then, be honest with him as with yourselves. Treat him as a man of alien race, unfitted in his present stage of evolution for self-government or the full rights of citizenship, but as a man, notwithstanding, not as a *tertium quid* between man and dog. Encourage him in his struggle upwards by a generous acknowledgment of his achievements, and by allowing him to glean, in a fair and open field, whatever his talents may entitle him to.

The black race is already segregating, and this has happened under a system which was supposed to take them bodily into the nation. A course such as that adopted in Jamaica, while it gives far fewer rights nominally, gives far more in reality, and creates a *modus vivendi* under which the two races can live amicably together. Results such as this are brought about less by legislation than by public sentiment. Education is necessary, but not *any* kind of education. Discipline is essential, and should be enforced by white teachers, preachers and controllers in every department to induce steadiness and thoroughness and discourage emotionalism. Above all the white man must be prepared to treat with sympathy and respect any negro who by his life and ability has earned those sentiments, and he must strive to open to such the doors of political and social advancement instead of slamming them in his face.

One circumstance makes the average American lethargic concerning this problem, and unwilling to make any sacrifice to aid its solution. Even the most sanguine feel that no real progress can be made in one generation, perhaps not in two. The children of the children brought up as the writer has indicated would per-

haps be the first to show a real advance, and nowadays we care little to build for posterity. Well for some of us that our fathers were less selfish! Americans, however, with their supreme conviction that, while the countries of the Old World have reached their zenith, the United States is still in the first flush of manhood, ought to rise superior to this short-sighted view. Unless they do, they may pass from growth to decadence without touching maturity.

In conclusion, let us turn again to a rough summary of the situation. The future of the negro hangs in the balance. He cannot be transported, he will not be exterminated, if left alone he will retrograde and drag the white race down as well. There remains the single alternative—to elevate him, at all costs and in the face of every difficulty. The writer has endeavored to show, in a cursory way, what he considers the best lines on which this elevation should proceed; possibly there are other and better ones. All he wishes is to urge on the people of the United States the necessity for action in this matter. Individuals here and there are working on different lines and with varying success, but organization and united effort are wanting. Every State should have its system of negro development fully equipped, and all States should endeavor to bring their systems into unison.

A national problem of gigantic proportions and extreme difficulty, the future of the negro depends first on the creation of a national sentiment in favor of wiser and juster treatment, and then on the energy and ability with which that sentiment is translated into the practical task of elevating the black race.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

It is a hundred years since Emerson was born, and more than twenty years since he died; but, even now, the time has not come for an estimate of his just place among the literary and spiritual forces of the world. What we may say is, that he gave the first distinctively American impulse in literature, that he exercised an extraordinary influence in stimulating without maddening, and that the force he exerted has so far proved abiding. When Emerson died about the same time as Darwin, it was recognized everywhere that America and England had lost their most potent intellectual forces and their most shining intellectual glories. Emerson, however, was more than an intellectual leader. He was, and is, the spiritual guide of many thousands. It was recorded lately that the most reactionary and powerful of Russian statesmen kept always on the table beside him the Essays of Emerson, and referred to them as an oracle. I can testify to the mighty force with which he acted on the minds of young men in Scotland early in the sixties. The absence of a copyright convention between America and Great Britain had some good effects. Many in the old country who could not afford to buy the new books of Carlyle and Tennyson, were able to purchase the innumerable cheap reprints of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe and others. Young men, now in middle life, knew these authors from cover to cover, and lived by them. Very recently, a shilling edition of Emerson's Essays was published in England, and twenty thousand copies were sold at once. It is well worth while to review this great and distinctively American man of letters when the most glowing prophecies of American ascendency in the world are being fulfilled before our eyes.

I.

There was an extraordinary unity and consistency in Emerson's career. He struck the key-note of all his writing in his essay on Nature, when he said:

"The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs?"

This was Emerson's watchword from the beginning to the end. He did not disparage the past. Much of his work was done in making his people familiar with the great men, thoughts and deeds of other times and lands. His ancestors were not only Puritan but clerical, and he derived much from them. The Reverend Peter Bulkeley, Rector of Odell on the Ouse, in the time of Laud, had Mr. Emerson as his direct descendant. He was driven out of the country by Laud for his Nonconformist practices, and in middle life sold all his property and crossed the seas to New England, and founded the town of Concord. He was pious to the very core, and, like Mr. Emerson, he was a scholar. But with all his affection for the past, Emerson was a man of the new time and the New World, and he did what he could to throw an ideal radiance round his own country. He began by recognizing gladly the new facts brought to light by investigation. Indeed, like Tennyson, he anticipated them in a manner. His essay on Nature is prefaced by the significant lines:

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings.
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose.
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

It is true that 1830 was the year of the great debate on fixity of type between Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, but there were only few among poets and philosophers who knew what had happened, though Goethe understood it well. Long after, Kingsley's attitude towards the new science was properly described as "fearless and helpless." From the start, Emerson turned a fearless and joyful face to every fresh discovery. Though not a scientific

observer himself, he asked why America should not have a poetry and philosophy of nature. This attitude brought him the tribute of men like Professor Tyndall, who wrote in his copy of "Nature" "*Purchased by Inspiration.*"

But Emerson was loyal to all truth without loss of reverence. He never abandoned his faith in the supremacy of the divine in the world. This was a faith which could watch without dismay, indeed with eager sympathy, the progress of the intellect. For Emerson gave a mystic baptism to science. Said Tyndall:

"Not only is Emerson's religious sense entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, but all such discoveries he comprehends and assimilates. By Emerson, scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world."

It was fundamental with him that truth could be comprehended by intuition. The principles of Transcendentalism are to be felt as religious emotions, or grasped by the imagination as a poetic whole. They are not to be proved, neither are they to be set down in proportion as the articles of a creed. The truth comes to us not when we are critical, not when we are working, but when we are receptive and passive. The knowledge thus conveyed does not require to be defined. Its foundation need not be strengthened. If we enter the innermost temple of the Absolute, as Emerson says we can, we shall know that we have been there. To affirm the experience is our business. To affirm it in words that adorn it, was the task to which Emerson triumphantly addressed himself.

Bearing in mind Emerson's intense dislike of creeds in this age of the world, we may state his ruling intuitions. He affirmed the doctrine of the Over-Soul—that under the changing phenomena and below the jarring strife of atoms and men there lies a single First Cause; an infinite, eternal and perfect Substance; a divine noumenon of which earthly phenomena are manifestations. Nature and the soul alike are informed by it, and they are governed by the same laws. These laws are Progress and Righteousness. The whole world is an omen of good. If humanity places itself in right relations with God and nature, it must be purified and elevated. The more complete the surrender, the more perfect will be the peace. So long as man remains out of harmony with the Over-Soul, all things are hostile and incomprehensible. Emerson declined to affirm the personality of the Divine Substance,

but he had no doubt that the nature of things was kind and righteous. Every soul was independent and self-determined, but bound to submit its selfish instincts to the universal law and thus become divine. When the soul opened itself to the Ideal, and admitted the inflowing of the Over-Soul, there was a tide of ecstasy —the human and the divine were merged. Optimism was but the direct inference from these propositions. Accepted frankly, they would result in a serene belief in the nature of things and the hopefulness of man's estate, and in a complete refusal to believe in the indifference and cruelty of the sum of things.

The doctrine of Transcendentalism bored Oliver Wendell Holmes and many others. It has been said that Holmes's monograph on Emerson is "The Natural History of the Wood Thrush by a Canary Bird." But it has been claimed for Transcendentalism that it is no American idiosyncrasy, no novel product of a virgin soil, but one of the oldest and proudest of human philosophies. It has been followed from its earliest records through Grecian speculation, through Neoplatonism, through the despairing nobility of Roman Stoicism, through mediæval Mysticism, through the mathematical arguments of Spinoza, through the orthodox shapings of Swedenborg, to the extreme philosophies of German Idealism. In Emerson, however, and in his true followers, there are distinctive notes. The most remarkable is the supremacy given to ethics, these ethics being practically the ethics of Christianity. In debates still carried on between ethical thinkers on practical questions, Emerson's vote would have gone always with the Christians. Emersonian, also, is the unfaltering and even exalted optimism in which Emerson lived and died. It will be seen that Transcendentalism has much in common with Christianity, especially on the ethical side. But from the Christianity of the Apostles and the Church it is sharply separated by its denial of the supernatural. The special claim of the Christian Religion is the claim to finality. "God . . . . hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son." "Once in the end of the world He appeared." These days are the last days. Christ is the last word of God. But Emerson denies miracle and denies also the finality of any book or any Redeemer.

"That the administration of eternity is final, that the God of revelation has seen cause to repent and botch up the ordinances of the God of nature, I hold it not only irreverent but impious in us to assume."

To him all religions were alike imperfect and useful, and the wise man keeps his mind open and receptive to everything of good that floats by him from whatever source. It is degrading to depend wholly on the past.

"If a man claims to speak and know all God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not."

The fountain of inspiration was still flowing. The soul that kept itself quiet and expectant would receive light. So, better books than the Bible would be written, higher characters than the Christ would appear. "We, too, must write bibles to unite the heavenly and the earthly worlds." There can be no final teacher.

"The man has never lived who can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set any barrier on one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire."

Christ was one of many gifted spirits with whom the Over-Soul had direct communication. He was to be reverenced, but one day he would be estimated and set aside for another, while whatever was true in his words and acts would continue to live. Nobler prophets than Christ were yet to come in the eternal progress. Emerson speaks with reticence about Christ, but we may gather that he questioned the accuracy of the Gospel history in many parts, not merely the miracles, but also the record of the words. But even if criticism had accomplished its task in separating between the false and the true, Emerson would by no means have admitted that Christ was infallible. He looked for another.

I think some stress ought to be laid on Emerson's expectation of a Messiah. His attitude was almost Jewish. A Messiah was due from God. He would probably be an American Messiah. Americans must not miss him. Where would the Messiah be found? Emerson's study had convinced him that the Messiah would appear among the "cranks," so-called. "*None of the princes of this world knew.*" So he was amazingly tolerant to men like Bronson Alcott and Thoreau, women like Margaret Fuller and experiments like Brook Farm. He viewed them with an open and hopeful mind. The regeneration of the world, in his judgment, would come from some modern seer. And though he was keenly alive to the occasional absurdities in "The Dial"

and its contributors, he was tolerant and more than tolerant. He would have smiled at the lady who inquired at a lecture, "Mr. Alcott, does Omnipotence abnegate attribute?" It is difficult to believe that he was not amused at the words with which "The Dial" ended: "Energize about the Hecatic sphere." But he was loyal for all that. No one valued Alcott so highly. He would listen to him when the rest had fled. Of Thoreau he said, "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty he will find a home." When Margaret Fuller died, he said, "My audience is gone." He made haste to welcome Walt Whitman, though it is said that his admiration of the poet abated. There is nothing more striking in the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson than their respective attitudes to the mild-eyed Buddhas who appeared from time to time. Carlyle had no patience with men like Alcott. Emerson saw all that Carlyle saw, but he saw deeper and farther. There is no correspondence between men of equal intellectual rank which shows so little intellectual sympathy. In the end of the day, the difference between Carlyle and Emerson was a difference of first principles. Carlyle was so deeply imbued with a belief in the depravity of the human race, that he ceased to have hope. Emerson never weakened in his optimism, neither was he discouraged by the appearance of many false Messiahs. He looked upon them as the inevitable precursors of the true Christ.

It follows that he practically disclaimed all finality, save for some foundation principles. There is nothing in his writing of the intense dogmatism on doubtful matters which has sent so many books on philosophy to the shelf. Those who lived through the period when Huxley and Tyndall seemed to dominate the intellectual world in England, will remember the calm assumption that the ways of thinking among scientific men in the latter part of the nineteenth century would endure forever. Emerson was always looking forward to the long future, and he knew very well that the centuries would bring innumerable changes. He held fast, however, to the truth of intuition, to the kindness and righteousness of the great First Cause. There was a day when American thinkers became concerned at Emerson's reliance on intuition. They complained that he set it in the place of thought; that he imagined that culture could come without work; that one's own insight could be defended without regard to facts and argu-

ments. While they admitted that under the hands of the master the instrument worked not ill, and recalled Emerson's part in the great struggles of the time, they considered that much of the feeble talk of their own day and much of the lack of thorough, deliberate, careful, exact investigation, was due to the laziness and flimsiness of ill-instructed and slothful disciples. There is now no need to fear for the future of scientific research in America, and it may even seem as if the special work that Emerson did in the enforcement of the spiritual is more needed and more precious than ever before. Emerson warned us not to expect from research what research could never give. The world, he insisted, was too young, by some ages yet, to form a creed.

"Far be from me the impatience which cannot brook the supernatural and the vast. Far be from me the lust of explaining away all that appeals to the imagination and the great presentiments that haunt us. Willingly I, too, say 'Hail!' to the unknown, awful powers which transcend the ken of the understanding."

II.

From Emerson's thought comes his style; they cannot be criticised apart. His friend, Bronson Alcott, in a sketch of Emerson which shows true insight, says that his is a poet's, not a logician's, power. "He states, pictures, and sketches, he does not reason." His style is Runic, Orphic, mystical, aphoristic. He was himself passionately fond of condensation. Letter-writing he disliked as too plain and familiar. He did not marshal his sentences or order his thoughts to reach the desired end. One critic says that he was a lapidary and not an architect; another complains that many of his pages are abracadabra. He is severely condemned by Whately in his preface to Bacon's Essays, for his manifold transgression of rules. We may admit all this without the least compunction. He does sometimes "cast forth his ice like morsels." His utterances must stand or fall by themselves; they cannot be labelled and placed in pigeon-holes. His qualities were excellently defined by Carlyle, as "brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace, with such a penetrating meaning, soft enough to be irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights, as silent electricity goes." His phrases are "rammed with thoughts." It has been pointed out how he improved Tacitus by translating "*Praefulgebant eo ipso quod non visebantur,*" into "They glared

through their absences." His was the power to turn a book into a page, a page into a phrase, and a phrase into a word.

His high imagination and his noble thought were enough to make his style peculiarly impressive and arresting, but it owes its special characteristics to the fact that he did not believe in system. He knew that the system-makers die. Who will ever reprint the works of Sir William Hamilton or John Stuart Mill? Are the prose writings of Matthew Arnold really alive? Emerson had no wish to found a school. He would not even accommodate himself to formulas. He would not narrow the play of his sympathy and the range of his activity. Philosophers who have a living power have won it by something which transcends system and is much more vital than the theories in which it is clothed. The world was too young for system; further, he was avowedly a pioneer. Though books were pleasant companions to him, they were neither counsellors nor intimates. No author was his master: he relied on his intuitions. Though very original, he would never have claimed originality, or tried to assert priority. His readers come to watch his method with the same keen delight with which his hearers watched it. Alcott tells us how in lecturing he would halt at a new paragraph till he contrived to find a key, unlock the drawer, pull it out and display the treasure.

III.

This immediately raises the question of his place as a poet. It is one of the few questions on which the best critical opinion is not perfectly unanimous, the others, perhaps, being whether Lord Lytton was a great novelist ("he is not a genius," said Emerson), and whether Mrs. Browning was a great poetess. Emerson's ambition was to be a poet. He said himself, in 1835:

> "I am born a poet, of a low class, without doubt, yet a poet. It is my nature and my vocation. My singing, to be sure, is very husky and for the most part in prose."

There should be little difficulty in deciding that his differentia was poetical, and in addition he aspired to verse, because "we may speak ideal truth in verse that we may not in prose." His prose passes often into high poetry and even into poetical form. The fine lines,

> "I heard, or seemed to hear, the chiding sea
> Say, 'Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?'"

were originally written in prose, without any thought of their rhythmical character. His own view of expression is instructive.

"God does not himself speak prose, but communicates with us by hints, omens, inferences, dark resemblances in objects lying around us."

He says, again, of poetry that:

"it teaches the enormous force of a few words, and, in proportion to the inspiration, checks loquacity. It requires a splendor of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts. The great poets are judged by the frame of mind they induce, and to them, of all men, the severest criticism is due."

Emerson's poetry has been criticised with sufficient harshness. Matthew Arnold said that the whole body of Emerson's verse was not worth Longfellow's little poem "The Bridge." This indicated Arnold's limitations. Another critic has ranked his poetry with Carlyle's few rough verses, and has spoken of it as the attempt of a seeress to induce in herself the ecstacy which will not spontaneously visit her. But there is little doubt that Emerson is a great and admirable poet, and that this will be increasingly recognized. To compare his work with that of modern English poets is unprofitable. His affinities, as a poet, were Oriental rather than Western. No doubt his poetry is at variance with the ruling canons, but it remains, and they may not remain. He was a poet of the future, showing in their poetic aspect the great generalizations of science. It must be allowed that he fails in the constant felicity and certainty of expression which mark the highest, but many of his stanzas and short pieces are perfect in their form, and no one has had completer intimacy with nature as the world of beauty and the world of order. Among the least known and loveliest of his verses are these:

"If my darling should depart,
  And search the skies for prouder friends,
God forbid my angry heart
  In other love should seek amends.

"When the blue horizon's hoop
  Me a little pinches here,
Instant to my grave I stoop,
  And go find thee in the sphere."

And, as we shall see, his most secret thoughts are expressed under the veil of poetry.

IV.

His pre-eminent sanity in the midst of cranks is the main secret of his attraction. Many who cannot follow his mysticism are drawn to him by that. He was, on one side of him, one of the shrewdest and coolest of Americans. From his works a book might easily be compiled on the conduct of life, which hard-headed business men would distribute among their employees. For example, what could be more practical than his handling of every-day difficulties in his essay on Power? He takes the case of a man hindered by lack of vital force. He tells him that he must concentrate; he must give mind, soul, heart and body to business. Next, he must have recourse to the power of use and routine.

"Six hours every day at the piano only to give facility of touch, and six hours a day at painting only to give command of the odious materials, oil, ochres and brushes. The masters say that they know a master in music only by seeing the pose of the hands on the keys—so difficult and vital an act is the command of the instrument."

He never praises the superficial success, the vulgar hero. It would be impossible to exaggerate the stress he lays on conduct, his patient appeal to the nobler imagination, his constant setting forth of the eternal beauty of the Platonic Ideal.

"The next age will behold God in the ethical laws. The eternal creative and informing force is itself moral and ideal. The moral life is not something into which we drift. It is that whereto we are sent. The moral life is the centre, the genesis and the commanding fact. Morality, then, is the conscious adoption of the Universal as the controlling presence of the Universal in the individual."

"But love me then and only, when you know
Me for the channel of the rivers of God
From deep, ideal, fontal heavens that flow."

He saw in the future a new church based on moral science. It would be at first cold and naked—a babe in a manger again. The church of men would come without shawms or psaltery, or sackbut, but it would have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters, science for symbol and illustration, and it would fast enough gather beauty, music, pictures and poetry. When the mind of man was illuminated, he would throw himself joyfully into the sublime order and become with knowledge what the stones do by structure.

Emerson has been highly and justly valued for the singular

insight of his literary judgment. Those who care little for his Transcendentalism, and think that his chin is in the air whenever he speaks of the greater religions, recognize his royal and certain perception of character and genius. Many of his sentences ring like oracles, as when he says of Goethe, "His affections help him like women employed by Cicero to worm out the secrets of conspirators;" and when he says in his English Traits, "The great men of England are singularly ignorant of religion." He is never rude or scornful or arrogant. A native and inalienable benignity characterizes all his judgments, but to the moral idea he is ever faithful. To him genius in man is the Godhead in distribution. Genius is religion, and all the great ages have been ages of faith. "In the voice of genius I hear invariably the moral tone, even when it is disowned in words." Of course he is sometimes in error, as when he says that Shelley is never a poet though he is always poetical in mind; but his lapses are much less frequent than those of Matthew Arnold.

I think it must be admitted that Emerson deliberately shunned the darker aspects of life. He did not face the problem of sin. He has little to say of sorrow, and is far poorer in pathos than his friend Carlyle. Christians may still claim that theirs is the only religion that has effectually measured its strength with sin, sorrow and death. Emerson would have replied to this criticism that he was not a system builder, and that he was not called on to deal with every subject. Perhaps something more may be said. The great griefs of his own life were those of bereavement. His cries after the loss of wife and child, coming from a nature so controlled and calm, are strangely memorable. Other troubles he did not seem to fear. Drudgery, calamity and want, he said, were instructors in eloquence and wisdom; but he never forgot the loss of his little son, and almost his last words were, "Oh, that beautiful boy!" He deeply pondered bereavement as the antagonist to happiness; and, if I am not altogether mistaken, the inner meaning of his poetry is, that human beings should not too deeply engage their affections in a world like this.

> "Space is ample, east and west,
> But two cannot go abreast,
> Cannot travel in it two."

The last word of his hidden wisdom is in the lines:

"Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved."

In his last days, like Carlyle, he talked of meeting his dear ones where there is no parting. The approximation to Christianity indicated by such hopes is of the closest kind, and is quite inconsistent with much that Emerson and Carlyle steadfastly taught. As for immortality, he refused to speak clearly. In his youth, writing to John Sterling, then on his death-bed, he said:

"Each of us more readily faces the issue alone than on account of his friend. We find something dishonest in learning to live without friends, while death wears a sublime aspect to each of us."

Of immortality, the soul, when well employed, was incurious. It was so well that it was sure it would be well. It directed no question to the Supreme Power. The teachings of the High Spirit were abstemious and in regard to particulars negative. But Emerson knew that the soul might be well employed and yet not well, and that for its deepest wound there is but one cure.

V.

The man behind the books, in Emerson's case, was as noble as the noblest of his words. There was no discrepancy between his teaching and his character. From the beginning to the end there is consistent witness to his gracious spiritual charm, his regal suavity, his magnanimity, his patience, his high strain of thought and feeling, his obedience to the heavenly vision. His home life was one of gentle and harmonious peace. "He was," said Henry James, Sr., "a liberal, divine presence in the house." Harriet Martineau said of him: "His most transient guests owe to him their experience of what the highest grace of domestic manner may be." Emerson was nobly faithful to his convictions in the great conflict with slavery. So early as 1844, when the temper of the abolitionists was sufficiently fierce, and they refused even to recognize half converts, they always acknowledged Emerson as their own. In 1864 he wrote:

"I shall always respect the war hereafter. The loss of life, the dreary havoc of comfort and time, are overpaid by the vistas that open to eternal life and eternal law, reconstructing and uplifting society."

The author of "Mark Rutherford" tells us that, when Emerson was last in England, he asked him who were his chief friends in America. He replied:

"I find many among the Quakers. I know one simple old lady, in particular, whom I specially honor. She said to me, 'I cannot think what you find in me worth notice!' Ah!" continued Mr. Emerson, "if she had said 'yea' and the whole world had thundered 'nay' in her ear, she would still have said 'yea.'"

That was why he honored her.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

THE MODERN SCHOOL OF NATURE-STUDY AND ITS CRITICS.

BY DR. WILLIAM J. LONG, AUTHOR OF "SCHOOL OF THE WOODS," "BEASTS OF THE FIELD," ETC.

Two things should be borne in mind if one would understand the present interest in Nature-study, or classify the large number of books which minister to that interest:

First, the study of Nature is a vastly different thing from the study of Science; they are no more alike than Psychology and History. Above and beyond the world of facts and law, with which alone Science concerns itself, is an immense and almost unknown world of suggestion and freedom and inspiration, in which the individual, whether animal or man, must struggle against fact and law to develop or keep his own individuality. It is a world of *appreciation,* to express it in terms of the philosophy of Professor Royce, rather than a world of *description.* It is a world that must be interpreted rather than catalogued, for you cannot catalogue or classify the individuality for which all things are struggling. Here the "flower in the crannied wall" is analyzed, indeed, but not according to the principles of Gray's Manual; "the eagle that stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, and beareth them on her wings," sweeps into our hearts without the might of a Latin name added; and the "poor, cowerin', timorous beastie" runs away and leaves us with a question that cannot be answered by telling us whether this mother mouse belongs to the long-tailed or jumping variety. This upper world of appreciation and suggestion, of individuality interpreted by individuality, is the world of Nature, the Nature of the poets and prophets and thinkers. Though less exact, it is not less but rather more true and real than Science, as emotions are more real than facts, and love is more true than Economics—

"Und wenn Natur Dich unterweist
Dann geht die Seelenkraft Dir auf,
Wie spricht ein Geist zum andern Geist."

That is the word which Goethe, himself a scientist and philosopher, put into the mouth of Faust, a man who knew all the sciences, but who cried out for the life of Nature. "I study facts and law; they are enough," says the scientist. "We know the tyranny of facts and law too well," answer the nature-students. "Give us now the liberty and truth of the spirit."

Let me illustrate this difference clearly and simply by reference to two animals that I have followed, under difficulties, for many years. They are the beaver and the otter, both wonderful swimmers, more at home in the water than on the land. The beaver uses only his hind feet in swimming; the otter, except when playing on the surface, uses only his forefeet for the same purpose; when chasing a trout under water, the hind legs are trailed behind him with his tail. Why this difference in two powerful swimmers of the same waters? Again, both these animals are unusually peaceable at all seasons. Of all the wood-folk that mind their own business, the beaver is the most exemplary; and the otter, though a powerful fighter and belonging to the quarrelsome weasel family, is gentle and playful, lets the other animals severely alone, and makes the most docile of pets when you catch him. Yet these two peaceable animals fight like Kilkenny cats whenever they cross each other's path. Why?

Science has no answer here. It is not her field; and long ago she classified both animals and finished with them. The work of the nature-student, on the other hand, has hardly more than begun. Following these shy animals summer and winter, entering into their struggles, he has learned to interpret how, in their dim way, they think and feel, and how their interests are bound to clash. And he understands perfectly both their swimming and their animosities; for he sees the individuality which the scientist, with other interests, must always miss.

In a word, the difference between Nature and Science is the difference between a man who loves animals, and so understands them, and the man who studies Zoology; it is the difference between the woman who cherishes her old-fashioned flower-garden and the professor who lectures on Botany in a college class-room.

The second thing to remember is this: that the field of natural

history has changed rapidly of late, and in the schools and nature clubs the demand is for less Science and more Nature. Formerly, the writer of natural history, working on the scientific plan, simply catalogued his facts and observations. Animals were assumed to be creatures of instinct and habit. They were described in classes, under the assumption that all animals of the same class are alike. Style and living interest were both alike out of place; for it was, and still is, asserted that a personal interest destroys the value of an observation.

The modern nature-student has learned a different lesson. He knows that animals of the same class are still individuals; that they are different every one, and have different habits; that they are not more alike than men and women of the same class, and that they change their habits rapidly—more so, perhaps, than do either governments or churches—when the need arises. When a student at the Theological Seminary, I watched a toad that lived under the stone door-step. Now, toads are not supposed to have much individuality; yet, though I have watched toads since I was a child, when I made pets of them, I recorded a dozen things of this one toad that I had never seen before, and that have never been observed, so far as I know, by any other naturalist.

The truth is, that he who watches any animal closely enough will see what no naturalist has ever seen. This is the simple secret of the wonderful cat story, or the incredible dog story, to be heard in almost every house. It means that, after you have catalogued dogs perfectly, you still have in every dog a new subject with some new habits. Every boy who keeps a pet has something to tell the best naturalist. Every audience to which I have ever lectured on animals has brought forward at least a dozen men and women, each with a true animal story that seems incredible. In the State of Maine alone I have talked with at least fifty different guides and trappers. They all follow the same classes of animals, yet every guide has a different record of the habits of those animals, and nearly every one of them has at least three or four animal stories that would not be believed if they were printed. That is not because they lie; for I have found them to be truthful and reliable men mostly; and, since their success as guides and hunters is at stake, they are keen to listen and learn about animals. The truth is, that they have discovered unconsciously the secret of animal individuality, which the old

natural-history writers have missed; they see different habits, simply because they follow different animals in different localities.

For over twenty years, I have gone every season deep into the woods; have lived alone with the animals for months at a time; have followed them summer and winter with old Indians whose whole lives have been spent in hunting and trapping; have lain all night in my canoe or slept in the snow alone on their trail, that I might not lose the lesson of their awaking. Moreover, I have camped and tramped with a score of trappers, keen men whose eyes see everything and whose knowledge of animals is fatal in its accuracy. I have gone fifty miles out of my course to interview some famous old Indian or hunter, and ask for his verification or denial of my own observations. I have questioned these men about animals; have listened to them when, lying beside me on the same blanket after sharing my bread and fire, they spoke simply and spoke the truth as to what they had observed. And one result of all this watching and listening is this: that there is, for me at least, absolutely no limit to the variety and adaptiveness of Nature, even in a single species. If you cannot find two leaves alike on the same elm-tree, you certainly cannot write a list of habits that will cover even two animals perfectly, with their wild free life and their individuality struggling to express itself amidst a hundred dangers and unknown problems. When we consider the marvellous life of the bee and the ant and the water-spider, the wonder is, not that we have seen so much, but rather that we have seen so very little, of the more highly developed and individualized animals. There is another result also, namely this: that no animal story told me as a fact by an honest man will leave me incredulous; for in my note-books there are more incredible things written that I have seen myself, but that I have not dared to print until the observation shall have been confirmed. And this experience is true of many other naturalists who have written or spoken to me on the subject.

Sometimes the confirmation comes in unexpected ways. Years ago, when a small boy, I watched two orioles building their nest. The twig upon which they hung it forked too widely to suit them. They deliberated plainly upon the matter; then they brought up a twig from the ground, laid it across the forks, and tied it there with strings as a third support to the nest. Moreover, when they tied the strings, they took the ends in their beaks and hung their

weight upon them so as to draw the knots tight. For twenty-five successive years I watched other orioles building, to see if this astonishing bit of calculation should be repeated. Then, last spring, two orioles built in a buttonwood tree, after having been driven away from their favorite elm by carpenters. They wanted a swinging nest, but the buttonwood's branches were too stiff and straight; so they fastened three sticks together on the ground in the form of a perfectly measured triangle. At each angle they fastened one end of a cord, and carried the other end over and made it fast to the middle of the opposite side. Then they gathered up the loops and fastened them by the middle, all together, to a stout bit of marline; and their staging was all ready. They carried up this staging and swung it two feet below the middle of a thick limb, so that some leaves above sheltered them from sun and rain; and upon this swinging stage they built their nest. The marline was tied once around the limb, and, to make it perfectly sure, the end was brought down and fastened to the supporting cord with a reversed double-hitch, the kind that a man uses in cinching his saddle. Moreover, the birds tied a single knot at the extreme end lest the marline should ravel in the wind. The nest hangs above my table now, the reward of a twenty-five years' search; but not one in ten of those who see it and wonder can believe that it is the work of birds, until in the mouths of two or three witnesses who saw the matter every word has been established.

There is one other thing that the modern nature-writer has learned, namely, that in this, as in every other field of literature, only a book which has style can live. And style is but the unconscious expression of personality. Not only may the personal element enter into the new nature-books; it must enter there if we are to interpret the facts truthfully. Every animal has an individuality, however small or dim; that is certain. (I know not how much farther one may safely go in the line of Leibnitz's philosophy and find the development of individuality below the animal). And the nature-student must seek from his own individuality, which is the only thing that he knows absolutely (this is the centre of the philosophy of both Hume and Descartes) to interpret truthfully and sympathetically the individual before him. For this work he must have not only sight but vision; not simply eyes and ears and a note-book; but insight, imagination, and,

above all, an intense human sympathy, by which alone the inner life of an animal becomes luminous, and without which the living creatures are little better than stuffed specimens, and their actions the meaningless dance of shadows across the mouth of Plato's cave.

With these general considerations in mind, it is a simple matter to estimate Mr. Burroughs's astounding criticism in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Aside from the unwarranted personal attacks, which those who like him best will most deplore, the article has two evident faults that destroy the force of his criticism: (1) it overlooks entirely the individuality of animals and the adaptiveness of nature; (2) it weighs the universe with the scales of his own farm and barnyard. What the animals do there is the absolute measure and limit of what they will do in the Maine wilderness and the Canadian Rockies. From the mice and woodchucks of his pasture, where he is at home, he affirms what is true and false of the bear and caribou of the great forest where he has never been. One must deny at the outset the very grounds of his opposition.

These two faults are glaringly manifest in Mr. Burroughs's specific denials and assertions. He accuses Mr. Thompson-Seton of deliberate falsehood and misrepresentation, on the sole ground that he himself has not seen the things recorded and that, therefore, they cannot be true. Frankly, I differ radically from Mr. Thompson-Seton in many of his theories and observations of animals. That is either because I have seen less, and less sympathetically, than he has, or because I have watched bears and wolves with different individual habits. But Mr. Thompson-Seton is a gentleman. When he tells me that he has seen a thing that is new and wonderful to me, though I know his animals well as a class, I shall simply open my own eyes wider, and question Indian hunters more closely, to know whether his observation is in error, or whether he saw some peculiar trait of some one animal, or whether the same thing has been seen by others in different places. For me to question his veracity, and deny what he has seen because I have not seen it, would be simply to show my own lack of courtesy, and arouse suspicion that I might be jealous of his hard-won and well-deserved success.

Mr. Burroughs denies, for instance, Mr. Thompson-Seton's record of a fox jumping on a sheep's back. He calls it pure in-

vention, and assures us authoritatively that it never happened. Yet in my notes, among fifty other fox traits, is the record of a fox that did just that trick, in Boothbay, Maine, in 1887. This is the record: I was following a fox one day when I saw some sheep scatter suddenly; and, knowing that the fox was there, I ran down, calling-on the hound. There was soft snow on the ground, and every track in the field was plain as a footpath. A fox-trail came down to where the sheep were standing and ended there; nor was there any further track that my own eyes or the hound's nose could discover. On the other side of the field I found the fox track again beside that of a frightened sheep. It began there, with no back track; and it was as certain as if seen and photographed that the fox had crossed on the sheep's back. No other way, except to fly or to jump a hundred yards, was possible.

Concerning Mr. Thompson-Seton's crow story, Mr. Burroughs is equally sure that it is largely falsehood; "for," says he, "crows do not flock in June. They flock only in September." Possibly this is true in Mr. Burroughs's own neighborhood. Elsewhere they are apt to flock at all seasons, and are always more or less gregarious. I have seen three or four hundred at once on the Chatham (N. B.) beaches in early July. On the island of Nantucket they even nest in flocks, contrary to their usual custom; and Mr. C. G. D. Roberts assures me this is also true in his home woods.

After denying Mr. Thompson-Seton's crow story, Mr. Burroughs tells one or two of his own. He tells us that crows in starvation times share their food with one another. He tells us of three crows that came, one winter day, to ask alms at his cabin; that he took them out food, and they came and ate it. This seems to me a much more incredible story than those he denies. Suppose we apply to it his own canons of criticism. We mete out to him the same measure of courtesy that he measures to his fellow naturalist; and we say: "This is deliberate falsehood. He made up that story and called it truth because he wanted to sell his books. We have seen starving animals from Maine to Florida, and they always fight for the biggest portions; we have seen crows in our orchard in winter, and they always fly away at our approach. It is a pretty story, but he should end it with the little sentence which is often found in parenthesis at the end of a long and elaborate Arabic manuscript: '*This is a lie*'!"

If we were so to criticize this story of his, and a score of others in his books, he himself would be the first to see how unjust, how inaccurate, and how arrogant was our criticism. Yet this is precisely the argument and the only argument he uses: "How could these upstart naturalists possibly see what Wallace and Darwin did not see?" he demands, authoritatively. And the answer is simple: Neither Darwin nor Wallace ever studied animals in this way. Their work was of a totally different kind. And these later naturalists follow different animals, with Indian hunters who know a thousand times more of the details of these animals' lives than Darwin or Wallace could possibly know. "How could Darwin see or dare to see what the great Cuvier had not seen?" we might ask with equal force. "How could Audubon see so many things that no one else had ever seen, and record twenty other things that we now know were mistakes?" Simply because they dared to write what they saw, not what they were expected to see by the self-constituted authorities. And it is sad to remember that they also were vilified and insulted for their observations.

Mr. Burroughs treats my own books, and especially "School of The Woods," with even scanter courtesy. He sweeps aside all the recorded facts of twenty years' patient observation. He has not seen these things on his farm, and therefore they must be false. The working theories, which alone seem to me to account for the facts, are denied *ex cathedra*. He denies absolutely that there is such a thing as a mother animal teaching her young. The answer to this is, not to accept any theory, but simply to open your eyes and see what goes on with wild mother-birds and animals as they lead their young out into the world. He gives the lie direct to the kingfisher that put minnows into a shallow pool for her young to catch, and to the fishhawk that wounded a fish in order that her young might learn how to strike it. Dr. Philip Cox, the best ichthyologist in Canada, found a new species of fish that the fishhawks had stored in a pool in just this way; and Mr. Mauran Furbish, who probably knows more of the New Brunswick wilderness than any other man, has told me since my book was written that he had seen the same thing. Moreover, the wild mother-sheldrakes to be seen on every wilderness lake often use this method to teach their little ones how to catch trout.

Mr. Burroughs declares absolutely—and here he is a type of the old school—that animals know no such thing as learning.

"All animals do exactly and instinctively what their parents did," he affirms. How, then, are there any domestic animals? Why does the tame canary sing, while a wild canary or one brought up in solitude only chirps and twitters? How is a sheep-dog possible to-day, since his parents of yesterday ate the sheep?

He denies the absence of fear on the part of young fawns and moose. It is a little hard, but still only just, to point out here that his criticism is valueless, for he has no knowledge or experience of these creatures. He also forgets that early explorers in the Arctic found most of the animals, and especially the caribou, quite tame and fearless of men. Since then they have learned fear; but it is a denial of every theory of Weissmann and Wallace to assert that the young can so soon inherit this fear. How, then, shall the young learn it except they be taught? The Hon. E. L. Scofield, Insurance Commissioner of Connecticut, had an experience with fawns in the Adirondacks precisely similar to that recorded in "School of The Woods"; and Mr. E. W. Deming, the artist, who knows the western animals as well as do the Indians whom he paints so splendidly, will tell him the same thing of elk and mountain sheep.

The critic denies my partridge story, a faithful record of what passed under my eyes one September day two years ago, on the curious ground that a partridge cannot count eleven. A very small grain of imagination here (imagination is good, even for a naturalist) might suggest that it may not be necessary to count in Arabic numerals. Among others of my congregation on a Sunday morning are some two or three hundred faces that I know well. A glance down is often enough to show me that one face is missing—and I never count the congregation. Over the way, my neighbor had a motherly old hen with a dozen or more chickens. I used often to watch her in the twilight clucking her brood under her wings. Just a glance as they come together, and she clucks again anxiously. She has missed one; and here he comes running from under the coop where he has been hiding. Possibly I could accept Mr. Burroughs's decree that no bird can count more than five, without asking how he knows; but, even so, I must believe my eyes, and give this old hen and the partridge credit for a bit of my own intuition. The point is, not that they counted eleven, but that they missed one whom they knew, and who was probably dear to them.

The critic, after denying what may be seen on a hundred wilderness lakes every summer, namely, a fishhawk teaching her young to strike fish, demands how I can know that the young left to themselves without the mother's teaching would probably go back to the old hawk habit of hunting. I answer: partly from a general knowledge of birds of prey; partly from specific experience. A boy whom I knew well* had a young fish hawk that he took from a nest. Fish being scarce, he fed him mostly on scraps of meat and small animals. The moment he could use his wings the fishhawk swooped for a chicken. He never, so long as I watched him, tried to fish, but caught squirrels and chickens in true hawk fashion till he took a neighbor's setting hen from her eggs, one day, and was cudgelled to death as a nuisance.

On the subject of the red squirrel, Mr. Burroughs takes me to task for ignorance because I saw a red squirrel carrying some small chestnuts in his cheeks. "That is the word of a false witness," he says, "trying to mislead a jury." For red squirrels have no cheek-pouches like the chipmunks. Yet Mr. Burroughs must know well that red squirrels—and, indeed, all rodents from mice to musquash—will, in carrying grain or small objects, stuff their mouths and cheeks full, as if to remind Nature of the pouches she forgot to give them. It is possible, also, that at one time the red squirrel had pouches; but he no longer stores a winter's supply, and so his gifts have been taken away from him by long disuse, and only a shadowy memory of them remains.

Further analysis of the critic, and of those who, like him, regard animals only as creatures of instinct and fixed habit, would be superfluous. There are more things in heaven and earth, and in the heart of the wild things, evidently, than are seen on Mr. Burroughs's farm or dreamed of in his philosophy. Many will remember his cutting criticism of the poets† in which he ridicules Lowell for having buttercups and dandelions in the same field, and Bryant for giving fragrance to the yellow violet, and both poets for many other things which they had seen. Yet the poets were perfectly right; and Mr. Burroughs's quarrel was with the Almighty, not with the servants who did but interpret His works.

* The same boy who caught the silver fox that played possum. He followed me a hundred miles up the worst river in Canada from a pure passion for the woods.

†*Scribner's Monthly*, December, 1879.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson showed* how arrogant and inaccurate was this whole criticism; but, though the article was modified in its book-form, it still takes the poets to task most unjustly for seeing many things as they are. The fault was, not that Mr. Burroughs did not know his buttercups, but that he overlooked the fact that his farm does not set bounds to the universe, and that the New England fields raised a crop of their own, of whose habits, even of whose species, he was unwittingly quite ignorant.

Indeed, whenever Mr. Burroughs leaves his own field for criticism, those of us who have been most delighted with what he has seen and recorded there will most regret his limitations. One recalls his harsh criticism of Maurice Thompson, a scholar and a gentleman, anent the classics. But how shall a man criticise the classics who does not read them? One remembers his criticism of Victor Hugo, in which, to borrow the great writer's own figure, "he confounds the constellations of profundity with the stars which a duck's feet leave in a puddle." One reads this arbitrary criticism of modern nature-writers, in which he hath put down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted them of low degree. No mention of Rowland Robinson, every one of whose pages is like a clear photograph; no allusion to Dr. Lockwood, the friend of Agassiz, who of all the nature-writers that America has produced was best fitted to write her natural history, and who, in his lectures and notes, has recorded more marvels of animal life than all the rest of us put together. He commends White, who is invariably dry as a stuffed owl, and has no word for Jefferies, who is fresh and inspiring as a morning in the English fields with the hawthorn all ablow. And as to those whom he foreordains and elects, one must take even more exceptions, and say frankly: this is not the voice of authority, as it was meant to be. For, in a word, criticism is not dogmatism. It is not bald assertion or denial: "this is so, sir, and that is false, upon my word and authority." Criticism is an art with a continuous historical development; and he who would criticise must first learn courtesy, and then he must understand the canons of criticism that prevail from Homer to Heine and from Bede to Balzac.

WM. J. LONG.

* *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1880.

WHY GERMANY STRENGTHENS HER NAVY.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

WHAT is the central fact, the leading motive in connection with the re-establishment of a German fleet?

Germany is geographically wedged in between two great military and naval Powers, which are now in close alliance. One of these, France, has for more than four hundred years made war upon Germany under royal, republican and imperial governments. These wars were undertaken, as her own historian, Henri Martin, approvingly stated, for obtaining possession of the Rhine frontier. When France was successful, she even annexed German territory beyond the Rhine. This was done as early as the time of Louis XIV. The French theory then was that the plain between the Black Forest and the right bank of the Rhine was part of France's strategical region, and that it must, therefore, come into her possession. Under Napoleon I., vassal French kingdoms and principalities were set up beyond the Rhine, and his Empire was extended to Lübeck on the Baltic. The so-called Rhenish League was pushed up to Mecklenburg and Saxony, near the Russian frontier. The whole of Germany was then simply cut into pieces.

So much for Germany's western neighbor. Of Russia it is well known that the military and bureaucratic ring which practically disposes of what is called the system of autocracy looks with an evil eye upon the new condition of Germany. The aim of that ring is still the acquisition of universal empire for Russia, both in Europe and in Asia. Hence, whatever may be its attitude for the moment, it does not easily brook the existence of any strong Power in close contiguity to the European and Asiatic dominions of the Czar. The alliance of Russia with France is the result of that

feeling and of those ambitious aspirations. They are directed against England in Asia and, eventually, against Germany.

Now look at the Muscovite Empire with its 130,000,000 inhabitants, among them many barbarous, warlike tribes. On a peace footing, Russia keeps nearly 900,000 men; on a war footing, she is reckoned to be able to raise 3,500,000, not counting the reserves. Though her commercial fleet is quite insignificant, owing to the comparatively small bulk of her trade, her navy is not far from being twice as large as that of Germany. Whilst I am writing this, Russia's annual budget of 98,318,000 rubles, as it was in 1902, is augmented in a supplementary way by 17,000,000 rubles, according to the latest report of the Finance Minister, Mr. Witte.

France, on her part, keeps nearly 600,000 men under arms. On a war-footing she can raise more than 3,000,000 men. Her navy is far larger than that of her eastern neighbor. It is larger, although Germany leads her as well as Russia as regards the merchant fleet. First in rank comes England, with her commercial fleet of 14,373,000 tons; then comes the United States of America, with upwards of 5,552,000 tons; then the German Empire, with 2,720,000 tons; then Norway and Sweden, with 2,338,000; then, only, France with 1,401,000.

Now look at the massing of Russian troops on Germany's eastern and at the massing of French troops on Germany's western frontier, where, since the war of 1870-71, France has also established a very strong iron girdle of fortresses. If I could give here the diagrams which I have before me, showing the comparative proportions of Russian, French and German troops on the two frontiers, the most confirmed antagonist of Germany would have to acknowledge that there is good reason why Germany should be on her guard.

II.

Nevertheless, all England, barring a few men of juster feeling, has recently rung with cries of alarm against what some speakers call the "big" German fleet, which is said to be a danger to England. Answering some of these alarmists in public, I said I would put it to any sensible Englishman, whether, if his country had gone through the same dread experiences as Germany, he would not take a lesson from that history. Germany has had the Thirty Years' War, when foreign armies from various parts of Europe desolated the Fatherland in bloody struggles, at the end

of which its population was found to be reduced to one-third of its former numbers. She has had the wars of Louis XIV., which turned flourishing German provinces into a howling wilderness. She has had the wars of Napoleon I., through whose insatiable ambition Germany as a nation ceased for a while politically to exist. She has had the terrible Franco-German war, when a French fleet, fortunately inefficient at that time, appeared in the German Ocean, whilst there was scarcely such a thing in existence as a German navy.

To-day both France and Russia possess large war-fleets; the former having 493 vessels with 3,739 guns; the latter, 405 vessels with 2,613 guns; together, 898 vessels with 6,352 guns; and Germany has only 281 vessels with 2,736 guns, as against those of the two Powers between which she is closed in, and by whom she may be attacked both in the German Ocean and in the Baltic, as well as on land, in a war in which she would have to defend herself upon two fronts. Is Germany, in such a state of things, to keep herself open to the gravest dangers, merely for the sake of disproving the utterly unwarranted suspicions of the greatest naval Power of the earth?

In order to show the enormous disparity between the German and British fleets, the Kaiser recently presented to the Reichstag a table or diagram showing the comparative naval strength of the two countries in battle-ships, fully-armored cruisers, and cruisers with deck-armor only. The figures were as follows:

Battle-ships—Great Britain, 35; Germany, 8.
Armored Cruisers—Great Britain, 12; Germany, 2.
Protected Cruisers—Great Britain, 66; Germany, 12.
In reserve: Battle-ships—Great Britain, 7; Germany, 4.
Armored Cruisers—Great Britain, 2; Germany, 0.
Protected Cruisers—Great Britain, 43; Germany, 5.

TOTALS IN CLASS.

Battle-ships—Great Britain, 42; Germany, 12.
Armored Cruisers—Great Britain, 14; Germany, 2.
Protected Cruisers—Great Britain, 109; Germany, 17.

VESSELS BUILDING.

Battle-ships—Great Britain, 12; Germany, 6.
Armored Cruisers—Great Britain, 20; Germany, 3.
Protected Cruisers—Great Britain, 8; Germany, 6.

In presence of these figures, who could dream of the so-called "big" fleet of Germany being a danger to England? Evidently,

the Kaiser wanted to show the utter absurdity of such fears. But no sooner had this official statement been published than writers and speakers in England were again active with strange denunciations. It was then declared that the table and diagram in question had been drawn up, not for the purpose of allaying groundless fears, but with the scarcely veiled object of spurring on the German people to still larger naval preparations.

III.

I can speak on this subject with perfect impartiality. My opinions as to the present mode of government in Germany—in fact since the days of the overthrow of the great national movement for freedom and unity in 1848-49—are tolerably well-known, else I would not have lived the better part of my life as an exile from my native country. The second home of myself and my family has for many years been in England, and, naturally, I have England's welfare at heart. I say with perfect conviction, therefore, that the denunciations in question are as unjust as they are uncalled for, so far as Germany is concerned. If England sees fit to increase her own navy and to re-organize her army, well and good; that is her affair. Those who urge measures of that kind may point to possible or probable dangers from Russia, as Mr. Balfour, the Premier, has recently done, or from Russia's French ally, or from both. Constantinople, Afghanistan, Persia, India, Egypt, might be indicated as points of peril to a world Power which rules the fifth part of the habitable globe, and which has not a few dissatisfied populations under its dominion at home and abroad. To take due note of this condition—that is England's affair.

As to Germany, can any reasonable man expect that she should bare her breast to great perils, not looming in the distance, but most closely threatening her in the immediate neighborhood? Germans know too well, from sad experience, what the want or the decay of naval power has cost their Fatherland. Germany once had, that is to say in the north of the country, the famed Maritime League of Free Towns—the Hansa. It held sway in the German Ocean and the Baltic, and was able, nearly five hundred years ago, to send out a war-fleet of 248 ships with a crew of 12,000 men. For centuries, this flourishing League existed, bringing wealth to the nation and establishing security for the

country's coasts. Our King-Emperors, unfortunately, gave no support to the Hansa. Their thoughts were ambitiously turned toward Italy. Our lesser princelings, originally mere officials of the Empire subject to deposition, ever and anon strove during those harassing Italian struggles to undermine the power of the central authority, so as to make themselves, first, semi-sovereign and, finally, sovereign; thus tearing Germany into dynastic shreds and patches. The Hansa itself, being mainly ruled by the somewhat exclusive spirit of its patrician merchants, committed a serious fault. It drew a dividing line between northern and southern Germany, excluding from its membership the inhabitants of the latter part of the Fatherland. Its power was thus additionally weakened through narrow commercial considerations.

Chiefly owing to the want of support from the Empire and from the nation at large, the Hanseatic League gradually sank from its once distinguished position. When its strength had decayed, and Germany was distracted by the Thirty Years' War, that sucked out the very life-blood of the people, her coasts and the mouths of her great rivers became the easy prey of foreign attack. Thenceforth, thanks to dynastic policy, all security against invasion from the sea was gone.

IV.

Is it to be wondered at that, after the Napoleonic wars which had brought about the entire political disruption of Germany, the recollections of a nobler past and of later bitter experiences should have acted upon the minds of patriots, making them yearn for the restoration of naval strength and security. In the years before the revolution of 1848-49 that was the theme of Liberal and Republican leaders. It formed the burden of the enthusiastic song of poets, like Herwegh and Freiligrath, the prophetic bards of the coming national rising. In 1843, Freiligrath foresaw the black-red-gold banner (then the forbidden symbol of national unity, which was treated by our princes as a badge of high treason, for which many men had to undergo cruel imprisonment) waving from the masts of a German navy. The poet gave those ships of the future names from the circle of the celebrities, and from the history, of the Fatherland, such as "Hansa," "Luther," "Humboldt," "Goethe," "Schiller," "Arndt," and others. In the same lofty spirit, Herwegh's lays tried to rouse the nation.

We all who then strove for a united Germany in the form of a democratic commonwealth agitated, before and during the revolution we had worked for, in favor of the establishment of a German fleet. When a national parliament came together at Frankfort, the demands of Liberals and Republicans, and the dream-like prophecies of poets were to be converted into a practical fact. A beginning was made with the creation of a small navy amidst the revolutionary events of those years of storm and stress. But even then, a fact now almost forgotten, Lord Palmerston, of all men, who was called "Lord Firebrand" by those reactionists who charged him with active support of popular causes abroad, came out as a bitter antagonist of German naval attempts. He actually had the satirical impertinence to ask "what pirate flag that was" on certain vessels flying the black-red-gold colors. At Portsmouth, the mob tore that flag down from a German merchant ship, and trod it in the mud. In those days, the English ambassador at Berlin, Lord Westmoreland, acting, no doubt, upon instructions from Downing Street, played also his part as an antagonist of German freedom and unity. It was in the final stage of the revolution. The army and the people of southwestern Germany had risen in support of the constitution framed by the national parliament at Frankfort, which was threatened with dissolution by dynastic governments. Rival German princes, as jealous of each other as they were hostile to popular rights, were quarrelling among themselves as to who should be Commander-in-Chief of the Royalist armies that were to overthrow the hard-won new liberties of the nation. Then the English ambassador did his best to compose those princely jealousies, so that the bloody destruction of the cause of freedom and national unity might all the more effectually and quickly be carried out.

Shamefully enough, the small German fleet was afterwards brought under the hammer by worthless reactionary governments.

It will thus be seen that the idea of a German navy is not, as some of its enemies try to suggest, of recent Prussian, royal and imperial origin, but that it has its foundation in national necessities and in popular tradition.

V.

Years ago, long before the recent South-African war, an influential and prominent London weekly raised the cry, "*Delenda*

est Germania," simply on account of the growing commercial competition between Germany and England.

Nevertheless, the government of William II. has encountered no light difficulties in Parliament, whenever it presented its naval budget. That opposition, it is true, was to be accounted for, not by any disinclination of the population at large, but rather by the natural dissatisfaction with the illiberal procedures of the government, and the confused medley of party groups in the Reichstag.

In respect to the first point, the Emperor's government has only itself to thank. *"Regis voluntas suprema lex"* and similar utterances are not to the taste of the mass of the nation. Hence, the Social Democratic party, as an organized party, the majority of the democratic "People's Party," and even a section of the Liberal or Radical-Progressionists have often opposed the naval bills. The aristocratic Conservative and the ultramontane Centre Parties have on their part, also, given trouble—each trying to make a bargain with the government for its own special purposes.

A downright opposition, like that of the Social Democrats, might be understood if there were a chance of an early overthrow of the whole monarchical system. Such a prospect is, however, by no means in sight. The question is, therefore, simply one of national security, which every one, irrespective of party, ought to keep in mind. If a hostile attack from abroad were to occur, no doubt many of the present irreconcilable opponents of the German naval policy would have to effect a change in their attitude. But then, it must be remembered, it might be too late.

As to the feeling of the nation at large, it may be taken for certain that, if a plebiscite in the Swiss style had been or were now taken, the verdict would have been and would be now in favor of proper naval preparations against the increasing contingency of risks, even though an additional burden of taxation had to be borne. Though thirty-two years have passed since the last war with France, the lesson of that time has not been lost upon the German people. The readiness with which military and naval budgets are always voted in the French Chamber of Deputies, generally with scarcely any discussion, and the great and rapid increase of the Russian and French fleets, are for Germany significant monitory signs.

Along the North Sea and the Baltic, Germany possesses a good sea-faring population. Year by year, the number of men who

come from the south to enter the navy is steadily increasing. This is true even for Alsace-Lorraine, which now furnishes far more volunteers for the navy than might be expected, comparing its population with that of Germany as a whole. For all that, how is it possible that the greatest naval Power of the world should be alarmed by Germany? The naval budget of England for 1902-1903 is £31,255,500; the naval budget for Germany £4,345,000. The number of officers and men in the English navy is 108,000; in the German navy, 33,000.

VI.

There can be no doubt that public opinion in England has become strangely nervous, not to say hysterical, since the defeats in the early part of the South-African war. Under an apparent outward calmness, there grew up in those days an extraordinary feeling of insecurity. As the war went on, in a seemingly endless manner, the alarm became all the greater, because every nation in Europe, and, indeed, the vast majority of Americans, also, sympathized with the invaded republics.

When the war was over, Germany, strangely enough, was singled out for public denunciation. All the accumulated rage was vented upon her. Yet, throughout that war, there had been men enough in Germany who simply regretted that a kindred nation, which they had hitherto looked upon as a representative of free institutions, should be engaged in the work of destroying two free commonwealths. The best friends of England and Germany felt sad at heart at this turn of affairs. Among them were honorary members of the Cobden Club, of whom it could certainly not be alleged that they were moved by unworthy jealousy.

But what of those in England who, even many years ago, from commercial rivalry, wished to see the *Delenda est Germania* parole carried out.

It is to be hoped that the bulk of the English nation is free from such unworthy sentiment, and that the bitter antagonism to Germany is, in a large measure, the result of the intriguing attempts of a mere group of men whose suspicious manœuvres call for strong reprobation.

I allude here to some well-known persons, who, whilst egging on England against Germany, purposely serve by their writings the aggressive designs of Russia—designs fatal to the standing of England as a great Power. These men, at the same time, try to

cultivate a special friendship with Russia's ally. Their design is to drive France once more into an adventure upon the Rhine, out of which (I say it with regret, as a sympathizer with democratic institutions) the defeated republic would emerge the prey of a Dictatorship, to be followed by a return to a royal or imperial régime. With a view to creating a factitious and fictitious public opinion, some of these men are in the habit of writing both over their own signatures and also over various Latin aliases. This has been going on for a number of years. No wonder the many political innocents who are imposed upon by the anonymous game ask one another, "Must there not be a great deal of truth in the statements made against Germany, when such a number of different writers come to the same conclusion?" Yet it has recently been proved that these "different men" are in some remarkable cases a single individual, cleverly multiplying himself in this way: a man who serves the cause of Muscovite aggression in the Near East and in the Far East.

Now what a fine opportunity it would be for the military and bureaucratic ring at St. Petersburg to attempt the conquest of Constantinople, or to give trouble to England in India, by way of Afghanistan, if the two kindred Teutonic nations on the two sides of the German Ocean were to take each other by the throat!

VII.

Writers of the kind mentioned are, unfortunately, able to trade upon the strange ignorance which prevails among the masses in England in regard to foreign affairs. Sometimes they show themselves equally ignorant in the most ludicrous manner. Thus one of those who support Russian aggression recently gave, with the object of making German naval efforts look all the more criminal, the astounding geographical information that Prussia, by annexing Schleswig-Holstein, had "obtained access to the Baltic." He ignored the trifling fact that there is, and that there has been for ever so long, a German seaboard from Holstein up to the Russian frontier about the length of the whole east coast of England; and that Kiel was a German harbor even before the Schleswig-Holstein war. The same writer politely speaks of the German nation which freed the German population of Schleswig-Holstein from a foreign yoke, as "a confederacy of political brigands." It is nothing to him that those Elbe Duchies possessed an ancient con-

stitution which kept them politically as separate from Denmark as is Hungary from Austria. According to that constitution, the common ruler was a king in Denmark, but only a duke in Schleswig-Holstein; his house ceasing to be entitled to the throne in the Duchies if no male issue of a king was existent. That case arose in 1863, even as a similar case arose between England and Hanover in 1837. To the writer alluded to, it is nothing either that the German people of Schleswig-Holstein had risen in arms themselves in 1848 for the defence of their constitutional rights, and had carried on a war for several years, only to be betrayed in the end by worthless German princes. It is nothing to him that in 1863 the German nation at last forced the unwilling courts of Berlin and Vienna into action, for the purpose of delivering their "forsaken brethren" from the foreign yoke.

In spite of all these clear facts, Schleswig-Holstein must be used as a theme for inflaming anew the minds of ignorant men in England, who are made to believe that the real object of Prussia was finally to establish her own "supremacy at sea." Lest this should not be enough, the old fabrication of an alleged plan of Germany to conquer Holland is once more set afloat. To cap the confused array of baseless charges, it is asserted that, since Bismarck's ministry, German policy had been directed to the acquisition of a seaboard. This is stated in forgetfulness of the fact that, until 1866, when nearly one-third of the territory and the population of Germany was ousted by what Prince Bismarck called himself in later years "a fratricidal war," Germany had not only a large seaboard in the Baltic and in the North Sea, but even a maritime footing in the Adriatic. There, Trieste, which centuries before had willingly joined herself to the Austrian part of Germany, was, until 1866, as much German as Liverpool, Glasgow, Cork are British.

VIII.

Any one looking at the subject with an unbiased mind, will see that the naval preparations of Germany are made for defence, not for attack; for the protection of her own coasts and colonies. Naturally, she has a special interest in the German Ocean (so-called since the days of the old Greek geographer Ptolemy, in the third century of our era), even as England has a special interest in the English Channel (so-called, though France has also a seaboard on her side of that waterway). Through the German Ocean

a French fleet would come in case of war. What is more natural than that Germany should possess a corresponding strength in that quarter, so as to have command of that sea against invasion? But, as has been said before, invasion may some day be attempted from the west and from the northeast simultaneously. On this subject, the former German Minister of War, Gen. Verdy du Vernois (of French-Huguenot descent, as his name indicates) and Lt.-Gen. von der Goltz, known for his works on the war of 1870-71, have strongly expressed their views. Gen. Verdy du Vernois lays stress on the difficulties Germany experienced in the war against Denmark in consequence of the lack of a navy. He also states that in the beginning of the war with France, Germany was, for the same reason, compelled to detach not less than 70,000 landwehr and 90,000 garrison and reserve troops—together 160,000 men—for the defence of her coasts and harbors, although the French navy was at that time not nearly so large nor so well prepared as it is now. The same military authority points out the enormous risks which the German army and population would run in reference to provisioning, if, in any future war, the North Sea, into whose vast corner bay a mass of imports converges, were not properly protected by a strong naval force. He, therefore, advised Germany, some years ago, to make up as quickly as possible for what her governments had so long neglected.

On the possibility of a war in which Germany would have to fight on two fronts, Gen. von der Goltz declares for the necessity of having a proper naval force both in the Baltic and in the German Ocean. He says:

"The bombardment and ransoming of our ports might, perhaps, exercise no great weight in the balance of the fortune of war. Still, by frequent repetition, and if no means of defence were found, such procedures of the enemy would in the long run act in a depressing way on the feelings of the country. Now, in war, very much depends upon a firm belief of the masses in a coming victory. It stands to reason that the task of our army, struggling on the eastern side, would be exceedingly facilitated by our naval mastery in the Baltic. The Commander-in-chief of that army would possess a far more extended freedom of action if he could choose any place on the coast as a basis for his enterprises, and if, in case he had to go out of the way before superior forces, he were not compelled under such circumstances to turn to the Vistula. The possession of Koenigsberg and of the western Samland, which is easily maintained from there, would serve as a lasting menace for the right wing of a Russian army of invasion. All this would be impossible if hostile

squadrons were to appear on our coasts and to maintain themselves there. Consequently our operations on land would be directly favored and forwarded by a strong fleet. A war against an allied France and Russia, therefore, renders it necessary for us to have a fleet which at least would be superior to a single one of those two antagonists."

Gen. von der Goltz concludes with these words: "Weakness invites attacks from the more powerful. Our present weakness at sea involves serious danger of war. In strengthening ourselves, we strengthen peace."

Is it not England's true interest, political and commercial, to see peace maintained? And has not the very strength of Germany on land hitherto prevented France, in spite of the incessant agitations of men of the Boulanger type, and of the type, even, of her present War and Marine Ministers, from embarking in an enterprise of "revenge," which, however it would turn out on the field of battle, would be fatal to the continued existence of the Republic? Victorious, a successful general would become master and Dictator of the commonwealth, and we know what that means in France. Defeated, as is far more likely, an infuriated population would take its revenge, as is usual at Paris, upon the unsuccessful government, overthrow the constitution, and once more relapse into a monarchical régime. Truly the strength of Germany is both a guarantee of peace and a help to the internal progress of the French Republic, and this, in the end, is for the good of Europe at large.

Unfortunately, all nations are now engaged in the increasing augmentation of their armaments on land and at sea. In that respect, the times are thoroughly out of joint. Even the United States of America, though not in danger of being attacked, has just found it desirable to increase its military and naval forces. Is Germany, closely pressed upon by two great military and naval Powers, is Germany to be accused because she takes that perilous position into account?

Let it be remembered that Englishmen and Germans, men of the same race, have never stood in battle array against each other, but have been repeatedly shoulder to shoulder in resisting aggressive despotism, and that the time may come when England herself may be only too glad to have in Germany a well-prepared friend, able to help in warding off a danger common to both.

KARL BLIND.

THE FUTURE OF THE TROPICS.

BY DR. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

THE movements of human beings on the surface of the earth are directed by needs and limited by conditions similar to the circumstances that determine the distribution of other animals. In the past, man multiplied in his original home, wherever that may have been, and spread from it, conquering or being turned by similar physical and climatic obstacles, being repelled or attracted by similar favorable or unfavorable conditions. At the present time, the great mass of the human population of the earth occupies temperate regions. The Arctic regions support a scanty and scattered population of wandering tribes. The large tropical land-masses, continental or insular, are relatively sparsely peopled, and the distribution is thickest around the coasts. From the time at which history began to be written in fossil remains, in buried weapons and implements, in folk-lore and traditions, man has been a creature of temperate maritime lowlands. Along the shores of temperate seas, in river valleys and deltas, the conditions of life have been most varied and favorable, food has been most abundant, the struggle for existence has been most severe, and the highest types and the great civilizations have been developed.

We do not know in what part of the world or even in what geological horizon it would have been possible to draw the first line of division between man and the man-like apes from which he came, but the obvious conditions of present distribution point to a temperate place of origin, from which man has spread. The presence of modern anthropoid apes and of so many of the lower types of humanity in the tropics to-day, does not decide their place of origin. The existing anthropoids and the most primitive living savages are separated from the common ancestors of

man and the apes by as long a gap in time, and by at least as many generations, as are the highest types of modern civilization. They may have been left behind in their original homes, or, more probably, they may have been driven into the tropics by more prosperous rivals. But there is no doubt that modern civilized man, now and for long characteristically temperate, is pressing towards the tropics, sometimes with the languid ambition of "pegging out claims for posterity," sometimes with the fierce activity of war.

The first difficulty, and one that seems hard to overcome, depends on the direct physical condition of climate. There is no doubt that at present the higher white races do not easily establish themselves within the tropics, if by establishment is meant not merely successful individual life, but the founding of families. No conclusion of Zoology seems more certain than that the land-population of the earth arose from inhabitants of the sea. The lowly newt-like ancestors of the higher terrestrial creatures slowly through the ages crept from the salt marshes, inland to plains and forest and hills, diverging as they went into lizard and snake, bird and mammal. They were at first cold-blooded, or, to put the biological fact more accurately, the temperature of their bodies varied with the temperature of the surrounding media, following the changes almost as closely as a sea-weed follows the changing temperature of the water in which it floats. The transition from the equable temperature of sea-water to the air on the land, with its swift and severe diurnal, seasonal and irregular rises and falls, must have been difficult to overcome; and it was probably under the stimulation of this new difficulty that there arose mechanisms by which the temperature of warm-blooded animals is kept at a level independent of the external fluctuations. In the early days of terrestrial life and, probably, for long after it had been established, a narrow area of the coast line, in the warmer temperate and colder tropical parts of the globe, contained all the land population. In such regions, the descent of winter had fewer terrors, and even these might be avoided by resort to the marshes, and summer had a less cruel alternation of heat of noon and cold of night.

To such regions, man, up to the present, has confined his greater successes; but there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent the higher races from following the example already set

by some of the lower and becoming adapted to the extremes of tropical climate. It is merely an extension of the capacity for adaptation already displayed by the whole vertebrate series when they passed from water to land. Even at the present time, civilized white races are accustomed to undergo sudden changes of temperature amounting to thirty or forty degrees, as when they pass from the warm air of a house to the cold of a winter's day. They suffer this with practically no risk to health and little to comfort; for there exists in all of us a delicate nervous and vascular mechanism by which heat-production and heat-dissipation are adjusted automatically to the changes of the environment. We all know, moreover, that it requires very slight training to extend the convenient limits of this automatic adjustment, so that not the smallest change of clothing is needed for the transition from outdoors to indoors. Here, then, lies ready material on which selection may operate: a bodily mechanism varying in individuals and capable of considerable improvement by use. It cannot be doubted that selection, conscious or natural, might produce, in a very few generations, a variety of the civilized white races completely adapted to the exigencies of the tropics. In the natural course of events, the new habit would be acquired in a great continental area, like America or Africa, where continuous land-masses stretching from the temperate to the tropical zones afford the opportunity for slow, gradual transition.

A second and graver reason seems to make the tropics only an inhospitable and temporary host of white man. A multitude of subtle enemies rise up against his invasion. The odorous depths of the jungle, the green and purple swamps, the dim recesses of the forest, and the fiery, open plains, all breathe poison on him. Black fevers, yellow fevers and malarias seem to rise from the ground against him; diseases of the liver, diseases of the blood, diseases of the skin oppress him; the citadel of his health is stormed at every gate; and, if he escape at all, it is with a broken and enervated vitality. However scrupulously exaggeration be stripped from such a presentment, there remains a forbidding truth; and yet, on a wider survey, the difficulties fade away.

The first important consideration to be weighed is that the tropics have no monopoly of unfriendliness to man. Natives of the central tropical belt, brought to England or to the northern part of the United States, meet conditions extremely unfavorable

to them. A different set of scourges meet them on our shores; the most dangerous of the tropical lowlands are no more truly the white man's grave than old England is the grave of the black man. Tubercles and pneumonias, rheumatic fevers and influenzas, and a host of diseases endemic in the crowded cities of the temperate zones are ready for him. Sometimes, indeed, a white man's disease has broken loose from the white man's home, and has left a broad track of death in its trail across the tropics. The presence of the white man has proved fatal to many a savage race; and this because there come with him the seeds of many diseases inconsiderable to him but fatal to the savage.

The common feature of all these diseases is that the exciting cause is some kind of living parasite, in most cases the small plants we know as bacteria. These microbes were not originally parasites, but lived a free life in water or mud. They were different in different regions of the world, just as other plants and animals differ, and those that have become human parasites in the tropics are different from those which have become human parasites in temperate regions. For countless generations, the members of the human race have been engaged in a life and death struggle, each with the microbes of its own locality. Different individuals differ in their inborn susceptibility to any particular microbe; and, in the course of generations, a continual elimination of the more susceptible individuals has made each race more able to repel the attacks of its local microbes. Most of us in England are now able to resist the attacks of the tubercle bacillus, although probably none of us escapes infection by it; in the same way, a large proportion of the Gold Coast negroes resist the attacks of malaria, although probably all are infected by it. On the other hand, subject these negroes to the English conditions of omnipresent tubercle and the majority will succumb, just as the majority of Englishmen fall before the tropical fevers. There is no reason, given time and opportunity, why white races should not adapt themselves to resist the alien diseases of the tropics as well as they now endure their own diseases.

Selection and destructive elimination, no doubt, will play an inevitable and cruel part in this business of race modification; but there is more than ground for the hope that direct methods will assist in gaining victory over tropical diseases. In the old days, the memory of which has still left traces in our invocations,

the incidence of disease was regarded as the direct operation of an inscrutable Providence, to be averted, perhaps, by prayer and humiliation, but otherwise beyond human control. We know now that most diseases come as directly from living seeds as the harvests of Autumn come from the grains planted in Spring, and the knowledge begins to bring with it power of control. The most recent and useful advance in knowledge of disease is the discovery of the life-history of the malaria parasite. The active agent in malaria is a minute organism that, in one phase of its life, lives and multiplies in the red corpuscles of human blood. It passes another phase of its existence within the bodies of mosquitoes, and it is by the bites of these that human beings are first infected with malaria, and that the infection is carried from person to person. Study of the habits of the disease-bearing mosquitoes of different regions has already led to the conclusion that a very simple crusade against mosquitoes, in their adult form, and during their larval life, would stamp out the disease. Malaria is the chief endemic disease of the tropics, and is by far the most serious barrier to white races. Dysentery and Beri-beri leprosy and the others are equally capable of being dealt with when the exact knowledge comes, and it cannot be doubted that the time is fast approaching when, partly by direct measures and partly by a slower selective acclimatization, white races will live as securely in the tropics as they now do in the temperate zones.

At the present time, the lures that draw men towards the tropics are numerous and none of them specially urgent. There is the spirit of adventure, the most elemental of the qualities that distinguish man from the brute, the spirit by which our savage ancestors tamed the dreadful demon fire, and which is implicit alike in the patient toil of the laboratory and in the aspirations of the philosopher. There is the quest for unknown natural products; woods and roots, spices and barks, strange and flaming blossoms, the jewelled plumage of birds, hides and horn and ivory. The noisome swamps may cover mines of gold and tin; there are diamonds and emeralds, sapphires and turquoises in the clays and gravels of the river beds. There are the abominations of heathendom to be suppressed; souls to be saved and weird translations of Western Dogma to be implanted. There is the Flag, the fetich of white races, to be unfurled in new regions, and there are trade gin and fishing dynamite to follow the flag.

The naturalist, the sportsman, the hunter, the orchid collector, the missionary, the soldier and the trader alike seek the tropics, but all share the same hope of returning.

These individuals, urged by inconsiderable motives, are only the vanguard of a great movement of the white races towards the sun. Nothing is more probable than that, at a time not unthinkably remote, the white races will struggle as arduously and as fiercely for possession of land under the burning sun of the equator, as, in the past, they have fought for the temperate zones. Race-pressure, the inevitable and primordial expansive force of multiplying organisms outgrowing their geographical limits, will prove the fundamental stimulus, and, at first, will guide the movement towards the tropics, for the simple reason that thither is the line of least resistance, leading to habitable parts of the earth least occupied by whites. But later on, another reason will orient the movement more certainly and greatly increase its force. This ultimate cause lies in the nature of life itself.

Viewed simply, and without metaphysical subtlety, all the phenomena of life, and among them the activities of the human race, are transformations of energy. The economical system of the world hinges on the sources of energy. So far as human beings are concerned, the important sources are food and fuel—food, the metabolism of which within the body provides for the individual activities, and fuel, the metabolism of which in mechanical appliances provides for all the arts and industries by which civilized man surrounds himself with an artificial but now necessary environment. There are two ways of meeting necessary expenditure; direct income and drawing on capital. In the case of fuel, the world possesses vast stores of capital, accumulated ages before the arrival of man. Even in England, there is a supply estimated to last, at the present rate of depletion, for several centuries; and in the world as a whole the discovery of new coal-fields and oil-beds proceeds apace. Moreover, the increase of physical knowledge has made the use of fuel less wasteful, and there is a constantly diminishing difference between the potential energy of any mass of oxidizable material and the actual energy obtained from it; a state of affairs which retards considerably the rate of destruction of capital. Altogether, there does not seem much reason to suppose that a time will arrive soon when humanity has to revert from the capitalized fuel of the

world to the daily income of solar heat. If such an event should come, its approach will be heralded by vast changes, and it is almost impossible to predict its effect on the distribution of population.

On the other hand, the reserve of food is so small that the world may be said to live almost directly on its income. There is no doubt as to the nature of this income of energy. The food of man, like the food of all living things, in whatever form it enter the tissues, consists of water, certain extremely common mineral salts, and the substances known chemically as carbohydrates, such as starch or sugar, and proteids, such as albumen or gluten. Considering food simply as the source of the energy of life, we may neglect water and the mineral salts as accessories, however necessary, and proteid, because that substance, in so far as it is a source of energy, raises no question that is not more simply dealt with in the case of carbohydrates. We are left then with these compounds of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen as the vehicles by which potential energy reaches the living organism.

As natural products, these occur only in the bodies of living animals and plants, or in substances immediately derived from living things. Carbohydrates do not occur in sea-water or in fresh-water, in rock-deposits or in clays and sands; so far as our knowledge of terrestrial things goes, carbohydrate material is always associated with life. Animals obtain it by feeding on other animals or on plants; man, like other animals, gets it from flesh and grains and fruits; fungi obtain it from animal and vegetable matter alive or dead. All these, to provide for the energy of life, destroy a proportionate bulk of carbohydrate, reducing it to simple inorganic gases and vapors, precisely in the same fashion as a piece of machinery destroys a bulk of fuel, in a proportion to the work it performs determined by its mechanical efficacy. The only living things that add to the mass of carbohydrate material in the world are green plants; all other life is parasitic on green plant life, vegetarian animals directly, flesh-feeders indirectly by living on vegetable feeders. Life, in all its wonderful manifestations, in its highest and in its lowest forms, depends directly on green plants, on the innumerable microscopic *algae* of fresh-water and sea-water, on the grass and foliage that cover the hills and plains with a mantle of green. The explanation of this dependence is simple and universal. Green plants are the means

by which there is captured for use the radiant energy dancing across the void from the sun to the earth. Dissolve some of the green coloring matter of plants in alcohol, and pass a beam of sunlight through the solution; the simplest physical experiments will show that the beam, on emerging, has lost heat-rays, chemical-rays and light-rays; energy has been taken from it. The same process occurs in living green plants, and, from the point of view of the vital economy of the world, their manufacture of carbohydrates is no more than a storing, as potential energy, of the radiant energy of sunlight.

Science is already doing much to increase the rate and the total amount of this absorption of energy. Every improvement in tilling the soil, in applying rightly the right chemical foods, in draining and in watering, adds to the amount captured. Still more efficacious are the improvements made in plants themselves by artificial selection; the production of new varieties with more rapid growth, with heavier grains or fruits, simply means that the intelligence of man has brought about the possibility of capturing a greater proportion of the energy bestowed by sunlight in a given time and area. It is possible that science may advance beyond the culture of plants to the supersession of plants by direct chemical agencies. There are innumerable modes in which sunlight may be made to do chemical work, and so to store up potential energy; chlorophyll itself may be synthesized, or simpler pigments with comparable physical properties may be prepared, and carbohydrates may be manufactured directly, on a large scale and in a form suitable for food, without the intervention of the tedious processes of the vital laboratory of leaves. The greatest conceivable progress in scientific husbandry, and the most stupendous inventions to replace plants, however, would only bring to an exacter issue the ultimate question. Sunlight, and sunlight alone, is the permanent income of the world, and the human race is living more and more closely up to its income. Precisely as the means for securing this income grow more exact, and as the world grows more directly dependent on them, the parts of the earth where the income is greatest will grow most valuable. Not for gold nor for diamonds, nor for the fat soil of volcanic slopes will be the future battle of the nations; but for that belt of the globe on which most lavishly radiant energy comes to us from the centre of our Cosmic System. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

ELECTRICITY AS A MOTIVE POWER ON TRUNK LINES.

BY C. L. DE MURALT.

In an article on this subject which appeared in the December number of this REVIEW, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, after a very careful study of the situation, came to the conclusion that, while it is possible from an engineering standpoint to adopt electricity as the motive power for our railways, yet, regarded from the financial point of view, the change is not possible. Following very nearly the same train of thought one may, however, easily come to the opposite conclusion, viz., that it would be a great advantage both from an engineering and a financial standpoint to have all trains propelled by electricity, and it is the object of this paper to set forth this side of the question.

Starting at the same point as Mr. Vanderbilt we find that, from the standpoint of those in charge of the railways, every dollar spent on electric equipment must be considered as an excess charge against the electric railway, and, as such, the expenditure will only be warranted if the saving in transportation expenses and in depreciation of plant, or the increase of business, will insure a material dividend on the increased investment. Let us, with Mr. Vanderbilt, dismiss from the beginning all considerations as to the convenience and comfort of passengers, for the reason that, although better facilities in this respect often pay for themselves, freight business is at present the principal source of revenue, and therefore of more interest to the railroad manager. We thus find that, if electricity is to be adopted at all, it ought to provide a more economical method of transportation. We will therefore have to look carefully into the question of operating expenses, and in doing this it will probably be best to adhere to the five points raised by Mr. Vanderbilt for purposes of comparison

between the two systems: first, cost of a unit amount of fuel; second, amount of useful work realized from this fuel at the driving wheels; third, cost of conducting transportation or handling trains; fourth, cost of repairs to machinery; fifth, cost of repairs to roadway. If our investigation is to lead to tangible conclusions, it will be necessary to go somewhat more into detail than did Mr. Vanderbilt, whose article treats the subject, as he says himself, only in a very general way. It will be necessary, above all, to introduce some figures, though we shall try to limit these to the minimum.

In regard to the first point, we will agree that the cost of fuel should be taken as being equal on any given road for both systems; although, in some cases electric central stations might be able to make use of a cheaper coal or oil than would be possible or advisable on locomotives.

Passing on to the second point, the amount of useful work realized at the driving wheels, we find that a convenient way of comparing the two systems in this respect will be to determine in each case the cost of motive power per train-mile. The following two trains may be taken as representing fairly typical conditions: an average passenger train, weighing between 200 and 250 tons, running at an average speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and an average freight-train, of about 800 tons, making about fifteen miles an hour. We shall therefore try to find out the cost under either system of hauling these trains one mile.

Let us suppose for a moment that, in the case of the electric system, the railroad company does not build its own central stations, but, as is often done in street railway practice, buys the electric current from electric power companies, whose plants are conveniently situated along the road. With a modern alternating current power transmission, it will be possible to supply one hundred and more miles of track from one central station; the latter will therefore be of considerable size, which will permit the installation of large generating units, with the combined advantage of comparatively low first cost and high working efficiency. Such a station would be able to sell the horse-power hour, taken at its switchboard, at about half a cent. The electric energy thus obtained will then have to be distributed by the railroad company along its track to the various locomotives, and there transformed by the electric motors into mechanical energy.

In the present state of the art, the average efficiency of such a transmission system may be taken at about sixty per cent., which means that, for each horse-power hour required at the axle of the locomotive, one and two-thirds horse-power hours will have to be produced at the central station. The cost of one horse-power hour at the drivers thus works out to be about eight-tenths of a cent. The above-mentioned passenger train would take about eight horse-power hours per mile, the freight train about seventeen horse-power hours. The cost of motive power per train-mile would therefore be in the neighborhood of six and a half cents for the average passenger-train and thirteen and a half cents for the average freight-train if the electric energy is obtained from a steam central station.

In the case of a hydro-electric plant the figures are somewhat different. Most central stations of this kind are able to sell the horse-power at about twenty dollars per year, some even as low as ten dollars. Assuming for the distributing system the same efficiency as above, this would bring the cost of one horse-power hour delivered at the drivers to something between one quarter and one half of a cent. The cost of motive power per train-mile would thus be four cents or less for the average passenger-train, and not more than eight and one-half cents for the average freight-train.

Unfortunately, the performance of the steam locomotive cannot as readily be expressed in figures, as the coal consumption per train-mile varies within wide limits. From the reports of a great number of roads it is, however, evident that the average coal consumption for all trains of any one road will be considerably over one hundred pounds per mile in most cases. A very conservative estimate will place the average coal consumption of a passenger-train, operated under the conditions mentioned above, at about sixty pounds per mile, and of a freight-train as above at one hundred and fifty pounds. With coal at two dollars per ton, or one-tenth of one cent per pound, this brings the average cost of motive power per train-mile to about six cents for an average passenger-train, and about fifteen cents for an average freight-train.

We thus are led to the conclusion that what Mr. Vanderbilt admits as a possibility is really a fact. The motive-power obtained by the double conversion of steam or water-power into

electricity and back into mechanical-power by means of electric motors, is not any more expensive than the motive-power obtained by the single conversion in the direct-acting steam-engine of the present-day locomotive. As a matter of fact, the electrical energy will in most cases turn out to be the cheaper of the two. We shall, however, not claim any superiority in this respect, but take note only of the fact that, when calculating the cost of the electric horse-power hour, the central station plant was supposed to be owned by an outside party. The price arrived at does, therefore, already include the operating expenses of the plant, as well as interest and depreciation on the capital invested therein; and the only additional investment which the railroad company would be called upon to make would be the capital required to install the electrical distributing system along its track, assuming with Mr. Vanderbilt the cost of electric-locomotives to be the same as that of steam-locomotives, and the other rolling equipment to be identical for either system. That a very fair return can be paid on this amount by the savings effected in operating expenses through the adoption of electricity as motive power, will be shown in the following considerations.

We are thus brought to the third point of comparison, the cost of conducting transportation or handling trains. The total expense classified under this heading is made up of the following items: cost of motive-power (fuel); water supply to locomotives; oil, waste and other supplies; wages of engineers, firemen, wipers and turners; wages of other trainmen; wages of switchmen, flagmen and watchmen; all other expenses, such as wages of station-agents, train-dispatchers, station-supplies, etc. Of these different items, only the first four would be seriously affected by the adoption of electricity, whilst the wages of trainmen other than engineers, firemen or roundhouse-men, the wages of switchmen, flagmen and watchmen and all other expenses may be taken as being practically the same in both cases.

We have seen above that the cost of one unit of energy expended on the track may be called equal for electric and steam-locomotives; but this does not necessarily mean that the total cost of motive power will also be the same in both cases. As a matter of fact, a handsome saving will be made on this account by the use of electricity, because the weight of an electric-locomotive required to haul a given load will be much less than that of a steam-

locomotive of equal capacity; because, also, the coal-consumption of a steam-locomotive is largely dependent on the skill with which it is handled, whilst this does not, or at least not to the same degree, affect the efficiency of the electric-locomotive; and, finally, because all switching-work will be performed much more cheaply. In the case of steam-engines, there is a great amount of dead weight hauled over the road in the form of tender, coal, and water. A locomotive weighing say sixty tons will have a tender weighing about thirty tons and probably ten tons more in coal and water, which makes a total of 100 tons, of which not much more than half rests on the drivers. Now, it is no exaggeration to say that an electric-locomotive of fifty tons only, having its total weight on the driving wheels, will do just as much useful work. If the locomotive were to be combined with one of the cars, either freight or passenger, as would probably be done in most cases, the reduction in weight would be still more obvious. In modern high-speed passenger service, the weight of the locomotive and tender often represents from thirty to forty per cent. of the entire train weight. With local passenger-trains this percentage will of course drop considerably, and it will be still lower in freight-trains. But, whatever it may be in any given case, it is evident that with an electric-locomotive it would be less than half as much; and, as any reduction in the train-weight represents just so much saved in motive power, the difference in the weight of the two kinds of locomotives will represent a saving in the cost of motive-power of at least five per cent.

It is not as easy to determine what influence the skill of the engineer and fireman has on the efficiency of the steam-locomotive. From actual records, it is quite certain that the coal-consumption may vary as much as ten to fifteen pounds per train-mile out of a total of perhaps 100 pounds. But it is difficult to draw an average; and, in order to be quite fair, it may therefore be better to drop this point entirely.

The saving effected in the operation of switching-engines is more easily expressed in figures. When we consider the character of work performed by these engines, which are in motion only a small part of the time, and yet have to keep a full head of steam on during the intervening periods of rest, we come to the conclusion that electric-locomotives, which draw energy from the station only when doing work, will be able to save at least thirty

per cent. of the energy used in this service. The coal consumed by switching-locomotives is on most roads between fifteen and twenty per cent. of that used by all the freight and passenger locomotives combined; and the saving under this item can thus be said to amount to another five per cent. of the total cost of coal. Add this to the five per cent. saved by the reduction of train-weight, and we find that the total cost of motive power will be reduced at least ten per cent. through the adoption of electricity.

As to water supply, electric-locomotives do not use any water and therefore the whole of this expense could be saved, and with it the water-cranes along the line, with all the trouble they cause during frost.

The cost of oil, waste, packing for stuffing-boxes, and similar supplies could be greatly reduced. There are probably twenty times as many parts that require lubrication on a steam-engine as on an electric-motor; and some of these parts, such as the cylinder, require a large amount of lubricant; then steam-locomotives are wiped off every day, electric-motors not once a week; no packing is required for electric-motors, etc. This item will therefore certainly be reduced fifty per cent.

The wages of engineers, firemen, wipers and turners will also allow of a considerable saving. In steam-railroad practice, each locomotive must be fitted with a steam engine, boiler, water-tank and coal-bunker, and these parts take up so much room that they must necessarily be made up in the form of a separate car on its own wheels, except in the case of small dummy-engines. In the case of the electric-locomotive, there is ample space on the trucks of a full-size steam railway-car, whether freight or passenger, to locate an electric-motor equipment of sufficient capacity to do the heaviest work required in railway service. It would, therefore, be well to combine the electric-locomotive with a baggage-car in the case of passenger-trains, and with a caboose in the case of freight-trains. Besides the reduction in weight thus obtained, it would then be possible to dispense entirely with the services of the fireman, as the baggage-master in the one case, and the conductor in the other, would take the place of second man on the locomotive for all cases of emergency. The number of roundhouse-men necessary for cleaning the electric-locomotive would certainly also be smaller, and a conservative estimate would therefore place the reduction in wages of enginemen at about twenty-five per cent.

If we now consider the fourth point, the cost of repairs to machinery, we agree with Mr. Vanderbilt that the cost of maintenance of the cars should be the same in either system; but we find ourselves of a different opinion when it comes to the maintenance of the locomotives. According to very good authorities, the cost of locomotive repairs may be apportioned to the various parts as follows: running gear, 20 per cent.; machinery, 30 per cent.; boilers, 20 per cent.; lagging of boilers and painting, 12 per cent.; smoke-box, etc., 5 per cent.; tender, 13 per cent. In the case of electric-locomotives, the last four items or just fifty per cent. of the total cost would entirely disappear, and it is certain that the amount of the other two would be greatly reduced, as the number of wearing parts is much smaller in an electric-motor than in a steam-engine. The saving in cost of locomotive repairs could, therefore, be safely assumed as fifty per cent., as this would in practice certainly be more than realized.

Coming finally to the fifth point and comparing the relative cost of repairs to roadway, we have on the one hand the effect of the unbalanced condition of the steam-locomotives upon the track, on the other hand the additional expense of keeping the electric contact line in good repair. Both are equally difficult to express in figures with any accuracy. In all probability, they will pretty nearly compensate one another; but, in any case, the difference resulting cannot be more than a small percentage of the total cost of repairs to roadway, which in turn makes up but a small portion of the total operating expenses. The difference will in no case exceed a fraction of one per cent. of the latter.

Let us now investigate the question of first cost. We have seen above that, with electric energy supplied by separate companies, and assuming the rolling-stock to cost the same in both cases, the electric system will nevertheless require an increased investment to pay for the electric distributing system along the line. It is evident that the interest on this investment represents a fixed charge per mile of track, which will have to be offset by a saving in operating expenses, and this can of course only be done if the traffic over the road has a certain density. The latter condition, however, is met much more often than is generally supposed; and that our large trunk-line systems do not make an exception in this respect, will be seen by examining one or two cases a little more closely.

Let us take for instance the Pennsylvania and the New York Central & Hudson River roads. The former operated last year a total of 3,670 miles of road, the latter a total of 3,320 miles. With an alternating current high-potential system, the electric equipment of the line would not cost more than $6,000 to $7,000 per mile, including second, third and fourth tracks and sidings, or a total of $25,690,000 for the Pennsylvania, and $23,240,000 for the New York Central. If we count ten per cent. for interest, sinking fund, etc., this would represent an annual charge of $2,569,000 in the one case, and $2,324,000 in the other.

The operating expenses for these two roads during the last year were made up as follows:

	Pennsylvania.	N. Y. Central.
Fuel for locomotives (motive power)	$6,000,133.94	$4,635,877.09
Water for locomotives	335,286.00	295,582.77
Other supplies for locomotives	382,548.12	334,672.56
Wages of engineers, firemen, and round-house-men	5,716,847.83	4,829,442.54
Wages of other trainmen	4,442,127.34	2,991,334.66
Wages of switchmen, flagmen, and watchmen	3,900,427.49	2,511,552.06
Other expenses for conducting transportation	14,540,541.88	11,607,537.54
Repairs to locomotives	4,412,983.29	3,608,971.89
Repairs to other equipment	10,674,725.61	5,661,991.79
Repairs to roadbed	8,541,935.48	6,145,341.10
Repairs to structures	4,122,017.98	2,454,690.96
General expenses	1,858,319.09	1,786,494.17
Grand total	$64,927,894.05	$46,863,489.13

Applying the figures found during the course of our investigation, this list will allow of the following reductions if electricity were adopted as motive power:

Fuel, 10 per cent., or	$600,013.39	$463,587.71
Water, saved entirely	335,286.00	295,582.77
Other supplies, 50 per cent	191,274.06	167,336.28
Wages to engineers, etc., 25 per cent.	1,429,211.96	1,207,360.63
Repairs to locomotives, 50 per cent.	2,206,491.65	1,804,485.95
Total amount saved	$4,762,277.06	$3,938,353.34

In the case of either road, the amount saved would be almost double the amount necessary to pay a handsome return on the additional investment, and it will be remembered that we have been extremely conservative in every part of our estimate.

Similar figures apply to most of our large railroads; and we thus come to the conclusion that it is not in the cost of fuel alone

that we may expect to find the economy of the electric system. Some of the other items taken together add up to a very important amount, and will cause the operating expenses of most of our roads to be smaller by using electricity than by using steam, without mentioning at all the advantages of increased comfort to passengers, and the possibility of greater speed should this be desired.

If water-power can be used for producing electricity, that will simply mean an additional advantage. In that case, the cost of motive power will be greatly reduced, and the saving thus effected will amount to at least one-third of the total amount now spent for fuel, and often to a great deal more. For a railroad like the New York Central, capable of supplying practically its entire system from the water-power of Niagara Falls, the upper Hudson and the St. Lawrence, this would represent an additional saving of more than one and a half million dollars yearly.

Of course, even with these convincing figures it would not do to imagine that a complete trunk-line system of several thousand miles of road could be converted from steam to electric traction all at once. Yet there is no reason whatever why electricity should not be adopted immediately on those sections of the road where the saving is most apparent. Instead of spending each year large amounts for additional steam-engines, as has to be done at present, these amounts could be used for gradually acquiring all the necessary electric-locomotives; and, in the mean time, the steam-locomotives thus rendered superfluous on the sections operated electrically could be used to complete the rolling-stock of the sections still employing steam. The traffic could be carried on in exactly the same way, whether steam or electricity was used as motive power, and thus the change could be made without interfering at all with the regular operation of the road.

Hardly anybody doubts that the public would greatly appreciate the advantages inherent in electric traction, and the above figures go to show that the change would in the great majority of cases be accompanied also by an increased net revenue for the railroad company.

C. L. DE MURALT.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT.

BY SIR ALEXANDER E. MILLER, C.S.I., K.C., LL.D., FORMERLY LEGAL MEMBER OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S COUNCIL IN INDIA.

THE policy enunciated in President Monroe's celebrated message, commonly known as "the Monroe Doctrine," to which special attention has been called by the Venezuela imbroglio, has been the subject of considerable misapprehension on both sides of the Atlantic, though in different directions. On the one hand, we hear declarations that this or that Power—notably Great Britain—has or has not assented to the doctrine; as though it were a maxim of International Law,—such as the right of issuing Letters of Marque in war-time,—and, as such, matter for formal acceptance or rejection on the part of independent civilized nations. On the other hand, there has been suggested a course of action on the part of the United States, which could be justified only if, by the promulgation of the doctrine in question, they had constituted themselves the protectors, and undertaken to act as the police, of the whole Western Hemisphere—a position untenable in itself, and expressly repudiated by the Government of the United States.

Looked at dispassionately, the so-called "doctrine" is neither more nor less than a public announcement by the Government and People of the United States, that they would look upon any attempt at territorial aggrandizement in any part of the American continent, by any European Power, as "an unfriendly act," an act which they would resent under any circumstances, and would be ready, if necessary, to prevent by armed force. Such an announcement it is clearly within the right of every nation to make, on any question which it considers—and it is itself the sole judge—to warrant it; it may be likened to the hanging up of his

shield by a knight in one of the mediæval romances, as a warning to all-comers, with Lord Marmion's motto displayed beneath, "Who checks at me to death is dight." An exact parallel to this announcement was the declaration of Great Britain in respect of the Nile Valley, a declaration which could only be disregarded at the risk of war, and which therefore was not likely to be disregarded without serious consideration. And, just as it is within the prerogative of every independent Power to make such an announcement, in any case which it considers of sufficient importance in its own interests, so it is manifestly immaterial whether any other nation has or has not signified its assent to or dissent from it. It may be repudiated in words: but it cannot be disregarded in act by any Power not prepared to face the consequences. The Fashoda incident, and the French invasion of Mexico, are instances directly in point.

After the exhaustive history of the "rise and progress" of the doctrine which has lately appeared from the pen of Captain Mahan,* it would be superfluous, as well as presumptuous, to enter here on any account of its origin and development. Suffice it to say, that the original declaration sprang from a well-grounded apprehension of the effects upon the United States themselves of a re-conquest of the revolted Spanish Colonies by a European combination; that this apprehension was shared in and sympathized with by Great Britain; and that the principle involved has been completely vindicated by subsequent events. It may well be that sympathy with the aspirations of young and struggling republics had something to do with the ready acceptance which the President's message met with from the American public, and that, if the newly emancipated colonies had adopted—as Brazil did on its separation from Portugal—monarchical institutions, their claim to independence might not have met with so hearty a response. But the underlying principle would not have been thereby affected; the true ground, and the sole tenable ground, for the position taken up by the United States was the conviction that it was inconsistent with their national interests to allow the American continent to become the battle-ground of European ambition—so inconsistent that war, with all its eventualities, was deemed to be preferable. There was nothing Quixotic about the policy: sentiment, so far as it entered into the question

* *National Review*, February, 1903.

at all, played a very subordinate part. That, under the circumstances of 1823, this conviction was well-founded; that, if the Holy Alliance, then at the height of its influence, had acquired a foothold in Mexico or Central America, (and, if established in any part of the continent, it might have been difficult or impracticable to set limits to its sphere of influence), its efforts would have been directed to impeding, even if they could not altogether prevent, that westward expansion which has been of such transcendent importance to both the United States and Canada—is unquestioned. Doubtless, the circumstances are somewhat altered now. The United States have ceased to be "a local celebrity," and have taken their place as a World-Power; and considerations of vital moment to a federation of States clustered along the eastern seaboard of North America, might well be disregarded with impunity by a united nation more than five times as numerous, the owners of nearly half the continent in point of area, and much more than half in point of population. Moreover, it is open to question whether the segregation of interest implied in the policy in question is consistent with the position of a nation owning extensive colonies in the Philippine and Sandwich Islands, and the principal, perhaps even the predominant, power in the Northern Pacific. That, however, is a question for the American people themselves. They are the sole guardians of their own dignity, the sole judges of their own interests; and if they think it consistent with their place in the family of civilized nations to treat the South-American continent as within their exclusive "sphere of influence," they are not merely within their right in so doing, but it is a right which it could hardly be, under any probable circumstances, the interest of any other nation seriously to contest.

But there have come across the sea, not now for the first time, suggestions that it is the part of the United States, when disputes have arisen between a European and an American Power, to assume the rôle of arbitrator, to investigate and give judgment uninvited upon the merits of the quarrel, and to require the contending parties to acquiesce in the decision. This is an assumption of a totally different nature, an assumption which, although it may shelter itself under the *name* of the Monroe Doctrine, is entirely foreign to its *principle*. Now, such an assumption, if seriously put into practice, would inevitably end in war. No self-

respecting nation would or could submit to dictation of that description till compelled by armed force. No nation—least of all a democratically governed nation—will be ruled by its material interests when its *amour propre* is rudely assailed. Rather than so submit, Denmark dared the contest with the German Federation, a contest in which failure was a foregone conclusion, but which was necessary to render the result compatible with the maintenance of her self-respect. Even so feeble a Power as Spain entered upon a hopeless struggle with the United States rather than terminate, at their demand, a contest which was exhausting her resources, and wearing out her strength. The patience and self-restraint of a great nation, conscious of its own strength, and with a fixed determination not to take needless offence, enabled Great Britain to pass lightly over President Cleveland's amazing message to Congress, and Mr. Olney's hectoring despatch; but had there been any attempt to transmute words into action, neither the insignificance of the question at issue, nor the passionate desire of the people of Great Britain for the friendship of the United States, would have been sufficient to prevent a collision, the evil effects of which, whether it eventuated in actual hostilities or not, would have been felt in both countries for generations. It is matter for earnest thankfulness that vaporings of this sort have never been seriously acted on by any responsible authority; and that, with the single exception above mentioned, the official interpretation of the doctrine by the United States Government has been uniformly unexceptionable. *Esto perpetua!*

There are, however, certain contingencies, not perhaps very likely to occur, but not beyond the range of practical politics, in which the right application of the doctrine would require anxious consideration.

Wherever a civilized Power finds its territory conterminous with that of a semi-civilized one, all history shows that causes of quarrel are certain to arise, always from aggressions on the part of the latter, which can only be put an end to by a more or less veiled process of annexation. The extensions of Roman authority in Gaul and Germany, the gradual, and in great part unwilling, enlargement of the borders of British India, and, above all, the enforced advance of Russia in Central Asia, are all instances of this inevitable evolution. The westward progress of the United States themselves was partly due to the operation of similar

causes. Now, the existing governments of the South-American republics are, with immaterial exceptions, so far of this nature that they cannot be depended upon to restrain their own citizens; and the more settled communities in their neighborhood can never be perfectly secured against unprovoked aggression and annoyance, aggression and annoyance necessarily calling for reprisals, and which might in certain possible events be remediable only by the supersession of the government of the offenders. Let us suppose such a state of relations to exist between the French colony of Cayenne and the neighboring districts of Brazil—over which the control of the government at Rio Janeiro is often merely nominal. The French authorities might very possibly find themselves entitled and obliged to apply to the United States the words of Aias to Odysseus,

ἢ μ' ἀνάειρ', ἢ ἐγὼ σέ.*

"Either take these people in hand yourselves, or let us do so in our own way." And the United States would be logically bound, in accordance as well with the dictates of international courtesy as the principle of the Monroe Doctrine itself, as authoritatively interpreted, either to acquiesce in the second alternative, or to assume a responsibility for the conduct of the supposed Brazilian marauders to which they were in no wise bound, and which they have always consistently repudiated. Which of these two courses they might choose to adopt in the imagined contingency would be matter for their consideration under the particular circumstances, but the validity and applicability of the Monroe Doctrine would remain unaffected in either event.

Again, the Dominion of Canada, in its relation to this doctrine, is an American, not a European, Power. The need of Canada at present is, and will probably be for many years to come, population not territory, immigrants not emigration; but that is a condition which can hardly, in the nature of things, be permanent. The country is filling up fast, not only by an annual influx reckoned in tens of thousands, but by the excess of births over deaths natural in a peaceful and prolific community; and a day will assuredly come, when a nation of from sixty to seventy millions will find even the expanse of British North America "too strait for" them, and will send forth their surplus population, as their fathers did before them, to seek "fresh woods and pastures new,"

* Homer, *Iliad*, xxiii., 724.

wherever they can be found in the unsettled or half-peopled parts of the globe. It is in this manner that the waste places of the earth are subdued to the use of man; it is this spirit which has carried the people of the United States themselves from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, from the Rockies to the Pacific, dispossessing Indian and Mexican alike, and which will inevitably carry them further afield also, as soon as the pressure of a steadily increasing population has begun to make itself felt. But before that day can arrive, we may reasonably expect that the common sense and mutual courtesy of the peoples concerned will have moulded the then prevailing policy into a shape consistent, not merely with the interests, but even the susceptibilities, of the two great nations whose co-operation will control, whose collision would destroy, the future of the western world.

In the mean time, it is well to recognize unreservedly that the operation of the doctrine in question, as explained, not by vaporings of newspaper writers in the one country or by the cavillings of amateur critics in the other, but by the deliberate utterances of responsible authority, is a doctrine that makes for peace and progress, if for no other reason than because it tends to preserve a valuable heritage against the time to come from the strivings of ambition and the intrigues of diplomacy. Whoever else may be inclined to quarrel with it, it is unquestionably to the interest of Canada, and therefore of Great Britain, to uphold it in its entirety.

ALEX. EDW. MILLER.

CERTAIN OF THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I LIKE a large loose phrase such as I have set over this paper, because, if it bags here and there, or is too long in the sleeves, or hangs off in the back, it can be fitted to the figure, with a little use of the shears; but if a phrase is too tight to begin with, if the coat is cut strictly according to a scant pattern of cloth, nothing can be done to adapt it; and if the wearer insists upon keeping it on, from motives of economy or modesty, the effect is, even if pathetic, ridiculous. One may say there is no Chicago school of fiction, but this might be as wanting in truth as my phrase is possibly superabundant in it. A good deal depends upon what one means by school, and if I mean by the Chicago school much the same as I should mean by the Boston school of poetry in the time of the great five or six poets of twenty-five years ago, or the Knickerbocker school when Poe and his contemporaries were living in New York, or the San Francisco school when Mr. Clemens and Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, and Bret Harte, and others were clinging to the perilous incline of the Pacific Slope, then I think I am fairly justified in speaking of a Chicago school. Or if the reader wishes to be very fastidious, and denies to the notable group of Chicago writers, now doing rather more than their share of the best literary work in the country, the central unity which would constitute it a school, then I am willing to speak of the Mr. Henry B. Fuller school, the Mr. George Ade school, the Mr. F. P. Dunne school, the Mr. Will Payne school, the Mr. Robert Herrick school, and, by no manner of means least, though last, the Miss Edith Wyatt school. There are several other well-known writers of the same habitat, whom I might name a school

for, if, with the perversity of strong convictions, I did not choose to ignore them because they are not realistic enough for my taste. I do not speak of the Mr. Hamlin Garland school, because he seems to me to belong farther West, though he has lived much of the time in Chicago; or of the Mr. Brand Whitlock school, because, though he received his training in journalism and political knowledge in Chicago, he now lives in Ohio; or of the Frank Norris school, because his young manhood was spent in California, though his birth and his formative years were Chicagoan. But I name all these admirable artists together, not only from a spirit of Mid-Western chauvinism, but in order to point the fact that there is no group in any other locality which will quite bear comparison with them. This should be enough to set readers in other sections against them, and to make my authors, each and all, wish that I had withheld such a damaging recognition of their excellence.

I.

The truth is, however, that I do not think I should be writing of them just now, if it were not for the pleasure, which I feel the need of expressing, lately given me by Miss Edith Wyatt's very delightful novel "True Love." If my pleasure is so great that it overflows in praise of her literary fellow-citizens, that may be regretted, but it cannot be helped; though it arises, I believe, from a charm in all her work which is peculiarly her own. This was something so exquisite in her first book, "Every One His Own Way," that the reader who felt it there, might well have trembled for the attempt to impart its delicate quality to a larger form than that of those sketches. But the author has made the attempt, and signally succeeded. Whatever amused the sense of humor, and took the fancy, and won the heart, in the friendly wit, the subtle playfulness, of the first book, is here no less in the second. The perfect sanity, the absolute wholesomeness, the fascinating common sense, are here the ground from which a flower of entire grace again springs fresh and fragrant. The author's work, so far, is the apotheosis of the democratic spirit; the material is what you please to call it. If you yourself have been so distinguished by your Maker as to have some essential difference from your fellow-creatures, you will think it very common; but if you are upon the whole not able to make out that yo-

are better than most others, you will be disposed, as I am, to rejoice that the average of human nature is so apparently good, and kind, and beautiful as Miss Wyatt sees it. Not that she sees it all of an equal amiability or loveliness. There are several figures in "True Love," as in "Every One His Own Way," who are otherwise, though they are recognized with an irony so light and compassionate as never to find it out. There is a prig in "True Love" whom one loathes, but he does not know it; and there are some fools whom one loves and honors, and two or three gloomy frumps whom one is glad to meet under the protection of their often humorous and always good-humored relatives, who mostly prevail. The story is not as sure of its own mind as the conventional story is; it is like one's own story in not being certain of the relative importance of its different persons and events. First, there is the love of the dull but beautiful Inez Marsh and the prig Norman Hubbard, which might better be called their self-love; and then there is the love of Emily Marsh, the agreeable, sensible, rather pretty and charming girl, who almost knows how funny her father and her brother Tom are, and Dick Colton, the young enterprising hotel-keeper of Centreville, who has got himself forward while helping other people in every direction, and who is as common as the earth, and as good. Strangely enough, the lovers and self-lovers have families about them, and do not exist in the splendid isolation of romantic lovers; they have fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and the like, and these are not treated as mere pieces of mechanism for transacting the lovers' passion, or inhumanly slighted as such characters are by most novelists, but are admirably studied and found extremely interesting. The two Marshes, fathers respectively of Inez and Emily, are such quaint, true, wise, amusing Americans as make one glad and proud of one's country; their wives who rule and obey them, but are never in the joke of them, are of a precious and wholly satisfied commonplaceness which only Miss Wyatt (now Jane Austen is no longer writing) can give the sense of.

Miss Wyatt shows her rare gift in nothing more than in the portraiture of two or three half-grown boys, alarmed for the respectability of their families; and she gives us almost as novel a pleasure in the psychology of a little flirt, who might have remained harmless, but whose final selfishness precipitates the tragedy of her sweet-hearted, silly young husband, and who finds herself

lifted to the height where she feels she ought always to have been, when her priggish brother-in-law, though he at first cruelly snubbed her, feels her fascination, at another's suggestion, and marries her. I should have been ready to say Fanny Colton was the great triumph of the story, if I had not thought in time of Emily Marsh, whose sense and kindness and unselfishness are quite as convincingly painted. But, so far as I could note, there was no erring in the touch with which any of the figures are done; the aged and middle-aged figures are ascertained with as fine a fidelity as those ridiculous and adorable boys. The perfectly sincere, but utterly affected author of the great romantic novel, "Chillingsworth," Thirly Thompson, is the most delicious fool in fiction since Mr. Collins, but he is a fool you give your heart to.

For my own comfort, perhaps, if I had been very exacting, I might have chosen to have the course of "True Love" run to its prosperous close, without any very tragic incidents. But I am obliged to own that hotels do burn down, and fine fellows lose their money in real life, and that dreadful things happen to the light of head and heart as well as to natures of weightier substances. I feel that therefore I must not shrink from these things in fiction, though they are not of such every-day occurrence as theatre-party dinners at Madam Hubbard's in Chicago, or dances at the Colton House in Centreville, or drives on the River Road, which I much prefer. The author, indeed, offers me compensation in a thousand little humorous touches throughout the story, and sets before me the untragedied average of the tale with such magic that I seem, with my own commonness, to be part of it: I know the other people in it do not think themselves too good for me; they are too kind for that. What I like nearly as much as I like them, is their fearlessly realized entourage, in Centreville as well as in Chicago. After all, nature is not such a bad model, even the nature which has not been in print before, and it is this sort of nature which Miss Wyatt daringly delights in. Her landscape is no more literary than her people are, and the motives she likes best to divine would be entirely novel if the reader did not recognize them in himself. If I am to descend to such poor particulars as her style and method, I must say that they have the same effect of originality; but, perhaps, if I came to examine them very minutely I should find them merely the

technique which we all use when we are simplest and clearest, and not thinking about how finely we shall say things. In this relation, I am almost ashamed to note the little break she has made in writing the New England, or, more specifically, the Boston accent. The natives of that city replace our nerve-racking Western letter *r* by a sort of aspirate, and never by the Dundreary *w*, which she seems to think they use.

It is the only false note in the book, and I might not have been aware of it if the art had not been otherwise so faultless. The spirit is always delightful, and of all our women writers, except Miss Jewett alone, Miss Wyatt seems most to have the precious quality which we desperately call "temperament," because we cannot think of the true word, or because there is none. These two writers, so several in their inspirations, are alike in the gentle humanity of their ideal, and together they go far to console an age which has no Jane Austen of its own. More than any others now living, they approach that divine creature in her supreme charm; and, if Miss Jewett is likest her in the delicate humor which consists with certain little patrician preferences, Miss Wyatt is liker still in the fine irony which plays with its victim and finally lets it go alive, and even insensible of the peril escaped.

Miss Wyatt's humor is a little richer, or, if not quite that, then fuller, because of its fresher and more varied sources; or if that is not quite a reasonable saying, then because of that democratic kindness, that instinct of equality which is the sense of justice prevalent in everything she has done. This is the really valuable contribution of the West, and of that Chicago in which the West has come to its consciousness, toward that poor American condition of English literature which has long been trying so hard to be itself in the face of such sore temptations to be something else. The democracy which was the faith of New England became the life of the West, and now it is the Western voice in our literary art. Mr. Fuller, indeed, had to reason to his democracy through the misgiving inspired by the Beautiful in the lands of tradition and convention, and it is the chief wonder of his very extraordinary work that, after being a chevalier of vain thoughts, he should have become a fellow-citizen of such solid realities. If there were no Chicago novels but the "Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession," I should say there was

a Chicago school of fiction. But when one can add to these Mr. Will Payne's "Money Captain," and that later story of his whose name, but not whose nature, escapes my decrepit memory, and the several novels of Mr. Robert Herrick, one feels safe against any adverse trial of one's conclusion. The peculiar Chicago note —I knew "note" would get in somewhere, it has been watching its chance from the beginning of this paper—is not less perceptible in the writer who came to Chicago full Boston-grown than in those to the manner born. The republic of letters is everywhere sufficiently republican; but in the metropolis of the Middle-West, it is so without thinking; it is so almost without feeling; and the atmospheric democracy, the ambient equality, is something that seems like the prime effect in literature of what America has been doing and saying in life ever since she first formulated herself in the Declaration.

II.

There is something a little militant, a little aggressive, which is in the end a little defensive also, in Miss Wyatt's fine mockeries of the prigs, who are so interestingly the Chicago analogues of the snobs of elder societies. But in Mr. George Ade the American spirit arrives: arrives, puts down its grip, looks around, takes a chair and makes itself at home. It has no questions to ask and none to answer. There it is, with its hat pushed back, its hands in its pockets, and at its outstretched feet that whole vast, droll American world, essentially alike in Maine and Oregon and all the hustling regions between: speaking one slang, living one life, meaning one thing.

It is, I think, Mr. Ade's instinct of our solidarity and the courage of his instinct which has enabled him to go straighter to the heart of our mystery than any former humorist. He has lost no time, he has made no false moves from the beginning, so far as one knows his beginning. I myself knew it in his "Artie," which I hailed, with what noise I could, as a masterpiece in a sort as new as it was captivating. In that very surprising study of the kind of common young American who is never commonplace, there was a touch as absolute as the material was novel. Both touch and material were as authentic and genuine in "Pink Marsh," the portrait of a Chicago *post bellum* negro, as Western conditions have differenced him from the Southern and earlier type; and again, one felt the fresh air in one's face, and the

untrodden ground under one's feet in approaching the group at the Alfalfa Hotel, with that masterly figure of "Doc Horne" to welcome one with his courteous and friendly lies. Of course, this is not saying the thing, not giving the sense of character which so richly abounds without slopping into caricature in these pictures of an unerringly ascertained average of American life. No cataloguing of the excellencies of these books would give a notion of their people so frankly, so boldly and yet so delicately defined, so unmistakably shown, so undeniably true.

The level struck is low: the level of the street, which seems not depressed in the basement barber-shop where Pink Marsh polishes shoes, or lifted in the office where Artie talks to his friend and evolves himself and his simple love-story. It is the same level in the entrance floor of the Alfalfa, where Doc Horne sits with his forfuitous companions and harmlessly romances. You are not asked to be interested in any one because he is any way out of the common, but because he is every way in the common. Mr. Ade would not think of explaining or apologizing or at all accounting for the company he invites you to keep. He knows too well how good it is, and he cheerfully takes the chance of your not yourself being better.

It is his wonderful directness which is in case here, his perfect control in dealing with the American as the American knows himself. He does not prepare his specimens, or arrange a point of view for you. There the characters are, as they have walked in out of the sun, and they could not imagine your not being pleased to meet them. But you will make a great mistake if you fancy they are without refinement of their own, their point of honor. Artie is essentially as fine as he is frank. In the best things of a gentleman he is a gentleman. He is a fountain of slang, but his thought is as pure as any that flows from wells of English undefiled. Doc Horne is a lovable type of the older fashioned American with the elderly ideals of politeness, of chivalry, of personal dignity, which I do not believe even race suicide can obliterate in our nation, and his fellow-lodgers at the Alfalfa are worthy of his suave and gentle society: the Lightning Dentist, whose life amidst the extraction of thousands of teeth, is a dream of happy marriage; even the Book-Agent who is in lurking at the Alfalfa, pending his dream of happy divorce; even the poor Lush who in his cups first outrages and then

cherishes the Doc; even the insufferable Freckled Boy, even the wretched Hustler who swindles Doc Horne into a guiltless complicity in his swindling scheme. But what dreadful things am I saying? That these frail fellow-mortals are of the great American family in which we are all one. Pink Marsh is the colored brother in this family, and I love him like the rest.

If we come to the Fables in Slang, as I am coming, we have now four volumes and several hundreds of them forming a splendid triumph on terms which might well have warranted defeat after the first twenty or thirty. But our life, our good, kind, droll, ridiculous American life, is really inexhaustible, and Mr. Ade, who knows its breadths and depths as few others have known them, drops his net into it anywhere, and pulls it up full of the queer fish which abound in it. There seems never doubt of a catch in his mind, and so far there has been no failure. The form of these fables helps itself out with capital letters such as the nouns and other chief words of the old printings of Æsop used to wear, and there is a mock moral tagged to each, but each is really a little satire, expressing itself in the richest and freshest slang, but of a keenness which no most polished satire has surpassed, and of a candid complicity with the thing satirized—our common American civilization, namely—which satire has never confessed before. I am trying to get round to saying a thing I find difficult: that is, how the author posits his varying people in their varying situations without a word of excuse or palliation for either, in the full confidence that so far as you are truly American you will know them, and as far as you are truly honest you will own yourself of their breed and more or less of their experience. I will not load up this slight paper with any statement or analysis of them; everybody has read them, and knows what they are, and how, while they deal with any or every phase of our motley yet homogeneous existence, they deal chiefly with its chief interest, as it is, or as it has been, which the author calls The Girl Proposition.

He gives that name to his latest volume of fables, but it is the nature of nearly all. Somehow, more or less, they centre in it. Sometimes it is the old-girl proposition: the relation of husbands and wives in marriage or divorce; but mainly it is the young-girl proposition, as it should be in a republic so pastoral as ours, where the innocent love-making, innocent however vulgar, of

youthful unmarried people is the national romance. He divined that this was the great national concern, or else he has recognized it as such without being at the pains of any previous inspiration; and he has made it the ever-fascinating theme of his fables, as he had made it the theme of those earlier stories of his which one can hardly call novels. But even when the girl-proposition is not the theme of his allegory, it is so joy-givingly true to the circumstance and character which no one can deny, that when the fable comes with each successive Sunday paper, and you sit down to it, you are sure of five minutes away from all the tiresome unreality and pretence of the workaday week, and experience something of the bliss of looking at your own photograph, either as you once were or as you are now. So far as the girl-proposition involves the money-proposition, and it nearly always involves that more intimately or less intimately, the other great interest of our life enters into the scheme of Mr. Ade's literature. I mean the financial interest, which occupies us, never indeed exclusively of the girl-proposition, but antecedently and subsequently and concurrently. We are still, in spite of our multiplicity of millionaires, almost as universally concerned in getting on as we are in getting married or unmarried; and Mr. Ade knows this as he knows so much about us, without making any noise over his facts.

It would be interesting to know, but perhaps we never shall know—women are so reticent!—how much or little Mr. Ade's work pleases the sex with which it most interests itself, and perhaps most amuses itself. Here and there one of the hardier of the fair can doubtless be got to say that she adores it, just as some fearless, if faithless, women could be got to say they liked Thackeray in the simple-hearted old days when Thackeray was thought a cynic, and believed to be especially satirical of women. But probably, just as these were not too sincere in their profession, the female admirers of Mr. Ade's work are more courageous than veracious, if one may say such a thing without impeaching the veracity of the entire sisterhood. Possibly, if it were addressed to her personal candor, the magnanimous she might feel a delicious shock from his touch upon the defects of her qualities, or even the qualities of her defects; but I am obliged to believe that he must postpone an honest acceptance by the largest-reading sex to the production of some unblushing romance where he

shall paint woman the heroine she really knows herself to be, even when she chews gum, and wears corsets that give the fashionable shape, and a picture hat that it is a pity should ever have escaped from the picture.

Nothing could be more mistaken than a criticism that gave the notion of satire in Mr. Ade's mirth, as satire used to be. He is without any sort of literary pose. It is very caustic mirth, it is sarcasm of the frankest sort; but I suspect he would not count it gain if his laughter lessened the folly in the world. Folly, I fancy, he does not think such a very bad thing, and it is always the more or less innocent types of folly that he deals with, even when depicting those guiltlessly familiar and helplessly fond phases of the girl-proposition which are more characteristic of our civilization than of any other. It is the note (the word insists again, as if it had not already had its innings) of so much of the proposition as seen in the humbler walks of our life, if any of our walks are humble, that we should be the sadder if Mr. Ade's gayety with it should abash the ingenuousness of so much American love-making.

III.

The wit of Mr. Ade has surprisingly little to do with the political proposition, which, equally with the girl-proposition, and rather beyond the money-proposition, occupies the national mind. Now and then, one of those luminous bolts of his wit lights up the political proposition with the glare of that awful knowledge of political ways and means to be acquired only in the newspaper school which trained him to literature. But otherwise his talent devotes itself to the girl-proposition, and to the money-proposition arising from it, and inalienably related to it. To supply the apparent defect of the Chicago school, and to carry forward a tradition of almost the greatest distinction in our self-study, and certainly of the earliest indigeneity, Mr. F. P. Dunne contributes his Dooley papers.

I have been reading the five volumes which these papers now fill, with the impression that there are not so many of them, and with a constant surprise that their very simple formula suffices for the treatment of so many of our social as well as political ills. There is always Mr. Dooley talking to Mr. Hinnessy, with much mention of a Mr. Hogan who never appears on the scene

of the dialogue, if in Mr. Hinnessy's strict subordination it is not rather a monologue. The scene is Mr. Dooley's bar, where the action that passes consists of one or other of the friends standing up or sitting down, or folding or unfolding a newspaper. But the whole drama of the nation, and largely the drama of the world, is represented in that simple setting through the comments of Mr. Dooley on passing events. Hardly any of these have escaped his notice in the years that have followed since the Cuban war and our acquisition of the Philippines. Each of the salient facts of the protracted pacification of our Pacific possessions has offered itself for Mr. Dooley to hang some wise or witty remark upon; and the tragi-comedy of the Boer war, the novel posturings of the German Emperor in his continuous cake-walk, the saddened circus of the English King's coronation, the bouffe aspects of the Dreyfus Case, the performances of Lieutenant Hobson in his search for his level, the varied activities of Admiral Dewey, the mysterious and difficult nature of anarchism, the Chinese situation and the future of China, the insular decisions of the Supreme Court, Mr. Carnegie's gifts and the Booker Washington incident, are a few of the public interests which have joined with a hundred social and human interests in attracting the censure of the Irish-American sage.

By way of preface to the volume "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," Mr. Dunne, in as brilliant a little piece of analysis as I have lately seen (I like to put it modestly for him, or I should say, as I have ever seen), and in as graphic a study of conditions as I presently remember, tells in his own person what he knows of Mr. Dooley's nature and natural history. The humor, vibrant with a certain pride of race, and with a laughing consciousness of race-limitations, gives a captivating quality to this uncommon piece of self-criticism, but is to blame for leaving other criticism not so much to say of Mr. Dooley as it would like to say. It is at least left me, however, to venture upon the safe commonplace that no one but an Irish-American could have invented such an Irish-American, or have invested his sayings with such racial and personal richness. Dooley's characterization is, except in that preface, through his own talk, and the art of the author is felt in nothing so much as in his sensitive respect for Dooley's personality. Dooley is wise and shrewd and just for the most part; but from time to time he reaches a point where he is neither. He

gives out, he breaks, and he saves himself from falling down by an effort of pure humor which wins your heart. Mr. Dunne knows Mr. Dooley's limitations, and he does not force him beyond them in the interest of the best purpose. He knows that there are moments when his philosophical spectator of events must lapse into a saloon keeper, and he guards the precious integrity of his creation from the peril of perfunctory humanity. It is upon a review of the whole course of Mr. Dooley's musings on men and things that one recognizes Mr. Dunne as of the line of great humorists who have not failed us in our crises of folly or misdoing. To have one's heart in the right place is much; it is, in fact, rather indispensable; but to have one's head in the right place, also, adds immeasurably to the other advantage. It was not only because Hosea Biglow had such a good conscience, but because he had such a lot of good sense, that he approved Lowell so fine a humorist; and the generous instinct of Mr. Dunne would have been lost in Mr. Dooley if he had not known how to keep Mr. Dooley strictly within bounds as a character, sometimes sordid and sometimes stupid.

It is this admirable artistic discretion that imparts such exquisite pleasure in some of those quick turns by which Mr. Dunne saves Mr. Dooley from himself. Mr. Dooley starts out with an opinion without always knowing where it will carry him, and then with the flash of his Irish wit lights himself past the peril and goes gayly on again. He had not the least notion when he began how he was going to get out of it, and, to tell the truth, I do not believe Mr. Dunne had. The Irish wit came to *his* help too; and I could fancy with what sympathetic exultation he shared in Mr. Dooley's triumph. This agile suddenness in seizing a disadvantage and making it work for the author's intention, is the difference that distinguishes Mr. Dunne's humor from Mr. Ade's. With Mr. Ade there is no arrest and no turning. He has seen the end clear from the beginning, and he has gone for it straightforward and unfaltering. When I read a fable beginning, "Once there was a gum-chewer named Tessie, who ironed up her white dress, and bought seven yards of ribbon, and went on a picnic given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Horseshoers Union," I am calmly glad in the security of a fully foreseen passage of life. When I read a Dooley paper I try to prepare myself for the delicious surprises which Mr. Dooley has in

store for Mr. Dunne, but I am not sure of any of them till it comes. Then I know that it is of the last effect of subtle irony, and could not be better if it had been meant from the first.

IV.

At this belated moment, I am aware of having intended to be more general about the Chicago school, if there is one, than I am afraid I have succeeded in being. After all, however, these three Chicagoans whom I have been celebrating are those of the latest note, and two of them are of the widest note. It will be some time until the world, to the world's loss meanwhile, knows Miss Wyatt's charming work as it knows the work of Mr. Ade and Mr. Dunne. This delay will afford more academic criticism than mine the opportunity of counselling her to apply her kindly and humorous imagination to the portrayal of persons in good society, with an especially large range of *grandes dames,* and not to waste them upon the commonplace people she seems to prefer. She would at once do this if she were imbued with the confusion of the cultured reader who is gifted with the inability to distinguish between the plastic process and the plastic material, and who cannot be expected to value her as an artist while she presents to him in her fiction types that he would avoid in life.

There is perhaps, also, the opportunity of seriously asking Mr. Dunne how long he expects to keep on the mask of Mr. Dooley, and why he does not come into the open with a bold, vigorous and incisive satire of our politicians and their methods. In like manner, Mr. Ade might well be asked to stop fabling, and to give us that great American novel which we have been passing round the hat for so long. We should want something very strong from him; something full of passion and incident, with a powerful central motive of the wildest romance.

I should not feel that I had fully discharged my duty as a metropolitan critic without some such suggestions, and, as an adoptive New-Yorker of recent naturalization, I feel that I ought to assert the superiority of the commercial capital in a broad and comprehensive view of the literature which it has not produced. I am aware that there is every appearance in the writers of the Chicago school, always if there is one, of being ahead of New York in a direction where none, possibly, would be more surprised than Chicago to find them in the van. W. D. HOWELLS.

CASTRO: A LATIN-AMERICAN TYPE.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

THE rise of this uncouth adventurer from utter obscurity to a position where, as the events of the winter amply show, he is not only a menace to the development of South America but to the peace of the world, is a story upon which we may well ponder. It is not new, it is not unusual. Hardly a year passes but in one or the other of the so-called South-American republics a brigand chief proclaims himself Dictator, and by the automatic working of the Monroe Doctrine becomes our protégé before all the world. Among these adventurers Castro is distinguished by his undoubted courage and his undeniable ability. Unlike so many of the more common men of his stripe, he will never be contented with a residence in Paris and a calling acquaintance with the kings in exile and the refugee presidents that there abound. His ambition is real power and an authority not confined to Venezuela or to Colombia.

Five years ago, when the present Dictator was forty years of age, there were at least fifty self-styled Generals in the republic more prominent than he. Ignoring the etiquette of the revolutionary game, by assassinations, exiles and imprisonments he has thinned out the ranks of his competitors, and for the moment at least rules supreme over a subjugated people. In 1898 Castro was not only unknown, but his first essay in public life, as Senator to the Federal Congress from the Andine State of El Tachira, had been a failure. Little more is remembered of his appearance in the forum ten years ago than a personal idiosyncrasy. It is told of him that, when sitting down to his desk to draft a bill or engross a resolution he always took off his shoes and put on his black kid gloves, to the exquisite delight of the assemblage. Castro returned to the Andes with a great hatred of Cara-

cas, where he had been snubbed, and of the men of the Matos and Guzman Blanco school who have their clothes made in France and ape the manners of the *Mousius* (as all foreigners are called by the Venezuelan peons), by whom he had been ignored. But the only capital he brought back with him, a grievance against the metropolis, was a political asset by no means to be despised, when we regard the political conditions that then obtained in those beautiful Andine provinces of Trujillo, El Tachira, and Los Andes which rise to mountainous heights along the Colombian frontier. The Andinos, for a generation at least, had been unfairly taxed and grossly exploited by the politicians of the capital. Their lot had practically been that of taxation without representation, Governors, treasurers, and the higher federal officers being sent out to them from Caracas, while their representatives in Congress, as had been the fate of Castro, were ignored. There is no doubt that, but for the memory of this generation of oppression, the Andinos would not have supplied Castro with those sturdy mountaineers, those short-swordsmen who have proved so superior to the sons of the hot country in the sharp hand to hand conflicts which spell war in Venezuela.

Once returned to his own people, Castro resumed his usual life. He had a small ranch near San Cristóbal on the Colombian frontier, and in the height of the coffee season he was generally hired by German merchants as a sampler of the Maracaibo bean that is as aromatic as the Arabian coffee praised by the Prophet. Whenever anything of political importance happened in either Venezuela or Colombia, Castro put himself at his ease and wrote a letter about it. Some of these would prove profitable reading today in Washington, especially those written about the Guiana question and the revelations made in them as to the true motives of President Cleveland's intervention. Curiously enough, up to the very moment when his rapid rise to power began, Castro never could decide which should be the scene of his exploits, Venezuela or Colombia. It was an incident of the cattle trade, or, as some say, of cattle stealing, that cast the die in favor of Colombia, and he became a Venezuelan. It had been the immemorial custom among the frontiersmen to avoid the tax collector. When that obnoxious individual appeared on the Venezuelan side, Castro and the other worthy ranchmen drove their cattle into Colombia, and *vice versa,* but the day of reckoning came when the collectors of

the two countries conspired and appeared on the border at the same time. Castro's range was cleaned up by Venezuelan forces, and he, fighting for his own, narrowly escaped with his life. I say "for his own," though there is another story. Be this as it may, the herds were confiscated and Castro, having no other means of livelihood, raised the standard of revolt. He gave the affair a political coloring—and perhaps justly so—government as understood in Venezuela being simply a diplomatic discrimination among thieves, the fostering and the fattening of a chosen few, and the relentless pursuit of others who have neglected to placate the powers that be by a share in their plunder.

And now suddenly adverse Fortune became auspicious. Castro's neighbors rose like gudgeons or like cattle thieves, as some say they were, to the grandiloquent proclamation in which he declared a short-sword war against the outlander Government. Within a few weeks, his straw-shod companions having gained possession of the State capital, Castro was proclaimed president of the Andine province, and, circumstances favoring, he blossomed out as a prominent figure in federal politics. He was hardly seated in the saddle as dictator over the moss-troopers and border bushwhackers of El Tachira, before intimations reached him from Caracas suggesting possibilities far beyond his wildest dreams. Andrade was president; personally an honest and well-intentioned man, but singularly unpopular and inept, he had been in power some months striving for the right, and the moment had come to him, as it comes to every man who reaches the Yellow House, when it became apparent that he must either resign or pass over the real power, which means the right to plunder, to the military chieftains, without whose costly support it is impossible to rule in Venezuela under present conditions. Andrade hesitated and the military chieftains were hungry and furious; but Andrade had money, some of the best people in the land would support his cause with contributions, though never with their persons, yet as long as money was forthcoming fighting men could be procured from the Eastern States of the republic. Now, these Orientales are formidable in battle array. The Middle-Staters and the valley men, relaxed by the climate of the hot country, have a saying that the only troops who can face the men of the East are the sturdy Andinos of the West. Under these circumstances, the attention of the military chieftains naturally fell

upon Castro, endeared to the Andinos by his local successes. He was invited to march upon the federal capital, and assurances of support were given him. It is clear that the purpose of the military junta was simply to use Castro to expel Andrade, and then they reckoned upon having no difficulty in getting rid of such a penniless country lout.

It was an emprise that appealed to Castro's spirit of adventure, a gambler's stroke he could not resist. So, one fine morning, with but eighty men, he started out on his long ride. There followed months of wilderness fighting, of which little is known. Castro opened the jails as he advanced from the Colombian frontier, and every outlaw in the land made common cause with him. In the first meeting with the Andrade forces, a lieutenant of the latter, who is, I regret to say, a West Point man, turned the artillery upon his own infantry and so the battle was won. At last Castro turned up, with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder, with six hundred hardy ruffians behind him, and sat down before Valencia, which Ferrer, now Minister of War, held with six thousand well-armed men at his command. He could have annihilated the Castro forces, but he did not like Andrade; and there was a conference, followed by what they call in the political parlance that there obtains a "transaction," which resulted in Ferrer going over to Castro with his whole army. The further journey eastward was prosecuted by the amalgamated forces with the new watchword, "God and the Federation," emblazoned upon their yellow banners. In due season, the pass of La Victoria, the key to the capital, the scene of so many stubbornly contested battles and of so many disgraceful "transactions," was reached. Here Mendoza was entrenched with a large army. Don Luciano is quite a character in Venezuelan politics. He is known as the Introducer of Presidents. He is a grizzled, venal, old war-horse, whose boast that he stays "bought" is not a mean one in view of the general behavior of his contemporaries. He also celebrated a conference with Castro and made his arrangements. He placed a special train at President Andrade's disposal and a leaky gunboat, and forty-eight hours' time to avail himself of both. When the clock struck the forty-ninth hour, true to his rôle and punctual to the minute, Don Luciano introduced the people of Caracas to their new President and Castro to his new home, the Yellow House.

Of the Dictator's life, once in the saddle, I am able to give only the most concise account here. Not a week passed before the members of the military junta awakened to the fact that, in pushing forward the unsophisticated savage from the Andes, they had brought to light one of the ablest and most unscrupulous of the many banditti that Venezuelan political life has produced. They have all long since paid the penalty of their imprudence. Of his private life, I will say nothing, except that the feudal lords of old claimed over the souls and bodies of their serfs no right which the Dictator does not exercise daily over the people of his unfortunate land. I must also note in passing the physical phenomenon that, despite the enervating debauchery in which his days and nights are spent, whenever the critical moment presents itself, Castro has up to the present been able to meet it with a clear mind and unflagging energy. He has surrounded himself with new men principally recruited from the Andine provinces, his old cronies and *compadres,* and with other stray adventurers, such as another Mendoza who obliged him with a mule on a certain stage of his adventurous ride, and who is now Secretary of the Treasury, and the stout barber of Valencia, a breezy gossip, who is at present the chief of the Dictator's military house. Whether it be the personal fascination of the man, as some say, or the dread he has always inspired by his bloody revenges, it is certain that those he has taken into his confidence have for the most part stood by him steadfastly in dark days as well as bright.

Now and again it is suggested that the United States Government, having been successful in persuading the Powers to desist from summary proceedings, should go a step further and endeavor to secure an abatement of their claims. It is maintained by those who hold this view, that Castro is a well meaning man anxious to pay to the uttermost farthing, but that his powers are constitutionally limited, and that the judiciary and the legislature of the land have to be counted with. These statements are all misleading, and many of them intentionally so. Perhaps it will be as well to state here the relations that actually do exist between the executive and the legislature; they are certainly not those contemplated by the constitution. In the course of the hundred and twenty revolutions with which the history of the republic is scarred, a number of so-called "elections" have taken place, but in no single instance have the citizens participated. The police-

men deposit the ballots as instructed, the Senators and the Members of the House being nominated by the military chief of the day. The President never confers with his cabinet or with the members of the legislative bodies. Last year, during the first session of the present Congress, it was pointed out to Castro that it would perhaps look better if, upon at least one occasion, the members of the *congreso* were welcomed to Miraflores. He accepted the suggestion, and the audience was fixed for a certain afternoon at two o'clock, the most "pernicious" hour, as the people of Caracas truly say, for calling. At the appointed time the men of the august body appeared. They stood around in groups for two long hours, at the end of which they were told that Castro did not propose to receive them.

Castro's relations with the Judiciary have been equally dictatorial. How likely the justices of the Supreme Court are to restrain his illegal acts, may appear from the following incident. In the fall of 1901, the Chief-Justice and his associates, in the performance of their duties as prescribed by law, made their annual visit to the Rotunda or general prison in Caracas. Among the other scandalous conditions which they brought to light, were the following: Over a hundred prisoners were in jail, held upon an executive order only, and not by due process of law. Of those who had been properly committed, two hundred were absent having bought their way out. The Chief-Justice, a worthy man who had been appointed by Andrade, proposed to demand an investigation, although none of his associates would sustain him. However, before he had taken any action, a paragraph revealing the conditions found appeared in "*El Pregonero,*" a fugitive, truth-telling paper, long since suppressed. On the following morning, the tribunal was invaded by soldiers, and a military commissary declared the court dissolved. A few hours later, all the justices received a curt notice of their removal from office. Even the Bar of Caracas was aroused, and it was resolved that no member of the Bar Association should accept the posts that had been vacated in this summary manner; however, the necessary quota of scamps was secured, and the Supreme Court resumed business. It is to this tribunal, I may point out in passing, that the Powers declined to submit their claims, greatly arousing the ire of the American editor thereby, though at the same time they secured the approval of every American resident in Venezuela.

In the height of the excitement, there occurred an incident which shows conclusively how closely the Supreme Court is in touch with the political power. I feel all the more constrained to narrate this incident fully, because, owing to a widely circulated and misleading presentment of the facts, it has been most favorably commented upon. About this time, early in January, the American traders and merchants in Venezuela were heard from even in Washington. Their evidence was to the effect that one should submit to anything rather than go to court in Caracas. These statements produced uneasiness in Washington, which was communicated to Castro. Something had to be done, and this is what the Dictator decided to do. For ten years, there had been a claim made by a naturalized American against the Venezuelan Government for half a million dollars for damages caused by illegal cancellation of contract. The claimant was dead, and so was the claim, thought every one; but in this emergency Castro fished it up out of the dusty archives of the Supreme Court docket and in forty-eight hours the tribunal handed down a decision giving the claimant full damages. So imperious was the political necessity, however, that Castro cabled the decision to Washington twenty-four hours before it was rendered. While this act of righteousness has been widely praised in the United States, those acquainted with all the facts are now, if possible, more reluctant to appeal to Venezuelan justice than they were before the magnificent award was made.

It is quite true that many of the grievances and wrongs of which the Powers complain, and nearly all the debts under which the country groans and for which the foreigners ask payment, were incurred by Castro's predecessors. It is not true, however, that he never had a chance to pay, or the wherewithal to do it. By the singular fluke of fortune which I have outlined, Castro came into power under circumstances which were as enviable as they are unique in Venezuelan history. All the adventurers of his stripe are financed by the merchants of Curaçao or of Trinidad, who, as they take great risks, are not contented with small profits. Generally, when a revolutionist reaches the Yellow House, he finds that the resources of the country have been mortgaged for years to come. The Castro foray was not financed simply because his chances of success were deemed insignificant. The Andinos paid themselves at the expense of the people of Caracas, and

there were places enough and to spare for his few lieutenants. Within six months after his seizure of power, Castro had a surplus of many millions at his disposal; the use he made of them is significant. No attempt was made to meet any of the foreign claims, or to pay interest on those which had been adjudicated. When one remembers how badly they had fared when the treasury was full one may perhaps find the explanation of the attack that was made by the creditor nations upon the coffers last December when they were empty.

With the millions that rolled in from the custom-houses Castro equipped an army of eight thousand men, which he sent into Colombia, ostensibly to support one of the many adventurers who were fighting for the Presidency there. His real purpose was, of course, to secure such a strong position in the neighboring republic as to make it easy for him to impose the federation, which is only the first step in his dream of conquest. On this expedition he sent but few of his Andinos; these he needed at home. Artizans and laborers were torn from their families to fill up the necessary quota. A man went to his work in the morning and never returned. With banners flying and drums beating, the expedition started on the long road to Bogota. Once in Colombia they met with defeat and were compelled to fall back across the Guajira peninsula, a retreat which Castro may well call his Moskowa. Out of provisions, and struck down by sickness and poisoned arrows, harassed day and night by the Indians who infest the savage recesses of this land, who crucified every straggler or prisoner that fell into their hands, of the eight thousand who marched away so bravely only four hundred broken down men ever reached their native land again.

Despite this fiasco, Castro, believing as he does that his "star is greater than Napoleon's," has not given up his plan of conquest in Colombia. Large sums of money that would go far to pay the foreign debt are being used by him to debauch Colombian politicians, and to pay his spies. His friends in Bogotá to-day are not in a majority; but it is quite certain that all the influence he wields is being exerted against the ratification of the treaty under which we secure the privilege of cutting the Panama canal at our own expense. Curious whirligig of politics! Our protégé at Caracas is our opponent in Bogotá.

Of my personal experiences in camp and capital during the last

four months, while Venezuela was the cynosure of every eye, two scenes remain indelibly impressed upon my memory. I went to Puerto Cabello, that smiling haven near the Golfe Triste, a few days after the bombardment, filled with that indignation which swells the breasts of so many Americans whenever they hear that the cannon of the effete monarchies have been turned upon those moss-grown fortifications, behind whose protection we would believe that our South-American cousins are assiduously engaged in the cultivation of representative institutions. I went to blame; but, in view of the facts that were brought to my notice by many eye-witnesses of irreproachable character, I can only praise the English admiral for his moderation. The bombardment was provoked by the barbarous treatment, treatment that is simply untellable here, of the officers and men of the British merchant steamer "Topaze," not, as represented, at the hands of a low street-rabble, such as might in a moment of excitement get the upper hand in any port town the world over, but of officials and soldiers wearing the Venezuelan uniform and Castro's yellow ribbon. Times have changed since the stalwart days when England fought all the world because of Captain Jenkins's missing ear; but I am of the opinion that, if the exact facts as to the treatment of the men of the "Topaze" were known in London, public opinion would not permit Lord Lansdowne to sign milk-and-water protocols with the Power that permits such atrocities, even though thereby England escapes from the unpopular and unwise course which her common action with Germany in South-American affairs has entailed.

I was standing by the sea wall, in the square upon which each succeeding flight of adventurers are accustomed to engrave in golden letters the natal day of their government, and which the people of the port, to avoid confusion, call simply the Place of the Revolution once for all. Two old gentlemen in threadbare frock coats joined me, and together we looked across the turquoise waters of the strait to where the Fort of the Liberator lay in ruins. Its walls were breached, its guns dismounted. There, before us, all the secrets of the castle which, named in honor of the Liberator, had in reality served as a place of political bondage, were laid bare. The soft languorous winds blew through the stifling galleries where many a man had died the most horrible of lingering deaths; the blessed sunlight, at first timidly it seemed,

crept into the damp and noisome places, and revealed to us the heavy inquisitorial chains which the prisoners had borne by day and by night. Suddenly, the more elderly of my unknown companions raised his hat and turned away. His eyes rested upon the line of blockading vessels, and then he lifted up his arms like some prophet of old. I expected to hear a denunciation of the modern vandals such as is daily printed in the official press, and I could not have believed my ears had he not repeated his statement so many times: "Blessed, blessed be the strangers!" he said, "for they have taken pity upon us and destroyed our Bastille." And then the old gentlemen, embracing one another, hobbled away. One of them, as I afterwards learned, had spent ten years of his life in the dungeon. The son of the other had been done to death there at Castro's command. I do not mean to say that the sentiments which they expressed are those of a majority of the people; but I am entirely convinced that they are those of a large and most respectable minority.

Many men, with whose views I am generally in agreement, have stated that in South America they never heard a word of praise of the Monroe Doctrine, whether from native-born or immigrant. This was also my own experience except on one occasion, and I do not care to accept the responsibility of suppressing either the names or the circumstances connected with the incident. After years of patient diplomacy, finding all their efforts to obtain justice and reparation for wrongs done their nationals of no avail, when I reached Venezuela stern measures of coercion had been adopted by three of the leading World Powers. The coast was blockaded; and, in the port towns, fifty per cent. of the improvident population was already face to face with starvation. In Caracas, generally so rich and opulent, there was also suffering. The capital was not only cut off from the outside world by the foreign squadrons, but the rich back-country, whence provisions are drawn in ordinary times, was in the hands of the Revolution. The diplomatic problem that confronted Venezuela was involved, the domestic situation was simply appalling. "And where is Castro?" I asked, "that sturdy American who would not bend the knee to European oppression, as the papers say." Well, he was away on a "picnic," I learned, at La Victoria. He would spend a week there, in debauchery, the tongue of scandal (as I then thought) whispered. Only half believing, I followed the

trail of the Dictator down to the orange groves on the border of the *tierra caliente*. There I found him guarded by his soldiers, surrounded by the Yellow House gang composed of debauched and dishonored men and outcast women—his only willing associates. It was a sharp transition. I had come from where thousands were starving to a camp where champagne was flowing like water, where the extravagant saturnalia continued day and night, though only a few yards away lay the unburied bodies of the stolid, ignorant Andinos who had died but a few weeks before to keep the Dictator on his throne.

I did not succeed in concealing, nor did I very much try to conceal, my astonishment at the scenes which met my eye. I had certainly thought to find our ally otherwise engaged. "But why should you wonder?" said Castro, noting my surprise. "Our part is played. We have picked the quarrel, and now, blessed be the Monroe Doctrine, our rôle is finished and the fighting must be done by *el tio Samuel*. All the papers in the case I have given to your minister, who goes to Washington as my attorney." "Yes, *viva la Doctrina 'Monroey'!*" exclaimed Tello Mendoza, the witty muleteer whom Castro has made Secretary of the Treasury. "It spares us sleepless nights and gives us time for *bailes*."

Well may they call it blessed, the Monroe Doctrine! It is better for them than an army with banners, because it never requires either black beans or straw shoes, and it is more serviceable than a squadron of battle-ships because it never gets out of repair.

In 1826, the Congress of the United States passed a resolution *àpropos* of the Panama Conference. In it the opinion was expressed that the United States ought not to form any alliance with all or any of the South-American republics, that the people of the United States should be left free to act in any crisis in such manner as their feelings of friendship toward their sister republics and as their honor and policy might at the time dictate.

This is statesmanship; this is the American policy. The Secretary of State who will endow it with the breath of life will conserve our interests and dispel the most threatening cloud upon our future. The man who will do this will deserve well of the people of North America, and rescue the people of South America from a despotism to which there is nothing comparable in the history of the Holy Alliance or the House of Bourbon.

STEPHEN BONSAL.

NAVY LEAGUES.

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER J. H. GIBBONS, U. S. N.

THE recent organization of a Navy League in the State of New York is the beginning of a movement that ought to arouse enthusiasm throughout the United States, and bring to the aid of the navy a stronger public opinion. Our political organization is such that the centres of effort can be uniformly distributed over a large geographical area, from town to district, from district to State, and from State to nation, until, by a gradual process of education, our people will be able to formulate intelligently, forcibly and patriotically such measures as are needed to secure an adequate navy. Lord Salisbury, while Prime Minister of England, made the statement that the defence of a country is not the business of the government but of the people themselves. If this theory be true, we may reasonably suppose that, when the people of the United States make the navy a part of their daily business and cease to regard it as a valuable asset only in time of panic, Congress, in its wisdom, will record their will in the form of necessary laws.

The first Navy League was established in England in 1894. Its general aims, as set forth in the constitution, are, (1) to spread information showing the vital importance to the British Empire of the naval supremacy upon which depend its trade, dominion, and national existence; (2) to call attention to the enormous demands which war would make upon the navy and to the fact that the navy is not strong enough to meet them, and at all times to point out any shortcomings in this respect; (3) to call attention, from time to time, to such measures as may be requisite to secure adequate preparation for the maritime defence of the Empire; (4) to urge these matters on public men and, in

particular, upon candidates for Parliament, but at the same time to keep the league distinct from all party politics.

In carrying out these aims, the plan of action is partly educational and partly political. The educational part consists in circulating books and pamphlets showing the need of naval supremacy; in presenting copies of more important books to Chambers of Commerce, public libraries, and similar institutions; in reprinting and issuing selected passages from some of these books; in publishing original essays; in forming a library of reference and collecting all material bearing upon the business of the League; and in arranging a course of lectures given under the auspices of the League in the principal towns of the United Kingdom. The political part consists in preparing test questions to be put to candidates for Parliament and in arranging for public meetings in support of its aims.

The example of England was followed in 1898 by Germany. The German Navy League has one great advantage over that of England—it has the strong support of the Government. The enthusiasm of the Emperor has been a powerful factor in developing naval sentiment in Germany, and the agitation has been so widespread and well organized that the results have been phenomenal. The "British Navy League Journal," in discussing this rapid growth, said:

"One can acquire an adequate conception of the activity of the German League by learning that, at its offices at Berlin, 40 men are employed in winter and 30 in summer; that, every day, about 300 letters and 150 parcels are posted; that the conferences held by its propagandists throughout Germany reach the enormous figure of 3,000; that 5,000 mutoscopic views have been exhibited in various railway stations in the Empire, and that even restaurants and bars have been opened where the attendants are dressed as sailors, and the walls hung only with pictures relating to maritime subjects. The League has laid even jewelry under contribution for its propaganda. Special articles of jewelry have been made specially for the league; *i. e.*, scarf-pins, trinkets, earrings, bracelets, and necklaces have been sold in quantities by German jewelers, who pay the League a percentage on the right of reproduction.

"And thus, even to the very head of the great Continental Empire, the people—who have never seen the sea-coast, who, till a few years ago, had never dreamed of great naval power for Germany—now speak with enthusiasm and assurance of battle-ships and cruisers, of military and naval manœuvres, both of which they follow with equal interest, and pride themselves as a nation on their great maritime power, which is to be the strongest bulwark of a still 'Greater Germany.'

"The German Navy League can, therefore, fully claim to have accomplished its object; to the state is due the credit of having created a powerful fleet; to the League the credit of having increased that power and of having rendered it national."

France, Spain, and Italy have organized Navy Leagues, the last-named having, in addition, formed an alliance with the League of Germany to promote the common object of "the development of maritime commerce and the increase of the naval strength of the two countries in order to contribute to the maintenance of universal peace." The constitution of these Leagues is similar to those of England and Germany, but in some cases the aims are enlarged to include such kindred matters as the development of the merchant marine, the increase of submarine telegraph communications, the encouragement of fisheries, the diffusion of maritime sports, the building of ship canals, and the commemoration of great naval anniversaries. In France, the League receives the active support of the Government, and all officers and men of the navy are authorized to join the same and to further its interests.

The great barrier to the success of a Navy League in the United States, if this League is to be modelled after those of European countries, lies in the fact that the navy is practically debarred from participation in public affairs. With the army it is different. The bond between generalship and statesmanship is strong. The army has time and again furnished a Chief Executive to the nation, and the soldier has always been powerful in public councils. But the sailor is an exile, often on distant seas, and his spokesmen are not of his own cloth. There has been no Beresford, as in England, no Aube, as in France, no von Tirpitz, as in Germany,—men to whose title of Admiral might be added that of Naval Counsellor, whose voices have been heard, not only on the quarter-deck, but also in the halls of legislation.

In England, there has arisen a class of writers, who, if they are not equipped for grappling with purely technical matters, are constantly discussing, in their contributions to the press, questions of naval policy and administration. Among these are Sir W. Laird Clowes, Arnold White, and Archibald H. Hurd. The first-named does not hesitate to attack the types of ships designed by Sir William White, late Director of Naval Construction in the British Navy, and has called forth from the latter a series of

letters to *The Times* which have irreverently been called an *apologia*. Arnold White has started a crusade for better gunnery, and in the writings of Archibald Hurd we find such interesting captions as "The Functions of the Navy," "Distribution of the British Squadrons," and "The War Readiness of the Fleet." This school of pamphleteers has for its object a constant prodding of the Board of Admiralty, and a demand for publicity in order that weakness may be exposed rather than that excellence may be rewarded. Their campaign has led to a retort from Arnold Forster, Secretary to the Admiralty, who says that the British Navy has two classes of enemy—those who say that the navy is all wrong, all rotten, and not to be depended upon in time of war; and another class, more numerous and more dangerous, who say that the navy is all right, and that no one need trouble his head about it.

Possibly the naval critics in our own country come under what Arnold Foster considers the more dangerous class, for a spirit of optimism pervades their contributions to the public prints and superlatives are common. This is to be expected in a young and growing country and is only a sign of the buoyancy of our national spirit, which recognizes that we are destined to be great. The fact that, in the Spanish-American War, we won a quick and decisive victory over a vastly inferior foe has led to the false notion that we are invulnerable, and in the resulting jubilation we have lost sight of another fact, namely, that a sudden development of naval strength is impossible; that we need a continuity of preparation, including, as this does, a well-ordered increase of material and a corresponding increase in personnel. Benumbing self-complacency must give way to constant activity if naval expansion is to keep step with industrial and commercial progress. It has been said by a recent writer in the *National Review* that, "except in moments of great passion, democracy is apt to concentrate its interest upon internal affairs, while its statesmen live absorbed in trifles." While, as a nation, we may not have moments of great passion, it is none the less true that a strong feeling is aroused whenever the Monroe Doctrine is attacked, and the concentration of interest upon internal affairs gives way to legislative liberality in appropriations for ships and men.

The proper field for a Navy League in this country would, therefore, seem to be the maturing, through a campaign of educa-

tion, of a strong public sentiment in favor of a navy adequate to meet all the demands that the growing nation may make upon it. The navy itself has only recently been aroused to the consideration of the broad principles of a naval policy. From 1814 until 1898, peace had been maintained with European nations; and, although the Civil War and the war with Mexico called the navy into action, it was against foes that were powerless on the high seas. From 1865 to 1882 was a period of naval decay; but the small band of naval officers that survived the ruthless cutting down of their numbers struggled to keep alive the traditions of their calling, although our old wooden ships were the laughing-stock of the other nations. The Naval War College was established at Newport in 1884. From 1882 until the outbreak of the Spanish War, modern steel ship-building brought all the technical talent of the navy into close connection with the captains of industry, and the development of naval material absorbed the entire attention of the nation without a thought of the increase in trained officers and men that was a co-ordinate necessity. The industrial interests could easily secure large appropriations for ships, but the naval interests could barely extort an extra penny for men. Not until the end of the Spanish War was the necessity for a consistent naval policy made evident, and this led to the establishment of the General Board.

Captain Mahan—himself once President of the War College, and during the Spanish War a member of the Board of Strategy, the latter a forerunner of the General Board—has, in his writings upon the history of sea-power, given his fellow-countrymen a deep well of information from which all may draw. As has been said in a recent essay by Captain Bacon, of the English Navy, every one can appreciate strategic principles—they are few and patent to every laymen; "but," he adds, "they are not strategy; strategy is the assessment of the existing conditions and the application of principles to them; the focussing of the military state, the relegation of all events and conditions to their proper perspective, and then the application of principles to movements quantitatively assessed and co-ordinated." This definition may appear complex, but it is apparent that the duties therein outlined must fall upon the nation's chief naval advisers; in other words, upon the Naval War College and the General Board. As time goes on, we may hope for the organization of a

General Staff, similar to that now existing in Germany, where a consolidation of naval counsellors makes for an easier and quicker "focussing of naval opinion." To the Navy League, made up as it probably will be of men who by education and association are in sympathy with the ideas and aims of the navy, and who have faith in the good judgment of its administrators, should fall the important missionary work of spreading the naval propaganda among the people at large; of creating a strong public opinion that should begin in the school-room and end with "the man in the street"; and, finally, of establishing that community of interest which makes preparation for the maritime defence of vital importance to every good American. This is a work from which the naval officer, by the very nature of his profession, is debarred. The navy welcomes criticism, but it will be well to bear in mind Sir William White's closing words in his reply to the English pamphleteers:

> "Lack of confidence and unrest are injurious factors in public opinion, and they act and react on responsible officials; critics should be both mentally endowed and educationally equipped to justify authoritative statements on abstruse subjects."

If we are careful to exclude such methods as do not appear to be in harmony with the spirit of our institutions, it is not difficult, from the considerations above enumerated, to outline a general scheme of educational work for a Navy League, after an analysis of the practice in European countries. The more important duties may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. Conferences with superintendents of public instruction, principals of schools and other educators, in order to arrange a course of instruction by means of prize offers, etc., that will awaken a lively interest in the navy, beginning with toys of the kindergarten, fashioned after naval models, and working up through the stage of sea stories and nautical adventures to that of comparative history and the influence of sea-power.

2. Co-operation with lyceums and lecture bureaus, in order to arrange for a course of lectures, under the patronage of the League, in towns and districts remote from the sea-board.

3. Printing and circulating books and pamphlets that set forth the need of a strong navy; offering prizes for original essays on naval subjects not strictly technical; presenting copies of more

important works to schools and public libraries; and furnishing the local press with naval items of contemporary interest.

4. Encouragement of the naval militia and of naval reserves.

5. Co-operation with Chambers of Commerce, ship-building interests, marine underwriters and other organizations interested in the building up of our merchant marine, and close association with all organizations that look to the betterment of the condition of American seamen.

6. Careful study of all interior waterway improvements and of proposed canal construction, with a view of emphasizing the fact that their strategic importance should have equal weight with their commercial advantages.

7. The commemoration of naval anniversaries by appropriate ceremonies and the erection of suitable monuments, statues or tablets to honor the memory of our naval heroes.

These are, in brief, the suggestions that come to us from a study of the methods of Navy Leagues in other countries. The American sense of humor is so keen that it would not permit us to follow Germany to the extent of having "restaurants where the attendants are dressed as sailors," and anything that suggests claptrap might amuse but it would not instruct. Education is the great lever in any national movement, and American *individualism* can only be centered upon any national policy by appeals to its common sense. In entering upon this work the organization might well adopt as its motto a paraphrase of that of the Navy League of Great Britain:

"A strictly non-party organization to urge upon the people the paramount importance of an adequate navy as the best guarantee of peace."

J. H. Gibbons.

PRESENT TENDENCIES OF RUSSIAN POLICY.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE, RETIRED.

THE May festivities in St. Petersburg commemorating the northern capital's foundation two centuries ago by Peter the Great; the Emperor's proclamation of internal reforms; the part Russia is playing in the Balkan peninsula, with the co-operation of Austria and the support of France, Germany and England; and, finally, recent developments in Asia, including the visit of Minister Witté to the Far East, make a general view of the tendencies of Russian policy at once interesting and important.

In the two centuries whose lapse is recalled by the St. Petersburg celebrations, we may mark three great vital movements of the Russian Empire: first, the struggle towards the Baltic, and the conquest of an outlet to the North Sea, which gained for Peter his title of The Great; second, the fight for the Black Sea, which gained a like title for the Empress Catherine; and, third, the great achievement which we ourselves have witnessed, the final establishing and confirming of Russia's power on the Pacific, through the completion of the Siberian railway, and the effective occupation of Manchuria. Russia will presently find her way southwards to the Persian Gulf, thus completing the outline of her Empire, and gaining access to the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the Mediterranean.

This will mark the coming of age of the Empire; and thereafter the great changes will be along the line of internal growth, moral, religious, political, commercial and industrial. This brings us naturally to a consideration of the Emperor's recent proclamation, which introduces the principle of heightened individualism and greater personal freedom into both the religious and the civil life of Russia, and thus marks a decided approach to the ideals of the West. In the Emperor's proclamation, there

are seven chief points, each being rather a declaration of principle than a statement of law. The ministers are directed to frame laws embodying these principles, and it is evident that the whole process of change and development will have to be spread over several years.

The first principle affirmed by the Tsar is religious toleration, and about this much has recently been printed which exemplifies "the heresy of insufficient information." Russia has always asserted the principle of toleration, and has allowed complete freedom of worship not only to other Christian communions, such as the Roman Catholic or the Lutheran, but has conceded the same rights to Jews, Mahometans, Buddhists and pagans, all of whom are largely represented within the bounds of the Empire.

The real point at issue has been touched by a recent writer in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*,—and we may note, in passing, that the free discussion of matters of this sort in Russia is symptomatic, and shows a much larger degree of tolerance than we are accustomed to attribute to her. The fundamental law of religious liberty in Russia assures to every one, of whatever faith, the right "to worship according to the rites of his forefathers"; and all religious difficulties in Russia have turned on the interpretation of these words. The extreme ecclesiastical party in the Russian Orthodox Church has interpreted them to mean that a member of the Orthodox Church must remain a member of the Orthodox Church, that he must continue to "worship according to the rites of his forefathers." Hence have grown up a number of stringent regulations, whose purpose is, to prevent apostasy from the national Church, to use a phrase which embodies the feelings of the ecclesiastical party.

In justice to millions of devoted members of the Orthodox Church, we must remember that that church has grown up with the nation, taking its temper and color from the genius of the nation, and therefore expressing in its forms and ritual the national imagination and the national psychic character. It therefore seems to the extreme ecclesiastical party, of whom Pobyedonostseff may stand as the type, that the Orthodox Church is the soul of Russia, and that any diminution or detriment suffered by the Church is a direct blow at the life of the nation. Add that, for the Russian, the nation is predominant over the individual, and we can at once realize the thoughts and motives of the ex-

treme eccelesiastical wing in Russia. Another example of the same spirit is to be found in Father John of Cronstadt, a man of saintly and most charitable life; but who, nevertheless, openly declares his belief that Count Tolstoi is Antichrist, an incarnation of the evil one. This, of course, because Tolstoi has attacked the Church, its priesthood, doctrines, rites, and even sacraments.

A test case was recently made in the person of Prince Gagarin. He had, like Tolstoi, ceased to give his adherence to the national church, and had, nevertheless, been elected to fill a popular office in his district. His election was opposed on the ground of his apostasy; and the case went up to the Emperor. The decision of the Emperor was, that no action should be taken, either against Prince Gagarin, or against his election; and, by this precedent, the principle of liberty to secede from the national church was constructively established. The tendencies inaugurated by the recent proclamation will, doubtless, work in the same direction.

The second declared purpose of the Tsar's proclamation is, to strengthen the position of the rural clergy in Orthodox districts; and this will, doubtless, be accomplished by demanding from the rural clergy a higher degree of education and enlightenment, better fitting them for their responsible position. For the ideal Russian village priest is the moral law-giver of the village, in a degree which we, with our material and individual civilization, can hardly realize. There is so much in the teaching of the Church, with its doctrines of resignation, submission, and the ideal of the New Testament, which is profoundly sympathetic to the Russian character, that the mujik takes his religion and his church much more seriously than, let us say, the English or American farmer or agricultural laborer. The purpose of the proclamation evidently is, better to prepare the priest for this position of moral law-giver, by a larger education, a greater acquaintance with the thought and life of the modern world.

The remaining five propositions of the proclamation deal with problems of civil life and internal administration, which are very likely to be unintelligible to us unless we know a good deal of Russian history, and, further, of the steps that have already been taken to modify the former condition of things, in the years following the first great change—the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861. We shall confine ourselves to pointing out that the same principle of heightened individual responsibility, or, to put it in

another way, of greater freedom, shows itself in each of these five propositions; just as it shows itself in the first two, giving greater freedom of choice in the form of worship, and placing greater responsibility on the rural priests.

The first of these five provisions has to do with a state of things becoming very intelligible to us, through coming legislation for Ireland; a state of things which has long had its parallel in India. In Ireland, the state is about to issue large loans, for a specific purpose, to the cultivator class, on the security of their land; in India, the government has for years made a practice of lending money to the agricultural class, under certain conditions. The same practice exists in Russia; the state takes it upon itself to advance money both to the peasants and to the landowners, on the security of crops and lands, and the Emperor affirms this principle, and wishes it to be more extensively and thoroughly applied in the future.

The next proposition refers to the village community of Russia, an institution once universal among the Aryan peoples, and still full of vitality among the Slavs. Indeed, it may be said, that much of the theory of modern socialism is simply a widened application of the Slavonic village community idea. The Emperor now affirms the inviolability of the communal land, but at the same time urges legislation "facilitating to every peasant individually the means of leaving the community." This, like the assertion of freedom of conscience, is most significant of the new tendency towards heightened individualism in Russian national life.

The next provision is of like nature. Formerly, the village community, as a whole, was responsible for the imperial taxes. This bore heavily on the better and more provident members, who found themselves obliged to make up the deficiencies of the lazier and less competent. The Tsar now urges his ministers "to take measures for the abolition of the collective guarantee, so onerous for the peasants."

Then comes a provision advising the strengthening of the two instruments of local government. To make this intelligible, we must remember that Russia is divided into a number of "governments" which are comparable to our States; the chief difference being, that the governor is, as we should say, a federal, and not a State official, in Russia. Each State, or, to use the Russian

name, each "government," has its elective body, or "zemstvo"; with certain powers of taxation, and certain well-defined fields of work, such as the maintenance of schools, hospitals, roads, bridges, and so on; a range of local utilities to be carried out by local and elective authority. The "governments" are further divided into "districts" corresponding to our counties; and these also have their electoral zemstvos, from which the members of the State zemstvos are chosen, much as our State legislatures choose our federal senators. The Emperor now wishes "to reorganize the 'government' and district zemstvos, or electoral bodies, in order that these local authorities may be in a position to attend more directly to the many needs of rural life." In other words, we have something similar to the establishment of the County Councils in Ireland, a mild form of Home Rule. Further, and this is most significant, these local parliaments are to report direct to the Emperor, and not to the Minister of the Interior.

Finally, the Emperor wishes to bring into harmony the zemstvos and the parish councils, local electoral bodies of another character. There has been a keen rivalry between the agricultural zemstvos and the parish councils, each being inclined to stretch its authority at the expense of the other, and both have been weakened by this tendency. The Emperor evidently wishes to bring them into closer relations and more united action; and thus, by drawing these two local representative bodies together, to strengthen the principle and the application of local self-government.

We have seen that the "government" or State electoral bodies are made up of representatives chosen from the district or county electoral bodies. It does not need a great stretch of imagination to picture a still larger representative body, whose members should be drawn from the "government" or State electoral bodies, and which should thus form an electoral assembly for the whole Empire. It may be expected that, in the natural course of things, such an imperial representative body will be formed; and this will mark the point of meeting between the Eastern and Western ideals, the collective and the individualist consciousness, the Slav and the Teuton. But this is a degree of evolution which has not yet been reached.

The Emperor, therefore, as voicing the general consciousness and will of the nation, has declared for heightened individual power and responsibility in several different regions of national

life: in the field of religious consciousness; in the communal village life; in the system of local self-government. His proclamation is analogous to a Presidential message to Congress, rather than to a law; he urges his ministers to develop these points in laws, which have still to be drawn up. When they are agreed on by the Council of Ministers and signed by the Emperor, it will be time enough to go more into details. The principle is clear enough already, and we must be content, for the present, with outlining the principle.

It is in the highest degree interesting to find Russia thus committed to the principle of heightened individualism at the very time when our own country is embarking in a series of enterprises of the opposite tendency: the state control of commercial enterprises, the collective control of individual commercial undertakings, and the gradually growing application of the collective principle, both for capital and for labor; and, in foreign policy, the assertion of a certain collective interest and responsibility among all the republics of the New World; a solidarity, as against individual responsibility or initiative.

To turn now to the tendencies of Russian policy in the Balkan peninsula. In a previous study of the Macedonian question, I pointed out several general truths, bearing on this question, which may be briefly referred to again. First among these is the race question in what we call Macedonia, though the title Macedonia is very misleading. It is applied to three of the six provinces of European Turkey; the remaining three being Adrianople, and the two which we group under the name of Albania, namely Scutari and Janina, the latter directly south of Servia, the former touching Greece.

The remaining three provinces, Salonica, Kossovo and Monastir, are, therefore, wedged in between predominantly Turkish and Mahometan Adrianople on the east, and almost equally Mahometan Albania on the West. The Albanians are supposed to be the descendants of the early Pelasgians, who were displaced by the Hellenes, when Hellas first came into national existence. Be this as it may, the Albanians are a strong and formidable element in the Balkans, and their alliance with the Turks is somewhat unstable and accidental; they are not so much the friends of the Turks, as "the enemies of their enemies."

We group the three provinces of Kossovo, Salonica and Monas-

tir under the general and inaccurate name of Macedonia—a title which is unfortunate, as it suggests Greek history and Hellenic affinities to the south, whereas the real historical and race affinities are Slavonic, and northern. These three provinces have a population of about three millions, divided nearly equally between them; and this population is Slavonic in the main, somewhat more closely united to the Bulgarian Slavs, and, like them, adhering to the Eastern Church.

There are fine epochs of history behind these South-Balkan Slavs. At one period, they formed part of a great Old-Servian kingdom, with a wonderfully interesting civilization and tradition; at another, they were joined to an Old-Bulgarian monarchy, also rich in fine historic episodes. There is, therefore, a keen rivalry, with much heated feeling between the shrunken modern states of Servia and Bulgaria, for their possession; each claiming the three provinces, wholly or in part, on the ground of former historic occupation. In general, one may tell a Servian from a Bulgarian by the family name, the Servian names ending in "ich," meaning "the son of," while the Bulgarian names end in "off" or "eff," meaning "belonging to." Thus Ristich is a Servian, while Sarafoff is a Bulgarian.

Whether predominantly Servian or Bulgarian, however, and they are evidently the latter, the inhabitants of the three provinces are undoubtedly Slavs of the Eastern rite, and therefore bound by ties of race and faith to Russia; by ties which the Russian people is the first to feel and acknowledge, always speaking of these Balkan kinsmen as "the younger brothers." Equally undoubted is it that these younger brothers have suffered unnumbered evils at the hands of the Mahometans, whether Turk or Albanian, as the Russians themselves suffered for centuries under the Tartar yoke. The desire to see their kin free and independent is, therefore, one of the deepest forces in the Russian heart; and it is infinitely more a popular and universal aspiration than a plan or ambition of the Russian government.

In the last Russo-Turkish war, Russia, carried along by a tide of national feeling, of religious enthusiasm, accomplished miracles of valor and suffered endless hardships and losses, in the effort to bring freedom to all the Balkan Slavs,—in this only following out the tendencies and policy of centuries; a policy to which Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania owe their national existence, while

Montenegro owes its conservation and freedom to the same protecting power. I have already shown how Russia's sacrifices were rendered nugatory by the Berlin treaty, and how the three provinces, set free by her, were once more thrust under the heel of the Turk by the action of Germany, England and Austria.

This is, of course, the one and only cause of the "Macedonian Question"; and, once we have understood this much, it is easy to see why Russia has taken her present attitude, and embodied it in the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski understanding. Russia has already undertaken one crusade for the sake of the Balkan peoples. Her work was undone by the Powers. It therefore rests with the Powers, and not with her, to make effective reparation, to secure the ill-starred populations of the three provinces from further evil.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to say that the Powers themselves seem at last to feel this; that Austria has taken the initiative in acting with Russia, thus setting an admirable example, followed first by France, England and Italy, and later by Germany. There is every reason to hope that this joint action will be as fully successful and as salutary as was the like action in the case of Crete, which is now enjoying comparative peace and well-being.

The recent outbreak in Albania has shown the determination of the Russian government to find a peaceable solution of the Balkan question. The causes and probable direction of this outbreak were sketched in my article on Macedonia, and, as events have unhappily shown, with prophetic exactness. It was said there that the old feudal chiefs of the Albanians, stanch and stiff-necked Mahometans, were determined to resist the establishment of a Russian consulate at Mitrovitsa, in the northern part of the Albanian region, and that one chieftain had given orders that, should a Russian consul persist in settling there, he should be shot, and the consulate destroyed. This chieftain was captured and imprisoned, but his baneful command was carried out, with the sad result that we already know. Nothing shows so much the pacific intention of Russia as the moderation of her attitude in the face of this international crime; for the murder of a diplomatic or consular agent is an admitted cause of war. We have only to recall the name of Baron von Ketteler, to realize what use Russia might have made of the shooting of her consul.

There are certain cross currents in this Turkish question which we shall do well to keep in mind. We must remember, to begin with, that Abdul Hamid II. came to the throne of a constitutional Turkish monarchy, and that, by a series of moves of consummate skill and small scruple, he has turned his country into the most absolute despotism on earth. Like a vampire, he has absorbed into himself first the power of the elective assembly, and later the power of the Foreign Office, the responsible ministry of the Sublime Porte. He now stands alone and absolute, a grim and yet a cowardly despot; a man of tremendous will-power, and yet one who trembles at a shadow, so great and overwhelming is his fear of death. He dwells among the conflicting intrigues of rival spies, each of whom gains a short vogue by denouncing the others, in his turn to be denounced by them.

Yet, in spite of this physical cowardice, Abdul Hamid is a tremendous force. We have spoken of him as a vampire, gradually sucking the life-blood of the constitution and the responsible ministry; we might, with even greater justice, extend the simile to cover his relation to the whole Empire. Though the Empire is chronically bankrupt, though for generations Turkey has been wallowing in a deepening slough of debt, yet the Sultan himself has grown richer and richer, at the expense of his land, the land he holds as a divine charge committed to him. It is asserted, on sound authority, that he has absorbed under his personal ownership at least a third of European Turkey, and this the richest third; and that, while he grows richer and richer, exempting his vast private domain from all taxation, and constantly extending it, he mercilessly taxes and drains the rest, for his own private and selfish purposes, never hesitating to load the country with a fresh burden of debt, if by so doing his own purposes can be served.

With the profound skill of a great and subtle intellect, he uses his throne solely for personal aggrandizement, slowly absorbing the life-blood of the country intrusted to him, and with infinite craft fomenting jealousies among the creditors of his country, and turning these jealousies to his own profit.

Yet, with all this, he has been forced to watch the slow dwindling of his realm; Bulgaria and Servia gone; then Cyprus and Egypt; then Rumelia and Crete; Bosnia and Herzegovina practically Austrian provinces, while lesser strips, both in Europe and

Asia, have passed into the hands of Russia. We shall be mistaken if we think that these losses have not caused bitter mortification to Abdul Hamid, as a Mahometan and a sovereign; but we shall be further mistaken if we do not comprehend that his real and desperate sorrow springs from the immense diminution of the area which he can plunder and vampirize, for his own personal gain. His cruelty is as undoubted as his avarice. Probably ten thousand is too small a number for the Armenians massacred recently by his orders and at his instigation, or with his connivance; and he has never thought of seriously exerting himself to check the outrages committed by his agents in the three Slav provinces. This, therefore, is the situation, and this is the man that Russia has to deal with in the Balkans, in her present pacific campaign, with Austria as her close ally, and the European Powers as sympathetic onlookers.

Here it must be remembered that there are very strong forces whose interest it is to keep Abdul Hamid on the throne: the forces of international finance, which are deeply involved in the various Turkish loans, as well as in a number of industrial undertakings based on concessions from the Sultan. These international powers of finance, which are becoming more and more the dominating influence in politics, bring strong pressure to bear on their governments, to maintain the existing order of things in Turkey, however bad, morally speaking, that order may be. To go into the vexed question of Turkish debt, would be to write a highly technical treatise; but it is enough for us to know that large quantities of Turkish bonds are held in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London, and that the financial institutions which hold most of them have a strong influence over certain organs of the press in the countries involved, and use these organs for their own ends. Hence the contradictory character of so many telegrams from the Balkans, and the evident animus in many of them against the Austro-Russian scheme of reform. One comprehends, therefore, Russia's unwillingness to be drawn into another Turkish war, in which she would have to contend not only with the very strong armies of the Sultan, but also with the occult forces of international finance, to which we have very briefly alluded.

To turn now to Persia. It is well known that, for the last thirty or forty years, the influence of England, so strong in Persia during the first half of the nineteenth century, has been

on the wane. The dominant factor in Persian policy is now undoubtedly Russia. The character of the present ruler of Persia, Muzaffer Ed Din Shah, has given Russia opportunities which she has been quick to grasp. She has on several occasions made loans to Persia, on each occasion stipulating for certain concessions in return. Last year, she made a further loan of about six million dollars, gaining, in return, the priority right to construct a railroad across the Shah's dominions, which will in course of time link the Caucasian system of lines with the ports of the Persian Gulf. Doubtless we shall have a repetition of what happened in Manchuria, and, doubtless, as in Manchuria, the result will be beneficial to all parties.

Besides this financial and political dominance, Russia is making her hold on Persia effective by other means. England, France and Austria have all tried in turn to make something of the Persian army, doubtless from motives not purely Platonic. Where they failed, Russia has succeeded, having already built up the only effective force in the Persian army, a body consisting of four regiments of cavalry and two battalions of field artillery, trained and officered by Russians, and even spoken of as the "Persian Cossacks."

To turn now to the Far East, where Russia's position and policy have been so admirably summarized by Minister Witté, in his report of his recent journey. Siberia is, primarily, a field of colonization for European Russia, whither more than two hundred thousand Russians, Minister Witté tells us, now annually proceed. The climate is like that of Minnesota or Manitoba, and, like both, admirably suited for wheat. The total area of Siberia is about six million square miles, or nearly twice that of the United States; and this vast country needs an outlet to the Pacific Ocean. To gain a suitable outlet, all the forces of Russian policy in the Far East have been directed. Vladivostok was first chosen as the terminus of the trans-Siberian line; but the fact that, like the Saint Lawrence River, the harbor of Vladivostok is ice-bound in winter, has led Russia to seek a better terminal further south. In this search, she was favored by the march of events: the war between China and Japan, with the Japanese occupation of the Liao-Tung peninsula, gave Russia's representative at Peking his opportunity, and, probably in return for the Shimonoseki treaty, which practically forced Japan off the Asian

mainland, Russia obtained certain very valuable concessions in Manchuria. These concessions consisted of a strip of territory on each side of the railroad, and of certain other areas of greater extent; also of the site of the future Dalny, and the fortress of Port Arthur.

Count Cassini has pointed out that the Chinese invasion of Russian territory in 1900 gave Russia a claim, perfectly good in international law, to the annexation of Manchuria. Russia waived this right, and contented herself with the conceded areas, already hers under the Manchurian agreement. The Chinese invasion, however, had caused grave internal disorders in Manchuria, and the general anarchy into which China was thrown, by the Boxer uprising and the advance of the allies on Peking, endangered the Manchurian railway to such an extent that Russia was compelled to keep a large military force there, to maintain order and safeguard her immense interests. Her agreement with China was, that these forces should be withdrawn from Chinese territory in the three Manchurian provinces, beginning with the southern province, and evacuating the middle and northern provinces six and twelve months later respectively. Two-thirds of this agreement has already been carried out; the Russian troops being withdrawn from Chinese territory to the conceded areas, which are, of course, Russian soil.

Since the Boxer uprising, a number of English and American writers or official personages have visited Manchuria; all these unite in bearing testimony to the rapid amelioration of conditions under Russian influence, to the growing wealth of natives and colonists alike. All equally bear witness to the broadly humane and sympathetic relations which have sprung up between the Russians and their Chinese neighbors, in complete contrast to the condition of things, morally and socially, which is to be found in Hong-Kong, for instance, or in Wei-Hai-Wei.

In conclusion, it may be recorded, with great satisfaction, that the wave of Japanese jealousy seems to have spent itself, and that the Russians are gradually establishing friendly relations with their insular neighbors on the Pacific. Stability will be added to this understanding by the additions which Russia has just made to her Siberian fleet, which hitherto consisted of three new first-class battle-ships and four armored-cruisers of the most modern type, besides the usual complement of gun-boats, defenders, tor-

pedo-boats and so forth. To these Russia has just added two first-class battle-ships, the "Retvisan" and the "Pobieda," as well as three more cruisers, the "Diana," the "Aurora," and the "Pallas," thus making a compact fleet of five first-class battle-ships and seven armored-cruisers, as against six battle-ships and seven cruisers in the Japanese fleet. The necessity for this move was evident some years ago, and the peace of the world is more secure, now that it has been made.

One is irresistibly led to contrast our present understanding of the genius and purposes of Russia with the prejudiced and hostile view which prevailed through most of the nineteenth century. It is not fifty years since the two foremost European Powers were at war with Russia, fighting side by side with the Moslem Turks. It is just twenty-five years since the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty for the second time threw in their weight against Russia, destroying her work, and enslaving where she had liberated. The present Emperor, following in the path marked out for his father, a man of great moral power, and profoundly Russian, has done much to make the genius of his people intelligible to the Western world. It is recognized on all hands that, in bringing about the Hague Convention, the Emperor of Russia acted with high sincerity, and also with great practical wisdom. The same humanity, the same moderation and conservatism, mark Russia's present attitude in the Near and the Far East alike; and the world in general is gradually coming to recognize in Russia one of the greatest of World Powers, yet one whose growth can be regarded with equanimity and reassurance.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

LORD NORTH, THE PRIME MINISTER: A PERSONAL MEMOIR.—I.

BY LORD NORTH.

I.

In responding to the request of the Editor of the North American Review to contribute an article on the character and career of my great-grandfather, Lord North, the Prime Minister. it is not my object to enter upon a vindication of his public acts, or to give a complete account of his life, as that would practically comprise a history not only of England, but also of America during that period. Having often been favored with communications from correspondents in the United States, who desired information which they believed me able to supply from family papers, I feel encouraged to think that, notwithstanding the lapse of time, some general interest in Lord North, as well as in his times, may still remain. I have ventured to put my contribution in the form of a biographical sketch, inserting in the proper order such letters of public interest as I have selected from Lord North's letters to his father, the Earl of Guilford, and which have never before been given to the public.

These letters form part of a life-long correspondence, which, unfortunately for its historical value, confines itself for the most part to topics of family or personal interest, and yields but comparatively few relating to public affairs. The valuable collection of letters received by Lord North from George III., to the number of over seven hundred and fifty, was given up by the family and is now in His Majesty's library at Windsor Castle. These letters have, however, been printed, and I have made use of them.

It must be admitted that Lord North has received from the hands of those writers who have made a study of his times a generous appreciation of his merits and qualities; at the same

time, I believe he has received scant justice from the hasty deductions and generalizations of the compilers of more popular forms of history books. To those who happen to have derived their views from the latter source, I trust the subjoined notes and letters will be welcome, as serving to illustrate the career of a statesman whose name is inseparably connected with a memorable time, and to make his true character more correctly understood.

Frederick North, afterward commonly known by the courtesy title of Lord North, was born in April, 1732, and was the only son, by his first marriage, of Francis, seventh Lord North and third Baron Guilford, grandson of Francis North, first Baron Guilford, who was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles II. and James II. His mother was Lady Lucy Montagu, daughter of the second Earl of Halifax; and Frederick, Prince of Wales, stood sponsor at his baptism. Francis, Lord North, had the honor of being selected by Frederick, Prince of Wales, to take charge of the education of his two eldest sons, Prince George and Prince Edward; but on the death of the Prince of Wales he was removed by the influence of the Pelhams, who wished themselves to have control over the education of the young princes. Although not long enough in office to exert much influence on the minds and temperaments of his pupils, this close association with them probably laid the foundation of the intimacy and affection afterward manifested by George III. toward his Minister, Lord North.

Francis, Lord North, was created Earl of Guilford in 1752, and held the office of Treasurer to Queen Charlotte. He was a man of cultured mind and elevated character, and devoted especial care and interest to the education of his son Frederick, who in return held his father in the greatest affection and respect. The evidences of the singularly charming relations which existed between father and son are contained in the letters from the latter which have been preserved at Wroxton, and which date from the schoolboy's earliest production and continue down to the closing years of the old Earl's life.

Frederick was sent to school at Eton, where he was distinguished by his application to his studies, and, at the age of fifteen, a friend writes to his father to tell him how delighted he was to find the boy "not only so good a scholar, but that he has so good a taste and makes so good a judgment upon all the books he reads"; while Dr. Dampier, the Head Master at Eton, writes

to say, "I am pleased to see in many instances how both the masters and the boys love him, and that he really, by his behavior, deserves it from both, which is not often the case. I think he has greatly contributed to the very good order the school is in at present."

From Eton he went in 1749 to Trinity College, Oxford, where he had the good fortune to awaken the interest of his tutor, the Rev. J. Merrick, a very worthy man, who engaged his mind on religious subjects and led his thoughts to serious views of conduct and duty in life. During his absence from Oxford between terms he expressed a desire that Mr. Merrick should continue to write to him, "in the hopes of receiving assistance in his most important concerns." Mr. Merrick's letters speak of the young man's religious spirit, habits of piety, and "uniform attention to the minuter points of duty." Mr. Merrick tells him: "It is an unspeakable satisfaction to me that you have by God's blessing been made sensible of the importance of religion before your entrance upon public life. Your improvement in piety, at this season of your life, will be the best preparation for every future scene of it; and your preserving that cheerfulness of temper and desire for knowledge which you now have, may be of excellent use in recommending the example of your piety to others." Frederick seems to have communicated his own esteem for Mr. Merrick to his father, who wrote him the following letter, of which the young man shows his appreciation by carefully preserving it with the note "From Papa, December 2, 1749":

"Wroxton, Decr. 2nd, 1749.

"My Dear, I thank you for your kind wishes to me, but cannot agree with Mr. Wise in thinking the gout matter of congratulation when it comes to a healthy person, though it may be a great relief to a person labouring under worse distempers. You give me the greatest pleasure by informing me you are so happy and well pleased at Oxford. . . . You make me very happy by what you say about Mr. Merrick, of whom I have a very high opinion. I hope the sentiments with which he has inspired you will always remain, for experience will show you that a strong sense of religion in the heart is the most essential thing in the world to our happiness here, as well as hereafter. Being thoroughly sensible that whatever is ordered by an all-wise, just and merciful Being, tending to our happiness, though by ways imperceptible to us, and that consequently whatever is, is right, will beget in us a submission that will blunt the edge of the misfortunes, and a thankfulness that will double our joy in the happy events of life. The Christian religion is strangely misapprehended by those to whom it seems a dull

thing. To me it seems to be the only solid foundation for constant cheerfulness. I am, my Dear, your very affectionate father, NORTH."

Frederick left Oxford with the reputation of being a very accomplished classical scholar, and was then sent by his father to continue his education on the Continent. He travelled through the principal countries of Europe, visiting each capital in turn; and at Leipzig he made a long stay for a course of studies under the celebrated Mascow, whose lectures on the "Present State of Europe in Respect to Politics" gave him especial interest. He wrote frequently to his father giving his impressions of the different countries and the courts at which he was received, and these letters (often written in French) show great power of observation and description, and form a most interesting history of his travels. During his absence abroad Lord Guilford was raised to the dignity of an Earl, and his son writes him the following letter of congratulation:

"Leipzig, April 23, N. S., 1752.

"My Lord,—After having beg'd a thousand pardons for my former negligence, and giving you a thousand thanks for your two obliging letters (your great one in French which I received about a fortnight ago, and your little one in English which I received to-day) I proceed to congratulate you on your new increase of dignity. Indeed, my Lord, it gives me a sincere pleasure merely for your Lordship's sake, exclusive of any advantage accruing to myself in particular, to see that His Majesty has confirm'd the favour, which the nation, at least the best part of it, had confer'd upon you a long while ago.

"Your advancement, tho' it consists merely in a title, must be very agreeable to you on many accounts, as it takes off all appearance of your being in an ill-light with the court, as it is the fruit of merit and not of intrigue, and as the universal esteem and love you have gained will prevent its being either censured or envied.

"I believe, my Lord, I may answer for your family that we are not ungrateful for the great care and trouble you give yourself to render us happy and considerable. You have too good an opinion of me when you imagine me capable of adding a lustre to the dignity you have acquired. I am so far from thinking myself capable of adding a new lustre to it, that I have the greatest apprehension lest I should tarnish and diminish that which it has already. I hope that God will long preserve it where it is at present, that your Lordship may, by His grace, long enjoy an uninterrupted series of happiness, and continue as you now are—the support, defence, joy, and ornament, of your friends, your family, and your country.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your most affectionate & most dutiful son,

"FREDERICK NORTH."

On his return home, Lord North (as he had then become) entered at once upon a political career, and in 1754 was elected

at the age of twenty-two Member of Parliament for Banbury, which place he continued to represent for nearly forty years. In 1756 he was married to Miss Anne Speke, the daughter of George Speke, of Dillington, Somerset, and there never was a more happy union. After three years' experience of Parliamentary duties, he was selected in December, 1757, to second the Address in reply to the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament, and the manner in which he acquitted himself of this duty gave him at once a recognized position as a first-rate Parliamentary speaker. His father was the recipient of many letters of congratulation on his son's success. Lord Jersey wrote that he had the greatest pleasure in being able to tell "with what great ability and manly understanding his son discharged his undertaking in the House of Commons." "Never did a maiden effort give more satisfaction, and the applause was universal," and he congratulated the Earl on "being blessed with a son endowed with such attainments and qualifications to make a father happy." His old Head Master at Eton, Dr. Dampier, wrote to say with what great pleasure he had heard of his former pupil's success from an old member, who assured him that he had never heard a young man do better—no awkwardness in his person, his language fine and correct, took in every circumstance the subject permitted—that he had that day raised to himself a great repute, and his father's labors had succeeded. Mr. Charles Montague wrote:

"His performance is the subject of discourse in all companies. If anybody was sorry, I fancy it was the Secretary of State to have his work taken out of his hands and to see he had so dangerous a rival. I am not singular in this notion. He possessed himself perfectly well, his language was correct and not too flowery, no hesitation from beginning to end, his action decent and proper, his voice very clear and distinctly heard everywhere, never harsh, the present state of Europe finely represented, our misfortunes touched upon so as to give no offence to anybody: a most masterly performance it was indeed."

His subsequent efforts in debate confirmed the good impression thus made, and his relish for business and steady attention to it received signal recognition when, in Mr. Pitt's first administration, he was chosen by the Duke of Newcastle to be a Lord of the Treasury. In a letter to Mr. Pitt, of May 24th, 1759, the Duke of Newcastle says:

"I this day recommended my Lord North to the King to succeed my Lord Bessborough in the Treasury. He is a near relation of mine, but I hope his appearance in Parliament will make the choice ap-

proved, and that he will be in time a very able and useful servant of the Crown."

In a letter to his father on January 4th, 1760, Lord North speaks of his first reception by the King.

"I presented the Address this morning, and was really most graciously received. The King spoke to me twice, which is, you know, a transgression of the rule with respect to Commoners very much in my favour."

Lord North continued to occupy a seat at the Treasury Board, under Lord Bute and George Grenville, till 1765. In 1763 he had established himself in such a high position as a debater that to him was assigned by the Government the task of conducting the proceedings in the House of Commons against Wilkes. His motion that No. 45 of the *North Briton* was "a false, scandalous and seditious libel" was carried, and the paper was publicly burnt in front of the Royal Exchange. Subsequently he took a leading part in the debates on the expulsion and breach of privilege; but, although his reputation as a debater was considerably increased, the part he played was distasteful to him, and he wished that the duty of defending the arbitrary proceedings of the Government, in respect to the issue of general warrants, had fallen into other hands. His sentiments are expressed in the following extract from a letter to his father of November 8, 1763:

"Your lordship will be in town at a very bustling time in both Houses, as I apprehend we shall invite the Peers to join with us in censuring the libel and determining the point of privilege. Nothing can go more against me than the business I am now upon, but while things stand in their present ticklish situation it is impossible to avoid it. You may be sure I shall be very moderate in my expressions, but that will be to no purpose. The part I take will be an unpardonable crime with the other side. I begin heartily to wish I had followed my own opinion in going out with the Duke of N. (Newcastle): I should have spared myself many an uncomfortable moment. From the time one engages one draws closer and closer, until one has so far engaged that one cannot in honour decline taking a part in a thousand affairs wherein one would choose to be quiet."

On the fall of the Rockingham Ministry in 1766, he was offered by Mr. Pitt the office of Paymaster in the new administration, which was being formed under the nominal headship of the Duke of Grafton. The offer of the place was conveyed by Mr. Pitt to Lord North in the following letter:

"North End, near Hampstead.
"Monday, July 28th.

"My Lord,—The King having most graciously pleased to admit me to some share in His Majesty's councils and Royal Confidence, I have His Majesty's permission to communicate to your lordship, first, some principal arrangements for Administration, now on the point of going into execution. They are as follows:—Lord Northington, at his own desire, retiring from the labours of Chancery, Lord Camden will have the Great Seal; Lord Northington, President of the Council; the Duke of Grafton goes to the Head of the Treasury; Mr. C. Townshend being Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Shelburne and Mr. Conway, Secretaries of State; your humble servant Privy Seal. Having now imparted to your lordship this outline, I have now the honour and pleasure to open to you by His Majesty's commands that the King would see with satisfaction Lord North return to his service. It is His Majesty's intention to make two joint Paymasters-General, and should your lordship (fortunately for the King's service) think it agreeable to you to be one of them, I should esteem myself happier in having writ this letter, which I now take the liberty to trouble you with, than in most where I have had the King's commands to employ my pen.

"Allow me now, my lord, to end where I ought to have begun, with an apology for an intrusion upon your retreat. The best and only one (as to the share I have had in the occasion of it) is a sincere desire to approve myself zealous for the strengthening of His Majesty's Government by inviting to it abilities and dignity, as well as particularly to preserve to myself the valuable privilege I have held from ancient days of being the sincere humble servant and well wisher of Lord North and his family.

"I am, with great esteem and respect,
"Your lordship's most obedient &
"most humble servant,
"WILLIAM PITT."

Mr. Pitt's letter was enclosed in the following letter from Lord North to his father, in which he describes his appreciation of the offer:

"Old Burlington Street.
"July 31st, 1766.

"My Lord,—The enclosed will account for my being here. I received it on Tuesday morning as soon as I awoke. It was (sent) to Dillington by King's messenger. I set out the same day at noon and arrived here at 10 o'clock this morning.

"The offer is very honourable, profitable, and agreeable, and I see no reason on earth why I should refuse it. But upon my coming hither I was met with a very unpleasant piece of news. Lord D——th (Dartmouth) finding that the Plantations were to continue united to the Southern Department, contrary to what he had been led to expect, thought himself obliged in honour to resign, and resigned accordingly yesterday morning. Nothing can be more vexatious than to find myself constantly, by the strange political jumbles, opposed to one of the men in the world that I honour, love and esteem the most. These events damp all the pleasure of preferment.

"Mr. Pitt kissed hands yesterday on being appointed Earl of Chatham and Viscount Pynsent. I cannot say that upon first sight I should have advised this step. I should have thought the Administration more steady with him in the House of Commons. The other promotions not mentioned in Mr. P's letter are Sir Eardley Wilmot, Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas; Mr. Hussey, a Justice of the King's Bench; Mr. Pryse Campbell, a Lord of the Treasury in the room of Lord John Cavendish; and Mr. Hans Stanley, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Petersburg. Mr. Yorke is disgusted at Lord Camden's preferment, and quits the post of Attorney-General; the Solicitor-General will succeed him, and be replaced by Mr. Edward Willes. Lord Chatham told me the law arrangements were settled entirely by Lord Northington and Lord Camden. I have not yet heard who is to be my colleague and who the First Lord of Trade. I imagine Mr. Dowdeswell will be one or the other.

"As soon as I have kissed hands I suppose I should write letters to all my constituents for their votes and interest against my re-election. It is disagreeable that the borough should be open so long. I met George at Salisbury on his way down; he was, thank God, in perfect health and spirits. My duty to Lady Guilford.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your most dutiful son,

"NORTH."

Lord Guilford was also the recipient of the following letter from Lord Chatham, as Mr. Pitt had now become:

"North End.

"Wednesday, August, 1766.

"My Lord,—I am honoured with your lordship's most obliging letter, which brings me the very flattering remarks of the continuation of those favourable and friendly sentiments of which I have long been proud. It is no compliment when I assure your lordship that the return of Lord North into the King's service must be considered by me as a very material acquisition which His Majesty's Government makes, and I shall esteem myself particularly fortunate, as well as greatly honoured, by being permitted in any degree to have been the small instrument of contributing to give effect to His Majesty's favourable and just dispositions towards his lordship.

"Allow me, my Lord, to embrace with particular satisfaction this occasion of renewing assurances of my long established sentiments of respectful esteem and affectionate regard towards Lord Guilford, and of the truth with which I have the honour to be,

"Your Lordship's most faithful & most

"obedient, humble servant,

"CHATHAM."

Lord North, accordingly, became joint Paymaster-General of the Forces, with Mr. George Cooke as his colleague, and was admitted a member of the Privy Council on December 10, 1766. In the discussion on Indian affairs his debating abilities continued to be advantageously displayed, and he was regarded with such favor

by Lord Chatham that in March, 1767, the latter, being indignant at Townshend's conduct over one of the East India questions, paid Lord North the high honor of offering him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the Leadership of the House of Commons. Diffident of his ability to fill that high office, he declined it.

About this time George Grenville, we are told, walking in the park with another gentleman, met the future Prime Minister apparently rehearsing a speech. "Here comes blubbery North," said the latter to Grenville. "I wonder what he is getting by heart; I am sure it cannot be anything of his own." "You are mistaken," replied Grenville. "North is a man of great promise and high qualifications, and if he does not relax his political pursuits he is very likely to be Prime Minister." This prediction, so perfectly fulfilled, has its counterpart in another, which came from the man to whose office Lord North immediately succeeded. "See," said Charles Townshend, "that great, heavy, booby-looking seeming changling! you may believe me when I assure you as a fact that, if anything should happen to me, he would succeed to my place, and very shortly after come to be First Commissioner of the Treasury." It may be gathered from these adjectives, so pleasantly applied, that Lord North's figure and personal appearance were not in his favor. Although in his youth I find his travelling tutor telling his father that "Mr. North by the ingenuity of his manners add'd to the comelyness of his person gained himself an universal admiration," in later life his figure grew more corpulent and his movements awkward, while his face was heavy, and his eyes, which stood out prominently, had the additional defect of being very short-sighted. The heaviness of his features gave no indication of the brightness of his understanding, but his face was always agreeable owing to its habitual expression of cheerfulness and good humor.

In fact, Lord North was very like George III. himself. This resemblance was noticed in their youth by the King's father, Prince Frederick of Wales, who used to have his little joke on the subject with Lord Guilford. Lady North, as her picture at Wroxton reveals, was not endowed with good looks either, and her eldest daughter very much resembled her. A story is told that, at the opera one evening, Lord North was in company with a distinguished foreign visitor who wished to learn the names of the principal people in the audience. "Who is that plain-looking lady

in the box opposite?" he asked. "That," replied Lord North, "is my wife." "Oh, pardon," said the visitor; "I did not mean that lady, but the other beside her." "The other, sir, is my daughter," adding, in his merry, good-natured way, to relieve the gentleman's confusion, "and I may tell you we are considered to be three of the ugliest people in London."

Very shortly afterward Charles Townshend died, and the Duke of Grafton proposed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Lord North, who accepted it, being then in his thirty-sixth year. This office carried with it the leadership of the House of Commons, and in this capacity Lord North was there the mouthpiece of the Cabinet. He writes on October 12, 1767:

"My Lord,—We are infinitely obliged to your lordship for your very kind letter. I speak in Lady North's name as well as my own. Whether in future times I shall be able to be a very regular correspondent I cannot tell, but at present I should be without excuse if I did not take an early opportunity of acknowledging your kindness. My office has hitherto answered Lord Bottetourt's description of it, but to-morrow I shall plunge into business, and expect to continue over head and ears in it till the end of the Session. It is a great comfort to think we are likely to rise early in the spring. My present leisure proceeds in a great measure from a mistake in some of the officers in Chancery who did not prepare the new Commission of the Treasury at the same time with the patents of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Under Treasurer, so that I have not yet been able to take my place at the Board. The new Commission may be now for aught I know in your lordship's street at Bath. I expect it back time enough for me to take my place at the next Board on Friday. I entirely agree with Lord Dacre in his notion of the principal dangers of my office. I will profit by his friendly advice and endeavour to guard against them. Just now I run no risk. I ride out every morning at eight o'clock, have no cook of my own, and not a single friend in town. The Duke of Grafton did not come to town time enough on Wednesday to be at the Cabinet himself, and so I was not summoned. But I have seen him since, and he has assured me that he understood it to be the King's intention that I should be always summoned and considered as a member of the Cabinet. I have not the vanity to imagine that my advice can be of any consequence in the planning of Government, but this I am certain of, that it will be very difficult for me to act in concert with the Cabinet and promote their plans in Parliament unless I am present at the meetings at which they are formed.

"I hear the clock striking eight, and am prevented by it from expressing the gratitude that I feel for all the tenderness and affection which breathes through your Lordship's letter. But I will write to-morrow whatever I have not time to say now.

"I am, My Lord, Your most dutiful son,

"NORTH."

The next letter makes it clear that Lord North obtained his promotion to cabinet rank without any ambitious seeking on his part.

"Pay Office.
"October 14th, 1767.

"My Lord,—The departure of the post prevented me both yesterday and the evening before from thanking you as I ought for your kind and affectionate letter of the 8th of this month.

"Though your lordship's good opinion of me has probably a great mixture of partiality in it, it makes me inexpressibly happy, and I am confident nothing can more powerfully recommend me to those with whom I am to act for the future than this mark of your approbation. I flatter myself that I shall never forfeit it through any want of duty to your lordship or of gratitude for your increasing goodness towards me, or by any deviation from that fidelity and integrity which ought to guide all my actions in the execution of my office. I am afraid it will be soon found how unequal my abilities are to the task in which I am engaged, but if His Majesty and his ministers have made an insufficient Chancellor of the Exchequer they may thank themselves for it, for I can truly say I never obtruded myself upon them, and do not desire to continue in my place an hour after it shall be found prejudicial to the public.

"I have not yet been able to examine into the state of our force in Parliament, but we are likely to have a short session and very few difficult questions in the course of it, so that with the authority of the Administration before a general election I hope we shall surmount all opposition.

"I do not conceive that Mr. Wilkes ever had any serious thoughts of offering himself a candidate for London, but his friends took every opportunity of bringing him upon the stage for fear he should be forgotten.

"Our duty and love to your lady and Brownlow.

"I am,
"Your lordship's most dutiful son,
"NORTH."

An interesting account of the funeral of the Duke of York, the King's brother, is given in the next letter, and we read of an audience with His Majesty, which points to a beginning of the royal favor, while the allusion to his son's letter shows all the fondness and pride of a parent whose relations with his children have been handed down as being of the happiest and tenderest nature.

"Pay Office.
"November 2nd, 1767.

"My Lord,—This is a strange day in London. In the midst of the melancholy preparations for the interment of the Duke of York, we have the joy of hearing that Her Majesty is safely delivered. She was brought to bed this morning of a prince. The bells were ringing all the forenoon upon the birth of the nephew, and have been tolling all

the evening for the death of the uncle. The hearse and coaches of the party of the Court set out this morning for Greenwich to receive the body from on board the yacht. . . .

"I will now come to matters of pleasanter nature. In the first place I enclose to your Lordship a letter I received on Saturday morning from General Conway, the contents of which were so gracious and honourable to me that I thought it right to go yesterday to Court to desire a private audience, in order to return my thanks to His Majesty. I met with a very gracious reception, and had a pretty long conference on various matters, a great part of which related to your lordship, and I took that occasion to execute the commission you gave me in your letter of the 27th. I said all that I thought was handsome and proper on the occasion, and I must need say the Great Personage was not behindhand with me. All his expressions concerning your Lordship were as full of esteem and regard as you can conceive and desire.

"I send you another letter which has just come to my hands, and which gives me as much pleasure as Mr. Conway's. You will see it is perfectly well spelt and written, though it is the first attempt of the author to write to any of us upon single lines. I have received under the same cover from Dr. Dampier a mighty good account of his health and behaviour. . . .

"I am truly grateful for the kind expressions of Lord Dacre's letter, as I am for his constant friendship for me. I hope the commendations I heard were from the heart. I think it is scarcely possible to know Lord Dacre, even so much as the person alluded to does, without being convinced that they are due to him.

"Lady North sends her duty.

"I am, My Lord,

"Your most dutiful son,

"NORTH."

In the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord North's early Budgets gained him considerable reputation. Taking Adam Smith as his master in finance, he applied the principles of the "Wealth of Nations" in the adjustment and equalization of the burdens of taxation; and his skill in financial statements is mentioned by a writer of his time. "In opening the Budget he was esteemed peculiarly lucid, clear and able. On that account he constituted a day of triumph to his friends and supporters, who exulted in his talents which he displayed whenever he exhibited the state of the national finances or imposed new pecuniary burdens." The King also, in one of his letters, pays him the compliment of saying: "Lord North is remarkably clear in stating matters of finance."

His popularity with the House of Commons and the country continued to increase. His good temper was never ruffled, and his ready wit and engaging disposition procured him many friends and admirers. Cambridge conferred upon him at this

period the honorary degree of LL.D. Yet he is at this time, during a debate, expressing his indifference to popularity. "I do not dislike popularity," he said, "but it happens that, for the last seven years, I have never given my vote for any one of the popular measures." Then, after enumerating these various measures, he continued: "I state this to prove that I am not an ambitious man. Men may be popular without being ambitious, but there is rarely an ambitious man who does not try to be popular."

At the close of the year 1769 Lord North makes in a letter to his father some interesting reflections upon his own position and the state of affairs, which indicate the character of his own opinions at that time on matters apparently in controversy in the Cabinet:

"Ashted, December 25th, 1769.

". . . Notwithstanding the untoward political events of the last year, I never felt more perfectly easy, happy, and self-satisfied than I do at present; I think I have done what I ought, and what every reasonable and honest man will approve. I feel myself totally disencumbered from all connections, obligations, and engagements, and entirely free to chase the path that my conscience and opinion dictates. A very pleasant feel it is! I think I have done by all parties as handsomely as they could desire, and perhaps more than they could in justice demand. What is past gives me no regret. My present situation is comfortable and my future prospects by no means unpleasing. I may add that my pride, which was, I confess, a little mortified in the course of the year, has by the late offer been gratified to the utmost of its wish. Tho' in many of the questions that will arise in the course of this session I shall be forced, from fix'd opinion, to differ from the present Ministers, yet I shall do it without the least spleen or ill-will to their persons. I sincerely wish them success in their public labours, and hope that they will not in order to purchase a little momentary peace take any step that may lay the foundation of endless tumults for the future, and deprive this nation of any of its most valuable and essential rights. . . .

"I am, my Lord, Your most dutiful son,

"NORTH."

At the opening of the year 1770 the Duke of Grafton found his Administration beset with difficulties. Under the vehement attacks of Lord Chatham, who had emerged from his retirement, it fell to pieces, and the Duke of Grafton, unable to fill the offices vacated by the resignation of several Ministers, was seized with panic and sought refuge in resignation, leaving the affairs of the nation in the greatest disorder. What George III. called "a critical period," and what Lord North termed afterward "a time of trouble and danger," had now arrived. The King's aversion to

the Whig ruling families, from whose influence he had been for ten years struggling to emancipate himself, made him seek every expedient to keep the present Administration in power, in order to avoid sending for the chiefs of the Opposition and submitting to their terms. He addressed the following earnest entreaty to Lord North:

"Queen's House,
"January 23rd, 1770.
"40 minutes pt. 10 a. m.

"Lord North,—After seeing you last night I saw Lord Weymouth, who by my direction will wait upon you with Lord Gower this morning, to press you in the strongest manner to accept the Office of First Commissioner of the Treasury; my mind is more and more strengthened with the rightness of the measure, which would prevent every other desertion. You must easily see that, if you do not accept, I have no other peer at present in my service I could consent to place in the Duke of Grafton's employment. Whatever you think, do not take any decision, unless it is one of instantly accepting, without a farther conversation with me. As to the other arrangements you may hear what others think, but keep your own opinion till I have seen you."

Lord North, distrusting his own fitness, would gladly have preferred to avoid the duty and responsibility thus cast upon him by this appeal; but, desirous of preserving the framework of administration, he resolved to obey the King's wishes—a proof of his devotion to his Sovereign which the King afterward said he never could forget. In the ten first years of his reign there had already been six administrations; that of Lord North was destined to last longer than its six predecessors combined, and yet none had entered into existence under less favorable circumstances. The fact that it was able to escape defeat and hold together for twelve years is ascribed in some degree to the ability, popularity and conciliatory qualities of the Prime Minister.

Breaking off at this period of Lord North's life I shall deal with the remainder in another article.

NORTH.

THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART V.

X.

THE Sunday of the next week was a wonderful day, and Chad Newsome had let his friend know in advance that he had provided for it. There had already been a question of his taking him to see the great Gloriani, who was at home on Sunday afternoons and at whose house, for the most part, fewer bores were to be met than elsewhere; but the project, through some accident, had not had instant effect. It had now, however, revived in happier conditions. Chad had made the point that the celebrated sculptor had a queer old garden, for which the weather—spring at last frank and fair—was propitious; and two or three of his other allusions had confirmed for Strether the expectation of something special. He had by this time, for all introductions and adventures, let himself recklessly go, cherishing the sense that, whatever the young man showed him, he was showing at least himself. He could have wished, indeed, so far as this went, that Chad were less of a mere cicerone; for he was not without the impression—now that the vision of his game, his plan, his deep diplomacy, did recurrently assert itself—of his taking refuge from the realities of their intercourse in the offered bribe, as our friend mentally phrased it, of *panem et circenses.* Our friend continued to feel rather smothered in sensations, though he made in his other moments the almost angry inference that this was only because of his odious inbred suspicion of any form of beauty. He periodically assured himself—for his reactions were sharp—that he should not reach the truth of anything till he had at least got rid of that.

He had known beforehand that Mme. de Vionnet and her daughter would probably be on view, an intimation to that effect having constituted the only reference again made by Chad to his good friends from the south. The effect of Strether's talk about them with Miss Gostrey had been quite to consecrate his reluctance to pry; something in the very air of Chad's silence—judged in the light of that talk—offered it to him as a reserve he could

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markedly match. It shrouded them about with he scarce knew what —a consideration, a distinction; he was in the presence, at any rate—so far as it placed him there—of ladies; and the one thing that was definite for him was that they themselves should be, to the extent of his responsibility, in the presence of a gentleman. Was it because they were very beautiful, very clever, or even very good—was it for one of these reasons that Chad was, so to speak, nursing his effect? Did he wish to spring them, in the Woollett phrase, with a fuller force—to confound his critic, slight though as yet the criticism, with some form of merit exquisitely incalculable? The most he had, at all events, asked of his companion was whether the persons in question were French; and that inquiry had been but a proper comment on the sound of their name. "Yes. That is no!" had been Chad's reply; but he had immediately added that their English was the most charming in the world, so that if Strether were wanting an excuse for not getting on with them he wouldn't in the least find one. Never in fact had Strether—in the mood into which the place had quickly launched him—felt, for himself, less the need of an excuse. Those he might have found would have been, at the worst, all for the others, the people before him, in whose liberty to be as they were he was aware that he positively rejoiced. His fellow-guests were multiplying, and these things, their liberty, their intensity, their variety, their conditions at large, were in fusion in the admirable medium of the scene.

The place itself was a great impression—a small pavilion, clear-faced and sequestered, an effect of polished *parquet,* of fine white panel and spare, sallow gilt, of decoration delicate and rare, in the heart of the Faubourg St.-Germain and on the edge of a cluster of gardens attached to old noble houses. Far back from streets and unsuspected by crowds, reached by a long passage and a quiet court, it was as striking to the unprepared mind, he immediately saw, as a treasure dug up; giving him too, more than anything yet, the note of the range of the immeasurable town and sweeping away, as by a last brave brush, his usual landmarks and terms. It was in the garden, a spacious, cherished remnant, out to which a dozen persons had already passed, that Chad's host presently met them; while the tall, bird-haunted trees, all of a twitter with the spring and the weather, and the high party-walls, on the other side of which grave *hôtels* stood off for privacy, spoke of survival, transmission, association, a strong, indifferent, persistent order. The day was so soft that the little party had practically adjourned to the open air, but the open air, in such conditions, was all a chamber of state. Strether had presently the sense of a great convent, a convent of missions, famous for he scarce knew what, a nursery of young priests, of scattered shade, of straight alleys and chapel-bells, that spread its mass in one quarter; he had the sense of names in the air, of ghosts at the windows, of signs and tokens, a whole

range of expression, all about him, too thick for prompt discrimination.

This assault of images became for a moment, in the address of the distinguished sculptor, almost formidable: Gloriani showed him, in such perfect confidence, on Chad's introduction of him, a fine, worn handsome face, a face that was like an open letter in a foreign tongue. With his genius in his eyes, his manners on his lips, his long career behind him and his honors and rewards all round, the great artist, in the course of a single sustained look and a few words of delight at receiving him, affected our friend as a dazzling prodigy of type. Strether had seen in museums—in the Luxembourg as well as, more reverently, in other days, in the New York of the billionaires—the work of his hand; knowing too that, after an earlier time in his native Rome, he had migrated, in mid-career, to Paris, where, with a personal lustre almost violent, he shone in a constellation: all of which was more than enough to crown him, for his guest, with the light, with the romance, of glory. Strether, in contact with that element as he had never yet so intimately been, had the consciousness of opening to it, for the happy instant, all the windows of his mind, of letting this rather gray interior drink in, for once, the sun of a clime not marked in his old geography. He was to see again, repeatedly, in remembrance, the medal-like Italian face, in which every line was an artist's own, in which time told only as tone and consecration; and he was to recall in especial, as the penetrating radiance, as the communication of the illustrious spirit itself, the manner in which, while they stood briefly, in welcome and response, face to face, he was held by the sculptor's eyes. He was not soon to forget them, was to think of them, all unconscious, unintending, preoccupied though they were, as the source of the deepest intellectual sounding to which he had ever been exposed. He was in fact quite to cherish his vision of it, to play with it in idle hours; only speaking of it to no one and quite aware he couldn't have spoken without appearing to talk nonsense. Was what it had told him or what it had asked him the greater of the mysteries? Was it the most special flare, unequalled, supreme, of the æsthetic torch, lighting that wondrous world forever, or was it above all the long, straight shaft sunk by a personal acuteness that life had seasoned to steel? Nothing on earth could have been stranger and no one doubtless more surprised than the artist himself, but it was, for all the world, to Strether, in these instants, as if, in respect to his accepted duty, he had positively been on trial. The deep human expertness in Gloriani's charming smile—oh, the terrible life behind it!—was flashed upon him as a test of his stuff.

Chad, meanwhile, after having easily named his companion, had still more easily turned away and was already greeting other persons present. He was an easy, clever Chad with the great artist as with his obscure compatriot, and as easy with every one else as with either: this fell into its place for Strether and made almost

a new light, giving him, as a concatenation, something more he could enjoy. He liked Gloriani, but should never see him again; of that he was sufficiently sure. Chad, accordingly, who was wonderful with both of them, was a kind of link for hopeless fancy, an implication of possibilities—oh, if everything had been different! Strether noted, at all events, that he was thus on terms with illustrious spirits, and also that—yes, distinctly—he had not in the least swaggered about it. Our friend hadn't come there only for this figure of Abel Newsome's son, but it threatened to affect the observant mind as positively central. Gloriani indeed, remembering something and excusing himself, pursued Chad to speak to him, and Strether was left musing on many things. One of them was the question of whether, since he had been tested, he had passed. Did the artist drop him from having made out that he wouldn't do? He really felt, just to-day, that he might do better than usual. Hadn't he done well enough, for that matter, in being just so dazzled? and in not having too, as he almost believed, wholly hidden from his host that he knew of the latter's inquiry? Suddenly, across the garden, he saw little Bilham approach, and it was a part of the fit that was on him that, as their eyes met, he guessed also *his* knowledge. If he had said to him on the instant what was uppermost he would have said: "*Have* I passed?—for of course I know one has to pass here." Little Bilham would have reassured him, have told him that he exaggerated, and have adduced happily enough the argument of little Bilham's own very presence; which, in truth, he could see, was as easy a one as Gloriani's own or as Chad's. He himself would perhaps then after a while cease to be frightened, would get the point of view for some of the faces—types tremendously alien, alien to Woollett—that he had already begun to take in. Who were they all, the dispersed groups and couples, the ladies even more unlike those of Woollett than the gentlemen?—this was the inquiry that, when his young friend had greeted him, he did find himself making.

"Oh, they're every one—all sorts and sizes; of course I mean within limits, though limits down perhaps rather more than limits up. There are always artists—he's beautiful, inimitable to the *cher confrère;* and then *gros bonnets* of many kinds—ambassadors, cabinet ministers, bankers, generals; what do I know? even Jews. Above all, always, some awfully nice women—and not too many; sometimes an actress, an artist, a great performer—but only when they're not monsters; and, in particular, the right *femmes du monde.* You can fancy his history on that side—I believe it's fabulous: they *never* give him up. Yet he keeps them down: no one knows how he manages; it's too beautiful and bland. Never too many—and a mighty good thing too; just a perfect choice. But there are not in any way many bores; it has always been so; he has some secret. It's extraordinary. And you don't find it out. He's the same to every one. He doesn't ask questions."

"Ah, doesn't he?" Strether laughed.

Bilham met it with all his candor. "How then should *I* be here?"

"Oh, for what you tell me. You're part of the perfect choice."

Well, the young man took in the scene. "It seems rather good to-day."

Strether followed the direction of his eyes. "Are they all, this time, *femmes du monde?*"

Little Bilham showed his competence. "Pretty well."

This was a category our friend had a feeling for; a light, romantic and mysterious, on the feminine element, in which he enjoyed for a little watching it. "Are there any Poles?"

His companion considered. "I think I make out a Portuguese. But I've seen Turks."

Strether wondered, desiring justice. "They seem, the women, very harmonious."

"Oh, in closer quarters they come out!" And then, while Strether was aware of fearing closer quarters, though giving himself again to the harmonies, "Well," little Bilham went on, "it *is*, at the worst, rather good, you know. If you like it, you feel it, this way, that shows you're not in the least out. But you always know things," he handsomely added, "immediately."

Strether liked it and felt it only too much; so "I say, don't lay traps for me!" he rather helplessly murmured.

"Well," the young man returned, "he's wonderfully kind to *us*."

"To us Americans, you mean?"

"Oh no—he doesn't know anything about *that*. That's half the battle here—that you can never hear politics. We don't talk them. I mean to poor young wretches of all sorts. And yet it's always as charming as this; it's as if, by something in the air, our squalor didn't show. It puts us all back—into the last century."

"I'm afraid," Strether said, amused, "that it puts me, rather, forward: oh, ever so far!"

"Into the next? But isn't that only," little Bilham asked, "because you're really of the century before?"

"The century before the last? Thank you!" Strether laughed. "If I ask you about some of the ladies it can't be, then, that I may hope, as such a specimen of the rococo, to please them."

"On the contrary, they adore—we all adore here—the rococo, and where is there a better setting for it than the whole thing, the pavilion and the garden, together? There are lots of people," little Bilham smiled as he glanced round, "with collections. You'll be secured!"

It made Strether, for a moment, give himself again to contemplation. There were faces he scarce knew what to make of. Were they charming, or were they only strange? He mightn't talk politics, yet he suspected a Pole or two. The upshot was the question at the back of his head from the moment his friend had joined him. "Have Mme. de Vionnet and her daughter arrived?"

"I haven't seen them yet, but Miss Gostrey has come. She's in the pavilion looking at objects. One can see *she's* a collector," little Bilham added without offence.

"Oh yes, she's a collector, and I knew she was to come. Is Mme. de Vionnet a collector?" Strether went on.

"Rather, I believe; almost celebrated." The young man met, on it, a little, his friend's eyes. "I happen to know—from Chad, whom I saw last night—that they've come back; but only yesterday. He wasn't sure—up to the last. This, accordingly," little Bilham went on, "will be—if they *are* here—their first appearance after their return."

Strether, very quickly, turned these things over. "Chad told you last night? To me he, on our way here, said nothing about it."

"But did you ask him?"

Strether did him the justice. "I dare say not."

"Well," said little Bilham, "you're not a person to whom it's easy to tell things you don't want to know. Though it *is* easy, I admit—it's quite beautiful," he benevolently added, "when you do want to."

Strether looked at him with an indulgence that matched his intelligence. "Is that the deep reasoning on which—about these ladies—you've been yourself so silent?"

Little Bilham considered the depth of his reasoning. "I haven't been silent. I spoke of them to you the other day, the day we sat together after Chad's tea-party."

Strether came round to it. "They then are the virtuous attachment?"

"I can only tell you that it's what they pass for. But isn't that enough? What more than a vain appearance does the wisest of us know? I commend you," the young man declared with a pleasant emphasis, "the vain appearance."

Strether looked more widely round, and what he saw, from face to face, deepened the effect of his young friend's words. "Is it so good?"

"Magnificent."

Strether had a pause. "The husband's dead?"

"Dear no. Alive."

"Oh!" said Strether. After which, as his companion laughed: "How then can it be so good?"

"You'll see for yourself. One does see."

"Chad's in love with the daughter?"

"That's what I mean."

Strether wondered. "Then where's the difficulty?"

"Why, aren't you and I—with our grander, bolder ideas?"

"Oh, mine—!" Strether said rather strangely. But then as if to attenuate: "You mean they won't hear of Woollett?"

Little Bilham smiled. "Isn't that just what you must see about?"

It had brought them, as she caught the last words, into relation with Miss Barrace, whom Strether had already observed—as he had never before seen a lady at a party—moving about alone. Coming within sound of them, she had already spoken, and she took again, through her long-handled glass, all her amused and amusing possession. "How much, poor Mr. Strether, you seem to have to see about! But you can't say," she gayly declared, "that I don't do what I can to help you. Mr. Waymarsh is placed. I've left him in the house with Miss Gostrey."

"The way," little Bilham exclaimed, "Mr. Strether gets the ladies to work for him! He's just preparing to draw in another; to pounce—don't you see him?—on Mme. de Vionnet."

"Mme. de Vionnet? Oh, oh, oh!" Miss Barrace cried in a wonderful crescendo. There was more in it, our friend made out, than met the ear. Was it, after all, a joke that he should be serious about anything? He envied Miss Barrace, at any rate, her power of not being. She seemed, with little cries and protests and quick recognitions, movements like the darts of some fine high-feathered, free-pecking bird, to stand before life as before some full shop-window. You could fairly hear, as she selected and pointed, the tap of her tortoise-shell against the glass. "It's certain that we do need seeing about; only I'm glad it's not I who have to do it. One does, no doubt, begin that way; then suddenly one finds that one has given it up. It's too much, it's too difficult. You're wonderful, you people," she continued to Strether, "for not feeling those things—by which I mean impossibilities. You never feel them. You face them with a fortitude that makes it a lesson to watch you."

"Ah, but"—little Bilham put it with discouragement—"what do we achieve after all? We see about you and report—when we even go so far as reporting. But nothing's done."

"Oh you, Mr. Bilham," she replied as with an impatient rap on the glass, "you're not worth sixpence! You come over to convert the savages—for I know you verily did, I remember you—and the savages simply convert *you*."

"Not even!" the young man wofully confessed: "they haven't gone through that form. They've simply—the cannibals!—eaten me; converted me if you like, but converted me into food. I'm but the bleached bones of a Christian."

"Well, then, there we are! Only"—and Miss Barrace appealed again to Strether—"don't let it discourage you. You'll break down soon enough, but you'll meanwhile have had your moments. *Il faut en avoir.* I always like to see you while you last. And I'll tell you who *will* last."

"Waymarsh?"—he had already taken her up.

She laughed out as at the alarm of it. "He'll resist even Miss Gostrey: so grand is it not to understand. He's wonderful."

"He is, indeed," Strether conceded. "He wouldn't tell me of

this affair—only said he had an engagement; but with such a gloom, you must let me insist, as if it had been an engagement to be hanged. Then, silently and secretly, he turns up here with you. Do you call *that* 'lasting'?"

"Oh, I hope it's lasting!" Miss Barrace said. "But he only, at the best, bears with me. He doesn't understand—not one little scrap. He's delightful. He's wonderful," she repeated.

"Michelangelesque!"—little Bilham completed her meaning. "He *is* a success. Moses, on the ceiling, brought down to the floor; overwhelming, colossal, but somehow portable."

"Certainly, if you mean by portable," she returned, "looking so well in one's carriage. He's too funny beside me in his corner; he looks like somebody, somebody foreign and famous, *en exil;* so that people wonder—it's very amusing—whom I'm taking about. I show him Paris, show him everything, and he never turns a hair. He's like the Indian chief one reads about, who, when he comes up to Washington to see the Great Father, stands wrapped in his blanket and gives no sign. *I* might be the Great Father—from the way he takes everything." She was delighted at this hit of her identity with that personage—it fitted so her character; she declared it was the title she meant henceforth to adopt. "And the way he sits, too, in the corner of my room, only looking at my visitors very hard and as if he wanted to start something! They wonder what he does want to start. But he's wonderful," Miss Barrace once more insisted. "He has never started anything yet."

It presented him none the less, in truth, to her actual friends, who looked at each other in intelligence, with frank amusement on Bilham's part and a shade of sadness on Strether's. Strether's sadness sprang—for the image had its grandeur—from his thinking how little he himself was wrapped in his blanket, how little, in marble halls, all too oblivious of the Great Father, he resembled a really majestic aboriginal. But he had also another reflection. "You've all of you here so much visual sense that you've somehow all 'run' to it. There are moments when it strikes one that you haven't any other."

"Any moral," little Bilham explained, watching serenely, across the garden the several *femmes du monde.* "But Miss Barrace has a moral distinction," he kindly continued; speaking as if for Strether's benefit not less than for her own.

"*Have* you?" Strether, scarce knowing what he was about, asked of her almost eagerly.

"Oh, not a distinction"—she was mightily amused at his tone —"Mr. Bilham is too good. But I think I may say a sufficiency. Yes, a sufficiency. Have you supposed strange things of me?"—and she fixed him again, through all her tortoise-shell, with the droll interest of it. "You *are* all indeed wonderful. I should awfully disappoint you. I do take my stand on my sufficiency. But I know, I confess," she went on, "strange people. I don't know how

it happens; I don't do it on purpose; it seems to be my doom—as if I were, always, one of their habits; it's wonderful! I dare say, moreover," she pursued with an interested gravity, "that I do, that we all do here, run too much to mere eye. But how can it be helped? We're all looking at each other—and in the light of Paris one sees what things resemble. That's what the light of Paris seems always to show. It's the fault of the light of Paris—dear old light!"

"Dear old Paris!" little Bilham echoed.

"Everything, every one shows," Miss Barrace went on.

"But for what they really are?" Strether asked.

"Oh, I like your Boston 'reallys'! But sometimes—yes."

"Dear old Paris then!" Strether resignedly sighed while, for a moment, they looked at each other. Then he broke out: "Does Mme. de Vionnet do that? I mean really show for what she is?"

Her answer was prompt. "She's charming. She's perfect."

"Then why did you, a minute ago, say 'Oh, oh, oh!' at her name?"

She easily remembered. "Why, just because—! She's wonderful."

"Ah, she too?"—Strether had almost a groan.

But Miss Barrace had meanwhile perceived relief. "Why not put your question straight to the person who can answer it best?"

"No," said little Bilham; "don't put any question; wait, rather—it will be much more fun—to judge for yourself. He has come to take you to her."

XI.

On which Strether saw that Chad was again at hand, and he afterwards scarce knew, absurd as it may seem, what had then quickly occurred. The moment concerned him, he felt, more deeply than he could have explained, and he had a subsequent passage of speculation as to whether, on walking off with Chad, he hadn't looked either pale or red. The only thing he was clear about was that, luckily, nothing indiscreet had in fact been said, and that Chad himself was, more than ever, in Miss Barrace's great sense, wonderful. It was one of the connections—though really why it should be, after all, was none so apparent—in which the whole change in him came out as most striking. Strether recalled, as they approached the house, that he had impressed him that first night as knowing how to enter a box. Well, he impressed him scarce less now as knowing how to make a presentation. It did something for Strether's own quality—marked it as estimated; so that our poor friend, conscious and passive, really seemed to feel himself quite handed over and delivered; absolutely, as he would have said, made a present of, given away. As they reached the house a young woman, about to come forth, appeared, unaccompanied, on the steps; at the exchange with whom of a word on Chad's part Strether

immediately perceived that, obligingly, kindly, she was there to meet them. Chad had left her in the house, but she had afterwards come half-way and then, the next moment, had joined them in the garden. Her air of youth, for Strether, was at first almost disconcerting, while his second impression was, not less sharply, a degree of relief at there not having just been, with the others, any freedom used about her. It was upon him at a touch that she was no subject for that, and meanwhile, on Chad's introducing him, she had spoken to him, very simply and gently, in an English clearly of the easiest to her, yet unlike any other he had ever heard. It wasn't as if she tried; nothing, he could see after they had been a few minutes together, was as if she tried; but her speech, charming, correct and odd, was like a precaution against her passing for a Pole. There were precautions, he seemed indeed to see, only when there were really dangers.

Later on he was to feel many more of them; but by that time he was to feel other things besides. She was dressed in black, but in black that struck him as light and transparent; she was exceedingly fair, and, though she was as markedly slim, her face had a roundness, with eyes far apart and a little strange. Her smile was natural and dim; her hat not extravagant; he had only perhaps a sense of the clink, beneath her fine black sleeves, of more gold bracelets and bangles than he had ever seen a lady wear. Chad was excellently free and light about their encounter; it was one of the occasions on which Strether most wished he himself might have arrived at such ease and such humor: "Here you are then, face to face at last; you're made for each other—*vous allez voir;* and I bless your union." It was indeed, after he had gone off, as if he had been partly serious too. This latter motion had been determined by an inquiry from him about "Jeanne"; to which her mother had replied that she was probably still in the house with Miss Gostrey, to whom she had lately committed her. "Ah, but you know," the young man had rejoined, "he must see her"; with which, while Strether pricked up his ears, he had started as if to bring her, leaving the other objects of his interest together. Strether wondered to find Miss Gostrey already involved, feeling that he missed a link; but feeling also, with small delay, how much he should like to talk with her of Mme. de Vionnet on this basis of evidence.

The evidence as yet, in truth, was meagre; which, for that matter, was perhaps a little why his expectation had had a drop. There was somehow not a wealth in her; and a wealth was all that, in his simplicity, he had definitely prefigured. Still, it was too much to be sure already that there was but a poverty. They moved away from the house, and, with eyes on a bench at some distance, he proposed that they should sit down. "I've heard a great deal about you," she said as they went; but he had an answer to it that made her stop short. "Well, about *you,* Mme. de Vionnet I've

heard, I'm bound to say, almost nothing"—those struck him as the only words he himself could, with any lucidity, utter; conscious as he was, and as with more reason, of the determination to be, in respect to the rest of his business, perfectly plain and go perfectly straight. It had not at any rate been in the least his idea to spy on Chad's proper freedom. It was possibly, however, at this very instant and under the impression of Mme. de Vionnet's pause, that going straight began to announce itself as a matter for care. She had only, after all, to smile at him ever so gently to make him ask himself if he weren't already going crooked. It might be going crooked to find it of a sudden just only clear that she intended very definitely to be what he would have called nice to him. This was what passed between them while, for another instant, they stood still; he couldn't at least remember afterwards what else it might have been. The thing indeed really unmistakable was that it rolled over him as a wave that he had been, in conditions incalculable and unimaginable, a subject of discussion. He had been on some ground that concerned her, answered for; which gave her an advantage he should never be able to match.

"Hasn't Miss Gostrey," she asked, "said a good word for me?"

What had struck him first was the way he was bracketed with that lady; and he wondered what account Chad would have given of their acquaintance. Something not as yet traceable, at all events, had obviously happened. "I didn't even know of her knowing you."

"Well, now she'll tell you all. I'm so glad you're in relation with her."

This was one of the things—the "all" Miss Gostrey would now tell him—that, with every deference to present preoccupation, was uppermost for Strether after they had taken their seat. One of the others was, at the end of five minutes, that she—oh, incontestably, yes—*differed* less; differed, that is, scarcely at all—well, superficially speaking, from Mrs. Newsome or even from Mrs. Pocock. She was ever so much younger than the one and not so young as the other; but what *was* there in her, if anything, that would have made it impossible he should meet her at Woollett? And wherein was her talk, during their moments on the bench together, not the same as would have been found adequate for a Woollett garden party?—unless perhaps, truly, in not being quite so bright. She observed to him that Mr. Newsome had, to her knowledge, taken extraordinary pleasure in his visit; but there was no good lady at Woollett who wouldn't have been at least up to that. Was there in Chad, by chance, after all, deep down, a principle of aboriginal loyalty that had made him, for sentimental ends, attach himself to elements, happily encountered, that would remind him most of the old air and the old soil? Why, accordingly, be in a flutter—Strether could even put it that way—about this unfamiliar phenomenon of the *femme du monde?* On these terms Mrs. Newsome

herself was as much of one. Little Bilham, verily, had testified that they came out, the ladies of the type, in close quarters; but it was just in these quarters—now comparatively close—that he felt Mme. de Vionnet's common humanity. She did come out, and certainly to his relief, but she came out as the usual thing. There might be motives behind, but so could there often be even at Woollett. The only thing was that if she showed him she wished to like him —as the motives behind might conceivably prompt—it would possibly have been more thrilling for him that she should have shown as more vividly alien. Ah, she was neither Turk nor Pole!—which would be indeed flat, once more, for Mrs. Newsome and Mrs. Pocock. A lady and two gentlemen had meanwhile, however, approached their bench, and this accident stayed for the time further developments.

They presently addressed his companion, the brilliant strangers; she rose to speak to them, and Strether noted that the escorted lady, though mature and by no means beautiful, had more of the bold, high look, the range of expensive reference, that he had, as might have been said, made his plans for. Mme. de Vionnet greeted her as "Duchesse" and was greeted in turn, while talk started in French, as *Ma toute-belle;* little facts that had their due, their vivid interest for Strether. Mme. de Vionnet didn't, none the less, introduce him—a note he was conscious of as false to the Woollett scale and the Woollett humanity; though it didn't prevent the Duchess, who struck him as confident and free, very much what he had obscurely supposed duchesses, from looking at him as straight and as hard—for it *was* hard—as if she would have liked, all the same, to know him. "Oh yes, my dear, it's all right, it's *me;* and who are *you,* with your interesting wrinkles and your most effective (is it the handsomest, is it the ugliest?) of noses?"—some such loose handful of bright flowers she seemed, fragrantly enough, to fling at him. Strether almost wondered—at such a pace was he going—if some divination of the influence of either party were what determined Mme. de Vionnet's abstention. One of the gentlemen, in any case, succeeded in placing himself in close relation with our friend's companion; a gentleman rather stout and not very tall, in a hat with a wonderful wide curl to its brim and a frock coat buttoned with an effect of superlative decision. His French had quickly turned to equal English, and it occurred to Strether that he might well be one of the ambassadors. His design was evidently to assert a claim to Mme. de Vionnet's undivided countenance, and he made it good in the course of a minute—led her away with a trick of three words; a trick played with a social art of which Strether, looking after them as the four, whose backs were now all turned, moved off, felt himself no master.

He sank again upon his bench and, while his eyes followed the party, reflected, as he had done before, on Chad's strange communities. He sat there alone for five minutes, with plenty to think

of; above all with his sense of having suddenly been dropped by a charming woman overlaid now by other impressions and in fact quite cleared and indifferent. He had not yet had so quiet a surrender; he didn't in the least care if nobody spoke to him more. He might have been, by his attitude, in for something of a march so broad that the want of ceremony with which he had just been used could fall into its place as but a minor incident of the procession. Besides, there would be incidents enough, as he felt when this term of contemplation was closed by the reappearance of little Bilham, who stood before him a moment with a suggestive "Well?" in which he saw himself reflected as disorganized, as possibly floored. He replied with a "Well!" intended to show that he was not floored in the least. No indeed; he gave it out, as the young man sat down beside him, that if, at the worst, he had been overturned at all, he had been overturned into the upper air, the sublimer element with which he had an affinity and in which he might be trusted a while to float. It was not a descent to earth to say, after an instant, in sustained response to the reference: "You're quite sure her husband's living?"

"Oh dear, yes."

"Ah then—!"

"Ah then what?"

Strether had, after all, to think. "Well, I'm sorry for them." But it didn't matter, for the moment, more than that. He assured his young friend he was quite content. They wouldn't stir; were all right as they were. He didn't want to be introduced; had been introduced already about as far as he could go. He had seen moreover an immensity; liked Gloriani, who, as Miss Barrace kept saying, was wonderful; had made out, he was sure, the half-dozen other men who were distinguished, the artists, the critics and, oh, the great dramatist—*him* it was easy to spot; but wanted—no, thanks, really—to talk with none of them; having nothing at all to say and finding it would do beautifully as it was; do beautifully because what it was—well, was just simply too late. And when, after this, little Bilham, submissive and responsive, but with an eye to the consolation nearest, easily threw off some "Better late than never!" all he got in return for it was a sharp "Better early than late!" This note, indeed, the next thing, overflowed, for Strether, into a quiet stream of demonstration that, as soon as he had let himself go, he felt as the real relief. It had consciously gathered to a head, but the reservoir had filled sooner than he knew, and his companion's touch was to make the waters spread. There were some things that had to come in time if they were to come at all. If they didn't come in time they were lost forever. It was the general sense of them that had overwhelmed him with its long, slow rush.

"It's not too late for *you*, on any side, and you don't strike me as in danger of missing the train; besides which people can be in general pretty well trusted, of course—with the clock of their

freedom ticking as loud as it seems to do here—to keep an eye on the fleeting hour. All the same, don't forget that you're young—blessedly young; be glad of it, on the contrary, and live up to it. Live all you can; it's a mistake not to. It doesn't so much matter what you do in particular, so long as you have your life. If you haven't had that, what *have* you had? This place and these impressions—mild as you may find them to wind a man up so; all my impressions of Chad and of people I've seen at *his* place—well, have had their abundant message for me, have just dropped *that* into my mind. I see it now. I haven't done so enough before—and now I'm old; too old at any rate for what I see. Oh, I *do* see, at least; and more than you'd believe or I can express. It's too late. And it's as if the train had fairly waited at the station for me without my having had the gumption to know it was there. Now I hear its faint, receding whistle miles and miles down the line. What one loses one loses; make no mistake about that. The affair—I mean the affair of life—couldn't, no doubt, have been different for me; for it's, at the best, a tin mould, either fluted and embossed, with ornamental excrescences, or else smooth and dreadfully plain, into which, a helpless jelly, one's consciousness is poured—so that one 'takes' the form, as the great cook says, and is more or less compactly held by it: one lives, in fine, as one can. Still, one has the illusion of freedom; therefore don't be, like me, without the memory of that illusion. I was either, at the right time, too stupid or too intelligent to have it; I don't quite know which. Of course, at present, I'm a case of reaction against the mistake; and the voice of reaction should, no doubt, always be taken with an allowance. But that doesn't affect the point that the right time is now yours. The right time is *any* time that one is still so lucky as to have. You've plenty; that's the great thing; you're, as I say, damn you, so happily and hatefully young. Don't, at any rate, miss things out of stupidity. Of course I don't take you for a fool, or I shouldn't be addressing you thus awfully. Do what you like so long as you don't make *my* mistake. For it was a mistake. Live!" . . . . Slowly and sociably, with full pauses and straight dashes, Strether had so delivered himself; holding little Bilham, from step to step, deeply and gravely attentive. The end of all was that the young man had turned quite solemn, and that this was a contradiction of the innocent gayety the speaker had wished to promote. He watched for a moment the consequence of his words, and then, laying a hand on his listener's knee and as if to end, properly, with a joke: "And now for the eye I shall keep on you!"

"Oh, but I don't know that I want to be, at your age, too different from you!"

"Ah, prepare, while you're about it," Strether said, "to be more amusing."

Little Bilham continued to think; then at last he had a smile. "Well, you *are* amusing—to *me*."

"*Impayable,* as you say, no doubt. But what am I to myself?" Strether had risen with this, giving his attention now to an encounter that, in the middle of the garden, was in the act of taking place between their host and the lady at whose side Mme. de Vionnet had quitted him. This lady, who appeared within a few minutes to have left her friends, awaited Gloriani's eager approach with words on her lips that Strether couldn't catch, but of which her interesting, witty face seemed to give him the echo. He was sure she was prompt and fine, but also that she had met her match, and he liked—in the light of what he was quite sure was the Duchess's latent insolence—the good humor with which the great artist asserted equal resources. Were they, this pair, of the "great world"?—and was he himself, for the moment, thus related to them by his observation, *in* it? Then there was something in the great world covertly tigerish, which came to him, across the lawn, in the charming air, as a waft from the jungle. Yet it made him admire most of the two, made him envy, the glossy male tiger, magnificently marked. These absurdities of the stirred sense, fruits of suggestion, ripening on the instant, were all reflected in his next words to little Bilham. "I know—if we talk of that—whom *I* should enjoy being like!"

Little Bilham followed his eyes; but then, as if with a shade of knowing surprise: "Gloriani?"

Our friend had in fact already hesitated, though not on the hint of his companion's doubt, in which there were depths of critical reserve. He had just made out, in the now full picture, something and somebody else; another impression had been superimposed. A young girl in a white dress and a softly plumed white hat had suddenly come into view, and what was next clear was that her course was toward them. What was clearer still was that the handsome young man at her side was Chad Newsome, and what was clearest of all was that she was therefore Mlle. de Vionnet, that she was unmistakably pretty—bright, gentle, shy, happy, wonderful—and that Chad now, with a consummate calculation of effect, was about to present her to his old friend's vision. What was clearest of all indeed was something much more than this, something at the single stroke of which—and wasn't it simply juxtaposition?—all vagueness vanished. It was the click of a spring—he saw the truth. He had by this time also met Chad's look; there was more of it in that; and the truth, accordingly, so far as Bilham's inquiry was concerned, had thrust in the answer. "Oh, Chad!"—it was that rare youth he should have enjoyed being "like." The virtuous attachment would be all there before him; the virtuous attachment would be in the very act of appeal for his blessing; Jeanne de Vionnet, this charming creature, would be—exquisitely, intensely now—the object of it. Chad brought her straight up to him, and Chad was, oh yes, at this moment—for the glory of Woollett or whatever—better still even than Gloriani. He had plucked this blossom; he had kept

it, overnight, in water; and at last, as he held it up to wonder, he did enjoy his effect. That was why Strether had felt at first the breath of calculation—and why, moreover, as he now knew, his look at the girl would be, for the young man, a sign of the latter's success. What young man had ever paraded about that way, without a reason, a maiden in her flower? And there was nothing in his reason at present obscure. Her type sufficiently told of it—they wouldn't want her to go to Woollett. Poor Woollett, and what it might miss!—though brave Chad indeed too, and what it might gain! Brave Chad, however, had just excellently spoken. "This is a good little friend of mine who knows all about you and has moreover a message for you. And this, my dear"—he had turned to the child herself—"is the best man in the world, who has it in his power to do a great deal for us and whom I want you to like and revere as nearly as possible as much as I do."

She stood there quite pink, a little frightened, prettier and prettier and not a bit like her mother. There was in this last particular no resemblance but that of youth to youth; and here in fact, suddenly, was Strether's sharpest impression. It went wondering, dazed, embarrassed, back to the woman he had just been talking with; it was a revelation in the light of which he already saw she would become more interesting. So slim and fresh and fair, she had yet put forth this perfection; so that for really believing it of her, for seeing her to any such developed degree as a mother, comparison would be urgent. Well, what was it now but fairly thrust upon him? "Mamma wishes me to tell you before we go," the girl said, "that she hopes very much you'll come to see us very soon. She has something particular to say to you."

"She quite reproaches herself," Chad helpfully explained: "you were interesting her so much when she accidentally suffered you to be interrupted."

"Ah, don't mention it!" Strether murmured, looking kindly from one to the other and wondering at many things.

"And I'm to ask you for myself," Jeanne continued with her hands clasped together as if in some small learnt prayer—"I'm to ask you for myself if you won't positively come."

"Leave it to me, dear—I'll take care of it!" Chad genially declared in answer to this, while Strether himself almost held his breath. What was in the girl was indeed too soft, too unknown for direct dealing; so that one could only gaze at it as at a picture, quite staying one's own hand. But with Chad he was now on ground—Chad he could meet; so pleasant a confidence in that and in everything did the young man freely exhale. There was the whole of a story in his tone to his companion, and he spoke indeed as if already of the family. It made Strether guess the more quickly what it might be about which Mme. de Vionnet was "particular." Having seen him, then, she had found him easy; she wished to have it out with him that some way for the young

people must be discovered, some way that would not impose as a condition the transplantation of her daughter. He already saw himself discussing with this lady the attractions of Woollett as a residence for Chad's companion. Was that youth going now to trust her with the affair—so that it would be after all with one of his "lady-friends" that his mother's missionary should be condemned to deal? It was quite as if for an instant the two men looked at each other on this question. But there was no mistaking at last Chad's pride in the display of such a connection. This was what had made him so carry himself while, three minutes before, he was bringing it into view; what had caused his friend, first catching sight of him, to be so struck with his air. It was, in a word, just when he thus finally felt Chad putting things straight off on him that he envied him, as he had mentioned to little Bilham, most. The whole exhibition, however, was but a matter of three or four minutes, and the author of it had soon explained that, as Mme. de Vionnet was immediately going "on," this could be for Jeanne but a snatch. They would all meet again soon, and Strether was meanwhile to stay and amuse himself—"I'll pick you up again in plenty of time." He took the girl off as he had brought her, and Strether, with the faint, sweet foreignness of her "*Au revoir, monsieur!*" in his ears as a note almost unprecedented, watched them recede side by side and felt how, once more, her companion's relation to her got an accent from it. They disappeared among the others and apparently into the house; whereupon our friend turned round to give out to little Bilham the conviction of which he was full. But there was no little Bilham any more; little Bilham had, within the few moments, for reasons of his own, proceeded further: a circumstance by which, in its order, Strether was also sensibly affected.

XII.

Chad was not in fact, on this occasion, to keep his promise of coming back; but Miss Gostrey had soon presented herself with an explanation of his failure. There had been reasons, at the last, for his going off with *ces dames;* and he had asked her, with much instance, to come out and take charge of their friend. She did so, Strether felt as she took her place beside him, in a manner that left nothing to desire. He had dropped back on his bench, alone again for a time, and the more conscious, for little Bilham's defection, of his unexpressed thought; in respect to which, however, this next interlocutor was a still more capacious vessel. "It's the child!" he had exclaimed to her almost as soon as she appeared; and though her direct response was for some time delayed he could feel in her meanwhile the working of this truth. It might have been simply as she waited, that they were now in presence, altogether, of truth spreading like a flood and not, for the moment, to be offered her in the mere cupful; inasmuch as who should *ces dames* prove to be but persons about whom—once thus face to face with them—she found

she might from the first have told him almost everything? This would have freely come had he taken the simple precaution of giving her their name. There could be no better example—and she appeared to note it with high amusement—than the way, making things out already so much for himself, he was at last throwing precautions to the winds. They were neither more nor less, she and the child's mother, than old school-friends—friends who had scarcely met for years, but whom this unlooked-for chance had brought together with a rush. It was a relief, Miss Gostrey hinted, to feel herself no longer groping; she was unaccustomed to grope and, as a general thing, he might well have seen, made straight enough for her clue. With the one she had now picked up in her hands there need be at least no waste of wonder. "She's coming to see me—that's for *you*," Strether's interlocutress continued; "but I don't require it to know where I am."

The waste of wonder might be proscribed; but Strether, characteristically, was even by this time quite in the air. "By which you mean that you know where *she* is?"

She just hesitated. "I mean that if she comes to see me I shall —now that I've pulled myself round a bit after the shock—not be at home."

Strether hung poised. "You call it—your recognition—a shock?"

She gave one of her rare flickers of impatience. "It was a surprise, an emotion. Don't be so literal. I wash my hands of her."

Poor Strether's face lengthened. "She's impossible—?"

"She's even more charming than I remembered her."

"Then what's the matter?"

She had to think how to put it. "Well, *I'm* impossible. It's impossible. Everything's impossible."

He looked at her an instant. "I see where you're coming out. Everything's possible." Their eyes had, on it, in fact, an exchange of some duration; after which he pursued: "Isn't it that beautiful child?" Then as she still said nothing: "Why don't you mean to receive her?"

Her answer, in an instant, rang clear. "Because I wish to keep out of the business."

It provoked in him a small wail. "You're going to abandon me *now*?"

"No, I'm only going to abandon her. She'll want me to help her with you. And I won't."

"You'll only help me with her? Well then—!" Most of the persons previously gathered had, in the interest of tea, passed into the house, and they had the gardens mainly to themselves. The shadows were long, the last call of the birds, who had made a home of their own in the noble interspaced quarter, sounded from the high trees in the other gardens as well, those of the old convent and of the old *hôtels;* it was as if our friends had waited for the full charm to come out. Strether's impressions were still present; it

was as if something had happened that "nailed" them, made them more intense; but he was to ask himself soon afterwards, that evening, what really *had* happened—conscious as he could remain, after all, that, for a gentleman taken, the first time, into the "great" world, the world of ambassadors and duchesses, the items made a meagre total. It was nothing new to him, however, as we know, that a man might have—at all events such a man as *he* was—an amount of experience out of any proportion to his adventures; so that, though it was doubtless no great adventure to sit on there with Miss Gostrey and hear about Mme. de Vionnet, the hour, the picture, the immediate, the recent, the possible—as well as the communication itself, not a note of which failed to reverberate—only gave the moments more of the taste of history.

It was history, to begin with, that Jeanne's mother had been three-and-twenty years before, at Geneva, schoolmate and good girl-friend to Maria Gostrey, who had moreover enjoyed since then, though interruptedly and above all with a long recent drop, other glimpses of her. Twenty-three years put them both on, no doubt; and Mme. de Vionnet—though she had married straight after school—couldn't be to-day an hour less than thirty-eight. This made her ten years older than Chad—though ten years, also, if Strether liked, older than she looked; the least, at any rate, that a prospective mother-in-law could be expected to do with. She would be of all mothers-in-law the most charming; unless, indeed, through some perversity as yet insupposable, she should utterly belie herself in that relation. There was none, surely, in which, as Maria remembered her, she mustn't be charming; and this, frankly, in spite of the stigma of failure in the tie in which failure always most showed. It was no test there—when indeed *was* it a test there?—for M. de Vionnet had been a brute. She had lived for years apart from him—which was of course always a horrid position; but Miss Gostrey's impression of the matter had been that she could scarce have made a better thing of it had she done it on purpose to show that she was amiable. She was so amiable that nobody had had a word to say; which was, luckily, not the case for her husband. He was so impossible that she had the advantage of all her merits.

It was still history for Strether that the Comte de Vionnet—it being also history that the lady in question was a Countess—should now, under Miss Gostrey's sharp touch, rise before him as a high, distinguished, polished, impertinent reprobate, the product of a mysterious order; it was history, further, that the charming girl so freely sketched by his companion should have been married, out of hand, by a mother, another figure of striking outline, full of dark personal motive; it was perhaps history most of all that this company was, as a matter of course, governed by such considerations as put divorce out of the question. "*Ces gens-là* don't divorce, you know, any more than they emigrate or abjure—they

think it impious and vulgar;" a fact in the light of which they seemed but the more richly special. It was all special; it was all, for Strether's imagination, more or less rich. The girl at the Genevese school, an isolated, interesting, attaching creature, both sensitive, then, and violent, audacious but always forgiven, was the daughter of a French father and an English mother who, early left a widow, had married again, had another try with a foreigner; in her career with whom she had apparently given her child no example of comfort. All these people—the people of the English mother's side—had been of condition more or less eminent; yet with oddities and disparities that had often since made Maria, thinking them over, wonder what they really quite rhymed to. It was in any case her belief that the mother, interested and prone to adventure, had been without conscience, had only thought of ridding herself most quickly of a possible, an actual encumbrance. The father, by her impression, a Frenchman with a name one knew, had been another matter, leaving his child, she clearly recalled, a memory all fondness, as well as an assured little fortune which was unluckily, later on, to make her more or less of a prey. She had been in particular, at school, dazzlingly, though quite booklessly, clever; as polyglot as a little Jewess (which she wasn't, oh no!) and chattering French, English, German, Italian, anything one would, in a way that made a clean sweep, if not of prizes and parchments, at least of every "part," whether memorized or improvised, in the curtained, costumed, school repertory, and, in especial, of all mysteries of race and vagueness of reference, all swagger about "home," among their variegated mates.

It would doubtless be difficult to-day, as between French and English, to name her and place her; she would certainly show, on knowledge, Miss Gostrey felt, as one of those convenient types who didn't keep you explaining—minds with doors as numerous as the many-tongued cluster of confessionals at St. Peter's. You might confess to her with confidence in Roumelian, and even Roumelian sins. Therefore—! But Strether's narrator covered her implication with a laugh; a laugh by which his betrayal of a sense of the lurid in the picture was also perhaps sufficiently protected. He had a moment of wondering, while his friend went on, what sins might be especially Roumelian. She went on, at all events, to the mention of her having met the young thing—again by some Swiss lake —in her first married state, which had appeared for the few intermediate years not at least violently disturbed. She had been lovely at that moment, delightful to *her,* full of responsive emotion, of amused recognitions and amusing reminders; and then, once more, much later, after a long interval, equally but differently charming —touching and rather mystifying for the five minutes of an encounter at a railway station *en province,* during which it had come out that her life was all changed. Miss Gostrey had understood enough to see, essentially, what had happened, and yet had beauti-

fully dreamed that she was herself faultless. There were doubtless depths in her, but she was all right; Strether would see if she wasn't. She was another person, however—that had been promptly marked—from the small child of nature at the Geneva school; a little person quite made over—as foreign women *were,* compared with American—by marriage. Her situation moreover, evidently, had cleared itself up; there would have been—all that was possible—a judicial separation. She had settled in Paris, brought up her daughter, steered her boat. It was no very pleasant boat—especially there—to be in; but Marie de Vionnet would have headed straight. She would have friends, certainly—and very good ones. There she was, at all events—and it was very interesting. Her knowing Mr. Chad didn't in the least prove she hadn't friends; what it proved was what good ones *he* had. "I saw that," said Miss Gostrey, "that night at the Français; it came out for me in three minutes. I saw *her*—or somebody like her. And so," she immediately added, "did you."

"Oh no—not anybody like her!" Strether laughed. "But you mean," he as promptly went on, "that she has had such an influence on him?"

Miss Gostrey was on her feet; it was time for them to go. "She has brought him up for her daughter."

Their eyes, as so often, in candid conference, through their settled glasses, met over it long; after which Strether's again took in the whole place. They were quite alone there now. "Mustn't she rather—in the time then—have rushed it?"

"Ah, she won't of course have lost an hour. But that's just the good mother—the good French one. You must remember that of her—that, as a mother, she's French; and that for them there's a special providence. It precisely, however—that she may not have been able to begin as far back as she would have liked—makes her grateful for aid."

Strether took this in as they slowly moved to the house on their way out. "She counts on me then to put the thing through?"

"Yes—she counts on you. Oh, and first of all of course," Miss Gostrey added, "on her—well, convincing you."

"Ah," her friend returned, "she caught Chad young!"

"Yes, but there are women who are for all ages. They're the most wonderful sort."

She had laughed the words out, but they brought her companion, the next thing, to a stand. "Is what you mean that she'll try to make a fool of me?"

"Well, I'm wondering what she *will*—with an opportunity—make."

"What do you call," Strether asked, "an opportunity? My going to see her?"

"Ah, you must go to see her"—Miss Gostrey was a trifle evasive. "You can't not do that. You'd have gone to see the other woman.

I mean if there had been one—a different sort. It's what you came out for."

It might be; but Strether distinguished. "I didn't come out to see *this* sort."

She had a wonderful look at him now. "Are you disappointed she isn't worse?"

He for a moment entertained the question, then found for it the frankest of answers. "Yes. If she were worse she would be better for our purpose. It would be simpler."

"Perhaps," she admitted. "But won't this be pleasanter?"

"Ah, you know," he promptly replied, "I didn't come out—wasn't that just what you originally reproached me with?—for the pleasant."

"Precisely. Therefore I say again what I said at first. You must take things as they come. Besides," Miss Gostrey added, "I'm not afraid for myself."

"For yourself—?"

"Of your seeing her. I trust her. There's nothing she'll say about me. In fact there's nothing she *can*."

Strether wondered—little as he had thought of this. Then he broke out. "Oh, you women!"

There was something in it at which she flushed. "Yes—there we are. We're abysses." At last she smiled. "But I risk her!"

He gave himself a shake. "Well then, so do I!" But he added as they passed into the house that he would see Chad the first thing in the morning.

This was, the next day, the more easily effected that the young man, as it happened, even before he was down, turned up at his hotel. Strether took his coffee, by habit, in the public room; but on his descending for this purpose Chad instantly proposed an adjournment to what he called greater privacy. He had himself, as yet, had nothing—they would sit down somewhere together; and when, after a few steps and a turn into the boulevard, they had, for their greater privacy, sat down among twenty others, our friend saw in his companion's move a fear of the advent of Waymarsh. It was the first time Chad had, to that extent, given this personage "away"; and Strether found himself wondering of what it was symptomatic. He made out in a moment that the youth was in earnest as he had not yet seen him; which, in its turn, threw a ray perhaps a trifle startling on what they had each, up to that time, been treating as earnestness. It was sufficiently flattering, however, that the real thing—if this *was* at last the real thing—should have been determined, as appeared, precisely by an accretion of Strether's importance. For this was what, quickly enough, it came to—that Chad, rising with the lark, had rushed down to let him know, while his morning consciousness was yet young, that he had made, literally, the afternoon before, a tremendous impression. Mme. de Vionnet wouldn't, couldn't rest till she should have some assurance from

him that he *would* consent again to see her. The announcement was made, across their marble-topped table, while the foam of the hot milk was in their cups and its plash still in the air, with the smile of Chad's easiest urbanity; and this expression of his face caused our friend's doubts to gather, on the spot, into a challenge of the lips. "See here"—that was all; he only, for the moment, said again "See here." Chad met it with all his air of straight intelligence, while Strether remembered again that fancy of the first impression of him, the happy young pagan, handsome and hard, but indulgent, whose mysterious measure, under the street-lamp, he had tried mentally to take. The young pagan, while a long look passed between them, sufficiently understood. Strether scarce needed at last to say the rest—"I want to know where I am." But he said it, and he added, before any answer, something more. "Are you engaged to be married—is that your secret?—to the young lady?"

Chad shook his head with the slow amenity that was one of his ways of conveying that there was time for everything. "I have no secret—though I may have secrets! I haven't at any rate that one. We're not engaged. No."

"Then where's the hitch?"

"Do you mean why I haven't already started with you?" Chad, beginning his coffee and buttering his roll, was quite ready to explain. "Nothing would have induced me—nothing will still induce me—not to try to keep you here as long as you can be made to stay. It's too visibly good for you." Strether had himself plenty to say about this, but it was amusing also to measure the march of Chad's tone. He had never been more a man of the world, and it was always, in his company, present to our friend that one was seeing how, in successive connections, a man of the world acquitted himself. Chad kept it up beautifully. "My idea—*voyons!*—is simply that you should let Mme. de Vionnet know you, simply that you should consent to know *her*. I don't in the least mind telling you that, clever and charming as she is, she's ever so much in my confidence. All I ask of you is to let her talk to you. You've asked me about what you call my hitch, and, so far as it goes, she'll explain it to you. She's herself my hitch, hang it—if you must really have it all out. But in a sense," he hastened in the most wonderful manner to add, "that you'll quite make out for yourself. She's too good a friend, confound her. Too good, I mean, for me to leave without—without—." It was his first hesitation.

"Without what?"

"Well, without my arranging somehow or other the damnable terms of my sacrifice."

"It *will* be a sacrifice then?"

"It will be the greatest loss I ever suffered. I owe her so much."

It was beautiful, the way Chad said these things, and his plea was now confessedly—oh, quite flagrantly and publicly—interest-

ing. The moment really, for Strether, took on an intensity. Chad owed Mme. de Vionnet so much? What *did* that do then but clear up the whole mystery? He was indebted for alterations, and she was thereby in a position to have sent in her bill for expenses incurred in reconstruction. What was this, at bottom, but what had been to be arrived at? Strether sat there arriving at it while he munched toast and stirred his second cup. To do this, with the aid of Chad's pleasant, earnest face, was also to do more besides. No, never before had he been so ready to take him as he was. What was it that had suddenly so cleared up? It was just everybody's character—that is, everybody's but, in a measure, his own. Strether felt *his* character receive, for the instant, a smutch from all the wrong things he had suspected or believed. The person to whom Chad owed it that he could positively turn out such a comfort to other persons—such a person was sufficiently raised above any "breath" by the nature of her work and the young man's steady light. All of which was vivid enough to come and go quickly; though indeed in the midst of it Strether could utter a question. "Have I your word of honor that if I surrender myself to Mme. de Vionnet you'll surrender yourself to *me*?"

Chad laid his hand firmly on his friend's. "My dear man, you have it."

There was finally something in his felicity almost embarrassing and oppressive; Strether had begun to fidget, under it, for the open air and the erect posture. He had signed to the waiter that he wished to pay, and this transaction took some moments, during which he thoroughly felt, while he put down money and pretended —it was quite hollow—to estimate change, that Chad's higher spirit, his youth, his practice, his paganism, his felicity, his assurance, his impudence, whatever it might be, had consciously scored a success. Well, that was all right, so far as it went; they covered our friend for a minute like a veil, through which—as if he had been muffled—he heard his interlocutor ask him if he mightn't take him over about five. "Over" was over the river, and over the river was where Mme. de Vionnet lived, and five was that very afternoon. They got at last out of the place—got out before he answered. He lighted, in the street, a cigarette, which again gave him more time. But it was already sharp for him that there was no use in time. "What does she propose to do to me?" he had presently demanded.

Chad had no delays. "Are you afraid of her?"

"Oh, immensely. Don't you see it?"

"Well," said Chad, "she won't do anything worse to you than make you like her."

"It's just of that I'm afraid."

"Then it's not fair to me."

Strether hesitated. "It's fair to your mother."

"Oh," said Chad, "are you afraid of *her*?"

"Scarcely less. Or perhaps even more. But is this lady against your interests at home?" Strether went on.

"Not directly, no doubt; but she's greatly in favor of them here."

"And what—'here'—does she consider them to be?"

"Well, good relations!"

"And what *are* your good relations?"

"That's exactly what you'll make out if you'll only go, as I'm supplicating you, to see her."

Strether stared at him with a little of the wanness, no doubt, that the vision of more to "make out" could scarce help producing. "But how good are they?"

"Oh, awfully good."

Again Strether had faltered, but it was brief. It was all very well, but there was nothing now he wouldn't risk. "Excuse me, but I must really—as I began by telling you—know where I am. Is she bad?"

"'Bad'?"—Chad echoed it, but without a shock. "Is that what's implied—?"

"When relations are good?" Strether felt a little silly, and was even conscious of a foolish laugh, at having it imposed on him to have appeared to speak so. What indeed was he talking about? His stare had relaxed; he looked now all round him. But something in him brought him back, though he still didn't know quite how to turn it. The two or three days he thought of, and one of them in particular, were, even with scruples dismissed, too ugly. He none the less at last found something. "Is her life without reproach?"

It struck him, directly he had found it, as pompous and priggish; so much so that he was thankful to Chad for taking it only in the right spirit. The young man spoke so immensely to the point that the effect was practically of positive blandness. "Absolutely without reproach. A beautiful life. *Allez donc voir!*" These last words were, in the liberality of their confidence, so imperative that Strether went through no form of assent; but before they separated it had been confirmed that he should be picked up at a quarter to five.

(To be continued.)

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which resulted in the passing of the Land Act in 1896. He was the founder of the New Land Movement in Ireland, and Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board, without a seat in the Cabinet, from 1895 to 1900, and on resigning that office, he was offered a dignified position in the permanent service of the Crown, which, however, he declined. Among his published writings are "Ireland and the Empire" and "The Irish Land Question up to Date." Mr. Russell has from time to time contributed important articles to the REVIEW on subjects connected with the condition and prospects of his adopted country.

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THE WESLEY BICENTENNIAL.

BY WILLIAM NORTH RICE, PH.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY IN WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

JOHN WESLEY was born on June 17th (Old Style), 1703. The correction necessitated by the change from Old Style to New Style will place the bicentennial celebration of his birth on Sunday, June 28th, 1903. His life was well-nigh co-extensive with the eighteenth century, as he died on the 2nd of March, 1791.

He was descended on both sides from earnestly religious ancestors, who were ready to labor and to suffer for what they regarded as the truth, some of them in the Established Church of England, some in the ranks of the Dissenters. The influence of such ancestors, and especially of his parents, reveals itself in the early piety of the boy. When eight years old, he was admitted to the communion by his father, the strict and conscientious rector of Epworth. He entered Oxford University in 1720, and six years later was made a Fellow. In 1727, he left Oxford to serve for a short time as curate at Epworth, assisting his father, the rector. In 1729, he returned to Oxford, and resumed the duties of his Fellowship. He became associated with his brother and a few other members of the University in the "Holy Club," and was at once recognized as the leading spirit in the company. In 1735, the two Wesley brothers went to Georgia on a mission to

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the Indians. The mission proved unsuccessful, and its history is of little importance excepting as a part of the experience by which the Wesley brothers were prepared for the great work that awaited them. They returned to England in 1737. On the voyage to Georgia, the Wesleys became acquainted with a number of Moravians. These simple Christians had received the tradition of the cardinal doctrines of the Reformation, not primarily from Luther, but from the earlier teaching of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. Their influence upon the life and thought of the Wesleys was of immense importance.

Down to this time, John Wesley was an ascetic moralist and a punctilious ritualist, vainly seeking for inward peace. His deliverance from the sense of bondage came on the 24th of May, 1738. The story may best be told in his own words:

"In the evening I went to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

John Wesley had rediscovered the Lutheran, the Pauline, doctrine of justification by faith. It is a profoundly interesting fact that the revelation came to him in the reading of Luther's Preface to St. Paul's great Epistle. The relation of these three great reformers is a true apostolic succession. In his new-found faith and joyous enthusiasm, John Wesley was ready to lead in a mighty work of evangelism.

It is a curious fact that the man who was destined to revolutionize the religious life of the English-speaking world was a man of extremely conservative temper. He cherished an intense affection for the great historic Church of England in which he had been reared, and an almost superstitious veneration for all her forms and usages. It was only when the pulpits of the Establishment were closed against him and his fellow-evangelists, that they began to preach out of doors; and it was with extreme reluctance that John Wesley followed the example of Whitefield in this innovation. He says himself:

"I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields, having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious

of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church."

The stickler for "decency and order," having at last overcome his scruples, preached his first sermon in the open air, on the 2nd of May, 1739, to an audience of three thousand people near Bristol. The previous evening he had expounded the Sermon on the Mount, which he naïvely characterized as a "pretty remarkable precedent of field-preaching." Thereafter, he was ready to preach wherever he could find a hearing.

It was with equal reluctance that this conservative revolutionist adopted the innovation of lay preaching. As converts multiplied in his evangelistic labors beyond the power of himself and the few ordained ministers among his associates to care for them, it was inevitable that they should be confided to the care of pious laymen; but, while these laymen were to administer Christian counsel, they were not by any means permitted to usurp the functions of the ministry. But the line that separates exhortation and exposition of Scripture from preaching is a rather shadowy one, and in 1742 Thomas Maxfield, one of the lay helpers, began to preach in London. Wesley was at first disposed to forbid the innovation, but yielded to the sagacious counsel of his mother. "John," said the wise Susanna, "take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him yourself." Wesley heard Maxfield, and was convinced. Thenceforward the unordained order of lay preachers came to be the main part of his evangelistic force.*

In 1744, the first Conference of the evangelists was held, and from that time to this the name "Conference" has been applied to ecclesiastical assemblies in the various branches of Methodism. These Wesleyan Conferences were by no means deliberative bodies; autocratic, rather than democratic, was the constitution of the new religious body. It was in truth a "Salvation Army," and John Wesley by common consent was its commander-in-chief. Like the centurion in the Gospel, he said to this man, "Go," and he went, and to another, "Come," and he came; but, unlike the

* Tyerman ("Life and Times of John Wesley," Vol. I., p. 275) asserts that John Cennick preceded Maxfield in preaching. This is very likely true. The important fact is, not that Maxfield preached, but that Wesley recognized and tolerated his preaching, and made it the beginning of a new method of evangelistic work.

centurion, he was not "a man under authority," for he recognized no superior officer this side of heaven.

In 1784, admonished by advancing age that this autocratic government of Methodism must soon cease, Wesley took measures for the permanent organization of the work in England and in America. By a "Deed of Declaration," he conveyed the chapels and other property of the Methodist body to a committee of one hundred of his preachers, providing in the Deed for the perpetuation of the body, and defining their authority. In the same year he ordained Thomas Coke as Superintendent, or Bishop, of the churches in America.

From the beginning of the great revival to the death of John Wesley was a period of rather more than half a century. The record of Wesley's evangelical labors during that time has no parallel since the time of St. Paul. After his return from Georgia, he is said to have preached 42,400 sermons, an average of more than fifteen per week. No form of opposition daunted him or checked his course. He pursued his way, unintimidated by mobs, magistrates, or bishops. The story of that half-century may be summed up, almost without change, in the words in which St. Paul sets before the Corinthians the story of his toil and struggle for the faith:

> "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often; besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

The closing years of that career were a genuine triumph. The man whose name had been cast out as evil was, perhaps, the most honored man in England. The churches of the Establishment, which had excluded him from their pulpits, and sometimes even refused to receive him as a communicant at the altar, were glad to welcome him. Crowds gazed upon him in veneration in the cities where mobs had threatened his life. And little children waited in the streets for his blessing.

The most obvious result of the work of Wesley and his associates, was the founding of those religious societies which developed into the Methodist churches of the English-speaking world. At

his death, the Methodist societies in Europe counted 294 preachers and 71,688 members; in America, 217 preachers and 48,565 members. The Methodist churches now number nearly eight million members; and, if we include with actual members those who are, more or less definitely, adherents of Methodist churches, the number of "the people called Methodists" may be estimated as not far from twenty-five million.

It is, however, one of the curious contradictions of history that the founder of one of the most numerous denominations of the modern church had no thought of founding a new sect. The great religious revolutionist remained at heart conservative to the end of his life. No neglect nor persecution could dampen the intense affection which John Wesley felt for the Church of England. Between his conservatism and his loyalty to the Established Church, on the one hand, and his practical sense of the exigencies of the great religious movement, on the other hand, he fell into inconsistencies; but it is doubtful whether any great practical reform was ever carried to its completion on a plan logically consistent. As late as 1787, Wesley wrote, "I still think, when the Methodists leave the Church of England, God will leave them." Yet, three years before, Wesley had ordained Coke as Superintendent of the work in the United States—an action which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and only two years after this utterance of deprecation of withdrawal of the Methodists from the Church of England, he took the still more revolutionary step of ordaining Alexander Mather as Superintendent for England. It was in 1787 that he adopted the plan of protecting his chapels from liabilities under the law by having them all licensed under the provision of the statute "for exempting Protestant subjects, dissenting from the Church of England, from the penalties of certain laws." Before this date, he had allowed some chapels to be licensed in what seemed to be cases of necessity. But he had opposed the general adoption of the policy, on the ground that it savored of separation from the Established Church. The new policy was adopted in 1787, in accordance with the views of his legal adviser. The reformation had indeed outgrown the designs of its leader.

The Methodist societies were not intended to be churches. The relation which they were intended to bear to the Church of England may be compared with that of the Jesuits and other mis-

sionary orders to the Roman Catholic Church, or with that of the Moravian society of Zinzendorf to the Protestant Church in Germany, or with that of the Societies of Christian Endeavor to various Protestant churches in recent times. While they were composed chiefly of people who owned allegiance to the Church of England, Dissenters were also welcomed to their membership. They were to be *ecclesiolae in ecclesia*. As the societies were formed purely for practical religious work, and the members of them retained their relation to the Establishment or to the Dissenting bodies, the societies had no creed. The "General Rules," which were the basis of their fellowship, and which are still lovingly cherished among the most sacred landmarks in the books of discipline of the Methodist Churches of to-day, were rules of practical conduct.

The catholicity of these societies as regards dogma is thus set forth by Wesley himself:

"They do not impose, in order to their admission, any opinions whatever. Let them hold particular or general redemption, absolute or conditional decrees. They think and let think. One condition and one only is required—a real desire to save their souls. They ask only, 'Is thy heart even as my heart? If it be, give me thy hand.' Is there any other society in Great Britain or Ireland that is so truly of a catholic spirit? Where is there such another society in the habitable world? I know none."

Again he says:

"You cannot be admitted into the church or society of the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers, or any others, unless you hold the same opinions with them and adhere to the same mode of worship. The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion."

One more quotation from Wesley may be given here:

"I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair. But if he takes his wig off and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get quit of him as soon as possible."

Was there ever a better definition of heresy than is found in this last quotation? Not the wearing of a theological wig of any particular color, but the shaking of the powder in the eyes of the church, is heresy. That man is orthodox who can work harmoniously and loyally with his brethren in the evangelistic and

philanthropic labors of the church. The catholicity of Wesley's own spirit was remarkable. He published in his "Arminian Magazine" the biography of a Unitarian saint as an example to his people. He translated or edited works of Roman Catholics for his "Christian Library." He thought the arch-heretics, Montanus and Pelagius, were probably among the holiest men of their times.

The Methodist societies inevitably became churches. In the United States, the Methodist Episcopal Church assumed a definite organization in 1784. The Atlantic Ocean and the Declaration of Independence made it comparatively easy for American Methodists to recognize themselves as distinct from the Church of England. In England, the Methodist societies never, by any definite and formal act, separated from the Church of England, but came gradually to a recognition of the fact that a real separation had been imperceptibly accomplished. But, though the societies have become churches, and a group of new ecclesiastical denominations have been organized, it has been the glory of Methodism in all its history that it has emphasized, not dogma, nor polity, nor ritual, but Christian life.

The Wesleyan movement was not the development of a new theology. Its inspiring principle was essentially the Pauline and Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith. John Wesley himself was certainly not a great theologian. His tendency was practical rather than theoretical. Apart from the fervor of his Christian life and the intensity of his evangelistic zeal, the qualities that contributed most to the success and permanence of the Wesleyan movement were the qualities of the man of affairs rather than those of the thinker. Macaulay ascribes to John Wesley a "genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu." Buckle characterizes him as "the first of theological statesmen." Leslie Stephen says of him, "No such leader of men appeared in the eighteenth century." Coleridge characterizes Wesley as more logical than philosophical, and Isaac Taylor characterizes him as more intuitional than philosophical. Both these statements seem to be just. His opinions were formed, sometimes by a sort of intuitive common sense, sometimes under the influence of some particular line of argument which appeared to him conclusive. Opinions which he had adopted he could defend with incisive logic. But his was not the philosophical temper, which surveys the whole field of co-ordinated subjects, judicially weighs all kinds

of evidence, and develops broad and consistent systems of thought. In these qualities and the limitations which they involve, Wesley reminds us of those two earlier reformers who constituted his spiritual ancestry, St. Paul and Luther. Wesley's exposition of the doctrine of sanctification, or Christian perfection, which may be considered, perhaps, his chief contribution to dogmatic theology, involves some pretty bad psychology and equally bad exegesis. If he had been a deeper thinker, he would have realized that the Arminian theology is not, any more than the Calvinistic, a complete solution of the problems and mysteries of the ages. But Wesley's theology, if not very profound nor very philosophical, had at least the merit of being practical. It was a theology that could be preached. It presented the great characteristic truths of Christianity in such shape as to make them intelligible to the common people, and serviceable as the inspiration of Christian life. "Our main doctrines," said Wesley, "which include all the rest, are repentance, faith, and holiness. The first of these we account, as it were, as the porch of religion, the next the door, the third religion itself."

As has been already said, the last thing which Wesley desired was to be the founder of a sect; yet it is doubtless as the founder of a sect that he is chiefly known. But this obvious and popular view of the Wesleyan movement is very far from being the true one. John Richard Green presents a truer view, in his "History of the English People," when he tells us: "The Methodists themselves were the least result of the Methodist revival."* The Wesleyan revival transformed the moral and religious character of the people of England. It is difficult now to realize the practical irreligion and the gross immorality which characterized the English people before the Methodist field preachers, like "one crying in the wilderness," called the nation to repentance.

The influence of Puritanism, indeed, survived in the middle class, though it seemed well-nigh dormant even there. It was from that class, wherein lingered somewhat of the spirit of the Puritan reformation, that the Wesleyan revival took its origin. But the great historian already cited has painted the picture of the irreligion and immorality which degraded the life alike of rich and poor:

"During the fifty years that preceded this outburst [the Wesleyan

* Vol. IV., p. 147.

revival] we see little save a revolt against religion and against churches in either the higher classes or the poor. Among the wealthier and more educated Englishmen, the progress of free inquiry, the aversion from theological strife which had been left behind them by the Civil Wars, the new political and material channels opened to human energy, were producing a general indifference to all questions of religious speculation or religious life. In the higher circles, 'every one laughs,' said Montesquieu on his visit to England, 'if one talks of religion.'* Of the prominent statesmen of the time, the greater part were unbelievers in any form of Christianity, and distinguished for the grossness and immorality of their lives. Drunkenness and foul talk were thought no discredit to Walpole. A later Prime Minister, the Duke of Grafton, was in the habit of appearing with his mistress at the play. Purity and fidelity to the marriage vow were sneered out of fashion; and Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, instructs him in the art of seduction as part of a polite education. At the other end of the social scale lay the masses of the poor. They were ignorant and brutal to a degree which it is hard to conceive, for the increase of population which followed on the growth of towns and the development of commerce had been met by no effort for their religious or educational improvement. Hardly a single new church had been built. Schools there were none, save the grammar-schools of Edward and Elizabeth. The rural peasantry, who were fast being reduced to pauperism by the abuse of the poor-laws, were left without much moral or religious training of any sort. Within the towns things were worse. There was no effective police; and in great outbreaks the mob of London or Birmingham burnt houses, flung open prisons, and sacked and pillaged at their will. The criminal class gathered boldness and numbers in the face of ruthless laws which only testified to the terror of society, laws which made it a capital crime to cut down a cherry-tree, and which strung up twenty young thieves of a morning in front of Newgate; while the introduction of gin gave a new impetus to drunkenness. In the streets of London gin-shops at one time invited every passer-by to get drunk for a penny, or dead drunk for twopence.

Much of this social degradation was due, without doubt, to the apathy and sloth of the priesthood. A shrewd, if prejudiced, observer, Bishop Burnet, brands the English clergy of his day as the most lifeless in Europe, 'the most remiss of their labors in private and the least severe of their lives.' . . . A Welsh bishop avowed that he had seen his diocese but once, and habitually resided at the lakes of Westmoreland. The system of pluralities, which enabled a single clergyman to hold at the same time a number of livings, turned the wealthier and more learned

* Bishop Butler says in the Advertisement to his "Analogy of Religion": "It is come to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious." A writer on Apologetics today would not be likely to write in the apologetic tone of this Advertisement.

of the clergy into absentees, while the bulk of them were indolent, poor, and without social consideration."*

Let the same historian tell us the story of the transformation of the English Church and of the life of the English People wrought by the Wesleyan movement:

"Its action upon the Church broke the lethargy of the clergy; and the 'Evangelical' movement, which found representatives like Newton and Cecil within the pale of the Establishment, made the fox-hunting parson and the absentee rector at last impossible. In Walpole's day, the English clergy were the idlest and the most lifeless in the world. In our own day, no body of religious ministers surpasses them in piety, in philanthropic energy, or in popular regard. In the nation at large appeared a new moral enthusiasm, which, rigid and pedantic as it often seemed, was still healthy in its social tone, and whose power was seen in the disappearance of the profligacy which had disgraced the upper classes, and the foulness which had infested literature, ever since the Restoration. A new philanthropy reformed our prisons, infused clemency and wisdom into our penal laws, abolished the slave trade, and gave the first impulse to popular education."†

To the awakening of a new religious life in the mass of the English people it is doubtless, in large measure, due that England was saved from a cataclysm like that which, at the close of the eighteenth century, overwhelmed alike all institutions of church and state in France.

In the United States, as in England, it is doubtless true that the indirect influence of Methodism upon the life of the people, through the medium of other churches, has been more important than the direct influence of the Methodist churches. All religious historians recognize the end of the eighteenth century as characterized by a widely prevalent disbelief or neglect of religion. In the higher tone of Christian life which soon began to manifest itself in all the churches of the United States, may doubtless be seen the effect of many different influences; but surely among the most important of these is the influence of Methodist evangelism. Whitefield, the great representative of Calvinistic Methodism, had found a sympathetic hearing in the Calvinistic churches in his visits to America; and the revivals which in many places attended his preaching were not without permanent fruit.

* "History of the English People," Vol. IV., pp. 119—121.

† *Op. cit.*, Vol. IV., p. 147.

But far more potent in its influence upon the religious life of the nation was the evangelistic work of Arminian Methodism under the lead of Francis Asbury.

Not only has there been manifested in general a warmer tone of religious feeling and a more vigorous Christian life in all the churches of the English-speaking world, but the life of all the churches has taken on, in greater or less measure, the special traits which were characteristic of the Wesleyan movement. The subordination of creed to life, which was a fundamental character of the Wesleyan movement, is characteristic of the later history of all branches of the Christian Church. The growing catholicity of feeling reveals itself in various forms of interdenominational comity, and particularly in such movements as the Federation of Churches.

Another idea which was emphasized by the Wesleyan revival, and which is rapidly becoming the possession of the church universal, is that of the religious activity of the laity. The army of evangelists which John Wesley directed in that campaign of a half-century, was chiefly an army of lay preachers; and the work of the preachers was sustained and made fruitful by the work of a larger force of class-leaders, and by the activity of individual members, male and female. A Sunday-school was started by a Methodist woman, Hannah Ball, twelve years before the school of Robert Raikes was opened in Gloucester. It was another Methodist woman (afterward the wife of the Methodist preacher, Samuel Bradburn) who suggested the idea to Robert Raikes. His school was opened in 1781. In 1784 he published an account of the new scheme of philanthropic work; and in January, 1785, Wesley republished his article entire in the "Arminian Magazine," and "exhorted his people to adopt the new institution."† The new institution was, indeed, eminently in harmony with the spirit of Methodism. Wesley writes as early as 1784, "I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?"* Women as well as men were enlisted in religious work in the

* Stevens, "History of Methodism," Vol. II., p. 484.

† The original Sunday-schools were established to reclaim and civilize the children of the street. The formation of Sunday-schools for the children of the church is a later evolution.

Wesleyan movement. In a few exceptional cases, women became preachers. A noble instance was Elizabeth Evans, the original of Dinah Morris in George Eliot's "Adam Bede." Surely nothing is more characteristic of the life of the church universal in recent times than the realization of the Protestant conception of the universal priesthood of believers in the active participation of the laity in Christian work. Sunday-schools and Societies of Christian Endeavor, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and manifold forms of home missionary enterprise, bear witness to the religious activity of both sexes and of all ages and all classes in the church.

The evangelistic zeal and the tendency to effective organization characteristic of the Wesleyan movement, stand in close relation to the formation of the great societies for special phases of religious work which are so important in the life of the modern church. A society for the distribution of the Bible was organized by a small company of Methodists as early as 1779—The Naval and Military Bible Society. A leading patron of this society was John Thornton, the father of Henry Thornton, whose hospitable home at Clapham was the headquarters of the group of philanthropists who founded the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804. The first impulse, indeed, toward the formation of the latter society came from the Welsh Methodist preacher, Thomas Charles. It was in 1782 that Wesley and Coke organized the Society for the Distribution of Religious Tracts among the Poor. This was seventeen years before the date of the more famous Religious Tract Society. The founder of that society, George Burder, was a Congregational minister, who had been led into his career of Christian work by the Methodists Whitefield and Fletcher. The spirit which made Wesley recognize the world as his parish was essentially the missionary spirit. That spirit led the men who had felt the inspiration of the Methodist revival to be among the pioneers in missionary organization. Mellville Horne, who united with the Wesleyan Conference in 1784, but who soon passed from the Wesleyan itinerant ministry into the service of the Established Church, and whose experience as a chaplain in Sierra Leone gave him a profound impression of the needs of the heathen world, was one of the most influential men in the agitation which led in 1795 to the establishment of the London Missionary Society. The "good men of Clapham," who

organized the Church Missionary Society, "were the sons, by natural or spiritual birth, of men who, in the earlier days of Methodism, had shaken off the lethargy in which till then the Church of England had been entranced."*

Nor was it alone in matters professedly religious that the effect of the Wesleyan movement was seen. Priestley declares: "Methodism has not only Christianized but civilized that part of the nation which had been overlooked by a clergy too careful of its dignity." The spirit of the Wesleyan movement may be characterized, as the brilliant author of "Ecce Homo" has characterized the spirit of Jesus Christ, as "the enthusiasm of humanity." When the Methodist evangelists were excluded from the pulpits of the Established Church, they preached in jails, they ministered to the victims of a Draconian penal code on the way to the gallows, they carried the message of forgiveness and peace and hope where sin was vilest and where sorrow was most intense. In the progress of the revival the public mind was awakened to a profound sympathy with the oppressed and the degraded. This "enthusiasm of humanity" soon worked a reformation in that murderous penal code, which had served, not to curb, but to render more ferocious the evil passions of man. John Howard was the friend of John Wesley, and gratefully acknowledged the inspiration received from Wesley's words and life. His noble career of philanthropy was an expression of one phase of the spirit of the great revival. The legislative reforms by which the physical and moral welfare of the poor and the helpless has been protected against the greed of capital and the temptations of vice, the regulation of hours and conditions of labor, the safeguarding of those engaged in perilous occupations, the restriction of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, are among the fruits of the philanthropic spirit which sprang to life in the great religious revival. The "good men of Clapham" not only organized Bible and Tract and Missionary Societies, but achieved the suppression of the African slave trade and the abolition of slavery in the English colonies. Their influence was felt in multitudinous minor reforms in industrial, social, and political life. The last letter written by the trembling hand of John Wesley, the aged, was a letter of encouragement to William Wilberforce in his struggle against slavery.

* Sir James Stephen, in *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. LXXX., p. 259.

Wesley himself was a pioneer in various lines of social reform. His was the first important effort to supply the people with a cheap and wholesome literature. During his long and laborious life, he gave to the press 371 publications, written or edited or translated or abridged by himself. Down to the year 1756, two-thirds of his publications bore a price of less than one shilling, and more than a quarter of them were sold for a penny.

Wesley established the first dispensary. The conception of the enterprise showed a sagacious appreciation of a public need, though it was certainly not an unmixed good to subject the sick poor to some of the crude methods of treatment prescribed in Wesley's "Primitive Physick."

Another of Wesley's schemes of practical philanthropy was a loan fund for the relief of the temporary embarrassments of the honest and industrious poor. In one year's work of this modest, but very useful, institution, two hundred and fifty persons were aided by loans, though the total capital was only fifty pounds. The Strangers' Friend Societies, for the relief of the poor, the sick, and the friendless, without distinction of nationality or creed, which were first definitely organized by Wesley in 1790, have proved to be among the most effective charitable associations in England.

A popular lecturer has recently remarked that our age and every age needs "not a new gospel, but the gospel anew." Amid the profligacy of the rich, and the squalor and degradation of the poor, and the worldliness and powerlessness of the National Church, the England of the eighteenth century needed "not a new gospel, but the gospel anew"; and it was that which came to her in the Wesleyan revival. In the subordination of dogma to life, in the recognition of the universal priesthood of believers, in the individual sense of responsibility for the salvation of men, in the "enthusiasm of humanity," and the multitudinous philanthropies to which that enthusiasm prompted, the Wesleyan movement was not new, but old. It was a revival of the Christianity of the Apostles, the Christianity of the Christ.

Of that great religious movement, John Wesley was truly the leader. Whitefield was a more impressive preacher, Charles Wesley a sweeter singer, and many another worker contributed his quota of intellectual and moral and spiritual power, without which the total result of the movement would have been less than it has

been. But John Wesley—evangelist, scholar, poet, ecclesiastical statesman, practical philanthropist—represented in his own person not one phase but all phases of the great revival of the eighteenth century. The whole spirit of the movement seems incarnate in him. Rightly, then, will "the people called Methodists," on both sides of the Atlantic, gratefully celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of John Wesley's birth. If he were only a founder of a sect, the members of that sect alone might be interested in that celebration; but, in the spirit which to-day, more fully than at any time since the apostolic age, enables all the followers of the Man of Nazareth to declare in unison their belief in one Holy Catholic Church, the lovers of God and man under every variety of name and creed can recognize John Wesley as one of the saints of the church universal, and gratefully rejoice in the service which he was permitted to render toward the upbuilding on earth of the Kingdom of Heaven.*

WILLIAM NORTH RICE.

* Among the many celebrations of the Wesley Bicentennial, none, perhaps, will be more important, none more fully representative of the manifold phases of the Wesleyan movement, than that which is to be held in Wesleyan University. A university is, indeed, a fit place for the celebration of a religious movement that commenced in Oxford. Of all the institutions of higher education in this country under Methodist patronage, Wesleyan University is the one which is the oldest, and has been most influential upon the thought and life of the church and the nation. In that celebration, the ecclesiastical and religious results of the Wesleyan movement will be discussed by the Rev. W. F. McDowell, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and by the Rev. George Jackson, of Edinburgh. The character of Wesley as a man will be set forth by Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University; and the place of John Wesley in history will be discussed by President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University. In such a celebration, limited in its programme by neither national nor denominational lines, the manifold phases of the Wesleyan movement may find worthy commemoration. If the four principal addresses shall be published, as is likely, in a memorial volume, it will be a valuable contribution to the history of religion and civilization.

ENGLAND'S COLONIAL SECRETARY.

BY THE RT. HON. LORD COLERIDGE, K.C.

It is difficult to do justice to a political opponent—difficult, but not impossible. If I fail, it will be in spite of an honest desire to succeed. Success is not made more easy by the fact that those who now differ from Mr. Chamberlain once followed and believed in him, and are the subjects of those unrestrained attacks which have always characterized his controversial methods.

His public life began in the Municipality of Birmingham. There exists no better training ground for the politician, if parochial matters are not allowed to weaken that grasp of great principles and that sympathy with great ideals which alone can make a man the creator and fashioner of a nation's policy.

The government of a municipality may be ruled by party, or it may not. If not, the only reason for voting for one candidate rather than for the other is personal predilection. Personal predilection soon degenerates into personalities, and the work of the town is marred. Mr. Chamberlain believed and taught that if you were a good Liberal you were a better town-councillor than if you were a Conservative. The principles which he was prepared to stand by in political life, he desired to guide him and his supporters in the more confined area of municipal activity. He fought his way up on these lines, and became Mayor of Birmingham during three successive years, 1873-4-5. He supplied the town with municipal water and gas, remodelled the drainage system, cleared out slums, and amply justified the view he took of municipal action.

But, even in these early struggles, the personal element ran side by side with the political. Stand by Mr. Chamberlain, and he would stand by you, through evil report and good report; no man was ever more stanch to his friends. But oppose him, and

the matter became personal at once. You were simply an opponent to be crushed.

At this time his principles were those of an advanced Radical. Clearly enounced, staggering in their thoroughness, his views attracted and repelled with equal force. It was like the man that his first effort at Sheffield to get into Parliament was an attack on the seat of Mr. Roebuck, nominally a member of his own party, but really an "Independent" politician who could not be depended upon! It is asserted that the new candidate advocated among other things Home Rule for Ireland. It may be so, but the subject had not been thought out, and his sympathies for the Irish may have led him further than upon reflection he would have been prepared to go. He failed, and it was well for him, for in 1876 he was returned for Birmingham, for which place he has ever since sat.

He brought with him into the House of Commons a complete mastery of the subjects which he discussed, and although wisely silent his first session he soon obtained the ear of the House.

For Parliamentary debate he was singularly adapted. He made strict business attractive. The House of Commons pardons flights of rhetoric only in the rarest instances, and is grateful for well-furnished argument from a well-furnished mind, especially when the delivery is free, the voice musical, and the speaker speaks from apparent conviction. He rose rapidly into a prominent position. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke were soon considered to be the two champions to whom the Liberal Party was to look when the veteran gladiators should receive their sword of lath. So far did he carry this desire, as a Radical, to free the Liberal Party from the fetters he conceived had been placed about it by the more Whiggish of its leaders, that he alluded on one occasion to the Marquis of Hartington, who, on the temporary retirement of Mr. Gladstone, had been elected to marshal its forces, as "the noble lord once the leader of the Liberal Party." As Mr. Gladstone was once the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories, so Mr. Chamberlain was then the guiding spirit of the advanced Radicals, who, in revolt against the old economists, were touched with the fire of a discriminating socialism. He carried his belief in municipal virtue so far as to advocate the Gothenburg system of licensing as a remedy for the evils of the drink traffic—certainly a disinterested effort, for he

alienated both the sellers of drink and the teetotalers thereby. While Mr. Gladstone, emerging from retirement, was rousing the moral indignation of the country against the military aggressiveness and the Turkophile sympathies of the Tory Party, Mr. Chamberlain was holding up to public scorn the gaudy Imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield. He fought against the folly of war in Afghanistan in search of "a scientific frontier." He similarly opposed the forward policy in South Africa of Sir Bartle Frere, "the prancing pro-consul" of Mr. Lowe. He defended the restoration of independence to the Transvaal even after our forces had been defeated, boldly preferring justice to revenge.

By 1880, he had distanced all competitors among the younger men of the party. By the formation of representative Liberal Associations over all the country, he had reorganized Liberalism on a sound democratic basis, and he had made of Birmingham a Mecca to which the eyes of all the earnest and active politicians might look. It surprised nobody when Mr. Gladstone placed him at once in his Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, and he was recognized as Mr. Gladstone's only possible successor.

Mr. Chamberlain's policy was far more advanced than that of his leader. Caution is the prerogative of the old. Mr. Gladstone was loved and trusted. But for the less immediate future Liberal hopes began to be fixed on the man courageous, resourceful, energetic, who showed himself capable of grappling with the problems of the future as they should arise. Disestablishment, universal undenominational education, manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, a graduated income tax, the more equal distribution of land, local option, "one man, one vote," the abolition of the House of Lords as a legislative body, Home Rule for Ireland so far as it was consistent with the unity of the Empire, all these changes were advocated with a boldness, even a recklessness, which proved to the more advanced Liberals that here was a man who was in downright earnest, and who had courage equal to his capacity.

And yet there was a strain running through his speeches which made the more thoughtful pause. Mr. Gladstone's noble advocacy of great causes was never marred by personal attacks on his opponents. He regarded them as honest, but misguided, individuals. Not so Mr. Chamberlain. His denunciation of what he conceived to be a political injustice was nearly always accom-

panied by a stinging personal attack on those who defended it, which, while it roused laughter and cheers, undoubtedly added bitterness to the strife.

Lord Salisbury, with his "patrician arrogance," was the spokesman of a class "who toil not, neither do they spin," whose fortune originated in grants made long ago "for such services as courtiers render kings." Mr. Goschen, the Whig, was "a gentle warbler of the grove," or the "skeleton at the Egyptian feast." Lord Hartington was "Rip van Winkle."

It was plain that the Whig was no longer to be permitted to drag the wheels of the Radical chariot when Mr. Chamberlain had mounted the box. Still, in spite of this tartness which left a slightly unpleasant taste in the mouth, in spite of a total absence of magnanimity towards opponents, the man's sympathies were deepening, and his influence was spreading. His Bankruptcy Bill, his Patents Bill, were solid pieces of successful work. The combined ship-owners of either party wrecked his Merchant Shipping Bill; but the Bill bore testimony to his humanity, and the speech in which he introduced it was a masterpiece of careful, orderly exposition.

But it was on the platform rather than in the House of Commons that he gradually evolved from 1880 to 1885 the complete Radical programme, unauthorized though it was. Why were his speeches so eagerly read and listened to? There was no curious felicity about them, scarcely any imagination. The literary allusions were scanty and obvious. There was no pathos, no great elevation; he never smote the great oratorical strokes. But they maintained a singularly high level. If there were no purple patches, they were never for a moment dull; the argument was always clear and logical; the metaphor was never strained; you met occasionally with a caustic wit, and the political opponent was always adequately held up to public opprobrium, ridicule and contempt.

All these qualities, however, do not account for their undoubted influence. There was more than this in them. There was an increasing sympathy with the less fortunate of mankind, an increasing gravity when he dealt with the great problems of the reforms which he, no visionary, believed to be practicable.

But all his hopes, genuine and sincere as I believe they were, were blighted by the absorption of the time of the Government

in dealing with the Irish crisis. Agreeing with Mr. Bright that "force is no remedy," disliking coercion ("I hate the name and I hate the thing," he said), he only sanctioned its temporary application to preserve order because and whilst remedial measures were being pursued. He was the trusted emissary between the Irish Party and the Liberal Government; and, on the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, he narrowly escaped being appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. It was probably only owing to the fact that he had been the chief opponent of Mr. Forster's drastic and unsympathetic rule that Mr. Gladstone, to avoid the appearance of the personal triumph of Mr. Chamberlain over an old and tried colleague, appointed Mr. Trevelyan.

By the end of the year 1885, Mr. Chamberlain was the second man in the Liberal Party, and the return of Mr. Gladstone to power with an immense majority was the signal for all men's eyes to be fixed on the Elisha on whom Mr. Gladstone's mantle was clearly, at no distant date, destined to be cast.

Government, without paying heed to the Irish claim for Home Rule, was impossible. Apart from other considerations, the strength of Mr. Parnell's following forbade it. Mr. Chamberlain had defined his position. Alive to the defects of British rule, he had described them in language which was quoted from every platform. He said:

"Are you content, after nearly eighty years of failure, to renew once more the dreary experience of repressive legislation? Is it not discreditable to us that, even now, it is only by unconstitutional means that we are able to secure peace and order in one portion of Her Majesty's dominions? I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule the sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of soldiers, encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which prevailed in Venice under the Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment cannot move a step, he cannot lift a finger in any parochial, municipal or educational work, without being confronted with, interfered with, controlled by an English official, appointed by a foreign Government, and without a shade or a shadow of representative authority. I say the time has come to reform altogether the absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as 'Dublin Castle.'"

He had parted company with Mr. Parnell, when the Irish leader had demanded a separate and independent Legislative Body

for Ireland which should have power, among other things, to impose a protectionist duty against Great Britain. He had, on the other hand, exhibited the most anxious desire to gratify Irish National aspirations, and had recommended a National Council to which local affairs should be intrusted, subject to certain Imperial control, and had adopted the formula of the Liberal Party that to Ireland should be granted the widest measure of self-government consistent with the unity of the Empire.

For a second time Mr. Chamberlain narrowly escaped being appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. The choice lay between him and Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Gladstone turned to the man who had been always a consistent Home Ruler, who could appreciate the strength of sentiment in politics, and who was equally trusted by the Irish Nationalists. It is useless to speculate upon what would have been the effect on the Irish cause and the Liberal Party had Mr. Chamberlain been commissioned to draw up a scheme for the self-government of Ireland. He accepted office under Mr. Gladstone as President of the Local Government Board, and, with the full knowledge of Mr. Morley's opinions, sat in the Cabinet with him. It has been said that he was chagrined in that his office was of comparatively secondary importance. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly did not share the popular view of Mr. Chamberlain's position in the party. The controversial methods of Mr. Chamberlain were not those of Mr. Gladstone. The "unauthorized programme" had been put forward without the preconcerted sanction of the chief. But, while we may acquit Mr. Gladstone of any desire to humiliate his subordinate, we may, I think, in fairness to Mr. Chamberlain, acquit the latter of permitting any serious discontent as to the position allotted to him to mould his action. A great scheme of local self-government for England and Wales, which was part of the Liberal policy, was of the first importance; and no one was more qualified than Mr. Chamberlain by his experience and grasp of detail to cope with it. And to that work he at once addressed himself.

And then the bolt fell. Mr. Gladstone propounded to his Cabinet a Home Rule Bill worked out in every minute detail. It has been said that Mr. Chamberlain took umbrage at not being more fully consulted, and that his subsequent action was due in some measure to personal pique. There is no evidence of this. At that time, if personal ambition had dominated him to the ex-

clusion of sincere conviction, Mr. Chamberlain had only, in following, to put his foot down in every footstep of his leader to secure to himself beyond dispute the reversion to the office of Prime Minister. As it was, he immediately made it known that as the Bill stood he could not support it. He resigned office. It was an act of great courage, for he must have foreseen the probability that the majority of those who had followed him, and his own creation, the National Liberal Federation, would remain faithful to the party, and would bow to the unexampled authority wielded by Mr. Gladstone, and would be swayed by personal devotion to the dauntless chief.

The speech in which Mr. Chamberlain set forth his objections to the Bill was marked by unusual emotion, and was in admirable taste. In the exclusion of the Irish Members from Westminster he saw a blow dealt at Imperial unity, which was to his mind fatal to the best interests of Great Britain and Ireland. If that objection was removed, the Imperial Parliament would in his view remain the Imperial Parliament, its supremacy would be an established fact, and he declared that then the scheme would differ little from the proposal for a single National Council, which he had advocated only the preceding year. Mr. Gladstone refused to go further by way of concession than to treat the matter as more or less of an open question, and Mr. Chamberlain was finally lost to Liberalism. That the objection was sound was shown by the fact that in the Bill of 1893, when Mr. Gladstone attempted the second time to deal with the question, eighty Irish members were to be retained in the Imperial Parliament.

The Liberals who voted against the Home Rule Bill in 1880, some seventy in number, under the titular leadership of Lord Hartington, but under the real leadership of Mr. Chamberlain, had a chance which rarely occurs of showing a disinterested patriotism. If they had remained true to their Liberal principles, and if at the same time, while standing firm in their quarrel with the extreme form of Home Rule put forward by Mr. Gladstone, they had been willing, as they averred that they were willing, to sanction a modified form of self-government for Ireland, they would have gone down in history, whether history agreed with them or not, as a band of honest, self-sacrificing and noble-minded politicians. But alas! it was not to be. Many of them were weak-kneed Liberals, political mariners, welcoming Home

Rule as a friendly wind ready to waft them into the tranquil harbor of Conservatism.

Mr. Chamberlain was not one of these. He hesitated to take the plunge. At the General Election in July, 1886, there was returned a majority of 118 against Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule; but on other questions the Liberal Unionists held the casting vote. There was a period of some uncertainty, and then Mr. Chamberlain crossed the Rubicon, and began the process which he has since continued of burning one by one the gods which he had adored.

During the period of the Conservative Government, Mr. Chamberlain remained without office. It would have been hardly decent for him to join those whom he had occupied his life in denouncing. But he gave them his unswerving support. Coercion was made permanent for Ireland, which meant that it could not be removed without the assent of the Lords; trial by jury was suspended; wholesale evictions were carried into effect; and many of the most tried and trusted Irish members were thrown into prison and treated as common felons. Mr. Chamberlain looked on approvingly. He taunted his former friends with the sympathy they showed towards the Irishmen, and said that at least the alliance he had made with the Conservatives was with English "gentlemen."

The House of Lords—of which he had said that "their cup is nearly full," and "their career of high-handed wrong is coming to an end," "as a Dissenter I have an account to settle with them, and I promise you I will not forget the reckoning"—was now told that "they need not be alarmed." "One man, one vote," for which he had urgently pleaded, was now "a trumpery reform"; and he spoke gayly of the "awful messes" into which Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy had led the country when he, Mr. Chamberlain, was forsooth a member of the Cabinet! He opposed every reform he had advocated, with two exceptions. Through his influence the Conservatives carried Free Education, and he absented himself whenever the Conservatives had to support the Established Church. The "Dissenter" blood could not be quite eradicated from his political veins.

His attitude was characteristic of an angry and disappointed man; and though, no doubt, he honestly believed that the Conservatives must be supported to prevent the resuscitation of the

dreaded Home Rule Bill, there was no need for the intense bitterness he showed, and his influence would have been more weighty if he had not been in such a hurry to cast off his old Radical clothes and to attack his old friends. As it was, his name was always greeted at Liberal meetings with such outcries as proved the power of the man, and the intense moral repugnance to the course he had pursued. The feeling of Liberals was that they had been betrayed, and even now irrepressible shouts of "Judas!" are apt to arise when his name is mentioned at Liberal meetings.

Nor did the short Liberal Parliament of 1892-4 find him less irreconcilable. The second Home Rule Bill, shorn of the objectionable features he had discovered in the first, he would have none of. He gave no generous support to the effort of the Government under great difficulties to carry into effect the old Liberal programme he had so lately fought for; and, on the return of the Conservatives to power with an enormous majority, he had truly earned, and he duly received, the important appointment of Colonial Secretary. The fusion was complete.

Then did we see the triumphal march, unchecked, of Conservative principles. Mr. Chamberlain, an old Chairman of the Education League, saw without remonstrance Denominational Schools fostered in their rivalry with School Boards by special grants from public funds.

Although a stinted measure of local self-government was granted to Ireland, yet the local governing bodies were deprived of the power and authority wielded by similar bodies in Great Britain. The support of the Irish landlords was bought by relieving them of rates out of the public funds, and out of the same cornucopia grants in aid of rates were made to their British brethren, and to the beneficed clergy. By this time the political Dissenter in Mr. Chamberlain was dead!

He speedily signalized his rule at the Colonial Office by issuing a circular to the Colonies. This seemed to point in the direction of a suggestion for Free Trade within the Empire and Protection against the rest of the world; significant, indeed, of a weakening conviction on the part of the old colleague of Mr. Bright in the truth of the doctrine of Free Trade.

The news of Dr. Jameson's Raid across the border into the Transvaal gave him the opportunity of promptly disavowing and repudiating it. The strange reluctance of the Committee of

Investigation appointed by Parliament to call for the production of the best evidence in proof or disproof of the complicity of the Colonial Office in the Raid, has led many to believe that Mr. Chamberlain was a conspirator. It is only fair to him to say that he has repelled the accusation, that the evidence has failed to convict him, and that the probability is against his having been a participator in such an act of human folly.

It must have been a matter of chagrin to him to find that the Colonial Prime Ministers who came over to England on the occasion of the Jubilee of 1897 were Liberal in politics; that their eyes were fixed on the majestic old age of Mr. Gladstone; and that their warmest welcome was at the National Liberal Club, where the Liberal Party was gathered together to greet them.

As Colonial Minister he has given the impression of bustling activity, of an admirable departmental manager—in short, of a successful business man. On the other hand, his unguarded language and his infirmity of temper, which used to rouse adherents and inflame opponents, is sadly out of place in the mouth of a responsible Colonial Secretary; and to say of Russia that "he who sups with the devil will need a long spoon," or to tell the French to "mend their manners," is to put grit into the bearings of the diplomatic machine, which need all the oil which experience, wisdom, and courtesy can pour into them.

His latest achievement has been the war with the two Republics in South Africa. I say "achievement," because the war has been the joint act of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Krüger. The revival by Mr. Chamberlain of the claim to suzerainty, in face of the Convention of 1884 and Lord Derby's statement at the time, was, in Mr. Krüger's eyes, dishonorable and practically an act of war. The Colonial Secretary and Mr. Krüger were inspired by mutual distrust, and the aggressive contempt of the one and the sullen obstinacy of the other made successful negotiation impossible.

The supreme act of folly committed by Mr. Krüger in invading British territory gave Mr. Chamberlain the opportunity he desired. The war could now be waged under the plea of self-defence. He could now point to the invasion as justifying the suspicion that Mr. Krüger and his Dutchmen had determined upon the suppression of the British by the Dutch throughout South Africa, a suspicion largely entertained, but as to which,

up to the present time, no serious evidence has been forthcoming.

Mr. Chamberlain was unable to discover why the Boers should repudiate the advantages which he considered they would undoubtedly receive from annexation to the British Empire.

The obstinate defiance of the enemy brought his less pleasing characteristics into prominence. The war was popular. So are most wars, whether posterity condemns them or not. The Colonies came forward to assist, and Mr. Chamberlain launched himself upon the full tide of Jingoism. The press, the Conservatives, wavering Liberals and Nonconformists supported him; the City of London met him with acclaim. He was the man of the hour, the representative of the whole British Empire.

And how did he use his power?

There was a minority, composed of citizens who loved their country no less than he, but who pleaded for something short of unconditional surrender, who deplored the wholesale proclamations, the hangings, and the shootings under martial law, as being in many cases mischievous, in some unconstitutional; who deprecated the laying waste of the whole invaded country, the consequent imprisonment of the women and children in concentration camps where death and disease were busy with their victims, and who sought to investigate before believing the accusations of treachery and murder so widely and confidently brought against the foe. So heated was the public spirit that opposition to the policy of the Government was quelled by open violence. Mr. Chamberlain inflamed this spirit. He denounced all political opponents as Pro-Boers, as traitors. These taunts, as ungenerous as they were successful, have caused wounds, the scars of which time is powerless to heal. A huge Conservative majority at a General Election held during the war, was the result.

The war over, Mr. Chamberlain's triumph seemed complete. But peace does not always cure dissensions. The British party at the Cape, only following the lead of their great advocate and champion, thought that total and permanent suppression of the Dutch party was the legitimate reward of victory. It is easy to let loose the dogs of war, it is difficult to recall them. An intrigue was set on foot for the suspension of the Constitution, of which Lord Milner, the King's supreme representative in South Africa was the leading spirit. Sir Gordon Sprigg, a Constitutional Loyalist, forced by the exigencies of the political situation

to rely for support on his opponents, fought the battle of Constitutional Liberty. Sir Gordon Sprigg came to London. Fortunately for South Africa, Sir W. Laurier and Sir E. Barton were in London also, and powerfully aided the cause of Constitutional Freedom. The decision of Mr. Chamberlain was invoked. A weaker man might have temporized with, or yielded to, the forces of the conspiracy. Mr. Chamberlain stood firm and the Constitution was preserved.

He formed another wise resolve. He determined to visit South Africa in person, and to see and hear all things for himself. In South Africa he strove to assuage the raging animosities of party and of race. His welcome was enthusiastic in the British, respectful if not cordial in the Dutch, portions of the Colony. To attain his object he had to unsay many of the harsh and rankling words which he had used towards the Dutch. He did all that he could, with his immediate past behind him, to pacify and to unite.

He made one most striking error. There were a set of Boers who, not content with surrendering while others were in the field, accepted British pay to fight against their compatriots. In the eyes of the fighting Boers they were traitors to their country, their race, their kinsfolk. Their names will be handed down by their countrymen with execration. He might have passed them by. On the contrary, he praised them, he almost fondled them. It was a grave error of policy, and it did much to undo the handsome tributes he paid to the fighting Dutch, and to neutralize the appeals he made to all to bury the animosities of the past and unite in common action for the future.

In the financiers of the Transvaal he met his match. Cosmopolitan, powerful and united, they whittled down their contribution from the expected one hundred millions to thirty, nor is it easy to see how in the future the payment of this thirty millions can be enforced. And, as a counterstroke, they obtained a loan of a similar amount of British money to the Transvaal. From their point of view, a sound and far-seeing policy underlay this bargain. Without the gold-mines in full work, there was little probability of the interest being paid upon the loan. To work the gold-mines to the fullest extent, black labor was thought to be indispensable. The interest of Great Britain was thus bound up with the employment of black labor.

It is a sombre outlook. The black man will not work for the pay

which the mine-owner is disposed to pay. And pressure was at once and is being put upon the British Government to make the black man work.

Here comes in one of the less admirable aspects of the British character—its tendency to hypocrisy and cant. We denounce slavery in all the moods and tenses, but—Mr. Chamberlain has suddenly discovered that the black man is idle and a polygamist. In encouraging polygamy (and this, note, is not the only portion of the Empire in which it is permitted), we are encouraging a form of slavery, for the black man often lives on the labor of his wives. Our anti-slavery convictions, therefore, are to lead us to the conclusion that the black man should be taxed, and, specially in respect to his redundant wives, at such a rate that labor in the mines is necessary to enable him to pay the tax.

It is difficult to be patient when the "dignity of labor" is invoked to account for a policy which may lead, by slow but sure steps, to the maintenance of the credit of the newly annexed Republics on the basis of the enslavement of black men; none the less enslavement because wages fixed by the employer are paid, and the work is for a definite time. To this policy Mr. Chamberlain is committed. It is a far cry from the principles set forth by him in his Radical days.

Mr. Chamberlain's mission, however, has not been fruitless. The granting of a general amnesty to political prisoners, except for crimes punishable under the ordinary law, if tardy, was, at any rate, wise and statesmanlike.

In theory the war was waged by us in the words of the prayer of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, ordered to be read in all the churches, "for the deliverance of the oppressed, and the maintenance of justice and equity between man and man." So far as the natives are concerned, Mr. Chamberlain has just recanted his accusations against the Boers of brutality towards them. In fact, the Government of the Transvaal, under a special law just promulgated, is pure tyranny. Premises may be searched; letters may be opened; public meetings may be prohibited; persons may be arrested without warrant, or prohibited, with certain exceptions, from entering or sojourning in the Colony without a permit; persons without a permit, or "dangerous persons," may be ordered to leave the Colony on pain of imprisonment, etc. —all which provisions are to prevent "sedition."

You may, it appears, point out errors in the Government or Constitution, or show that the Lieutenant-Governor has been misled or mistaken, or urge a lawful alteration of the law; but if you go beyond that and do or say anything to cause discontent or disaffection, or promote feelings of ill-will and hostility between different classes, you may be sent to prison for five years. Needless to say that the magistrates are, practically, merely the Executive purporting to dispense justice. It may be hoped that this policy is only temporary; but it bears the imprint of the determined and overbearing characters of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner. It is a pregnant commentary on the prayers offered up in the churches of the land, and it is a lame and halting sermon to accompany the text of Mr. Chamberlain's conciliatory speeches.

The gusty winds of Imperialism are calming down. The war fever is over, and people are now counting and feeling the cost. The Colonies do not seem willing to bear any proportional burden of Imperial Defence, nor to enter into any league for Free-Trade within the Empire and Protection against the world, a scheme much advocated by Mr. Chamberlain. For this decision the Free-Traders at home are grateful to the Colonies, though the reasons of the Colonies for their decision, namely that they do not wish to abandon protective duties against the Mother Country, may not be that which inspires our gratitude.

It is difficult to forecast the aim of the future energies of Mr. Chamberlain.

His industry, his tenacity, his power of lucid exposition, his ready and merciless if unconvincing power of debate will always make him the most discussed man upon the political stage. The British like the fighting animal. But admiration of his powers and not affection for the man is the source of his popularity; and he has never cast the deep spell which draws men to those who can make great sacrifices to high ideals, and to whom success seems to be as nothing compared with that faithfulness without which human effort loses half its charm.

COLERIDGE.

THE NORTHERN SECURITIES DECISION.

BY CARMAN F. RANDOLPH.

I HAVE been asked "to elucidate for the readers of the REVIEW the recent so-called 'merger decision,' its significance and its probable or possible effects"; and in endeavoring to comply with the request I shall confine my observations to several points of general interest.

The suit is brought by the Federal Government under the Anti-Trust Act of July 2nd, 1890, for the purpose of divesting the Northern Securities Company of such control over the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railway corporations as it had gained by acquiring majorities of their respective stocks, partly by purchase for cash, but mainly by the exchange of its own shares for shares of the railways. The Circuit Court for the District of Minnesota, in an opinion by Judge Thayer, finds that the railways were competing inter-State lines, which, through the efforts of a combination of stockholders to which the Securities Company was a party, passed into the control of that Company. The Court decides that the transaction violates the Anti-Trust Act, and it enjoins the Company from voting at any stockholders' meeting of either of the railway corporations, and from exercising any supervision or influence over the acts of these corporations. The Company has appealed the case to the Supreme Court, where it will be argued at the next term.

In the course of its opinion, the Court said that the acts of the defendants "destroyed every motive for competition," and that the "power to suppress competition," obtained by the Securities Company through the purchase of railway shares, amounted to a restraint of commerce. Because of these and other expressions, the Circuit Court has been charged with construing the Act to

condemn mere opportunity to restrain competition, and this either in the transportation or sale of articles of inter-State commerce—a construction which, if at once constitutional and practicable, would discredit a large proportion of our business enterprises.

Opportunity to restrain competition seems to be the vital element in the decision; but, having regard to the facts in the case, we are not warranted in saying that the Court denounces opportunity without regard to the circumstances under which it is gained. Then, the inference that the principle of the decision goes beyond the agencies of transportation directly involved in the case, and affects numerous industrial holding companies and trusts, though well worth attention, is not imperative; for the general disposition of courts to formulate principles with particular regard to the state of facts before them is especially noticeable in inter-State commerce litigation. So we shall comment on the decision chiefly as it affects the agencies of transportation which are clearly within the regulating power of Congress, as distinguished from agencies of sale whose position has not yet been fully determined by the Supreme Court.

With less appearance of exaggeration, the Circuit Court has been said to approve some such proposition as this: Control of two competing agencies of inter-State transportation, however or by whomsoever acquired, amounts to an illegal restraint. I think even this implication is broader than a fair reading of the opinion warrants.

In the first place, the reasoning of the Court does not go so far as to cover control that is not evidenced by possession of obvious power. It does not condemn the control that may be reasonably supposed to accompany the holding of an influential position—such, for example, as may accrue to a railway company which holds a large block of stock in a competing line.

In the second place, even an obvious control of competing agencies may yet be beyond the necessary implications of the Court's opinion. To illustrate this statement, let us take the case of two inter-State ferries. These being smaller undertakings than railways, and not necessarily operated by corporations, offer a greater variety of illustration in the way of acquisition and ownership, yet as transportation works they are in the same cate-

gory with railways in respect of Federal power over commerce. Mr. A. buys one ferry and afterwards inherits the other; or he buys the other from Mr. B., or he marries Mrs. B.; or C. buys out A. and B.: Corporation F., owning one ferry, buys a majority of stock in corporation E., owning the other; or a railway corporation buys majority interests in E. and F.; or an insurance company invests in E. and F. stocks until it holds a majority of each. Reviewing these cases, we find that certainly by the accident of inheritance, and presumably by the incident of marriage, "the motive for competition is destroyed"; but I am sure it would be impossible to read into an Act of Congress a constitutional expression of power either forbidding the heir from operating his ferries or dissolving the marriage as a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade. In theory of law, then, it is possible for a single interest to exert over two formerly competing agencies of inter-State transportation a control more direct and potent than the Securities Company obtained over the Great Northern and Northern Pacific.

The remaining ferry cases are purchases; and, excepting the insurance company, which may be assumed to buy for investment, the purchasers may be supposed to buy with the purpose of operating the ferries in harmony, and thus gain by intention a control which the heir, the married couple and the insurance company enjoy by force of circumstances. Now, whenever an individual buys out a rival concern, there is commonly a restraint of competition more or less marked; but evidently there is no combination or conspiracy, nor, in the absence of a self-denying agreement on the part of the vendor, is there a contract in restraint of trade. The transaction is an ordinary purchase—a transfer of property from one owner to another. This transaction is not, and, in my opinion, cannot be forbidden by Congress in virtue of the power to "regulate" commerce. So far as individual citizens are concerned, I think the incapacity of Congress to forbid them to make such investments of their money will be not only generally admitted, but will be generally approved as a proper guarantee of personal liberty.

Perhaps a State corporation is commonly supposed to be amenable to a greater Federal power of regulation than an individual citizen of a State, but there is no constitutional warrant for such a distinction. While a State in creating a domestic, or admitting

a foreign, corporation reserves peculiar powers of control over the artificial being it charters or licenses, the Federal Government, which neither charters nor licenses the corporation, has no such powers. Its abilities in the regulation of inter-State commerce are at once comprehensive and even-handed. The individual and the corporation, performing similar acts, may be equally restrained if the act be within the constitutional right of regulation, and must be equally free if the act be essentially lawful. When we say that Congress cannot prevent a man from acquiring a competing ferry by inheritance, we perceive that he may acquire it by purchase; and, by parity of reasoning, we find that a State railway company may, so far as the Federal Government is concerned, acquire any amount of stock in a rival line.

It should be remarked that the decree of the Circuit Court does not treat the Securities Company's possession of the railway stocks as illegal. It does not order their return to the vendors as the Government requested. It simply permits them to be returned. But the decree forbids the Company to vote the stock, and thereby deprives it of the full use and value of its property. Whatever may be the reason for the Court's acquiescence in the Company's possession of stock, while expressly prohibiting the exercise of stockholders' rights, there is in the cases we have supposed no distinction between the right to acquire property and the capacity to enjoy it. The heir coming into possession of the rival ferry is entitled to operate it. The railway buying stock in the rival road is entitled to vote it.

Each of the supposed cases presents a monopoly, which is always a condition in potential restraint of trade; but in none is the monopoly created by "a contract combination or conspiracy in the form of trust or otherwise" condemned by the first section of the Anti-Trust Act. It was well known that the Securities Company obtained a monopoly by its acquisition of railway stocks; but its promoters assumed that this action would be assimilated in Federal law to an independent purchase by an individual. This position, which I have already examined and approved in a law journal,* was presented to the Circuit Court, and doubtless, will be again presented on the appeal. I shall not attempt to develop it here, because the Circuit Court has decided

* "Considerations on the State Corporation in Federal and Inter-State Relations," *Columbia Law Review*, March, April, and May, 1903.

that the Company was a party to a combination, and my comments are limited to the decision.

In the next case of the competing ferries, we have an abatement of competition which is brought about by somewhat different means: A "holding" corporation, organized by stockholders of the ferry companies, obtains control of the ferry stocks. This is like the Northern Securities transaction and of course is condemned by the Court's decision.

The specific proposition underlying the decision seems to be this: When parties interested in competing agencies of inter-State commerce bring them under the control of a corporation which they organize for the purpose, they, together with the corporation, combine in restraint of trade. The corporation is merely a "shield" for conspirators. The Court, while acquiescing in the Company's possession of stocks, does not treat their acquisition as a sale of property from one person to another, which, as I have said, seems to be beyond the reach of the Anti-Trust Act, but as a transfer of property from several individual owners to the same persons as a corporation—a "pooling" of interests. In short, parties whom the Court calls "natural rivals" are deemed to be effectively forbidden by the Anti-Trust Act to make any formal arrangement which permits the management of the properties in harmony, leaving open the question whether they can be prevented from abating their rivalry by informal means.

Passing over some important questions of law and fact suggested by the Court's treatment of the particular case at bar, we come to weighty matters of general concern distinctly involved in the opinion. The Circuit Court holds substantially that evident opportunity to restrain inter-State commerce, when obtained by a combination of interested parties, is condemned by the Anti-Trust Act; and it claims for this reading of the statute an interpretation already decreed by the Supreme Court. Now, the Supreme Court has declared, against the protest of four Justices, that the Act forbids the making of rate agreements by competing railways, even though the rates be not unreasonable. But the Supreme Court has not yet extended the unwholesome principle of this interpretation to other cases. It has not yet decided that the mere opportunity of a combination to restrain competition denotes an illegal condition; and, though it may stand by the letter

of its traffic decisions, it is to be hoped that it will embrace the first opportunity to mitigate the principle which prompted them. While the difference between a traffic association which actually prescribed rates and a holding company which is in a position to administer railways in harmony, may not be a radical one, it is, I think, substantial, certainly perceptible; and the Supreme Court would not break with its traditional method of handling inter-State commerce problems by making an even nicer distinction of fact the basis for an improved exposition of law.

The principle at stake is of far-reaching concern, not only in Federal matters, but in the affairs of the States, whose legislatures and courts should look to the great tribunal of the republic for sound exposition of the fundamental theories of jurisprudence. Opportunity to injure and infliction of injury are generally well differentiated in contemplation of penal law. The law rightly views the former as a condition beyond its normal province, and penal statutes should be construed in harmony with this position unless the text expressly forbids. The phraseology of the Anti-Trust Act does not require the Supreme Court to construe it as forbidding liberty of association wherever accompanied by opportunity to injure. And a definite ruling to this effect might seriously embarrass the treatment of a grave problem by giving to a false principle the sanction of our Supreme Court.

I refer to the problem presented by the associations multiplying throughout the country—associations of corporations, capitalists, trades, working-men, each having to do with commerce in or among the States, and possessing opportunity for grossly injuring the public.

How shall the community perform its duty regarding these mighty forces? To protect persons from impressment into an association by means which the law can properly condemn; to protect them from illegal interference in the pursuit of lawful avocations; to permit association for protection or betterment, with full knowledge that possession of power may lead to its abuse, though in the case of corporations the legislatures responsible for these artificial beings should act with caution and discrimination in this regard; to define, correct and punish abuses; to employ the arm of prevention whenever a true perception of its property shall warrant: this programme outlines the right attitude of a just and liberal community toward associations

that may now and again disturb its equanimity by the arrogance of their pretensions, and it should be substantially followed by our Federal and State governments within their respective spheres. Difficult of complete and impartial execution at best, the programme is likely to be weakened if the Supreme Court shall construe the Anti-Trust Act as denouncing an association or "combination,"—call it what you will—merely because it has an opportunity, and even a motive, to restrain trade by raising rates, or prices, or wages.

If the Supreme Court approve the views of the Circuit Court in regard to opportunity to restrain competition, we may be, at worst, handicapped in dealing with the association problem. Approval of the views now to be considered will deeply and permanently affect the organic relations of the States to the Federal Government.

"By what has been done," says the Circuit Court, "the power has been acquired (and provision made for maintaining it) to suppress competition between two inter-State carriers who own and operate competing and parallel lines of railroad. Competition, we think, would not be more effectually restrained than it is now under and by force of the existing arrangement, *if the two railroad companies were consolidated under a single charter.*" The words I have italicized show that in the mind of the Court the formal consolidation of competing inter-State railways by State authority is, from a Federal standpoint, substantially like the virtual consolidation effected in the present case, and is, therefore, equally illegal under the Anti-Trust Act.

In frankly likening the position of the Securities Company of New Jersey to that of a consolidating corporation created by usual methods, the Court has dissipated a cloud which has enveloped the case ever since the Government filed its petition. The Government never had any reason for questioning the legitimacy of the New Jersey Company at home, for that is within the province of New Jersey, nor any reason for considering the relation of the Company to Minnesota, for that is within the province of Minnesota, and, in fact, is now at issue in a suit brought by the State, a suit, by the way, of interest to many corporations doing business in several States. The Court has clarified discussion by plainly implying that, had the Great Northern and Northern Pacific been

formally consolidated under some sufficient authorization by the States directly interested, they would stand in no better position before Federal law than they do now when consolidated in a sense through the purchase of stock by the foreign corporation of New Jersey. And, in clarifying discussion by the employment of strict, but not evidently unreasonable logic, the Circuit Court brings into relief a novel question of constitutional law of momentous importance. In condemning the consolidation of inter-State railways under State law, it approves a Federal control over State legislatures and a Federal supervision over State corporations, as such, certainly never sanctioned by any judgment of the Supreme Court.

What is an inter-State railway built under State authority? Physically, a continuous line; in contemplation of law, two lines, each authorized by a State and connecting at the boundary; an undertaking legally indistinguishable from the sections of an inter-State toll-bridge or turnpike, even from an ordinary highway which each State lays to a common point in the boundary. In thus authorizing railways in their own territory, the States exercise a right which, except in the case of interference with navigation, Congress cannot abridge by invoking the familiar doctrine that whatever powers the States may exercise in respect of inter-State commerce are permissive, and fail when Congress chooses to exert an exclusive control. Building such roads is not a State regulation of inter-State commerce.

A State being entitled to connect highways of every description with similar highways in a neighboring State, how is it supposed to contravene the Federal power over commerce expressed in the Anti-Trust Act by placing under one corporation two of its railways which are sections of competing inter-State lines? If New Jersey should consolidate the railroads within its boundaries, all freight carried between the cities of New York and Philadelphia by direct route would be subject to a non-competitive rate in its transit through New Jersey. Could the Federal Government break up the new corporation under the Anti-Trust Act? Or, to put the striking question which the reasoning of the Circuit Court provokes at last, Could the Government enjoin New Jersey from expropriating all railways in the State and operating them?

In earlier days, States sometimes granted inter-State bridge rights, with an agreement that no rival bridge should be author-

ized for a long term of years. Though the grantees were limited to a fixed toll, it sometimes happened that, before the expiration of the term, this rate, however reasonable at the beginning, became higher than would-be competitors were ready to accept. Here was a condition in restraint of inter-State trade, so far as this is predicated upon ability to charge higher rates than would obtain under competition. But, surely, the Federal Government was powerless to prevent the owners of the bridge from administering their property, and the Constitution positively forbade the States to authorize a competing bridge in violation of the contract. As inter-State trade was thus "restrained" through the operation of an original State grant pledging monopoly, why can it not be potentially "restrained" by the lighter method of consolidating roads without pledging monopoly?

Limited to transportation agencies, the effect of the Circuit Court's views of State incapacity would be sufficiently serious; but if it should be finally held that all corporations and associations engaged in commerce in more than one State are within the purview of the Anti-Trust Act, the proper province of the States would be flagrantly invaded. To illustrate: in Gibbs *v.* McNeeley, 118 Federal Reporter, 120, an association of manufacturers and dealers in red-cedar shingles in the State of Washington was held amenable to the Anti-Trust Act because their product, which, it seems, is peculiar to Washington, was largely marketed in other States. If this decision and the views of the Circuit Court are both sound, Congress forbids Washington to either consolidate the corporations, or permit the partnership of the individuals engaged in such undertakings. Not even the anticipation that such a Federal power might be loosed upon the anthracite trade of Pennsylvania should commend its recognition. Cheaper coal would be dearly bought at the expense of State rights.

Without discussing fully the constitutional question presented by the Circuit Court, I conclude that, if the Supreme Court shall find that the Northern Securities Company stands in the same relation to the United States as a consolidating corporation created by a State actually controlling the railways in question, it must, with a deeper and sounder appreciation of State rights and Federal limitations, reject the lower Court's conclusions, and declare that Congress is powerless to disrupt consolidations, actual or virtual, consummated under State law. If a State's

right to consolidate its railroads at pleasure is recognized, and I am sure the Supreme Court will not be forced to even question this right by any argument or opinion in the case at bar, what will be the position of the Federal Government in regard to railways whose "motive for competition has been destroyed" by State authority? Must Congress stand by while "The Consolidated Railways of New Jersey" or New Jersey itself takes toll at will upon direct traffic between New York and the South; while all our lines pass under the control of sectional holding companies, perhaps of one huge corporation? Such apprehensions give the prosecution of the Securities Company its popular strength, and they cannot be allayed by demonstrating the improbability of their realization, nor by showing that aggrieved shippers can complain to an Inter-State Commerce Commission authorized to pronounce a given rate exorbitant. To point out that the United States are empowered to parallel State with Federal railways may be an invitation to disaster. To say that they can expropriate and administer the lines, suggests to every one outside the Socialist camp a counsel of despair.

Were the State rights for which I contend really obstructive of a normal and effective exertion of Federal power, they would prove their unconstitutionality by the arrogance of their claims. For there must be a constitutional and practicable procedure by which Congress can maintain the supremacy of its regulating power over inter-State commerce against any real restraint, and I insist that the rational handling of our inter-State commerce problem will be impossible until Congress and the Courts shall appreciate the distinction between real and theoretical restraint. There is a method. When two States granted a bridge monopoly we have seen that they made an inviolable contract, but to this the Federal Government was not a party, and Congress could have protected the public from extortion by fixing a reasonable toll. A Federal power sufficiently vigorous to emasculate the solemn obligations of States is able to cope with any real extortion arising from modern methods of railway consolidation. An Act of Congress authorizing a commission to fix just rates for freight carried by "natural rivals" who, having "destroyed every motive for competition," actually abuse their powers would be a lawful and effective regulation of inter-State commerce.

CARMAN F. RANDOLPH.

TENNYSON: A NEW ESTIMATE.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

ALTHOUGH ten years have passed since Tennyson's death and half a century since the appearance of some of his best pieces, his latest biographer can claim with truth that he still holds the field in poetry, that none has yet come forth even to challenge his crown. It is, therefore, not too soon to look to the wisely balanced estimate of his complete works by Sir Alfred Lyall as that which will prove the final and authoritative judgment of the Twentieth Century on the supreme poet of the Victorian Era.

Sir Alfred is himself a poet of distinction, with more than a tincture of philosophy and scholarship, and, withal, a man whose life has been passed in the government of men. Here, then, we have a judgment of our great poet, at once subtle, sympathetic, and authoritative. Agreeing as it does in substance with the brief sketch that I ventured to put out two years ago, I propose to examine it in detail and to add further criticism of my own.

As do all judicious men, Lyall seizes at once on the dominant note of Tennyson's poetry—his supreme mastery of form, especially in all modes of lyric art. He rightly calls the Laureate "an essentially lyric poet." In speaking of *In Memoriam,* he says: "his sure and never-failing mastery of poetic diction carries him through this long monotone with a high and even flight." I hardly find Lyall's cooler phrases quite warm enough to express the enthusiasm I feel myself for what I have called his "unfaltering truth of form," "his infallible mastery of language"; "the rhythm, phrasing, and articulation are so entirely faultless, so exquisitely clear, melodious, and sure." No doubt, Lyall uses language much of the same kind. But nothing satisfies me unless we place Tennyson quite alone, unapproachable, in an order by himself, amongst the Victorian poets, if only by virtue of this

unique perfection of style. No man honors more than I do the intellectual power of Browning, the serene meditations of Arnold. But perfect poetry must be perfect in form.

Almost the only estimate on which Lyall seems to be open to question is in placing Tennyson's zenith too soon in his career. To rank the early volumes as containing "some of the most exquisite poetry that he ever wrote," so that "The Lady of Shalott" is an "example of his genius at a period when he had brought the *form* and *conception* of his poetry up to a point which he never afterwards surpassed,"—this is surely anticipating things. To tell us that "his genius had reached its zenith fifty years before death extinquished it,"—that is to say, in 1842—is too hasty a view. It means that neither in form nor in conception did *The Princess,* or *In Memoriam,* or *Maud,* or the *Idylls,* rise to a higher level of perfection than "Mariana," "The Lady of Shalott," and "The Palace of Art." Certainly, these lovely lyrics of 1832 and 1842 have abundance of Tennyson's peculiar charm; and it is to us to-day wonderful that critics and public failed at once to see all that they heralded to come. But to say that Tennyson therein had reached his zenith, that he never afterward surpassed them, is to do him scant justice.

"The Lady of Shalott" is indeed an exquisite poem, full of imagination and color, but the riper and more pathetic "Lancelot and Elaine" is grander in art as well as more powerful in its human realism. And though the versification of the early poem is both subtle and musical, it has weak points such as Tennyson's more finished poem would avoid. The rhymes are not at all faultless. Even if we allow that license which Tennyson constantly asserts—as of "two" rhyming with "true," "barley" with "cheerly"—the license is a fault where it requires a mispronunciation of a word according to a cockneyism or a vulgarism. To make "girls" rhyme with "churls" suggests the speech of the streets. We almost expect "gals." I doubt if "holy" is a good rhyme to "wholly," for the two words are identical in sound. Somewhat higher up the rhyme is mere repetition, for "river" rhymes to "river," and also to "mirror," another cockney mispronunciation.

I am not a convert to the new theory of rhyme, which would make any general similarity of sound a good rhyme. No doubt, to lay down a rule about similar spelling, or "rhyme to the eye," is

absurd. Rhyme ought to mean *harmony of sound*, where the words are correctly pronounced. What I object to, is a homophony obtained by a vulgar enunciation of either word, as "gurl" and "churl," or "lidy" and "tidy." As I noted formerly, Tennyson's "Six Hundred" makes a false rhyme with "blunder'd," "thunder'd," "wonder'd," "sunder'd," because it involves our pronouncing *hundred* as "hunderd,"—which only vulgar persons say. Any one who knew how readily the poet could slip into rustic dialect can understand how he made the mistake.

But a close view of "The Lady of Shalott" will show us rhymes and phrases which are certainly short of the "Tennysonian perfection." One doubts if four such rhymes as "early," "barley," "cheerly," "clearly," should be immediately followed by three rhymes so close in sound as "weary," "airy," "fairy." No doubt, the good fellows who towed barges down to Camelot pronounced *barley* as "bearly" and "weary" as "wairy," but we do not so speak to-day in polite society. Nor does it seem like Tennyson's best to write—

> "She floated by,
> —between the houses high."

One cannot imagine an adjective more jejune and childish than "houses high." No! "The Lady of Shalott" is a sweet fantasy, but not to be mentioned in the same breath with "Come into the Garden, Maud," "Tears, Idle Tears," or "Come down, O Maid," "Old Year," "Ring out, Wild Bells."

Lyall very justly praises the lovely blank verse of the classical romances and the Idylls, and justly rebukes the deaf ears of the orthodox and conventional critics of the old *Quarterly* who could not hear it; but he does not note that, in power and majesty, Tennyson never quite reached the level of *Paradise Lost*, and some rare bursts of Wordsworth. "Ulysses" and the original "Morte d'Arthur" contain the grandest lines of heroic metre that the Laureate ever wrote. But even these do not reach the diapason of the "mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies," with his swelling organ-voice, as when the multitude of angels cast to the ground their crowns of amarant and gold; and then, taking their golden harps, begin their sacred song with the words:

> "Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
> Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
> Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,
> Fountain of Light, thyself invisible."

This, indeed, is the only English heroic verse which can be set beside Homer.

It is amusing to read that the poet specially valued himself on his "shortness," and on his inexorable rule of throwing away hundreds of verses that he judged not to be perfect. It is quite true that he suppressed thousands of such lines, and, as the *Memoir* shows us, with invariable judgment. But as to "shortness," the *Works* even now comprise some 60,000 lines, more or less—at least three times the out-put of Milton. And the Poems, with few exceptions, would be more effective, if they were not so long. Even the "Two Voices" suffers by being in 150 stanzas, when one hundred would be ample for the argument, vague and indecisive as it is. Much the same may be said of *Maud,* of the *Idylls,* and, lastly, of the historical dramas. The scheme, the intellectual motive, the form of none of them is adequate to sustain such elaboration, so much monotonous detail. The *Idylls of the King* contain far more lines than *Paradise Lost,* which, indeed, would bear being shorter.

Tennyson would too often paint vignettes upon a canvas which was fit for a cartoon of life-size groups. As Lyall points out, his habit was to paint a picture by elaborating a succession of local features, not by broad strokes. And in conducting an argument, or developing a plot, he sought to obtain his effects by a multiplicity of kindred, but distinct points. The whole was always beautiful and often impressive. But it was at times tedious and was never the highest form of art. The Homeric and sculpturesque figures of Œnone, Ulysses, Tithonus, became long-drawn subtle romances of love, disappointment, destiny, and ambition, more akin to the modern novel than to classical simplicity. Tennyson, no doubt, was never diffuse in words, and wrote with a cultured brevity and economy of phrase. But he was certainly most profuse in images, ideas, and colors; and, in arguing a thesis or in narrating a story, he relied on artful elaboration, rather than on the flash, the thunder, of the greatest poets.

How many stanzas, how many pages, would Tennyson have filled if he had conceived such an invocation as this:

"Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss
And mad'st it pregnant."

Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," goes in thirty-two lines, and it contains as much thought as the whole of *In Memoriam* in 3,000 lines, and it is quite as impressive.

The truth is this. Tennyson phrased each thought with masterly concision. But he framed each picture with a laborious multiplication of touches; he told his tale with a continuous stream of subtle suggestions, just as Samuel Richardson does in *Clarissa;* and he works up a recondite philosophical thesis by piecing together a *sorites* of ingenious arguments, no one of which he is willing to rely on as conclusive. It is a mode of art singularly popular, but it is not the art of the greatest masters of song.

An excellent point made by Lyall is the attention he draws to the versatility of the Laureate, even from the first. How any men pretending to be critics could talk, as the *Quarterly* men did, about "fantastic shrines" and "baby idols" in speaking of volumes which passed from "Mariana" to "Œnone" and thence to "Morte d'Arthur," "St. Simeon Stylites," "Fatima," "Three Voices," "Locksley Hall," and "The Vision of Sin"—this seems strange indeed to us. But, after all these, we have seen the Poet of "Come into the Garden, Maud," produce the "Passing of Arthur," "The Revenge," "Rizpah," "Vastness," "The Foresters," and "Becket." Since Shakespeare, no one of our poets, unless it be Byron, has shown anything like the same range of invention and grasp of diverse themes and all modes of the lyre.

Lyall is again entirely just in treating *In Memoriam* as Tennyson's masterpiece, "of all the continuous poems the longest and the most elaborate." It is, as I said, "one of the triumphs of English poetry," and it would not be easy to name any other poem of such length so faultless in form, so consummate in music and in harmony of tone. Sir Alfred also shows how greatly the success of *In Memoriam* was due to its "sympathetic affinity with the spiritual aspirations and intellectual dilemmas of the time." Of course, Lyall rejects the curious notion of some Tennysonians, that *In Memoriam* founded a Theodicy, or religious philosophy

of its own. The poet had a too "dubitating temperament," as Lyall phrases it, to found any scheme of philosophy or theology whatever, even if his "musical meditations" had been more definite. "Dogmatic theology had long been losing ground"; science, he says, had introduced the conception of *law* in lieu of *will* or caprice. Tennyson had lived from his Cambridge days in 1828, "in communion with the thought and knowledge of the day." It took a strong hold of his imagination, says Lyall. Down to his latest years, Tennyson was constantly shaken with the enigmas of the Universe, the Infinite, Death, the petty and transitory nature of our Earth. All this, in the absence of any authoritative Revelation, Creed, or Church, hung over his subtle and brooding soul, and made him almost a pessimist, in spite of his resolute will to "believe where we cannot prove." Such was the tone of the cultured academic mind of the first half of the nineteenth century. Tennyson lived his whole life in this atmosphere, and transfigured its hopes, its doubts, its horror, and its yearnings in a series of exquisite, but depressing, descants.

Lyall's account of Tennyson's religious position is admirably worked out and quite convincing. He rightly fulfilled "the poet's mission, which is to embody the floating thought of the period." "The poet leads us to a cloudy height; and though it is not his business to satisfy the strict philosophical inquirer, he offers to all wandering souls a refuge in the faith." Nothing can be put more accurately. And, as Lyall shows, the clouds rather thickened than dispersed with the advancing age of the poet. "The sense of the brevity of human existence and the uncertainty of what may lie beyond, although Tennyson fought against it manfully, did undoubtedly haunt his meditations and depress the spirit of his later inspirations." Such pieces as "Despair" and "Vastness" indicate a morbid tone in man's view of life, duty, and religion; and, with all their sublimity and pathos, they tend to debilitate and unman us. As Lyall says, "they have a tendency to weigh down the mainsprings of human activity." "They are beautiful as poetry, but they are neither philosophy nor religion."

The second chapter of the *Memoir* shows where and how, at the age of twenty, the poet's intellectual interests grew. At Cambridge from 1828 to 1830 he lived in the society of the "Apostles," described in Carlyle's *Sterling,* the brethren who, as Sterling said,

"are waxing daily in religion and radicalism." Arthur Hallam, one of the most brilliant of them, wrote that the spirit of the young society had been created by Frederick Denison Maurice. Maurice had left Cambridge a year or two before; but he had already begun to exert on young inquiring minds the remarkable influence which he so long retained. With a really beautiful nature and high social aspirations, Maurice was, as Ruskin found him, "by nature puzzle-headed and indeed wrong-headed." In spite of this, the poet formed a close friendship with the theologian, made him godfather to his son, and thought that, had he been less obscure to the ordinary mind, he might have taken his place as the foremost thinker among the Churchmen of their time. Churchmen of that stamp were certainly of a flabby, inconclusive order of mind.

In the æsthetic parsonages whose oracle is the *Spectator,* they grumble at the impression Lyall seems to convey that the Laureate's mood was too often inconsequent and gloomy. But such was his frame of mind, and it grew on him with age. The problems of Infinity, Eternity, the brevity and littleness of human life loomed ever darker, and never rested in any complete and final answer. He was ever "in many a subtle question versed," and "ever strove to make it true." But to the last he never quite beat his music out. He faced the spectres of the mind; but he never absolutely laid them. I remember as a young man when first admitted to his company, he turned to me, with that grand assumption which he affected to those with whom he disagreed, saying with a most cadaverous air: "If I thought as you do, I should go and drown myself." I smiled; for the absurdity as well as the ill manners of such an outburst amused me. I replied quietly, looking, I am sure, as cheerful as he looked disconsolate: "No! Mr. Tennyson, if you thought as I do about Life and Death—you would be a happy man!" Personally, the poet seemed to be even more unsatisfied with his own beliefs than the poems showed. But if it did not tend to peace of mind and energy of action, the pathos and the dreaminess of this habit of thought were the inspiration of much exquisite poetry. Like other people, he mistook his own gift of words for profound thought.

We shall all agree with Lyall as to the rare charm of the lyrics of *Maud,* especially of the songs, which are amongst the most exquisite in all modern poetry. But he points out with a sure hand

the essential weakness of the "Monodrama," where violent storms of passion, ecstatic love and happiness, and actual madness have to be told of himself by a single speaker. *Maud* is a very singular, almost unique, example of a rare type—an elaborate and passionate lyric, wherein is rehearsed a romantic and indeed sensational story, such as we expect in a psychologic novel or a rousing melodrama. Lyall dwells enthusiastically on all the beauties of the poem; but he is forced to admit that the task which the poet had set to himself was beyond the reach of lyric art.

"The Princess" is one of the Laureate's delicious masterpieces for which even the least friendly critics have never had anything but praise. It was a theme that gave scope to every one of Tennyson's gifts—his fancy, his exquisite sense of beauty both material and moral, his glowing imagination and deep sense of purity, the reign of love, the perfection of Woman. For my part, I always count this poem as Tennyson's most typical triumph, for whilst it gives every opening to his peculiar genius, it has nothing whereof he was other than perfect master. *Maud* may have structural defects; the *Idylls of the King* are a cross between Idyll and Epic, and are not quite faultless in either sense; and even *In Memoriam* is somewhat long-winded, lugubrious, and unsettling to the general reader. But the *Princess* has perennial delight for the whole reading world, whilst it satisfies every canon of the most searching criticism.

No part of Lyall's estimate is more elaborate and more just than the very subtle study he has made of the *Idylls of the King*. He analyzes the sources of their sustained popularity—the color, the imagination, the fine symbolism and the marvellous versatility of the twelve cantos. But he cannot close his mind to the incongruity inevitable in such a scheme—the transmuting Malory's magical myths, told in frank mother-tongue, into ethical allegories, psychologic subtleries, and modern delicacy of thought and speech. The Arthurian romance in its original form never was a thing for young ladies to dream over, for ministers to preach about, or for the hierophants of culture to expound in elaborate "keys" and commentaries. As in *Maud,* as in *The Promise of May,* in "Vastness" and in "Despair," the poet set himself a task where the conditions of real success were unattainable by any art. The author of these exquisite Pastorals, songs, lyrics, fantasias, medleys, and meditations forced himself to pro-

duce an Epic of 11,000 lines, a crowded stage of heroes, battles, supernatural beings, of passionate love and tragic death, all predetermined by a mysterious destiny; and yet the poet will not put off his love of dulcet Pastoral, psychologic analysis, and ethical homily. The result, as Lyall says, is too much of a "splendid anachronism," something in places almost tame and artificial. But it is strangely fascinating and deserves its immense popularity with the general public.

Equally subtle is Lyall's analysis of the Romances, Ballads, and Pastorals. He is enthusiastic over their grace, refinement, fancy, and imagination, whilst recognizing that Tennyson's genius was "essentially cultivated and picturesque." This was unfavorable to the unconscious simplicity of the true ballad or the rustic power of plain speech now and then reached by Burns, Lady Nairne, and by Wordsworth. "The Twa Corbies" and "Edwin and Angelina" are both said to be ballads: but how wide is the gulf between them! *Difficile est proprie communia dicere;* and that camel will get through the eye of the needle after all, before culture and word-painting will ever produce the pathos of the genuine speech of rude men. Tennyson's two "Northern Farmers" are a rare success. But they were enough. The prolonged imitation of mere provincial vulgarisms becomes dull and unpleasing, if carried too far, as does the music of whistling in imitation of the voice or the violin. It is a wonderful trick but soon grows tiresome. Lyall has put this excellently. But it is a pity that he has not said quite enough of "Rizpah." This poem was Tennyson's supreme triumph in the weird, tragic, and ghastly romance. It has true directness, horror, and realism. And, dreadful as it is, it is within the range of poetry, nor has modern poetry done anything grander in that vein.

It is pleasant to find that Lyall does full justice to the Dramas, especially to the gallant attempt to revive a genuine historical drama, which our new historical precision has made an almost impossible task. The best of Tennyson's Plays have not been properly valued. They inevitably want the grace, music, and glow of the lyrics and idylls and the subtlety of the meditative poems. And Tennyson's genius was lyrical, not dramatic. Accordingly, none of them, except "Becket," succeeded on the stage with a London public eager for very different spectacles. Nor have they in full measure all the charm that the cultured reader

finds in the Lyrics. But they have sound qualities of their own, and will doubtless be played to more worthy audiences when a real reform of the theatre has been achieved. In the mean time, they ought to be read by all who care for serious poetry and the idealization of great historic crises.

One regrets that the poet did not take King Alfred for one of his heroes. The scantiness of the historical record would have given ample scope to his imagination, whilst the nobility of the great King and his mission as savior of the English name would have given fire to the poet's patriotism. He rejected William the Silent for a drama, because he clung tenaciously to English history and legend. Lyall truly remarks on the singular tendency of Tennyson to restrict his subjects to his own country. He confines his vision, except for the antique, to England and even particular parts of England. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge are full of interest in other lands. Foreign travel did not inspire Tennyson; foreign history, legend, and art left him cold; he rarely alludes even to Scotland or to Ireland. He is the most intensely English of all our poets, unless it be Cowper or Crabbe. That has been Tennyson's strength. It may hereafter prove to be a weakness.

Lyall does full justice to Tennyson's command of every type of metrical mastery. But he does not seem to complain of that peculiarity of his later manner which at last became a mannerism and even an offence. To me the enormously long rhymed lines of his decline are quite intolerable. Lines of sixteen syllables as in "Despair," or of eighteen and even twenty in "Vastness," are abortions in English verse; and that for the sound reason that the English language has an inordinate number of consonants in proportion to vowels, and consequently piles up an agglomeration of letters in every long line. No other poetry has ever burdened itself with verses of sixty letters and twenty syllables. Such monstrosities in poetry are not verses but tumors. Hardly any modern language is so ill-fitted for them as is our own.

Another tendency which grew on the Laureate with years was the constant resort to trochaic metres (— ⏑), and also to three-syllable feet, such as dactyls (— ⏑ ⏑) or anapæsts (⏑ ⏑ —). We all enjoyed the "May Queen," "Locksley Hall," the "Light Brigade," and felt the quick, eager, and tripping trochees well fitted for a short ballad. But when it came to dactyls in lines of six-

teen and eighteen syllables, when long-winded metaphysical debates were spun out in verses consisting of seven feet and a half, with twenty syllables and sixty letters—Tennyson or not—the effect is wearisome. The rattle of the three-syllable foot is quite unsuited to philosophical homily. The poet, in his earlier mode, quite felt the futility of English hexameters when he wrote in his "Experiments":

> "When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England?
> When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?"

Although after the "experiment" of "Boädicea," he did not resort to pure hexameters, for which our language is so utterly unfit, he constantly resorted to long lines of *octameters* full of dactyls, the effect of which to our ears is even less pleasing than that of "Boädicea."*

There seems to be very good reason for the more sparing use in English poetry of trochees, dactyls, or anapæsts. The excessive quantity of letters in English syllables, as compared with the classical or Latin tongues, causes an English three-syllable foot to bulk larger, both to the ear and to the eye, than does a Greek, Latin, or Italian three-syllable foot. The first line of the *Iliad* has only eleven consonants; the first line of the *Æneid* has nineteen; the first line of *Paradise Lost* has twenty-one; the first line of "Vastness" has thirty-one consonants. And they tumble over each other, choke the mouth and disturb the eye.

A peculiarity of English speech is the tendency to throw back the accent to the antepenultimate syllable, to clip and hurry the pronunciation, and this especially in the more vulgar language. The trochaic and dactylic metres naturally accentuate this tendency; and, however suited for ballad purposes and for impetuous bursts of emotion, these verses, with the accent on the penultimate and antepenultimate of the foot, are not suited for sustained narration, grave reasoning, and dignity of tone. English heroic verse has always chosen an iambic metre—*i. e.*, feet of two syllables, one short and one long, with the stress on the last syllable,

* The fourth line of "Vastness" scans thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6
What is it | all but a | trouble of | ants in the | gleam of a | million
7 8
million of | suns |

a dactylic octameter catalectic (*i. e.*, cut short).

not on the first. We could not stand *Paradise Lost* in a dactylic or ballad metre.*

Tennyson has shown himself to have consummate mastery of the iambic metres in all their forms, and all his noblest pieces are so cast. The nature of our language and all the traditions of our poetry point to some of the iambic forms as best for all continuous, grave, and stately poems. And this makes it the more unlucky that he so often abandoned them in his later verses for trochaic and dactylic types, indelibly associated with ballads, burlesques, and even nursery rhymes.†

We may offer these criticisms without at all impugning Tennyson's undoubted claim to be looked on as the supreme poet of the Victorian Era, and one of the chief lyric poets of our English tongue. It is unworthy of him and of ourselves to exalt him to a superhuman pedestal, where it is counted profanity to hint at a weakness or a fault. Like almost all our poets, except Milton, Gray, Coleridge, and Arnold, he published a great deal more than he need have done. Tennyson no doubt published far less of careless, ill-digested, and poor work than almost any of our poets. All of them, except Milton and Gray, sank at times into bathos unworthy of them. This Tennyson never did. But he published much, in his later career, which is inferior to his best. The future will no doubt be content to remember little more than a half, or even a third, of his immense output. Most of his poems would be more effective if they were only half as long as they are. Again, his best work was all completed in the first thirty years of his very long course of active work. But having accepted these provisos, let us make the most of him who was the greatest poet of the last three generations; let us delight in his grace, soothe our spirit in his music, revel in his fantasies, and honor his noble ideals, his pure imagination, his profound seriousness.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

* Suppose it ran in dactyls:

Man's want of | proper ob | edience and | tasting of | disallowed | apples

† The trochaic metre suits:

"John Gilpin," "The Babes in the Wood," "Three Jolly Huntsmen," and "Lord Bateman."

Dactylic metre suits:

'Tis the | voice of the | sluggard I | heard him com | plain

NOTES ON THE IRISH LAND BILL.

BY T. W. RUSSELL, M.P.

Preliminary.—As it stands, awaiting Second Reading, and allowing for all its drawbacks, the bill is undoubtedly a great, far-reaching, and epoch-making measure. For the first time in the history of Irish agrarian legislation, the total abolition of dual ownership in the soil is frankly contemplated. To achieve this great end Imperial credit is guaranteed to the extent of £100,000,000, and a Grant in Aid by the State of £12,000,000 is provided for the express purpose of facilitating the transfer of the land from owner to occupier. Whether the provisions of the bill are sufficient to complete the great enterprise contemplated by its authors is a matter for discussion hereafter, when the Committee stage is reached. Its success will depend upon a multitude of circumstances, some of which are discussed in these Notes. But frank admission may at once be made of the boldness which inspires its leading provisions; and the hope may also be expressed that the courage of its authors may not fail in the more critical stages of the measure.

The Financial Provisions as they affect Landlord and Tenant.—So far as landlord and tenant are concerned, the question narrows itself to a single and, at first sight, a simple issue. The one asks: "What am I to receive for my property?" The other asks: "What am I to pay for the freehold of the land I cultivate and partly own"? The bill, with its ninety clauses, really centres in the reply to these two questions, and the first thing to be done is to discover and make plain the exact plan of the measure so far as these two points are concerned. Put in the shape of propositions the proposals of the Government are as follows:

1. In the case of purchase of First Term Rents, *i. e.*, rents fixed by the Land Court for the first statutory period of fifteen years—

the terminable annuities to be paid by the tenant purchaser must be at least 20, and not more than 40, per cent. below the rent;

2. In the case of purchasers of Second Term Rents, the terminable annuity to be paid by the tenant purchaser must be at least 10, and not more than 30, per cent. below the rent.

The price, it will be observed, is to be matter of negotiation and arrangement between landlord and tenant, between the vendor and the purchaser. If the parties agree, within the prescribed limits, there is no more to be said. The provision of the bill on this head is mandatory. If the tenant purchaser is "in occupation of the holding," and the purchase is within the prescribed limits, the Land Commission "*shall* sanction the advance." The first question which presents itself at this point, if the price is to be matter of bargain between landlord and tenant—a thing, by the way, which the Land Conference did not contemplate—is, Why should any maximum limit be fixed? Why limit the bargaining power of vendor and purchaser? There is infinite variety in Irish land and in the circumstances of Irish landowners. Why then should this rigid limit be enforced? Why, by fixing a maximum reduction, should we really fix a minimum price? If there be landlords willing, under all the circumstances of the case, to give a larger abatement than 40 per cent. on First Term or 30 per cent. on Second Term rents, why should they be restrained? Clearly, the maximum ought either wholly to disappear, or it ought to be reduced say to 50 in the one case and to 40 in the other.

The Case of Rents not Fixed by Judicial Authority.—The bill is quite clear in regard to rents fixed by judicial authority. It is otherwise in regard to rents not so fixed. There are, for example, many thousands of future tenants—*i. e.,* tenants excluded from the rent-fixing clauses of the Land Bill of 1881. There are also thousands of tenants who have never gone into the Land Courts, who, it may be, have been kept out by arrears, and owing to other causes. Is the "existing rent" referred to in Clause I, to be the basis of agreement in all such cases? If so, a manifest injustice will be done to thousands of tenants. Again, thousands of tenants have not gone into court because their rents were not rack-rents, and because their landlord allowed annual abatements. Is no account to be taken, in fixing the purchase price, of such abatements? These questions raise a very serious issue which has

apparently been overlooked, but which must be faced and dealt with in Committee on the bill.

The Question of Number of Years Purchase to be Paid under the Bill.—Having thus made clear the basis of purchase provided in the bill, another step may now be taken. The Government, following the procedure of the Land Conference, has not dealt with the question of price from the standpoint of any number of years' purchase of the rent. The basis of their scheme is not what number of years' purchase of the rent the tenant purchaser will pay; it is much more simple, and, in the main, more important—viz.: What will be the money difference between the First or Second Term rent which the tenant now pays and the Terminable Annuity under the bill which will carry the freehold? But in Ireland the rooted habit is to calculate the terms upon the basis of the number of years' purchase, and upon this basis alone. I think the habit is fallacious, and that, in the past, it has resulted in advantageous bargains being set aside. But, whether men like it or not, the question will assume this shape. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Irish members generally, will have to say what the terms proposed by the bill are, when reduced to years' purchase of the rent.

Let two supposititious cases therefore be taken.

Assume, first, that a tenant with a Second Term rent of £100 has arranged with his landlord to buy, under the provisions of the bill, at 20 per cent. reduction. This would mean that a terminable annuity of £80 would take the place of a Second Term rent of £100. But, under the bill, this would practically mean 25 years' purchase of the rent. I ignore for the time being, and purposely, the irredeemable character of one-eighth of the advance, and treat the matter upon the basis of the freehold being conveyed to the purchaser as under the present Acts. This may look a good bargain on paper. But it will stagger the ordinary tenant farmer alike of the North and South. Is it necessary for the tenant to pay such a price? The aim, of course, is two-fold—to enable the landlord to sell without appreciable loss of income and to keep down the amount of the State Grant. Is this price necessary even for such a purpose? No doubt, the tenant need not buy; he is not compelled to do so; or he may insist upon the maximum reduction in the bill of 30 per cent. But, assuming a desire to sell upon the part of the landlord, and a corre-

sponding desire to purchase on the part of the tenant, let us see what is possible. Take, as the second illustration, the same Second Term rent of £100. The landlord sells and the tenant buys at a rate which means 23 years' purchase of this rent. Twenty-three years' purchase of £100 produces a capital sum of £2,300. The landlord gets this sum in coin of the realm. What is he to do with it? Let us assume—what may safely be assumed in regard to three-fifths of Irish properties—that this holding is part of a Settled Estate. Can this capital sum be legally invested, so that the vendor shall not be penalized by this great national settlement? This is the problem to be solved—not in this individual case alone, but over the entire country. And, in this connection, it is all important to note that, under section 46 of the bill, it is proposed to widen and extend the powers of Trustees as to the investment of the purchase money, and lists of investments are to be prepared and issued by the rule-making authority under the Judicature Act of 1887. Under such powers it will certainly be possible for a selling landlord, even where he is the owner of an estate subject to the Settled Land Acts, to invest the purchase money at 3½ per cent. Absolute owners can, of course, invest as they think fit. The investment of £2,300 at 3½ per cent. will produce £80 10*s.* annually. Taking the Grant in Aid in this case at 10 per cent., which is the mean between 5 and 15 per cent. prescribed in the schedule to the bill, the sum accruing would amount to £230. Assuming the vendor to be a man of ordinary prudence, this money—which, by the way, is not subject to the Settled Land Acts—could easily, and with perfect safety, be invested at 4 per cent., producing an annual sum of £9 4*s.* This amount, added to the interest derivable from the capital sum, makes a total of £89 14*s.*, or, say, £90, as against the Second Term rent of £100—showing a loss, it will be said, of £10 per annum on the transaction. The loss, however, is apparent, rather than real. At the Land Conference the Irish landlords consented to an abatement of income of 10 per cent. on account of cost of collection. The Landowners' Convention agreed to and confirmed this finding. And, allowing 10 per cent. for this purpose, and taking 3½ per cent. as a reasonable investment, it will be seen that 23 years' purchase secures the landlord an income equal to his second term rent, and a much safer income to boot, without a shilling of loss. This calculation involves no alteration in the terms of the bill

as to repayment. The £2,300 can be redeemed in 69 years by a sinking-fund of 10 per cent. on an annual payment of 3¼ per cent. It goes without saying that 10 per cent. is not an adequate allowance for the outgoings upon any estate, and that, therefore, with 23 years' purchase, the way out is safe, just, and easy for the landlord. It has been assumed for the purposes of this calculation that the estate of which this holding forms part, is unencumbered—a somewhat rare thing in Ireland. But it follows that with an encumbered estate the owner comes out much better.

The Costs of Proving Title and Transfer.—These figures are not open to question. The landlord may, indeed, say that he would prefer a 3 per cent. investment as recommended by the Land Conference. No doubt. But, apart from the question that the Land Conference practically gave the Irish landlords a gilt-edged security for what, in the main, is a most precarious investment, the Conference recommendation was certainly not made on any assumption that the tenant was to pay more than a fair price for the land. It was made rather on the assumption that the State bonus would permit of liberal terms to the landlord being carried into effect. And anything that would screw up the price for the tenant in order that the security of the landlord should be inflated, would be at once unfair to the tenant and dangerous to the State as imperilling its security.

Taking a general view of this, the main feature of the bill in my opinion—and it may be taken to represent that of the average Ulster farmer—is:

That, inasmuch as any landlord can sell without loss of actual income at 23 years' purchase of the Second Term rent, tenants ought to be careful in making arrangements for purchase under the bill, not to exceed this limit. In my judgment it would be unsafe, looking at the procedure of the Land Commission as regards the fixing of Second Term rents, since the Report of the Land Conference was issued, to go beyond this rate. A rate varying from 21 to 23 years of the Second Term rent is possible. Anything beyond this limit would constitute an undue burden on the tenant, a source of danger to the State.

The Burden upon the Tax-payer.—The burden sought to be placed upon the general tax-payer by the bill is, no doubt, serious, and deserves consideration. It is of a two-fold character, consisting first of credit, and secondly of cash. It is contemplated

that, to complete the work aimed at, credit to the amount of £100,000,000 will be required. The landlords are to be paid in cash. In order to raise the necessary money, a "New Guaranteed 2¾ per cent. Stock" is to be created, and, in so far as this is done, Ireland undoubtedly receives the great benefit attached to Imperial credit. But it would be a pure delusion to imagine that the tax-payer runs any appreciable risk, or that he stands to incur any loss in these transactions. Any loss that may arise in the "flotation" operations in regard to this stock is to be made good out of the "Irish Development Fund," and a sum of £50,000 a year for four years is to be taken out of this Irish fund for the purpose. Then all the Imperial contributions to local rates in Ireland are turned into the Guarantee Fund, and made available to repair any loss that may arise. But a better security, perhaps, than these material provisions is to be found in the fact that, out of £23,000,000 already advanced under the various Purchase Acts, there has been absolutely nothing lost—Mr. Wyndham has no bad debts. There is nothing to be said as regards risk on the Bonus or Grant in Aid. Mr. Wyndham in giving a State Grant for this purpose is simply repeating the well-known fiscal operation of Mr. Gladstone in the fifties. It will be remembered that during that period Mr. Gladstone first imposed the income tax upon Ireland, and, as a solatium, wiped out the balance of the Famine Loans. The one was a permanent and, as it has proved, an increasing tax. The Famine Loans were a fixed sum, and the debt was in process of payment. It was generous, no doubt, from the English standpoint, at the time. But the income tax has cost Ireland £50,000,000 since then. The Famine Loans were a trifle of some £3,000,000. And, Mr. Wyndham, profiting by the lesson, now proposes to grant £12,000,000 as a State Bonus to the Irish landlords. This is, no doubt, a generous gift. But it is only a temporary burden on the tax-payer. At the first, the sum required, we are assured, will not exceed £390,000 a year. But the Chief Secretary, to meet this, proposes to cut down Irish expenditure permanently by £250,000 a year. This is not a bad bargain for the aggrieved British tax-payer. Despite the figures, he will, no doubt, continue to think that he is the most generous person in the world. What he really does under the bill is to permit Ireland to get rid, at her own expense, of an infamous English land system, which has poisoned her whole national life.

The Denial of the Freehold.—The bill now under discussion differs from all its predecessors in one important particular. All previous Land Purchase measures conveyed the freehold of the land to the purchaser. This bill does not pretend to do so. The purchasing tenant pays a terminable annuity on account of seven-eighths of the property. The remaining eighth is irredeemable, and constitutes a perpetual rent charge payable to the Crown. What is meant by this change in procedure? It is affirmed that the Government finds it absolutely necessary to control mortgaging, subdivision, and subletting. These are all matters of vital moment. It is imperatively necessary that this control should exist. But Sections 49, 50 and 51 provide in the most stringent manner for these very things. Under Section 49, "the proprietor of the holding shall not, without the consent of the Land Commission, mortgage or charge the holding or any part thereof for any sum exceeding ten times the rateable value thereof." And any excess of this limit is declared to be null and void. The same section provides against subdivision, and seeks to enact that "any holding subdivided without the consent of the Land Commission may be sold." These things being provided for in this way, what is the object of special State control? If such control must exist, would not a nominal quit-rent be effective for the purpose? Why destroy that sense of ownership which Arthur Young a century ago said "turned sand into gold"? And how are the proceeds of this eighth to be applied? The bill is silent on this point. Are they to go in relief of local rates, or in relief of the British Treasury? This is a provision designed, no doubt, for a good purpose. It is wholly unnecessary in its present form and ought to be resisted.

The Question of Decadal Reductions.—The method of repaying the advance by the tenant is one of the least satisfactory parts of the bill. The first Land Purchase Act—that of 1885—was a model of simplicity. It provided for the advance of the whole of the purchase money, the tenant repaying the entire advance, including interest, in 49 years by means of a 4 per cent. annuity. Under the Act of 1896, this simple method was altered, and, by a rearrangement of the terms of repayment to 73 years, what are called Decadal Reductions were allowed—stock being taken at the close of each of three decennial periods, and a new account opened. This method involved a considerable lengthening of the

period of repayment—from 49 to 73 years. But the Irish tenant purchaser had no strong views upon this point. Indeed, as a rule, he has shown, by accepting the decadal system, which was purely optional, that he prefers posterity to bear its share of the burden. The great recommendation of the system was that it gives three ten per cent. reductions during the first thirty years of the agreement. This was not only a considerable matter for the small purchaser. It was a great security for the State. It is unfortunate that the terms of the bill necessitate the abolition of the decadal system. With the period of 68½ years for repaying as fixed and a sinking-fund of 10 per cent., it would be impossible to increase the period to the extent necessary to warrant the maintenance of the reductions. But there will probably be a great effort made to alter the whole plan of the bill, both as regards the purchase price and the method of repayment.

The Question of Compulsion for the Tenants.—The framers of the bill have, to a very large extent, steered clear of any attack upon the rights of the tenantry under the Act of 1881. The storm raised upon clause 36 of the bill of last session has secured this measure of immunity, although it would be unwise to conclude that all danger is over on this head. The House of Lords has still to be reckoned with. But the question of the tenants' rights under the Act of 1881 is distinctly raised under Section 17 and one or two sub-sections of the bill. This section reads thus:

> "Where an estate is purchased by the Land Commission, and (*a*) tenants on the estate, to the extent of three-fourths in number and rateable value, have agreed to purchase their holdings; or (*b*) the Lord Lieutenant has dispensed with the condition as to undertakings to purchase holdings, and a majority in number of the tenants have agreed to purchase their holdings, no proceedings to fix the fair rent of any holding on the estate shall be taken or continued."

The recalcitrant minority upon all such estates will be, after purchase, the tenants of the Land Commission; and the pressure applied by the clause is clearly intended to penalize all such tenants, and so avoid the difficulty of the Land Commission acting as the State landlord in such cases. Apart from the reluctance to permit any infringement of the provisions of the Act of 1881, there does not appear to be any great difficulty in applying pressure to a minority of one-fourth. Clearly the line must be

drawn somewhere in all such cases. A small minority on any estate ought not to be permitted to prevent, or even to endanger, purchase on the part of the great majority. But the question is wholly different when, by the intervention of the Lord Lieutenant, a simple majority can over-ride everything—when 51 men can penalize 49. It is curious also to note that the tenants who refuse to buy are alone sought to be penalized. There is no provision for penalizing landlords who refuse to sell. Suppose it were sought to be enacted that landlords refusing to sell should receive rent on the scale of the purchase annuties in their vicinity, what would be said? Or again, what would be said to any proposal that would compel a landlord, after he had moved and put the Land Commission to the heavy expense of inspection, to sell upon the terms named by that Department? The path of safety clearly points in the direction of putting no pressure upon the tenant, unless corresponding pressure is applied to the landlord.

The Congested Districts Problem.—It will probably be found, when the bill is closely and critically examined, that the question of the Congested Districts has been grasped by a nerveless hand. It is true that the income of the Congested Districts Board is increased by £20,000. This additional income, however, comes out of a fund as distinctly Irish as the Church Surplus is Irish. And, with all the talk of English generosity, it will be found that, ultimately, so far as this question is concerned, Ireland will be called upon to pay to the uttermost farthing for her own redemption. It is also true that under Section 2 very valuable provisions are sought to be included. Under this section small holdings may be enlarged. The son of a tenant may purchase untenanted land. Tenants in the vicinity of untenanted land may also purchase. Tenants evicted since 1879, and caretakers, may also become the purchasers either of their old or of new holdings. Notwithstanding limitations which may probably be wholly or partially removed, these provisions are valuable. And, again, the Land Commission may purchase congested estates even at a loss, and spend money upon their improvement pending resale to the tenants. But the resettlement of the West has still to be faced. There is no adequate reorganization of the Congested Districts Board itself. There are no compulsory powers granted for the acquisition of those grass ranches which stand between the people and decent lives. So far as this—in every respect the most acute part

of the entire problem—is concerned, the bill is but a beginning, let us hope, of better things.

Administration of the Act.—On this vital point it is only fair to say that no mistake has been made. During the past thirty years, Parliament has been engaged in passing measures for the relief of tenants. These measures have invariably been committed to landlords to administer, and the result is well known. But in this case a new and most wholesome departure has been undoubtedly made. The Commissioners named need not be described as unexceptionable. There is no necessity for exaggeration. Mr. Wrench is, of course, a landlords' man. But there must, of necessity, be a representative of the landlords upon the Commission. Mr. Wrench is a man who has had wide experience as a Land Commissioner, and he is a gentleman quite capable of taking broad views of things, if it should happen to be necessary to do so. Mr. Finucane may safely be taken as the nominee of Sir Anthony McDonnell, and any one who had a share in the great agrarian work carried through by Sir Anthony in India may well be taken on trust; whilst Mr. W. F. Bailey is well known throughout Ireland, and especially in Ulster, as perhaps the most efficient and experienced of all the men on the staff of the Land Commission. There is, however, one serious flaw to be noticed in this connection. The work of these gentlemen is to be purely administrative and, therefore, will be subject to review in Parliament. Their appointment should, therefore, be subject to "good behavior," not "during pleasure."

The Question of the Laborers.—Upon this serious issue, the bill wholly fails. In the month of February last, Mr. William Moore, K.C., M.P., speaking at the South-Antrim election, stated that he was authorized to announce that a Laborers' bill would be introduced during the present session by the Government. Mr. Moore happens to be one of Mr. Wyndham's private secretaries, and therefore his words had more weight than they would have otherwise carried. But Part IV. of the bill completely dashes any hopes that the laborers may have entertained. Apart from widening the definition of the term "agricultural laborer," the bill does nothing for this class. And there cannot be a doubt that the failure of the Government to deal effectively with this part of the question will give rise to serious trouble in, at least, the province of Ulster, where the operation of the Laborers' Acts has,

to a large extent, been rendered nugatory by the action of the local authorities.

The Application of the Bonus.—By the first schedule of the bill the application of the State Grant in Aid is regulated. By universal consent this schedule must be improved out of existence. It proposes, beginning with the estates where the purchase money is £5,000, to allow 15 per cent. as a bonus. It ends with estates where the purchase money is £40,000, and it reduces the bonus by a sliding scale to 5 per cent. Any such arrangement must work injustice. And the question presents itself irresistibly, Why should not the bonus be so used as to induce sales quickly? Why not propose a bonus of 10 per cent. on all estates noticed for sale within twelve months from the passing of the act, lessening it to a smaller sum after that period? This would, of course, be compulsion by inducement or attraction. But the country has a right to know as soon as possible the exact amount of its liability in this respect. And the tenants have an equal right to know who the landlords are who intend to sell, and who are determined to resist all inducement.

General Provisions.—There is a great multitude of important minor provisions in the bill concerning which detailed comment is unnecessary. The Land Judges Court, for example, is dealt with, and, it must be said, most inadequately. This is one of the great blots on the bill. A landlord can secure an advance upon demesne and other land in his possession. Untenanted land may be purchased to facilitate sale or redistribution of holdings. Superior rights are vested in the Crown. Sub-tenants may purchase in certain cases. An owner capable of selling is a person who has received rent for six years; but, whilst this fact gives such a person title to sell, it does not give title to the purchase-money should other claimants arise. Regulations as to turbary are provided. Boundary and other disputes may be settled by the Land Commission. Superior interests are provided for. And, finally, the Land Law portion of last year's bill is inserted almost bodily into the present measure.

Provisions as to Land Law.—By Section 77 a Sub-Commission shall, for the purpose of hearing any appeal under the Land Law Acts, consist in future of one legal Assistant-Commissioner and one lay Assistant-Commissioner. A qualified lay assessor shall sit in future with one Judicial Commissioner to hear appeals. In

cases of fixing a fair rent, where the rent is under five pounds, it may be fixed on the report of a single valuer, no appeal being allowed save on one or other of the following conditions:

(1) That the applicant is not entitled to have a fair rent fixed;

(2) That the conditional order is bad on the face of it; or

(3) That the rent has been varied more than 20 per cent.

This is a matter that will require a good deal of consideration before sanction is given. Indeed, it might be safer to drop this part of the bill entirely. But none of these points is of the essence of the bill.

The great issues upon which hang all the law and the prophets may thus be defined:

First. Will £12,000,000 bridge the gap between the sum which the tenant, in justice to himself, and with safety to the State, can afford to pay, and the sum which the landlord, under all the circumstances of the case, can afford to accept?

In attempting to answer this question, I frankly avow that I could have wished the Grant in Aid had been at least £16,000,000. The increase would have made a mighty difference in the smooth working of the measure. And I am one of those who firmly believe that Irish economies could have easily been increased from £250,000 to the extent of £500,000 a year so as to justify the increased sum. But it is ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth. It is unfair not to recognize the extreme difficulties of the financial situation. And, seeing that the process of transfer must for financial reasons be slow at first, and that, once started, this peaceful revolution can never be stopped for want of money, I am disposed to acquiesce in the amount of the grant—expressing my belief that it will, in the end, be found inadequate to complete the work.

Secondly. Can the financial arrangements of the bill as to the price to be paid for the freehold by the tenant, be so arranged as to secure that the maximum price on the Second Term rents shall be 23 years' purchase? I believe this can be done without risk to the State and, as has been shown, with perfect fairness to the selling landlord. If the bill can be so amended as to secure this, with the decadal system restored as in the Act of 1896, then success is assured.

Thirdly. The unsolved problem of compulsion undoubtedly raises a most serious question. I now find large numbers of men

hitherto strongly opposed to compulsory sale declaring that a complete settlement cannot be secured without compulsion, and that it is not worth while paying for anything that is not complete and final. These latter-day converts to compulsion are logical to a degree. But those of us who have borne the burden and heat of a hard fight, and who sincerely desire to see this question settled, may be pardoned if we hesitate about substituting what is, at present, an impossible "best" for that which is undoubtedly a possible "good." This bill when it becomes a Statute of the Realm will aim at making it the interest of every landlord to sell, and the interest of every tenant to buy. It is, of course, quite certain that there are Irish landlords who will refuse to sell upon any terms—landlords whose feudal ideas and whose financial resources have survived even the strain of the Irish Land Acts. It may even be that there are others actuated by no such ideas, men for whom the inducements of the bill will not suffice. All this, doubtless, will come about. But in the not distant future the position of such landlords, and of their tenants as well, will be an impossible position. It cannot endure, and sentence will be passed upon all such men.

Finally, the bill will require the closest scrutiny before the Committee stage. Amendments such as have been indicated here and others must be framed and passed. But, subject to such amendments, the bill, in my opinion, gives promise of a future for Ireland that may well rejoice the hearts of all who love the country and desire its welfare.

T. W. Russell.

A PROTOTYPE OF LATIN-AMERICAN MISGOVERNMENT

BY MARRION WILCOX.

DE QUINCEY'S "Spirit of Merciful Interpretation" is not always invoked when citizens of different republics in America express their opinions of each other. In the April number of this REVIEW, a writer who discusses the question, "Is the Monroe Doctrine a Bar to Civilization?" and who signs himself "An American Business Man," offers as a target for scorn a people rich in faults, interesting, and surely to be reckoned with. We have not often read an account of the institutions in a majority of the American republics which, at first view, appeared to be more unfavorable; yet the article is undeniably a sincere expression, and if we find it resentful rather than judicial in tone, that may be partly because we cannot forget the writer's obligation as a citizen of that one of the American republics which is naturally and properly expected to be generous on a grand scale, in its judgments as in its dealings,—the United States.

Fortunately, another article in the same number of the REVIEW—the article entitled "A Gallery of Portraits," by Professor Goldwin Smith—may serve to remind us that discouraging conditions, like those which exist in parts of Latin-America, prevailed in England during the long years of the Tudor despotism, which, nevertheless, culminated in the brilliant Elizabethan period. Thus, for example, "An American Business Man" tells us that constitutions and laws in Latin-America are set aside by the decrees of dictators and military despots; that members of the legislatures are not elected in the manner prescribed by the constitution, but are appointed by the dictator and selected to do his bidding. But Professor Goldwin Smith says that, during the reign of Henry VIII., Wolsey tried to rule without Parliaments,

while Thomas Cromwell's policy was to rule through an enslaved Parliament. At the dictation of the Crown, Parliament passed acts "for putting the victims of royal displeasure to death without a trial; it passed an act authorizing the King to repudiate his debts and compelling those who had been paid to refund the payments;" it gave the King's proclamations the force of law, and "enabled a King on reaching the age of twenty-four to cancel acts of Parliament made before his attainment of that age." At Thomas Cromwell's command, the mayor of a town set aside representatives who had been duly elected, appointing others more pleasing to the Crown in their place. A Parliament which passed a repudiation act was packed with the King's servants. The Peers were not less servile than the Commons; while juries were to such a degree servile that the trial of a Crown victim was the mere registration of the decree of death.

A further comparison of passages from the two articles may well be made, if only to cast some merciful doubt upon "An American Business Man's" conclusion, that "there will be no peace in the Western Hemisphere" until "Germany, England and the United States take joint possession and control of all Latin-American countries, except the three previously mentioned [Mexico, Chile, and Argentina], and govern them in the same manner as these nations govern their dependencies." Is it necessary, or has it in the past been customary, to decide that nations are incapable of self-help, and must therefore be taken possession of and governed as dependencies, when their rulers are adjudged guilty of such offences as this writer imputes to the ruling class in South America? Or has this critic, perhaps, discovered conditions which are wholly exceptional and unprecedented? Let us see.

He says:

> "There are in these countries many able scholars and fine lawyers, who constitute the material for a creditable judiciary; but, unfortunately, even this department of the government is at the mercy of these brutal, ignorant, corrupt, vicious, and wholly intolerable despots. Lawyers of character and ability are not wanted as judges, and they would fear to accept such positions, if tendered to them."

Professor Goldwin Smith says that the English judiciary of Henry the Eighth's day was at the mercy of a King whom he

characterizes as a "brutal despot and gross voluptuary," "habitually guilty not only of the greatest but of the meanest crimes; of fraud, lying and robbery, as well as of tyranny and judicial murder." Solicitor-General Rich "by the most infamous treachery" procured evidence to be used against Sir Thomas More; and "the King completed the exhibition of his character by seizing the goods of his murdered friend and turning More's widow out of her home." And in this connection we must not overlook Thomas Cromwell, "thorough-paced" villain, who "deliberately set down his criminal intentions in his memorandum book"; who "combined the chicane of the law with the ferocity of a mercenary camp," and, "it is almost needless to add, was corrupt and accumulated wealth by foul means"; whose appearance, we are told, warned the beholder, for nature had bestowed upon him "a small and cruel mouth, an extraordinary long upper lip, and a pair of gray eyes set closely together, and moving restlessly under his light eyebrows."

The military chieftains of Latin-America are charged by their latest critic with outrageous misconduct in their relations with women of the better class. Turning now to Professor Goldwin Smith's article, we read:

> "The narrative of the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Aragon is about as dirty an episode as can be found in history. . . . That conscience had little to do with the matter is surely proved by Henry's whole conduct throughout the affair; by the tricks which he played, the lies which he told, the foul means which he employed to obtain opinion in his favor; by his attempt to steal an important document; above all, by his brutal behavior to his wife in openly installing his mistress as Queen designate at her side. His pretended uneasiness because Catherine of Aragon had been his brother's wife assumes a curious aspect when it is known, as it certainly is, that Anne Boleyn's sister had been his mistress."

While one of these two writers refers to "that high and mighty way which only a Latin-American can emulate," the other speaks of Henry's "arrogant self-esteem." The former deplores the lack of good faith among the southern republics and their citizens; the latter more pointedly declares that in England Lord Rochfort was judicially murdered in order to give color to a "hideous lie," and that "there is reason to believe that Henry even thought of putting his daughter to death for her resolute refusal to betray

her mother's cause." Extortion, also, is one of the themes discussed in both of these articles. "An American Business Man" says: "The extravagant ideas, and consequent demands of the average military Jefe are past belief, and the sums of money he squanders are limited only by his ability to squeeze the English or German merchant." Professor Goldwin Smith observes that the enormous treasure which Henry VII. left to his son was accumulated "largely by chicanery and extortion"; and, of the dissolution of the monasteries by that son's chosen instrument, Thomas Cromwell, he says: "Cromwell's commissioners of inquiry were rogues, whose mission was simply to find warrants for rapine." A small part of the wealth thus confiscated was used in constructing public works, "but far the greatest part was either squandered by Henry himself in court luxury, ostentation, and the gambling to which he was greatly addicted, or lavished on the satellites of the court. . . . Violence, characteristic of marauders rather than of statesmen, marked the whole course of the revolution." Oppressive proceedings on the part of Latin-American "tyrants"—reaching even to imprisonment, confiscation of property, and "insulting and terrifying the family" of any one who stubbornly refuses to be bullied and robbed—are noted by "An American Business Man." Professor Goldwin Smith says that, when attempts to decoy, kidnap, and assassinate Cardinal Pole had failed, "the King had to be content with murdering the Cardinal's aged mother, the Countess of Salisbury, and some of his relatives."

We know that the disorders and the misgovernment characteristic of England at the time under consideration did not strike sixteenth-century critics and observers as being temporary; in fact, now that we can measure the duration of that period, we see that it lasted at least from the battle of Bosworth, in 1485, to the accession of Elizabeth, in 1558. Professor Goldwin Smith would, indeed, extend its limits by an additional seventy years. He says: "The brilliant buccaneering of Henry V. in France [*i. e.*, from 1415] bred in the English aristocracy and people the spirit of violence and rapine which brought on the Wars of the Roses. Exhaustion, prostration, and Tudor despotism were the natural result." In other words, the profound darkness immediately preceding the dawn of modern England had to be endured from 1415 to 1558—that is, for a period longer than the

whole life of the Central and South-American republics, from the winning of their independence to the present day. In England, as in Latin-America, the people of gentle birth, or splendid talents, like Sir Thomas More, were the chief sufferers. "The despotism sedulously decimated and suppressed them, while it brought forward new men, an aristocracy of placemen owing everything to the Crown." The spiritual life of England was regulated by a King "personally steeped in vice and crime"—a pitch of presumption beyond the daring of Latin-American rulers. In the court of Henry VIII., "ambition and greed trampled not only on justice and humanity, but on natural affection." The Earl of Surrey, a poet, "a harbinger of the Elizabethan era," when on trial for his life, found that the chief witness against him was his own sister. The Duke of Norfolk bore "a conspicuous part in the judicial murder of his own niece."

Thus far, we find all the distressing conditions or atrocities in Latin-America, as "An American Business Man" views them, matched or outdone in Professor Goldwin Smith's comments on a gallery of English portraits; but in one respect the censor of abuses in England under the Tudors is left far behind. There is nothing else in either article so calculated to harrow the feelings of American readers as the following statements that the "American Business Man" makes about American consuls: If a traveller, he says, "appeals to the American consul for aid [when suffering from the tyranny of some unspecified Latin-American government], the chances are *seven to one* that the mouth of that dignitary has long been stopped by government concessions, or that he is an actual party to the intrigues." Again: "The mouths of most American consuls are stopped by one species of favoritism or another, usually in the form of worthless government concessions; and the chief occupation of many of these worthies is, apparently, to palm off such green goods on those of their countrymen who come within the sphere of their influence." "The military Jefe knows that, whatever atrocities he may commit, there will be no mention made of them in Washington," because the American consuls have been bribed to withhold information.

Seven arrant knaves to one honest man among these representatives of our Department of State! The proportion of rascality is so unexpectedly large that we should consider the "seven" a mere figure of speech, were it not practically repeated or empha-

sized in several other passages. We are obliged to conclude that this assertion is entitled to equal credit with the writer's allegations of gross misconduct on the part of the natives of those countries—or, rather, on the part of a class which, he says, does not comprise more than ten per cent. of the total population of any Latin-American country.

For ninety per cent. of the inhabitants of the South and Central-American republics, "An American Business man" has only words of praise. The Spaniards of pure blood, he says, "as a class, are cultured, highly civilized, religious, hospitable, many of them of literary attainments and scholarly pursuits. . . . They do not take any part in politics, nor desire positions under the government." The peons, laborers, small traders, cattle-men, fishermen, woodsmen, mechanics—or perhaps more than eighty per cent. of the total population, "as a rule, are exceedingly simple-minded, honest, kind-hearted peasants, fairly industrious, and much more intelligent than the peonage [peasantry?] of most other countries. They dread war, take to the woods at the slightest intimation of trouble, have nothing to do with politics, and pray to be left alone to live in peace. In habits these people are simple, in manners polite and hospitable, and but little drunkenness and crime are found among them. They are the most docile and easily managed people in the world." The pure Indians, though, in fact, they outnumber all other elements in some Central-American states, he dismisses as "unimportant" (because at the moment he is thinking only of South America), and then he attacks the remaining ten per cent., "the ruling class," the class that "makes all the trouble, is responsible for the rapine, bloodshed, murders, revolutions and anarchy, which have so long disgraced Latin-America." Such is his remarkable assertion.

Bitter in the extreme is his characterization of the trouble-makers:

> "This class, as a rule, represents a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, oftentimes with a heavy sprinkling of negro, and sometimes of other elements. He who originated the formula for the composition of this class must have laughed grimly when he finished his work; for one might study chemistry for a thousand years without being able to devise such an atrocious composition. . . . It is of this class that the so-called 'governments' of these countries are formed."

We learn, therefore, that a relatively small number of adventurers, in control of the political machinery, occasioned the resentment which "An American Business Man" has so forcibly expressed. According to his own figures and his description of social classes, nine-tenths of the people of Latin-America are worthy of respect, the aristocracy and the peasantry being, each in its way, rather ideal; for he evidently thinks them singularly free from the worst faults of the corresponding classes in Europe.

We need not inquire at present whether this tribute is wholly or but in part deserved, the important fact being that it is actually offered by one who "has spent much of the last ten years in South America." Let us welcome the favorable admissions of such a competent witness, and keep them in mind while considering his chief generalizations.

First, he does not think that "our brethren" of Latin-America are "animated by high ambitions and noble resolves, struggling upward like ourselves." True: they are not struggling upward exactly like ourselves, for they are in an earlier stage of social evolution. The difficulties which beset them are much greater; their unpreparedness is more noticeable than was our own, even during the early decades of our existence as an independent nation. But the very harshest judgment that any one of us could be justified in passing upon them would be to the effect that their ambitions, resolves, and struggles are like those of our English ancestors in the period of transition between the Middle Ages and modern times. If the mediæval misconduct of the ruling class is much more in evidence than the progress of the mass of the people, surely a student of history should not fail to make due allowance for the latter, any more than he hesitates to denounce the former. When we read in the criticism now before us that "the travesty on government" in Latin-American countries appears to be a permanent evil, rather than a product of abnormal and temporary conditions, we reflect that the struggle often seemed hopeless in England also; and yet, after the peaceful accession of Elizabeth, right soon there began a brilliant period which produced the finest flowers of English genius. It is not necessary to assume that the evolutionary process transforming social conditions in Latin-America will be intolerably long. Even an exasperated censor admits that an uncommonly large percentage of the people have virtues which, it seems to us,

make the outlook fairly encouraging. Mediævalism in government may be replaced by modern regularity in the administration of the affairs of the republics, since the latter condition is desired by nine-tenths of their people. The writer also admits that progress in this respect has reached a satisfactory point in Mexico, Chile, and Argentina. We ask: Is Costa Rica so far behind? Has not Cuba given proof that she possesses elements of stability, with not a little talent for self-government? Now, why may not the more backward republics be expected to advance in their turn?

A fact never to be ignored by any student of Latin-American politics is this: The Central and South-American states were not founded by industrial communities or peaceful settlers, such as formed the colonies in North America, but by conquerors *(conquistadores)*, warlike adventurers who sailed from the Iberian peninsula to despoil the New World, precisely in that rough period when Henry VII. of England was accumulating a treasure of £2,000,000 by extortion. The friends of Latin-America in the United States may be allowed to extract some comfort from the reflection that the abuses which exist are not a vigorous new growth, but belong to the old order of things destined to pass away; that the characteristic faults of the sixteenth-century conquerors and rulers have been perpetuated by a limited class only, and only in those republics which are oppressed by political adventurers as the colonies from which they sprang were oppressed by viceroys and governors sent from Europe. But a Pedrarías Davila is not to be found among these persons who "make all the trouble." We realize the improvement that has taken place when we contrast widely separated periods in the history of the same regions; and it is quite certain that in recent years progress, in nearly all parts of South and Central America, has been decidedly more rapid than ever before, as a result of the pressure of public opinion at home and abroad, which grows stronger every year with the increase of immigration and the extension of commercial relations.

Second, "An American Business Man" says: "The intelligent observer discovers that he is outside the bounds of civilization . . . within forty-eight hours after setting foot on the soil of any Latin-American country, with the exception of Mexico, Chile, and the Argentine Republic." But let us suppose the

subject of the intelligent observer's comments to be any one of the countries of Europe which stand as exponents of civilization: would it be permissible for him to praise the aristocracy and peasantry of France, England, or Germany in qualified terms such as "An American Business Man" applies to the peons and Spaniards of pure blood in South America, with no imputation of degeneracy in the upper class or of brutalization among the lower orders? Could he say of a "civilized" nation that "*all* the trouble" was made by a small fraction of the population, while nine-tenths were "cultured, religious, hospitable," or "honest, kind-hearted, intelligent, polite, comparatively free from drunkenness and crime—the most docile and easily managed people in the world"? We do not wish to bear unduly upon this point; but is it proper to speak of people who are made the subjects of such commendation as being "outside the bounds of civilization"? The inhabitants of those countries which are least progressive, submitting to the misrule of bullies (who are, after all, but a sixteenth-century variant of our own political "bosses"), although the remedy is in their own hands and clearly indicated in their national constitutions, certainly will be held responsible for weak acquiescence in evil conditions if they permit wrongdoing to continue; but it is as unfair to judge of all Latin-America from unworthy officials in the least fortunate states as it would be for Latin-America to judge of the United States from our consuls—if the latter have not been maligned.

Third, "An American Business Man" thinks that the United States condemns the great continent of South America to "*everlasting* barbarism" by refusing to allow the European Powers to encroach upon its territory, or to acquire such control of any part of it as would in its effect be equal to territorial aggrandizement. Our government, he asserts, is "the *confrère* of thieves and brigands," thanks to the Monroe Doctrine: we must either police all of Latin-America ourselves (such is the offensive suggestion actually made), or, as the sole alternative, act in conjunction with Germany and England, taking "joint possession and control" of sovereign states which are now engaged in the very difficult but not hopeless task of working out their own salvation. Suggestions of this nature offer the narrow prejudice of race, or sordid commercial aims, as substitutes for the divine plan, in accordance with which many different types of mankind have been evolved,

each with its peculiar merits and defects, so that humanity should in the end profit by the contributions of these distinct elements, gaining enormously, incalculably more through a separate development of the genius of each race—its physical type, its social institutions—than could be secured by the way of premature amalgamation or uniformity imposed by force.

Hitherto, we have endeavored to assume "An American Business Man's" point of view, in order to show that even the acceptance of his premises would not drive us to acceptance of his depressing conclusions—conclusions stated, not substantiated. Now, finally, it is a pleasure to be able to present the testimony of other competent witnesses who hold opinions very much more favorable than those which he expresses in regard to (1) the ruling class, (2) the extent of the revolutionary areas, and (3) the recent progressive movement in Latin-American communities.

The addresses delivered at the sessions of the annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, held in Philadelphia on April 17th and 18th, gave the views of specialists on the subject of our relations with Latin-America.

Mr. W. I. Buchanan, formerly Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Argentine Republic, said:

"The ideas, aspirations, and hopes for the future of those countries are as high and as sincere as are those of any of us in regard to our own. Great progress has been made in each of them. There is in each a strong and steadily increasing element of men of high ideals, character, and honesty, desiring only peace, tranquillity, and good order within their country, and the development of its lands, mines, and industries, and the upbuilding of its people. . . . Some day immigration to our country will cease. Before that day arrives it will set in toward South and Central America, and with that current of people and capital all the internal troubles and financial difficulties which have beset and still weigh down the republics therein will be carried into history, and the material and intellectual development now in progress there will receive an impetus that will not only be lasting, but a realization as well of the efforts and faith of their public men, who have so patiently and under such great disadvantages labored to that end."

An officer of high rank in the army of the United States, who is well informed in regard to the West Indies, said:

"The Spanish-Americans are a strong and progressive race, and under free commercial exchange with the United States will become just as prosperous as any other in the whole world."

Señor Calderon, the Peruvian Minister, asserted that the majority of the republics of South America "live at peace." As for his own country, he was able to say that "revolutions belong to the past"; that "order is an accomplished fact, the Presidents being legally elected, and succeeding each other with the regularity ordained by the constitution." But Peru was the seat of the Spanish viceroyalty exercising authority in a vast region below the equator; it was a centre and the last stronghold of Spanish power. Accepting with hearty good-will this assurance from Peru, we are certainly justified in saying that the limits of the revolutionary area are contracting.

The director of the International Bureau of American Republics, Mr. W. W. Rockhill, summarized the work of the recent International Conference held at the city of Mexico:

"The subject of arbitration naturally received a great share of the attention of the Conference, with the result that the Hague convention received unanimous acceptance on the part of the nineteen republics represented. . . . A treaty was also signed for the compulsory arbitration of pecuniary claims. . . . The Inter-continental Railway project was further advanced. . . . Closer commercial intercourse between the various states was promoted. . . . The subjects of quarantine and sanitation were advanced. . . . An international commission was appointed for the study of the crisis in the coffee industry. Other conventions were signed, providing for the reciprocal recognition of the diplomas and titles granted in the several republics; the international recognition of literary and artistic copyrights; the exchange of official, scientific, literary, and industrial publications."

In what other part of the world would the discussion of matters in which national interests are deeply involved range about themes of international helpfulness?

"Outside the bounds of civilization" is an excellent phrase, and in a wholly new sense it fits the list of subjects just quoted,—in the sense, namely, that civilization of the older type, even European civilization, has not yet extended so far as to include all of these themes.

MARRION WILCOX.

"RACE SUICIDE" AND COMMON SENSE.

BY PATERFAMILIAS.

I AM going to express some convictions, based on experience, concerning the recent revival of interest in large families caused by the publication of a book by two women, with a preface by President Roosevelt, in which he issued his ukase against "race suicide." I have read the book very earnestly and confess to great disappointment. It is the well meant attempt of two women, born and reared in an atmosphere of wealth and luxury, to enter the domain of the wage-earner, with which, and its many and intricate problems they were unfamiliar, and, after a few days or weeks of observation and experience, express not only their ideas of certain great and fundamental problems, but, in addition, on the basis of slight and undigested data, to issue a document of extraordinary character in which the entire social and business organization of the country is attacked. I do not dispute the facts they allege. These could be duplicated a thousand times. But facts must be studied in relation to other facts. Deductions are drawn which to me are entirely inconclusive, and which betray ignorance concerning the fundamentals of social life and the history of its development. I have for many years been laboring privately and publicly in the interests of many kinds of social reform, and I find that our worst enemies are the emotional people who, in an earnest desire to help us, make statements which are either false or are based on information so slight as to be negligible. In any event, I cannot see how raising more children is a cure for the many undoubted existing evils, certainly not for those expressly stated in the book in question.

I should not, however, have paid much attention either to the book or to the prefatory letter of endorsement by the President, had it not been that almost daily of late there has been published

a letter from the President to some parent of a large family, congratulating him on the number of his offspring, and giving expression to sentiments of one sort or another which, in their essence, amount to this: that the nearer Americans approach the physical status of rabbits the more patriotic they become. If their meaning is not misunderstood by the public, these letters indicate an ignorance of actual conditions in this country, which is all the more regrettable in the man who is the chief servant of the nation, and whose opinions have so much weight not only in legislation but in directing public sentiment.

The President's plain meaning is, that the larger the family the better, regardless of almost any other conditions. "This is the stuff that good Americans are made of," he says in a recent letter. In its last analysis, this means that women are to be judged by no other standard than the number of children they produce. The mother of twenty-four children is a high-priestess of the race: the mother of none is a cipher. Apparently, according to this doctrine, virginity is a crime; and, since reproduction is the sole aim, it does not appear that the marriage relation need be considered as absolutely necessary. I am aware that this is not what the President means, and that he would not stand for such a proposition a moment; but I claim that it is a possible deduction from his philosophy.

I was raised in an atmosphere where it was considered that the teachings of the ancient writers of the Bible are as binding in our day as in theirs, in certain respects. I remember that, although I was taught that every word in the Bible was written by the finger of God and should be implicitly obeyed, there were certain things which we constantly violated. For instance, we ate pork, which, I noticed, was expressly prohibited; but I was put off with the explanation that these things concerned the Jews only. I never found exactly, though I tried to find, which of the things enjoined in the Pentateuch were binding on the Jews and not on us, nor by what principle the differentiation was to be made.

But I grew up believing, as did the great mass of the people of the country at that time, in certain selected texts and precepts; and among these the order to "multiply and replenish the earth" was believed and practised. There were large families in my day, and children were habitually referred to as "gifts from the Lord"; but I remember that the men did not seem to be par-

ticularly happy after three or four had appeared, and that the lives of the women, even those who were of education and refinement, were often almost on a level with those of the slave.

I have not forgotten the day when there were women of culture and refinement who had ten children, who did most of the sewing and housework, and when, if there was more than a single servant in the family, it was a notable thing. I can remember that the lives of those women were lives of pain, anxiety and toil. I cannot remember in my youth a woman of thirty who was not accounted old, and I have verified this many times by looking over family albums. Women of thirty to-day, whether married or single, are considered young, and there are plenty who at the age of forty-five have the bloom and beauty of youth. That was something unknown in my boyhood; and it is unknown in a great portion of this country to-day, more's the pity!

The problems that confront the married pair of to-day are essentially different from those of thirty years ago—not to say a century ago, when the ambition of most married people was said to be to get "an acre of land and a baby a year." Cradles no longer are included in the equipment of the bride. The young couple who get married to-day must meet the problems that face themselves, and not those which met their ancestors whom they are urged to emulate. The social problem is the greatest. It is of no sort of use to deny that, rightly or wrongly, there is at present a scale of living adopted in all grades of society that is far more expensive than that which prevailed a generation ago. I do not refer so much to the rich, or the well-to-do, but the grade of society where the man of very limited means has occupied and expects to occupy a position of comfort and enjoyment. Much of the increase is due to modern inventions, and to the relative cheapness of what were once esteemed luxuries but are now looked on as merely the common comforts. Partly, the result is due to the fact that woman has become "emancipated," and, instead of being solely and only a "breeder of sinners," has launched out into many vocations and has become a wage-earner. The woman who can earn money can spend it. That is a proposition so self-evident that I do not care to enlarge on it, especially to married men. It is true that, in many instances, the money thus earned is devoted to the most laudable purposes, such as the support of dependent relatives; but, in the majority of cases, it is

spent on the women or girls themselves, and it is spent principally for personal adornment. This is not in my opinion a crime. In an age when the love for the beautiful is growing, when the public taste for the best things is being rapidly developed, it is not at all to the discredit of any person to wish to be well-clothed and to make a good appearance. In fact, this is the natural condition which long had general acceptation. It was repressed, so far as Anglo-Saxons are concerned, to a very great extent, by the Puritan domination which was so long exercised all over this country, and from which we are just now becoming emancipated.

I am glad the emancipation has come. I can remember when my mother did not have, on an average, one new dress a year, and when a really nice one was supposed to last for ten. She had been reared in a home of comfort, but she married a clergyman of great spiritual qualities and little earning power, and she was offered up as a constant sacrifice on the altar of family development. I do not say that she regretted having a large family. She would not willingly have spared one of her loved ones; but I do know that some of them were not wanted at the time they came, and that twelve years of constant child-bearing reduced her to the physical wreck which she has remained for thirty years. Yet she was looked upon in her younger days as the typical wife and mother. I can testify that she was so in all the virtues; but that she suffered untold agonies, and does to this day, for the sake of bringing a large brood into the world, is undoubted.

The young couple who get married in the city or the small village at this day have become accustomed to many things with which they are not willing to part. They have learned to dress well, to have expensive pleasures, the theatre, concerts, visits, and the like, which have been inspirations in their lives. They do not look forward to a life of self-sacrifice. They want to retain these things. They have had a little home fitted up, and they do not want to give it up; and as usually the husband has all he can do to support two there is little anxiety to increase the number. If one or two children are born, it is considered enough among those who are intelligent and even tolerably educated. There is no room for more, because, in the first place, there is no money, and because the wife does not want to care for more. If she has a single servant, she finds that her whole time must be taken up with the children; and if she is to have a large brood, she will

either have to give up all expectation of living in the social atmosphere of her friends or the family will be plunged into debt. The result is, that families are small and are growing smaller. The wives are no longer pack-mules, but are getting some of the comforts of life. Why shouldn't they?

This is not the time or place to go into a broad discussion of the function of the sexual relation which is the basis of society. That has been set forth at great length by biologists, and receives more attention now from sociologists than at any other time. If the relations between the sexes were absolutely unrestrained, we should have a much larger number of children born than at present, though fewer would probably survive. If the sexual relations between husbands and wives were unrestrained, the same would be true in only less measure. We all know that as a matter of fact such is not the case. Is this wrong?

The President says it is, and constantly impresses his views on the public. There have been a few voices raised in approbation, but not one among them is a woman's. On the contrary, many protests have been made, and notably by the sex which is urged to bear all the burdens of over-population.

We may as well discuss this proposition from a common sense point of view. It is well known from vital statistics that the greatest mortality occurs among infants less than five years old. This is due to several causes—to diseases peculiar to infants, to prenatal influences, to lack of proper care and nourishment consequent upon poverty; but the fact is that in any large family there are almost always a number of deaths before the children reach maturity. It may be said, therefore, to be mathematically certain that in any large family there are some babies born only to die very soon. That is not an encouraging thought to any parent. On the other hand, it is true to a mathematical demonstration that, where an income is fixed, and in the great majority of cases in this country the income seldom increases, the whole must be divided among the greater number to the loss of those who were present before the new children came. It used to be said that it did not cost anything to raise a baby, but that on the contrary it was an investment. Such a proposition can no longer be maintained. Every baby costs a great deal of money. If the father is in any way able, he gets a good physician and a competent nurse—a trained nurse if possible; while all sorts of sanitary and

other preparations must be made and maintained which involve expense. Each baby cramps a little all that have come before it, with the result that the mother and father are soon obliged to sacrifice themselves almost entirely on the family altar. They must give up their comforts and pleasures; the mother must give up often even the necessities of life and take up its worst burdens in order that the children shall not suffer. A death in the family is a double calamity, since the extortionate cost of modern burial is one of the crying evils, but one which cannot be ignored.

It makes me sick to look at friends of mine who ten years ago were young and happy, and are now prematurely old and wan and sad. The young fellow who used to have the elastic step and the bright laugh, is now gaunt and dyspeptic, and has populistic views of life. His wife who was such a pretty girl, whom we all liked so well, who played and sang so nicely and was the charm of any social gathering, now looks like a little old hen. Her face is careworn, her look is haunted; she betrays every evidence of being drained mentally, physically and spiritually, to minister to four of five youngsters who must have "the best" of things, and who are lucky to get enough to make a decent appearance.

I presume that I am as fond a father as ever lived. I have four children; and if any of them were not welcome when they came, not one of them would be spared on any account. It happens that we are able to care for four, not quite in the style in which two could have been maintained, but to all intents and purposes quite well enough for them, and sufficiently well for us to maintain our social position, which is very dear to us, though to some such a statement may seem folly. If a time should come when we had to give up our present style of living (which, practically, means our friends, since in that event we would not and could not continue present relations with them), I would consider it, perhaps, the most serious day of my life. So far as can be judged at present, the only thing that might threaten such an event would be the appearance say of a couple of more children. I presume there are those who will think that this is an ignoble statement; but it is not only true, but it is true of about every family of which I have any personal acquaintance, except in those rather numerous instances where there are no children at all. Nothing is sadder to me than a large family except one with no children at all. I am not in favor of race suicide, but I claim that the man who

raises two, three or four children is doing all that ought to be expected of him, and probably in most cases a little more.

Why?

Because I foresee that what has taken place industrially in the last thirty years or less is going to continue increasingly. The race for existence is going to be harder and the difficulties in the way are going to become much greater. As the great industrial and mercantile businesses of the country are constantly accumulating in the hands of a few corporations, it seems likely that less and less will a young man have a chance in life in a business of his own. If he is to be anything more than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, it must needs be that he become fitted for the race in the best manner possible. Perhaps his best chance will be with the great corporations where only experts are wanted in the paying positions. It is even now a difficult question for the man with a fairly good income—say five thousand dollars in the cities and two thousand in the villages—to provide for a family of four children and give them the social status, intellectual atmosphere and educational advantages which shall fit them for the swift race now in progress; and there is every reason to believe that the race is going to be harder in the future. If this is so, it simply means that bringing more children into the world than we can properly care for, means death for some and a state of social degeneracy for the rest; or, at best, careers in which there will be nothing but a constant struggle, with the chances very much against them.

In point of fact, I have yet to see any reason in the world for a man bringing into the world a larger number of children than he is able to care for. On the contrary, there is every reason against this course. I am aware that there are many persons in the country who think that the sexual relation is a function designed solely for the propagation of the human race, and that nothing whatever should be allowed to interfere with this manifest purpose.

I deny this.

I deny it on the ground that it is a mere assumption, for which there has never been adduced the least proof. I deny it on the ground that it is contrary to human experience. I deny it on the ground that, although the marriage relation is designed partly for the propagation of the race, such is not its chief function, since the same result can be attained without marriage, and

originally was so attained. I hold that marriage is mainly for the highest good of the two individuals concerned, and that the rearing of children is only incidental and to be considered only as it adds to their happiness. I deny that marriage is solely an institution for the promotion of self-sacrifice and misery and the propagation of children. If so, it is a failure. It is an institution to make all happy, and not to make slaves of parents at the very outset of maturity. My observation and experience have been that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in large families there has been an immense amount of suffering and privation, and that the mother has usually had to bear the greater portion of it. And the worst of it is, the fact that the large family has so many drawbacks, which are freely avowed by every member of it, does not prevent each member of that same family from getting married under circumstances which usually indicate an exact reproduction of the ills of which they have so long complained.

But people will say: Look at France!

Well, look at France! I have not only looked at her from a theoretical point of view, but have travelled over her soil pretty thoroughly.

It seems to me that the French are about the happiest people I know—and I do not refer to Paris, but to the other cities, the villages and the country. It seems to me that the French are the most frugal and comfortable people I know, and they just barely succeed in reproducing the race without any increase at all. I do not see why the Frenchman should be contrasted with the rabbit, to the discredit of the former. I have never noticed in history that large families and intellectual and moral development seemed to go together. Until some better example than France can be brought along, I shall feel confirmed in my views.

The last word I have to say is the most important. I am against large families principally on account of the women, who are compelled to bear most of the burdens of life, and who are asked to give up all the comforts which they crave and which in some measure they are beginning to enjoy, and to which they are justly entitled. I consider it brutal to reiterate constantly that child-bearing is woman's function. I consider it no less than brutal to ask a woman to relegate herself to the position of a brood-mare, not for the personal happiness of either man or wife, but simply that the aggregate number of human beings in the world may be

increased. I do not think that a large population in and of itself is a great blessing. In all things in the world I am concerned more with quality than quantity. It is certain that, if the President were to have his way and we were to have as many children in each family as he seems to think desirable, and they could be brought up to maturity, the time would soon come when they would scarcely have standing room. The country could not support them.

In fact, we are getting quite as many people now as we need, unless we are going to be a military nation. I do not like to compare the President's expressions in his letters with the brutal sayings of Napoleon about the necessity of Frenchwomen breeding soldiers; but there is altogether too much of a resemblance to suit me. I have for the President the greatest respect and have always supported him politically, and I cannot believe that he wants to see the population of this nation grow simply because it will give us military strength. The fact is that we need better citizens, not more of them; and until there has been some way provided by which every child born into this world has as good a chance as it ought to have in the race for success, I shall continue to hold to the opinion that the fewer there are in the family the better. President Roosevelt has a large family, but he has always had abundant means to care for them. If he could know the sufferings of poor women, I do not believe he would encourage poor men to increase their families. I do not believe one woman has been convinced by what he has said on this subject. I believe in that married life where there is happiness for all, and I have little faith in the theory that if a man marries early, works and worries himself to death he may thus obtain a better position hereafter. I am certain that we ought to treat our wives better than we do. Most of us are moral cowards, who make our wives suffer and then blame it on the Lord, who, I believe, will resent such conduct. I have said some plain things because they need to be said. I cannot agree with the President, whose philosophy, if it seems brighter, is yet in truth responsible for a large part of the misery there is in the world.

PATERFAMILIAS.

POLITICS IN ENGLAND.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

"NEVER was a political situation more piquant and paradoxical than that which in some respects confronts us to-day." So, early in April, wrote one of the keenest and most catholic minds engaged in the practice of English journalism; and the correctness of his diagnosis was confirmed a few days later by Mr. Morley himself when he declared that "so far as he knew, there was never a more interesting moment in our modern Parliamentary and party history." Things, indeed, are moving in the world of politics with an almost un-English celerity. The long transitional period which followed the irruption of Home Rule seems to be nearing its end. Organic forces are stirring in a way that, after so many years of "parties in flux," would appear to herald the moment of precipitation. We live in the meantime in an atmosphere of surprises, uncertainties and speculation; the public mind is about equally amazed and confused; and politicians are cultivating the featureless and fantastic caution of men who are not quite sure of their ground and decidedly prefer to wait on events. "I advise my young men," said Walpole, "on no account to use the word 'never.'" Even the youngest of our young men of to-day needs no such reminder. The one quality all Englishmen are at this moment heartily agreed on avoiding is explicitness, either of statement or prophecy. A becoming hesitancy, with nothing more definite in it than a half-hearted surmise or a hint of doubtful possibilities, is simply forced upon the commentator by the complexities of his subject. At the most he can but hope to set forth, with some approach to accuracy, wherein those complexities consist.

To Americans, at any rate, the matter should present few difficulties. The politics of the two countries have for years past been

running on essentially parallel lines; and, roughly speaking, any one who understands the American situation understands the English also; any one who can solve the one can solve the other. Home Rule and Free Silver have played an almost identical part in the recent history of the two peoples. Neither measure, to begin with, was a natural outcome of the doctrines of the party that adopted it. In each case it was grafted on the party programme forcibly and at word of command. When Mr. Bryan stampeded the Chicago Convention of 1896 into adopting Free Silver he merely repeated the tactics which Mr. Gladstone had employed ten years earlier to coerce his party into accepting Home Rule. Neither could appeal for justification to the past faith and principles of American Democracy or English Liberalism. The new policy cut avowedly across the continuity of doctrinal development. In each case it staggered and scandalized the average elector; in each case, too, it led immediately to a party split. The Liberal Unionists who under Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain broke away from Mr. Gladstone were in precisely the same position, ethically and politically, as the Gold Democrats who bolted the Chicago platform. In England as in America the new doctrines were absolutely repudiated by the country, and for a while the English Unionists, like the American Gold Democrats, became a virtually national party—so conspicuously representative of the sound conservatism of the country that no one but a few fanatics wished to see them turned out.

The parallel may even be carried further. The Spanish war and the Boer war raised fresh issues before the two nations, and on each side of the Atlantic the Democrats and the Liberals proceeded at once to show that their foreign was no better than their domestic policy. Mr. Bryan threw down his gauge to American Imperialism; the challenge was accepted, with results that were hailed as warmly in England as in the United States. The English Liberals, or at least the majority of them, denounced the Boer war and tried to get the country to side with them, and the country met their advances by piling up a majority of 130 for their opponents. Of course, I do not trace back the present helplessness of the English Liberals solely to Home Rule and their reputation for Little Englandism. It is of far older standing than that and due to more varied causes. One of these is their success and energy in the past. They have reformed so much that there

is hardly anything left worth reforming. Along the lines laid down by Grey, Russell, Bright and Gladstone, their work is well-nigh over. The two institutions that lend themselves naturally to Liberal antipathies, the House of Lords and the Established Church, are at present quite beyond reach of successful attack; and for the rest, all the pulling down and all the constitutional reform that can be done has been done. No one, for instance, wants the franchise to be enlarged; no one wants the old and tried institutions of the country to be tinkered at any more. The Liberalism of the old school, the Liberalism that was always attacking here, abolishing there, and levelling everywhere, has completely exhausted its mandate. After Mr. Gladstone's cyclonic career of destruction, there is the inevitable reaction in favor of letting things alone. It is the general sense of the nation that what is now required is building up, positive, constructive reform; and to this change Liberalism, always stronger in attack than defence, has not yet been able to accommodate itself.

Again the Liberals suffer from that curious interchange of policies which has all but wiped out the old and well-marked differences between Whig and Tory. Indeed, political names are beginning to be as unrepresentative of political things in England as they long have been in Italy. The Conservatives caught the Liberals bathing in the Irish sea and marched off with thier clothes. Nothing has been more remarkable in recent English history than the growth of the Tory party in the confidence of the working-men—a growth, by the by, which Disraeli, with alien perspicacity, foresaw. It was Lord Randolph Churchill who first lifted the Tory party out of the rut and gave it the democratic impulse toward social reform. Mr. Chamberlain has carried on Lord Randolph's work and forced upon the Tories some of the most radical measures to be found in the English statute-book. That is doubly hard on the Liberals. Not only are they without a programme, but they see what ought to be their programme annexed by their opponents. And, besides all this, one must bear in mind, when seeking the reason for the completeness of the Liberal collapse, that the mechanical barriers which are so serviceable in America hardly exist in England. How far faith is essential to the cohesion and effectiveness of a political party it would be hard to decide. The great American parties, for instance, represent merely antagonistic opinions, if they even do

that. Certainly, an onlooker cannot discover that they stand for anything stronger. Vital beliefs, principles, anything in the nature of a political religion, are as hard to come across among the Republicans as among the Democrats. What is it, then, that has prevented the American parties from falling to pieces? Simply the strength of party ties, and particularly the strength of party organization. But in England no organization worthy the name exists. There is only the shadow of a "machine" and there is absolutely no controlling authority, like the American Conventions, that has the power to choose candidates and to formulate the programme on which they are to run. In politics, as in every other branch of life in England, individualism is fiercely cultivated. Americans have found in the rigidity of party organization and in the willingness of the minority to acquiesce in the decisions of the majority, the main cement that holds their parties together. Englishmen have succeeded for two hundred years in manufacturing that cement out of faith, tradition and the ascendency of individual leaders. But now that the Liberals have parted with all that made them a strong, consistent and cohesive party in the past, now that they happen to be destitute of commanding leaders and are torn, in consequence, by personal rivalries, they find that, lacking organization, nothing stands between them and chaos. That explains why the demoralization has gone further among the English Liberals than among the American Democrats. Practically, there is nothing to prevent an English party, once on the slide, from landing in the ravine.

But, to leave the more general and return to the specific and immediate conditions, one finds that the situation created by Home Rule and the Gladstonian "bias of anti-nationalism," is precisely that in which the American Democrats, thanks to Free Silver and Anti-Imperialism, are now floundering. In each party there are two sections. There are Liberals, like Lord Rosebery, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey, who are thoroughgoing Imperialists, who have renounced the Gladstonian form of Home Rule, and who are endeavoring to steer the party back to its old anchorage. In the same way, the clearest-headed and most conservative Democrats in the United States are organizing a movement that, if it succeeds, can only mean the repudiation of Mr. Bryan and Free Silver. On the other hand, the bulk of the official Liberals, like the bulk of the official Democrats, still per-

versely cling to the policy that has already led them twice to disaster and wholly estranged from them the common sense of their countrymen. I asked Mr. Herbert Paul for an authoritative exposition of their views. Mr. Paul possesses what is probably the most pungent pen that has ever been devoted to the service of English journalism. He sat for some years in the House of Commons as one of the members for Edinburgh, he is a scholar of singular acuteness, and, what is more to my present purpose, a foremost champion of the stern and unbending Gladstonianism which the nation is supposed to have outgrown. What Mr. Paul was good enough to say to me may, I think, be taken as thoroughly representative of the official Liberalism against which Lord Rosebery is fighting. He said:

"I warn you, you have come to a pessimist. Some might call me unwarrantably pessimistic, but I own that to me the position of the Liberal party seems desperate, even hopeless. You say, for instance, that the war is over, that the Government can no longer lay claim to the 'patriotism' of the country, that from now onwards it will be judged on its domestic record. So far as that is true, of course it helps the Liberals. But it is not the whole truth. The war is over, but the bitterness and the dissensions it roused in the Liberal party are by no means past. I speak of things within my own personal knowledge when I say that a real reunion seems as far off as ever. The Liberal party has not recovered, I hardly see how it can recover, from its fatal hesitancy at the beginning of the South-African crisis. In my opinion, it both could and should have prevented the war. On that point, as on most others, I am absolutely with Mr. Morley. His course from the first was clear and consistent, and, had it been followed, would have saved the Liberal party from disaster. And then, besides the split caused by the war, there is the reappearance of Lord Rosebery and his bid for the leadership. For that is what it undoubtedly is. I hardly think he will succeed. I admit his extreme cleverness and the curious fascination he has for the people—a fascination that no mistakes seem wholly able to destroy. But one wants something more than this in a leader. One wants, for instance, definiteness, and Lord Rosebery is not definite. I doubt whether even those who are most attracted by him could say what his policy is. He rarely takes up any position which he does not afterwards abandon. Not long ago he made a speech in which he appeared to support the Nonconformists in their refusal to pay the new Education rate. That, at least, was how I and most people read it. But a few days later Lord Rosebery explained it all away, and declared that he meant nothing of the kind. The last question one should have to ask of a political leader is, 'What do you mean'? But that is the first question one is forced to ask of Lord Rosebery. What the Liberals need is

a 'last-ditch' man, and Lord Rosebery, so far from being that, is often not even a party man; and, in spite of his able lieutenants and the zeal of his electioneering supporters, the Liberal party will remain substantially a Gladstonian and not a Rosebery party. At bottom, and apart from personal differences, what really divides the Liberal party is still the Irish question. 'Imperialism' is too intangible an issue. Nobody, least of all Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, wishes to decrease the Empire. Lord Rosebery says he does not wish to increase it. There is not room for much real difference between these two positions. But in the matter of Ireland the break is, or appears to be, complete. Lord Rosebery declares he will not take office in a Cabinet that can only maintain itself by the help of Irish votes and by yielding to Irish demands. Also, he has renounced Home Rule and broken off the alliance between the Liberals and the Nationalists. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Henry Fowler have supported him in doing so. Well, I will assume, though others do not, that this is their fixed intention. What follows? Simply that it is an impossible one to carry out. I can imagine a Rosebery Cabinet and I can imagine a Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet, but I cannot, as things are, imagine any Liberal Cabinet that is able to dispense with the Irish vote. Sir Henry still stands by Home Rule, but whether it will be possible for the Liberals to introduce a third Home Rule Bill and pass it, is another question. My own opinion is that, while Home Rule is bound to come, it is far more likely to be through the Conservatives than the Liberals. And, besides all the weakness that results from this rivalry of personalities and policies, you have the solid fact that the present Government has a majority of 130. A majority of 130 takes a lot of wiping out. For the Liberals in their present condition it is an impossible task. The next General Election, no doubt, will see it reduced, but to hope for a Liberal victory is ridiculous. It is true that the Government have lost far more than they have gained by the Education Bill and the Corn Tax. The former especially has had one great result—it has revived the power of political Nonconformity. It has imposed upon Liberals the clear duty of doing all they can to bring the Education Authorities under popular control; and it has also strengthened their general position. With all this, I still cannot see the smallest prospect of the Liberals being in office again. Personally, I think they ought to concentrate on whatever remains uncarried of the Newcastle Programme. That would be my prescription, if I had to make one, though I know perfectly well it would not unite all sections. Very possibly the upshot may be the gradual formation of a new Liberal party with a strong socialistic bent. Meanwhile, as I said, the situation seems to me hopeless."

As against Mr. Paul's views and his advice to "concentrate on whatever remains uncarried of the Newcastle Programme"—which is precisely the same as advising the American Democrats to concentrate once more on the Chicago platform of 1896—may

be set the opinions with which Mr. Haldane favored me. Mr. Haldane is a Privy Councillor, in the first flight of English lawyers, an intimate ally of Lord Rosebery, and perhaps the ripest and most comprehensive intellect that is enlisted in the Liberal cause. I transcribe his words:

"Our position, the Rosebery position, is briefly this: We find that England is Liberal, but against the Liberals, and we have first of all to discover how such a paradox has come about. In our opinion, it is due to the fact that the Liberals have not marched with the times. They have clung to the old shibboleths and they have overburdened themselves with huge, hasty, and impractical programmes. You will find the best instance of this in Ireland. Everybody who has any claim to be called a practical politician knows that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893 are dead and buried, and cannot be resurrected. Well, we—that is to say, Lord Rosebery's followers—not only admit that, but proceed to act upon it. We take stock of the facts as they are to-day; we examine Irish conditions, not from the point of view of 1886 and 1893, but from the point of view of the present moment. And what do we find? First of all, we find what I may call a new Centre Party growing up, a party at once moderate and practical. The recent conference between the landlords and the tenants, and the way in which both have blessed the new Land Bill, show how far this new spirit has gone. Now, that is a spirit with which we are ready to ally ourselves; that is a party with which we feel we can work. You may, therefore, take it for granted that the general principle which underlies Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase Bill will be heartily supported by most of us. We reserve criticism, of course, as to details, and especially financial details; but the broad principle is one we entirely accept. And with the land question at last on its way to settlement, the Rosebery policy would be to extend and develop local self-government in Ireland as much as possible; to inquire into, and wherever possible economize on, the system of Dublin Castle rule; to encourage industrial and agricultural development freely—in short, to advance step by step along the humble line of practical utility, and not waste our time on 'heroic' measures. The end of all this, in our view, would be the creation of a prosperous and contented Ireland, of moderate Nationalist sympathies, from which a system of Home Rule might gradually arise. You must not suppose that, because we have wiped Home Rule off our slate as a policy to be embodied in a single bill and brought forward in the House of Commons, our relations with the Irish party have been severed. On the contrary, they are close and cordial. The Irish know perfectly well that we desire and work for the improvement of their country; and they are realizing, too, that ours is the only practical method by which it can be improved. And this same policy of taking things as they come, of not committing ourselves hopelessly in advance, above all, of thinking measures out before we advocate them, is our policy in English as well as

Irish affairs. In England, too, there is emerging a Centre Party that is being attracted to our banner. The younger and more enlightened Conservatives, like Mr. Winston Churchill, have more in common with Lord Rosebery than with their own leaders. You will have seen that conspicuously during the recent Army debates; and I firmly believe that the dominant party of the future will be what I may term a Centre Left party, working along Rosebery lines, absorbing the Gladstonian remnants, and recruited to some extent from the Conservative ranks. That future, no doubt, is not a near one, but we are quite content to wait for it; and we may at least claim that our policy leads to it, while the policy of the unregenerate section in the Liberal party leads nowhere. But, after all, it is not office, but principles that we are working for. We may be able to reduce the Government's majority at the next election; but, unless things change rapidly, we cannot reasonably hope to wipe it out. What we can do, however, is to prepare a state of feeling which eventually must make the existence of such an inert Government as the present impossible; and that we are doing. The new problems that are coming up, especially in the sphere of constructive social reform, are problems that we are in thorough touch and sympathy with, and better able to handle than the Conservatives. I have no doubt that, with the policy we advocate—first of all, of a sane Imperialism; secondly, of economy and efficiency; thirdly, of cautious but progressive reform—we must in the long run not only dominate all sections of the Liberal party, but also undermine the entire Conservative position. It will be up-hill work, no doubt—breaking away from the past never is easy work; but unless we accept the alternative of stagnation, it must be done."

Between these two views there is obviously a divergence so fundamental that only the conquest and absorption of one section by the other can really put an end to it. An opinion, it is true, does widely obtain that, if the Liberals were again to be returned to power, the prospect of office would act as a sufficient incentive to harmony. That is a very delicate matter, on which it is almost useless even to speculate. What is beyond argument is, that the Liberal party is weakened to the point of being paralyzed by its lack of a common policy, and by the friction between the leaders of its component sections. It is still further distracted by a movement which, as Mr. Paul hinted, may end by permeating it with socialistic ideas—I mean the Independent Labor movement. And, again, it is fatally manacled by its rupture with the Irish Nationalists. That rupture, of course, is not to be regarded as complete for all time. If ever the Liberals find themselves in office again and are prepared to "govern Ireland on Irish principles," the alliance will be renewed. But, for the present, the

Nationalists have resumed their old position of independence of both parties, and will support whichever of the two can promise or perform the most for Ireland. One of their leaders said to me, with a frankness more often encountered in American than in English politics:

"Why should we be such inconceivable fools as to keep up our alliance with the Liberals? They have neither a policy, nor a leader, nor one chance in a thousand of getting back into power again. Gratitude? Well, you can hardly expect us to believe in gratitude as a paying political virtue. We are for the party that can give Ireland something substantial in return, and the party that can do that, in nine cases out of ten, is the party that controls the House of Lords."

Here, again, is a situation which sooner or later will be paralleled in America. The time, that is, will come when the alliance between the "Solid South" and the Democratic party will be found to be no alliance at all, but merely a temporary adhesion due to accidental circumstances. No doubt, the Democrats will be just as much scandalized by the discovery as are the Liberals by the "ingratitude" of the Irish Nationalists.

On the other side of the House, among the Conservatives, the position corresponds with curious felicity to that of the Republican party in the United States. Like the Republicans, the Conservatives control both Houses by overwhelming majorities; and, like the Republicans, they have made blunder after blunder, till the country is palpably turning from them in utter exasperation. The Buller affair, the Corn Tax, the Education Bill, Mr. Brodrick's Army Scheme, the Whitaker Wright business, the Venezuelan mess have all told immensely against them. More than once the Irish votes alone have saved the Government from defeat. Oftener still, a vigorous Opposition might have done them enormous damage by leading the national resentment inspired by some of their acts. As no such Opposition exists, the country has had to take the work of chastisement into its own hands. At bye-election after bye-election, it has smitten the ministry hip and thigh, and the general position of the Government, in spite of its huge majority, is weak and even precarious. Mr. Arthur Lee, whom all Americans will remember as Captain Arthur Lee, the British Military Attaché to the United States during the Spanish war, and who is now a Conservative member of Parliament and zealous in the work of Army Reform and of improving Anglo-

American relations, gave it to me as his opinion that the weakness of the Opposition was really the measure of the Government's strength. Mr. Redmond, when he rallied the Irish Nationalist Convention to the support of the Land Bill, said pretty much the same. The Government is palpably losing ground. The greatest feathers in its cap, Mr. Chamberlain and South Africa, are items for which the country considers that full credit has already been given. South Africa no longer has any influence as an electioneering argument! The reaction that sets in after every great war is another factor—vague, perhaps, but still effective—in the process of attrition. But in the main it is on its own specific deeds that the Government is being judged and condemned; and the contrast between its performances and its opportunities is rousing, even among the rank and file, a spirit of dissatisfaction and revolt. This spirit has found a vigorous expression in the new Fourth Party, a political off-shoot that may be compared with the supporters of the "Iowa idea" among the Republicans of the United States. Sir Gilbert Parker kindly furnished me with a most interesting account of its origin and policy. Sir Gilbert, I may add, promises to repeat in politics the abundant success he has already won in literature. Some solid and useful achievements already stand to his credit; he has conquered, and in a singularly short time, that suspicion of being "unpractical" that greets the man of letters in English politics; and his unique knowledge of the ins and outs of Colonial opinion and sentiment, especially on such matters as Imperial Defence, assures him a position of real authority. This is his account of the Fourth Party movement:

"I want to make it clear, in the first place, that there is nothing in the nature of a cabal in the Group of New Tories. We are not Adullamites, 'kickers,' 'bolters,' or anything of that kind. There is nothing personal and nothing secret about our policy or motives. What I say to you here, I should be just as ready to say to my constituents, in the lobbies, or from the floor of the House itself. Of course, I know what the gossips of the moment impute against us. We are charged with party disloyalty, with personal animosity against Mr. Brodrick, with a whole catalogue of political crimes. Some genius has even discovered that our real object is to turn out the present Ministry and plant in its place a Rosebery administration to which the members of the so-called Fourth Party are to be officially attached. Now, all that is unmitigated nonsense. We are Conservatives by instinct and conviction; party duty sits no more lightly on us than on other Conservatives; and

none of us has ever had a thought of shifting his political allegiance. We claim not only to be loyal Conservatives, but to show our loyalty in a practical form by doing what we can to bring official Conservatism abreast of the times. Our movement is not a movement against, but in favor of, the party to which we belong. It is to strengthen it, to broaden it, and especially to induce it to concentrate on certain practical reforms that we are working. Broadly speaking, the task of Conservatism during the past few years has been mainly defensive. It has had to protect, and this has naturally been its chief preoccupation, the Empire from disintegration at home and abroad—in Ireland and in South Africa. What we as a Group feel is, that this defensive work has now been satisfactorily accomplished, or that, at any rate, it should not in the future absorb so much of the party energy as has been the case in the past. We feel that, thanks to the admirable, clear-sighted firmness of our leaders, there is now, as it were, a truce to the more pressing anxieties of the last decade. But a truce of this kind has its dangers. It makes men more apt to think of what has been done than of what there is still to do. It tempts them to rely rather too complacently on their successes in the past, to take it too easily for granted that no more can decently be expected of them. And when a party gets into this state of mind, it falls into a rut from which it must either be forced or else gradually lose the confidence of the country. This, roughly, is the danger that, as we see it, lies just now ahead of our party; and it is one we intend to fight against and assist in preventing. We believe that, so far from having exhausted its mandate, the real triumphs of Conservatism are still to come; but that to win them the one thing needed is a comprehensive policy of constructive reform. I would emphasize the word 'constructive.' It is the key-note of our whole position, and really embraces all that we, a small knot of comparatively young Conservatives, some of whom are new to politics but not to political questions, and who believe ourselves to have a considerable knowledge of and sympathy with contemporary needs and tendencies, are striving to attain. We think, in short, that for the Conservative party to trust for another ten years solely to the watchwords of Empire and Union, will be politically fatal; that there is an emphatic demand for something more tangible, more vital, more definitely practical. This, I think, you may take to be the general animating principle behind this Group of men. Our aim is to give to the Conservative party a new impulse towards efficiency and practicality. Each of us, of course, has some special subject or hobby. Some of us have made a particular study of questions like the Housing of the Working Classes, Poor Law Administration, the control and regulation of locomotion, the development of Municipal Institutions, Municipal Trading, Imperial Relations. Others are more interested in those matters of fiscal reform, of commercial and industrial regulation, which in England have never won the important place they deserve and must ultimately reach. Others, again, regard the reform of our administrative machinery—which has fallen far below the American and German standards—as one of the most pressing problems of the

day. At all events, here were a number of active earnest Conservatives, each contributing his quota to a broad policy of progress and reform. It was inevitable under the conditions of Parliamentary life that we should at some time come together, and agree more or less to act in common. But what actually gave us a rallying-point, and so formed the nucleus of the Group of New Tories, was Mr. Brodrick's Army Scheme. Here we all met on common ground. Whatever our 'second string,' the Army question was with most of us the first; and we soon found ourselves practically at one in condemning Mr. Brodrick's scheme as extravagant, inefficient, and, in our opinion, and I think it may now be said in the opinion of a majority in the country, unsuited to the national needs. Two results followed from this. One was that a certain amount of concerted action was forced upon us by Parliamentary requirements. A single member, acting by himself, has little power in the House of Commons. To make any impression at all, you must, so far as possible, organize. We therefore found ourselves drawn more and more closely together on the basis of a common opposition to Mr. Brodrick's Six Army Corps, and from this constant association and intercourse there followed the knowledge that we thought in common not only on the Army question, but on the many other points of social, fiscal, economic, and administrative reform I have mentioned. Hence the Group of New Tories. You will see from this that it is not a very sinister development, after all, but something that, given the circumstances, was not only natural and inevitable, but also much needed. We may, at any rate, fairly claim to have justified our existence during the Army debates, and I rather anticipate that the future will not be without its opportunities, too."

Unquestionably, the greatest domestic achievement of the Government is the Irish Land Purchase Bill. It really promises to settle that heart-breaking question for good and all; but in one way at any rate it only makes the future yet more hazardous to forecast. Sir Robert Peel never expected to be the statesman to repeal the Corn Laws; Disraeli never expected to be the author of Household Suffrage; this Government does not expect to introduce a Home Rule Bill. It is one of the most curious developments of English politics that Home Rule should to-day be spoken of as one of the possibilities of the not distant future. There is a hint in this of the probable issue of the present complex and contradictory situation. The country grows more and more dissatisfied with the Government, and it is still without confidence in the Opposition. The broad result, as it seems to me, will be to make the Irish once more the masters of English politics.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY QUESTION.

BY RICHARD WAYNE PARKER, MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THE question as to the boundary of Alaska is the off-spring of the discovery of gold in the Klondike. Ever since the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain, it had been perfectly well understood by all parties that by that treaty Russia had an unbroken strip of land along the main continent, which gave her full control of all the sounds, channels and inland seas of that broken coast, and likewise protected her fur companies upon the islands from the incursions of the Hudson Bay Company. These considerations had been paramount in the negotiation of the treaty. This had been the construction shown in all the maps from 1825 to 1897, whether English, Russian, American or Canadian. Russia, and afterwards America, had occupied to the head of all these inlets. If ever there was a question which was absolutely settled, it was this. But with the discovery of gold in the Klondike everything is changed. A new construction of the treaty is put forward, just as some new child, never heard of before, always appears to claim a large fortune.

By the treaty of 1825, it was agreed that between the 56th degree of north latitude and the 141st degree of west longitude the boundary should "follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast," and also that, whenever this summit "shall prove to be at a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the strip of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above-mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the sinuosities of the coast and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

It had always been supposed that this line, parallel to the

"sinuosities" of the coast, should go inside of any bays, inlets, or arms of the sea. It is now suggested that the line should cut across these inlets, channels, bays, or arms of the sea, so as to keep the boundary line within ten leagues of the points of the continent. Indeed, some suggestion has been made that this line should run ten leagues inside of the outer line of marine jurisdiction, and cut through the islands which border the coast.

The coast of Russian-America, now called Alaska, is bordered, for about two hundred miles, by an archipelago of nearly half that width, consisting of rocky islands, divided from each other and from the shore by narrow, deep channels and sounds; while the coast of the mainland is broken by like deep, narrow inlets or channels, often running nearly a hundred miles into the land, with a width of one or two miles. On either side they are bordered by beetling cliffs. Like the fiords of Norway, they have been cut out by glaciers in early days, and the sinking of the whole continent has brought the sea farther and farther into these glacial beds. A Western man would call then cañons. The earliest maps of this region are Spanish, and on these they have the name of "canals," the word meaning either a strait or channel of water, or a long, narrow flat between two parallel mountains. The Lynn Canal is one of the longest and largest of these, and the harbor at its head affords access to the Klondike, over the summit of the Chilkoot and Chilkat passes, which lie a few miles north of the Canal. At Portland Canal somewhat similar conditions prevail. But in most of the other parts of the coast, there is no definite summit or watershed within thirty miles of the shore as was expected by those who drew this treaty, and the line has, therefore, to be located upon the ground ten leagues from the sinuosities of the coast. The Canadian claims would disregard these sinuosities and seize the whole head of the Lynn Canal, so as to have direct access to the Klondike through a British port. Indeed, Canada has already offered to surrender to the American contention all the rest of the coast, provided it can have Pyramid Harbor upon the Lynn Canal.

The United States cannot agree to arbitrate such claims. Territorial disputes have always been excepted from propositions to establish a general court of arbitration. This whole region is filled with American settlements, which the Government cannot put in jeopardy. But a final reason against arbitration is, that no

disinterested court could be found, because every foreign nation is interested in trading directly with the British gold fields, instead of having to pass through American territory. At present shipments from foreign countries to the Klondike pay the Dingley duties from which our own shipments are exempt, and this gives us a substantial monopoly of furnishing supplies. There is not one foreign country that would not rather have a direct trade with this region. Any arbitration would simply involve the question whether America could bar that country from direct trade.

Such questions of national title, against common rights claimed by the other countries, cannot be submitted to arbitration. We are not ready to repeat the mistake which we made in the Fur Seal Arbitration, whereby we allowed other nations to decide whether the seals really belonged to us alone, or whether they might be killed by themselves in common with us. We cannot let others be the judges whether they are to have privileges in our property. We must assert our own rights as a nation.

But to say that arbitration is impossible does not exclude negotiations as to the exact settlement of the line. There are questions of survey, under the treaty, to determine whether the summit of the mountains lies within the ten leagues line, or if not, exactly where that line shall be laid out. It has, therefore, been right to appoint a commission of three Americans to meet a similar commission appointed on the side of Great Britain, and see whether this line can be located.

The American Commissioners, however, will never admit that there is any question with reference to the principle on which this boundary line should be laid out,—a principle which is settled by history and by the terms of the treaty itself.

In this article it will be impossible to do more than touch upon the history. It is thoroughly and beautifully abstracted in an article by John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, published in the "National Geographical Magazine" of November, 1899. A discussion of the question may be found in Balch's book, "The Alaska-Canadian Frontier," republished in 1903 with amendments. A careful list of maps bearing on the subject has been made and printed by P. Lee Phillips of the Library of Congress, as well as a list of books by A. P. C. Griffin of that Library. The literature is complete.

Suffice it to say that, during the negotiations for the treaty of

1825, when Great Britain insisted upon the possession of eighty miles of the coast behind the Russian Islands, Russia broke off all those negotiations, upon the express ground that unless the islands were protected by a strip of shore upon the mainland, the Russian Fur Company would be exposed to competition by the Hudson Bay Company, which it was their purpose to exclude. At the same time, the Russian envoy reported to his Government that it was their object to establish a barrier to stop the encroachment of the Hudson Bay Company, or the access of the English to the sea. The English envoy at the same time reported that the establishment of the line on Portland Canal, as afterwards adopted by the treaty, would deprive England of the inlets or small bays lying between latitude 56° and latitude 54° 40′.

The negotiations were thus broken off upon this essential point of the establishment of a barrier strip of coast, which would include all the inland seas. These negotiations were renewed on England's acceding to the Russian demands in this respect, on condition that the strip of coast should not be so wide as to run to the Rocky Mountains, and also that Russia should grant some privileges in the "interior seas, gulfs, harbors, or creeks upon the coast for the purpose of trading with the natives of the country," privileges which were finally allowed by the treaty for ten years, and abolished at the end of that period.

The maps in the possession of both parties showed a line of mountains running along the coast, close inside of all the inlets. These maps had been made by sailors, who thought that they could see such an unbroken chain of mountains. Russia suggested that the line should run along the summit of these mountains. England acceded, making the condition, in order to guard against possible mistakes in the maps, that the mountains should not be over ten leagues from the coast. But that it was the intention to give Russia an unbroken strip is not only proved by these maps used in the negotiations, which showed a chain of mountains inside of the inlets, but by all subsequent maps and papers. Russia immediately mapped the boundary officially in 1827. That map is copied in the Arrowsmith (London) map of 1832, and in Bouchette's Canadian map of 1831, as well as in all other Canadian maps (as, for example, Devine's of 1857), and in every map on the Continent or in England until 1898, when Ogilvie published an article in the proceedings of the Scottish Geographic

Society, accompanied by a map which still shows the boundary at ten leagues from the head of the canals.

But we are not left to maps. In 1839, Russia leased the strip of shore to the Hudson Bay Company, and in 1857 Parliament made inquiry as to that Company's affairs, and a map of their territory was published by the direction of Parliament, showing the leased ground marked in yellow. This ground was exempted from all hostilities during the Crimean War. It was ceded to the United States and remapped at that time. In 1873, the legislature of British Columbia proposed that a survey should be made of the thirty miles of American territory. Dennis, their surveyor-general, proposed to establish monuments upon certain rivers, which he names, including the Chilkat, which is above the head of the Lynn Canal, and the Taku and Stikine, which are above other canals. In 1876, upon the escape of a prisoner from a Canadian official some fifteen miles up the Stikine River, the Canadian Government ordered a survey, and abandoned jurisdiction because the point of escape was in American territory. In 1878, upon an official Canadian survey of the same river, a provisional boundary was suggested and accepted twenty-five miles from the mouth.

Meanwhile, the ground in question, around the heads of these canals, had been occupied more or less by Russian forts and posts. It was leased to the Hudson Bay Company and surrendered upon termination of the lease. Russia received the allegiance of the Indians therein. On its cession to the United States, it was occupied by the Army, and by post-offices, post-roads, and custom-houses, and Government and mission schools were established upon it. These last, at the head of the Lynn Canal, have existed for twenty years. The inlets have been patrolled by the Revenue Cutter Service since the cession. We have accepted the allegiance of the Indians, and enumerated them in the Census in 1880 and 1890. Towns were established, and all this was without protest from Great Britain or Canada. It is true that in 1888, on an endeavor to survey the boundary, Mr. Dawson, acting for the Dominion of Canada, had raised a question whether the line was to be measured from the heads of the inlets. But no governmental action was taken until the month of August, 1898, when Great Britain, at the suggestion of Canada, first made a claim to take the boundary line from above the Portland Canal down to

the coast, and across the inlets, leaving an average breadth of shore to the United States of five miles, broken continually by arms of the sea.

We may go further, however, and say that it needs only a careful reading of the treaty of 1825, to ascertain that the Canadian claims are absolutely contradicted by the treaty itself. We admit that the word "coast" has more than one signification—for example, (1), the outside boundary of marine jurisdiction, outside of all inland seas and coast-lying archipelagoes; (2), the exterior line of the mainland, cutting across the mouths of close bays and inlets, even of tide-water; and (3), the shore, the actual line of low-water mark upon tide-water, a line unbroken by anything except running streams. In this case there is no doubt. The treaty itself defines this last sort of coast, viz., the shore, as the one that was intended, and the treaty so fixes the boundary as that there can be no dispute upon this matter.

The important object sought by Great Britain was to be relieved of the Russian claim to maritime jurisdiction in the Pacific for 100 miles from shore, as well as to define the part of the coast to be claimed by either. The treaty recites a desire to "settle, upon the basis of reciprocal convenience, different points connected with the commerce, navigation and fisheries of their subjects on the Pacific Ocean, as well as the limits of their respective possessions upon the northwest coast of America."

Article I. provides against molestation of the subjects of either in any part of the Pacific Ocean, either in navigating, fishing, or landing at such part of the coast as shall not have been already occupied, to trade with the natives under the restrictions thereafter specified.

Article II., in order to prevent illicit commerce, forbids landing at any place where shall be an establishment of the other party, without permission of the commandant.

Articles III. and IV. read as follows:

"III. The line of demarcation between the possessions of the High Contracting Parties upon the coast of the continent and the islands of America to the northwest, shall be drawn in manner following:

"Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called 'Prince of Wales Island,' which point lies under the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and 133d degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the

north along the pass called 'Portland Channel' as far as the point of the continent (Fr. *terre ferme*) where it reaches the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last-mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast, as far as the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian), and finally from the said point of intersection the said meridian line of the 141st degree in its prolongation toward the frozen ocean shall form the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America, to the northwest.

"IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article, it is understood; first, that the island called 'Prince of Wales Island,' shall belong wholly to Russia; second, that whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast, from the 56th degree of north latitude to the intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than 10 marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the strip of coast (Fr. *lisière de côte*—literally, selvage of coast,) which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the sinuosities of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of 10 marine leagues therefrom."

We note immediately the hesitation and doubt as to the existence of the mountains along this sinuous coast-line, and as to the exact position of the eastern boundary of the strip or "binding." But, up to that point, the description is accurate and careful; and the corner at which this mountain chain line shall start, is fixed carefully and exactly at a point which, as will be shown, is *just ten leagues from the head of the nearest bay,* and which is much more than that distance from the outer coast which is asserted by Canada to govern that boundary.

We may well spend some little time in removing all doubt, as to the terms of this description. First, we note that it is a line of demarcation between possessions "on the coast of the continent and the islands." It is to divide the "coast" and "islands" of one party from those of the other. These words involve the straits, sounds, arms of the sea and bays, which make these islands and coast. All those north of the line are to be of Russia, and all south are to be of Great Britain. The whole coast with its islands and seas, whether belonging to Russia or England, was thus mentioned in Article III.; and this explains the ten years' license, given by each party to the subjects of the other in Article VII., to frequent these seas, for fishing and trading with the natives.

Article III. proceeds:

"Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called 'Prince of Wales Island,' which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and 133d degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich)."

This point is not so indefinite as it might seem. So far as we know, the most careful surveys of this region then existing were Vancouver's famous maps of 1798, accompanying the edition of his "Voyages" then published. The outermost island shown on those charts is named "*Prince of Wales Archipelago,*" a large single island which Vancouver skirted, but thought (mistakenly) might be broken into several.* No less than three southerly points of this island appear in his chart, at almost exactly the same latitude, viz., 54 degrees 42 minutes. One, "Capo de Chacon," is shown in dark lines as surveyed by himself in 131 degrees 44 minutes west longitude. "Punta de Nunez" is mapped at 131 degrees 57 minutes west longitude, and "Capo de Muzon" at 132 degrees 30 minutes, both in the same latitude; but these are unshaded and stated in the map to be taken from "Spanish authorities." Thus, in the treaty description, the vague statement of longitude is intended to cover the doubt as to which cape was the southernmost, as well as the errors which were always found in longitude when chronometers and lunar observations were not so accurate as at present. For example, Cape Chacon is shown on the Coast Survey charts as at 132 degrees 1 minute west longitude, which is 17 minutes (or nautical miles) west of where Vancouver placed it. Some of his own calculations vary nearly a degree from each other.

As to latitude, Vancouver's survey of Cape Chacon was correct, but Cape Muzon extends south to 54 degrees 40 minutes and perhaps a trifle farther, so that the treaty was properly careful that all of Prince of Wales Island should belong to Russia and this was provided for in Article IV.

This line of 54 degrees 40 minutes was already historical. In 1824, the year before the treaty referred to, Russia and the United States had entered into a treaty as to this same coast. The first and second articles as to the freedom of the Pacific Ocean were the same as in the British treaty, which was copied therefrom.

* Vol. III., p. 419, of his "Voyages."

The third article engaged that there should not be formed by citizens of the United States, or under the authority of said States, any establishment upon the northwest coast of America, nor in any of the islands adjacent, to the north of 54 degrees 40 minutes of north latitude, and that in the same manner there shall be none formed by Russian subjects or under the authority of Russia, south of said parallel, which was thus made a boundary.

The fourth article provided that for ten years "the ships of both Powers, or which belong to their citizens or subjects respectively, may reciprocally frequent, without any hindrance whatever, the interior seas, gulfs, harbors, and creeks, upon the coast mentioned in the preceding article, for the purpose of fishing and trading with the natives of the country." This was copied in the seventh article of the British treaty. The other article was as to the sale of spirits and firearms to the natives, and was likewise copied.

Taken together, the American and British treaties reserved all question between the United States and England as to the coast below 54 degrees 40 minutes, and left all the coast above that line, and all the islands, interior seas, gulfs, harbors, and creeks, to Russia.

We only add one other authority to show that this line of 54 degrees 40 minutes was thoroughly understood at the time. On April 27th, 1824, Count Nesselrode, who signed both treaties for Russia, wrote that he would not insist on 51 degrees, that he was content with 55 degrees, and that toward the east the frontier could run along the mountains that follow the sinuosities of the coast up to Mount St. Elias, and from that point to the Arctic Ocean, etc. He continues:

"In order not to cut Prince of Wales Island, which, according to this arrangement should belong to Russia, we *proposed to carry the south frontier of our domains to the 54 degrees 40 minutes of latitude, and to make it reach the coast of the continent at Portland Canal, whose mouth opening on the ocean is at the height of Prince of Wales Island.*"

On Vancouver's chart, this line of 54 degrees 40 minutes extended eastwardly passes a mile or so south of Point Wales, the south point of a small island known as Wales Island, being, on the west side of the entrance of a wide channel or canal, leading

northeast into the continent. This canal or passage, according to the same chart, at 20 miles from its mouth, divides into two canals, one running north 45 miles to 55 degrees 45 minutes, with much the same width, and marked "Portland Channel," and the other continuing northeast about 30 miles, and marked as "Observatory Inlet." From Count Nesselrode's letter, it is plain that the whole canal had in 1825 taken the name of its larger branch, "Portland Channel," although Vancouver had in his voyage treated this as a branch of Observatory Inlet, which he first visited. But Nesselrode recognizes that it was from latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes that the line ascends to the north in the mouth of the wide canal, then and now termed Portland Canal; and not in the little strait north of Wales Island, which debouches north of that latitude.

From this point the treaty description is still more interesting.

"The said line shall ascend to the north, along the pass called 'Portland Channel,' as far as the point of the continent where it reaches the 56th degree of north latitude."

Vancouver's chart and his "Voyages" (Vol. II., p. 341) makes the canal end in latitude 55 degrees 45 minutes in low marshy land. He says:

"The shores of this inlet were nearly straight, and in general little more than a mile asunder, composed mostly of high rocky cliffs covered with pine trees to a considerable height, but the more interior country was a body of high barren mountains covered with snow."

Vancouver's survey was made in row boats and amid great hardships. It is absolutely accurate up to the division of the channel at a little short of 55 degrees; but our coast survey shows that, above that point, he omitted one or two courses in plotting, and that the end of the water is ten miles farther north than he placed it, lying in 55 degrees 55 minutes (only five miles from latitude 56 degrees); that, from the end of the water, the high rocky cliffs or banks with a cañon or pass between, of a mile in width, continues well beyond latitude 56 degrees, and that at that point of latitude the "*passe*" is flanked by high mountains, Mt. Gladstone on the east and the Reverdy Mountains on the west.*

* See the Coast Survey charts, "Portland Canal in Alaska" and "Clarence Strait, Revellagigedo Channel, and Portland Canal."

We thus understand how a line up a channel ("canal or "*passe*") gets to a point on "*terre ferme.*" It was still a "*passe*" or "canal" though dry. The word "pass" in English, as in French, is applicable to a dry way or a waterway. The word "canal" was from the Spanish, and is defined in that language not only as an arm of the sea between islands or continents, but as a long narrow plain between two parallel mountains.

This is the Western-American use of the word "cañon," which the Spaniard would call a "canal"; and hence the line, after it left the part covered with water, would rightly go up this "pass" or "canon" of flat land between parallel mountains, for five miles farther, "as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree." Thus the line of the channel, "*passe*" or "cañon" did reach a point on the continent, or *terre ferme,* because the channel or "*passe*" was and is dry there.

It is obvious that the men who drew this treaty *knew* that this line could go up Portland Canal or Cañon until it reached latitude 56 degrees. That was and is a fact. It may have been a route for trappers to the interior. The treaty thus contradicted Vancouver's chart, and all well-known maps of that date that made the canal stop at 55 degrees 45 minutes, but it was true that you could go up that "*passe*" by water and land to 56 degrees; and that this point was between high mountains. Let us see what this means.

This point was and is over 70 miles from the extreme projections of the coast. All knew that, for Vancouver's careful hydrographic map showed the fact. This point is defined by the treaty as in the boundary. Hence the coast or shore, from which the boundary should never be distant more than ten leagues, or thirty miles, cannot be the outside projections of the continent. But that point, by Vancouver's chart, was just ten leagues from the nearest shore of the next northern inlet, Walker's Cove on Behm's Canal. On the Coast Survey Chart, it is just 29¾ marine miles from the head of that cove. Thus there was a starting point at ten marine leagues from the nearest sinuosity of the coast in a range of mountains; such as was shown on Vancouver's map, as extending along the whole coast within the heads of these inlets, and usually close to them at a distance of five or ten miles. The starting point in that supposed range was, however, 30 miles from the head of the next nearest estuary.

So far, the survey is, obviously, an *actual* one. It proves itself by being true and accurate, where the maps were false. It follows a named channel or "*passe*" to a certain point. But from this point it does not claim to be otherwise than scientific and theoretical:

"From this last-mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast, etc."

"Whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast, from the 56th degree of north latitude . . . shall prove to be at a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the strip (*lisière*) of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the sinuosities of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

Every voyager thought the snowy peaks that he looked at constituted a continuous mountain chain.

At the head of Observatory Inlet Vancouver says:

"This (opening) to all appearance was bounded at no great distance by a continuation of the same lofty ridge of snowy mountains, so repeatedly mentioned as stretching eastwardly from Cape Fairweather, and which, in every point of view they had hitherto been seen, appeared to be a firm and close-connected range of stupendous mountains forever doomed to support a burden of undissolving ice and snow."*

And again:

"From the close connection and continuation of the lofty snowy barrier so frequently before adverted to, trending southeastwardly and along *parallel with the direction of the continental shore*, little probability can remain of there being any continental commerce," etc.†

We seem in these words of Vancouver's to have the words of the treaty before us, except that he says the continental *shore*, instead of its *coast*. That is what the treaty meant, namely, a range or line parallel to the sinuosities of the *shore*, and of the *côte* or coast in that sense. Half the difficulties have arisen from mistranslation of French words. Thus "*côte*" is "shore." "*Sinuosités*" are not mere windings, but *sinuosities*, defined as bends or folds, including *sinus* or bays. "*Lisière de la côte*" is not a "line of coast" but a strip, literally a selvage or edge, close

* Vol. II., p. 247.

† Vol. II., p. 249.

woven and holding the cloth together; an unbroken edge of shore.

The other Articles confirm this view:

"Article V. It is, moreover, agreed, that no establishment shall be formed by either of the two parties within the limits assigned by the two preceding articles to the possessions of the other; consequently British subjects shall not form any establishment, *either upon the coast or upon the strip of the continent comprised within the limits of the Russian possessions, as designated in the two preceding articles,* and in like manner no establishment shall be formed by Russian subjects beyond the said limits."

That is, English subjects shall not put factories upon the coast, nor shall the Hudson Bay Company come from behind upon the strip. But the English now contend that their ships could have gone to that coast and up the Lynn Canal and put a factory at its head. The article means nothing, unless the coast includes the whole *shore.*

"Article VI. It is agreed that the subjects of His Britannic Majesty, from whatever quarter they may arrive, whether from the ocean or from the interior of the continent, shall have the right of navigating freely and without any hindrance whatever, all the rivers and streams which in their course towards the Pacific Ocean may cross the line of demarcation upon the strip of coast described in Article III. of the present convention."

Vancouver's charts show many canals over 30 miles long. If the boundary was intended to cross these canals, there would have been provision for their navigation as matter of right, not merely for rivers and streams. The boundary was to cross rivers and streams with a *course* toward the Pacific; it was not to cross inlets and arms of the sea which were parts of the Pacific, but to go round their shores. Otherwise their navigation would have been provided for in this article as a right.

"Article VII. It is also understood that, for the space of ten years from the signature of the present convention, the vessels of the two Powers, or those belonging to their respective subjects, shall mutually be at liberty to frequent, without any hindrance whatever, all the inland seas, the gulfs, havens, and creeks on the coast mentioned in Article III., for the purposes of fishing and of trading with the natives."

This is a mutual ten-year license given by respective owners, by the British claiming to be owner of the coast south of 54 de-

grees 40 minutes, and by Russia as owner of the coast north of this line, including all its "inland seas, gulfs, harbors, and creeks." It is plain that the coast on which they lie is the shore with all its sinuosities. There could have been no ten-year license, which could be and was revoked at its expiration, if England had the right to go to the head of Lynn Canal as her coast.

The French word "*crique*," translated "creek," may mean just such a "canal" or inlet. It does not mean a small stream, as in America. It is defined as a marine term, a little inlet (*literally*, panhandle), in the broken parts of a shore, or a cleft or cut forming a canal extending into the land.

Neither party to the treaty could license the use of its inland seas, gulfs, bays, and creeks, unless the boundaries of its possessions ran around them.

The rest of the treaty relates to Sitka, trade in liquors or firearms, refitting vessels after accident, etc., not material to the issue.

Thus, it is absolutely plain from the terms of the treaty that the whole shore, including the gulfs, bays and inland seas, was to belong to Russia down to latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes, and that south of that line they were to belong to England; that the word "ocean" included all tidal estuaries, that the interior boundary line was to be a line of mountains on the continent, inside of the "sinuosities of the shore," unless the range of mountains were more than ten leagues therefrom, when a line at that distance from these sinuosities should be the boundary. The well-defined point where the line was to begin was fixed by the survey at that exact distance from the head of the next nearest bay or inlet, and far within any Canadian line fixed by the projections of the continent. Moreover, this construction of the treaty is so absolutely confirmed by admissions of ownership that there can be no dispute as to the meaning of the instrument.

If that treaty were a deed, and there were doubt as to its meaning, the intention of the parties has been made so plain by their admissions before and since that it would be reformed in equity. But there is no such doubt.

RICHARD WAYNE PARKER.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES: ITS PLACE IN THE CONSTITUTION.*

BY THE HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

FROM the very date of the Declaration of Independence, Congress, conscious of the inadequacy of its powers, even for the purposes of carrying on war and conducting foreign affairs, entered upon the novel and difficult task of arranging a scheme which should enable it more efficiently to conduct those affairs which were of common interest to all the people of the thirteen States, and which no one of them, nor all of them individually, could control. After two years they adopted and submitted to the States what they styled "Articles of Confederation and perpetual Union," but it was not until March, 1781, that the powers of Congress were enlarged by the final ratification of these articles by the delegates of all the States.

But this attempted bond of union—a crude experiment in the formation of a National Government—proved little better than a rope of sand, and utterly failed to accomplish the purposes intended. While the war lasted the tremendous pressure of their common danger and common distress kept the States together, and made them obedient to the requests of Congress which really had no power to command, but as soon as this external pressure was taken off, they fell apart, and each asserted its independent sovereignty.

So jealous were the States, which had just escaped from the dominion of one central power, of anything which should seem to create dominion over them in another, that although upon paper

* The substance of this article constituted an address delivered by the author before the Social and Political Education League in London, on May 13th.

they had laid many restraints upon their own action, and conferred upon Congress extensive powers over their Federal affairs, they had carefully refrained from giving any sanction to those powers, and from granting to Congress the means of compelling obedience to its enactments. The Articles provided for no Federal Executive and for no Judiciary Department, although they authorized Congress to provide for the settlement of boundary disputes between States, and to appoint Courts of prize and for the trial of piracies and felonies on the high seas. Moreover, Congress could not of its own authority raise a dollar of money for revenue, or a single man to recruit its armies. It could only make requisitions for men and money upon individual States, which met them or not as they found it convenient. Nor could it proceed at all in the exercise of the principal powers nominally conferred upon it until nine States assented to the same.

Of course, under such a system our national affairs drifted steadily and rapidly from bad to worse. Interest on the public debt could not be paid, nor the ordinary expenses of government be provided for. The treaties which had been made could not be carried out, and foreign nations would not deal in the way of new treaties with the envoys of a body which had no head and no power to perform what they should agree to in its behalf. Our external commerce was at the mercy of foreign nations, whose laws, contrived for its destruction, Congress could do nothing to counteract. And, worst of all, our domestic commerce, which between all the citizens of one nation should be free and equal, was at the mercy of the caprice or selfishness of each individual State. There were many boundary disputes between States which threatened civil war. Federal laws were a dead letter, without Federal Courts to expound and define their true meaning and operation, or an Executive to see that they were properly executed. There was a general failure as yet to realize in actual enjoyment the advantages we had won by seven years of war, and everything seemed drifting towards bankruptcy, disunion, and anarchy.

But these very defects of the Confederation, and the evils which resulted from them, demanded the constant exercise of the best brains in all the States to understand and to remedy them, and opened a new school for all our statesmen in the study of Constitutional Government.

Their allotted task was to create a National Government which

should reach, for its own proper purposes, by its own power, every man and every foot of territory in the whole United States, and should at the same time leave untouched and undiminished the complete control by each State of all its internal and domestic affairs;—which should be entirely adequate, without aid from the States, to govern the people effectively in all matters that involved the general interests of all, to deal with foreign nations with the whole power and resources of the entire people behind it, in all the exigencies of Peace and War, and to accomplish all this with the least possible vesting of arbitrary power in any department or officer of the new Government.

They differed in opinion and sentiment on many points, but all agreed in a supreme dread of arbitrary power, whether it should be exercised by the Executive, the Legislative or the Judiciary Department, whether by a single man, or by a majority of all, for they considered that the majority without any restrictions upon its power might become quite as dangerous as any other despot. They did not believe with my Lord Coke that absolute despotic power must in all governments reside somewhere. They carried this distrust of arbitrary power so far that they actually tied the hands of the people, whom they regarded as the source of all political power, and deprived them of the right to consider any amendment of the Constitution, until it should be proposed by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress or by a Convention called by Congress, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, and deprived them of the power of voting directly upon any amendment, which could only be ratified by the Legislatures or Conventions of three-fourths of the States.

One of the best definitions of the objects of free popular government is contained in the preamble of the Constitution:

"We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

It was to "establish justice" for the people of the United States that the Federal Judiciary, with the Supreme Court as its head, was created. It forms the balance wheel by which the affairs of the Nation and its relation to the States are kept in

working order, and is itself held in check by the power of the President to appoint its members as vacancies may occur, and by the power of Congress to impeach them for misconduct, to regulate the measure of its appellate jurisdiction, and to increase or diminish its numbers. The permanent stability of the judicial power is assured by its being imbedded in the Constitution, with a jurisdiction co-ordinate with that of the Executive and Legislative Departments, by the extreme difficulty in the way of any amendment that would impair it, and by the universal conviction which the experience of a century has produced, that its continued existence with the full enjoyment of its present functions is absolutely essential to the successful working of our scheme of popular representative government.

The great achievement of the framers of the Constitution, was so to distribute the powers of government between the States and the Nation, as to give the latter supreme control over all subjects that concerned the general interests of all, and reserve to each of the former exclusive control over local affairs which concerned only its own territory and people, and to do this in such a way that the State and Federal Administrations should not clash in actual operation.

They knew well the importance of a distribution of the powers of government between the three great departments. They created a Congress on which they conferred legislative powers over eighteen enumerated subjects, necessarily involving the general interests of the people of all the States and essential to National Sovereignty, including the levying and collection of taxes for Federal purposes, the borrowing of money, the regulation of commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, the coining of money, declaring war, raising and supporting armies, and maintaining a navy.

They placed such limits upon the exercise by Congress of legislative power as should prevent its interference with legitimate local administration by the States, or with the fundamental rights of the citizens, and put such prohibitions upon the legislative power of the States as should prevent their interference with the general powers and functions of the Federal Government.

They vested the executive power of the Federal Government in the President, who was made Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and of the Militia of the States when called into the

service of the United States. He was granted power to pardon offenders against the United States, to make Treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senate concur, to have a veto power over acts of Congress, which could be overridden only by a vote of two-thirds on reconsideration. He was also to nominate, with the advice and consent of the Senate, Ambassadors, Judges, and all the principal officers of the United States, to recommend to the consideration of Congress such measures as he should judge necessary and proper, to commission all officers of the United States, and to take care that the laws should be faithfully executed.

And, finally, to secure the absolute supremacy of the Federal Government over all matters of Federal cognizance, it was expressly provided that "this Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be passed in pursuance thereof, and all Treaties made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges of every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." This making the Federal Constitution, and Treaties made, and laws of Congress passed, under its authority, the supreme law of the land is the key of our dual system of Government, as the omnipotence of Parliament is the key of the British Constitution.

By the 10th amendment, passed immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, to prevent Congress from meddling with the domestic concerns of the States, or exercising powers not granted to them, it was expressly provided that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the People.

Thus the people of the United States created for themselves two separate and distinct governments, each "of the people, by the people, and for the people," each independent and exclusive of the other within its own scope and sphere, and each able, without aid from the other, to reach for its own purposes, by its own authority, every person and every foot of land within its territory. This dual system has worked very simply, smoothly, and harmoniously from the beginning until now, except for the single occasion when the terrible question of slavery proved to be too much for all the Departments of Government combined, and could only be settled by our long years of Civil War.

But how has this marvellous result been accomplished? How has it been possible for these two Governments, each of prescribed and limited powers, and each department of both similarly defined, to act independently and at the same time harmoniously over the same people? By what magical force has each power, State and Federal, been kept within its own limits? What has prevented constant and hopeless conflict between State functions and officials, and Federal functions and officials, between State and Nation, and between State and State, originally 13 in number and now 45?

These, and a thousand other similar questions and doubts as to the successful working of our system, are answered by pointing to the Supreme Court created by the Constitution, and to the Federal Courts inferior to it created by Congress, in which the judicial power of the United States is vested, a power which, as I have said, is co-ordinate and co-extensive with the Executive and Legislative. Over whatever region Congress may attempt to legislate, or the President to execute its laws, there the judicial power extends, to pass, if need be, upon the legality of their acts and the validity of their laws. The Constitution, and each of its provisions, is supreme over President, Congress, Courts, and States, and the valid laws of Congress, and Treaties made under the authority of the United States, are the supreme law of the land for all its people, and for the Courts, Legislatures, and Governors of each State.

The Supreme Court is the final judge of the validity of all laws passed by Congress or by the Legislatures of each of the forty-five States, when brought to the test of the Constitution of the United States, and of the legality of all official acts when brought to the same test. It and the Federal Courts inferior to it furnish the vehicle by which the judicial power of the United States is carried into the whole of its vast territory, to administer justice within the limits prescribed to it, to enforce the Federal laws and to punish offenders against them.

The third Article of the Constitution is marvellously brief and simple. The Judges, according to that good old rule which has worked so well in England since the days of William and Mary, are to hold their offices during good behavior, and can only be removed by impeachment, and their compensation shall not be diminished during their continuance in office. The Supreme

Court has original jurisdiction only in cases affecting Ambassadors, Public Ministers, and Consuls, and in those in which a State shall be a party. The first branch of this original power has seldom been invoked, but over and over again a great State has been brought to its bar by another State to settle boundary disputes, always the most dangerous to the peace of adjoining States, and in each instance its decree has been submitted to with implicit obedience—a most unique judicial power, and a most convincing example to persuade all nations to settle these most perilous questions by arbitration.

It has been well said "that the provision that the judicial power created by the people shall be the arbiter between the States themselves, in all their controversies with each other, marks the highest level ever attained in the progress of representative government." Tocqueville says: "In the nations of Europe the Courts of Justice are only called upon to try the controversies of private individuals, but the Supreme Court of the United States summons sovereign powers to its bar." John Stuart Mill declares it to be "the first example of what is now one of the most prominent wants of civilized society, a real International Tribunal."

In all other matters the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is only appellate. The judicial power extends only to cases as they arise between party and party, and in the Supreme Court as they come to it mostly by appeal from the inferior Federal Courts, or by writ of error to the State Courts.

The Courts of the United States exercise no supervision over, or interference with, the President or Congress, or the Legislatures of the States. They have no veto power. They do not lie in wait for Acts of Congress to strangle them at their birth. They have no jurisdiction to pronounce any Statute, either of a State or of the United States, void because irreconcilable with the Constitution, except as they are called upon to adjudge the legal rights of litigants in actual controversies. They simply pass upon the rights of parties as they come before them.

The Supreme Court will perform no duties except judicial duties. So, when in 1793 President Washington requested the opinions of the Judges on the construction of the Treaty with France of 1778, they declined to comply, and when an early Congress enacted that certain pension claims should be considered and

passed upon by the Federal Courts, the Supreme Court upheld them in refusing to act under it, upon the ground that the power proposed to be conferred was not judicial power within the meaning of the Constitution. Nor will the Court give a hearing to a fictitious or collusive case, contrived to raise a question as to the validity of a Statute.

Keeping strictly within the limit prescribed to it of exercising only judicial power, the Federal Judiciary has steadily refrained from exercising any political power, which belongs exclusively to Congress and the President, and so it has been brought into no collision with the other departments. It will not even indulge in discussions, or express opinions upon purely political questions.

All attempts, for instance, to induce it to interfere either to restrain or compel the President in the exercise of his power to see that the laws are faithfully executed have failed. In the case of foreign nations, as well as in that of the Sovereign States of the Union, the Government acknowledged by the President, or by the President and Congress, is always recognized by the Supreme Court. In all such questions as are purely political it holds itself bound by the acts of other departments.

So on the question whether and upon what conditions aliens shall be expelled or excluded from the United States, belonging to the political departments of the Government, the Court refused to express any opinion upon the wisdom, the policy, or the justice of the measures enacted by Congress in the exercise of the powers confided to it by the Constitution over that subject. Thus it constantly sets the example to each of the other departments of the Government of minding its own business, and keeping strictly within its assigned province.

But, careful as the Judges are to confine the exercise of the Federal judicial power to cases as they arise, that power does extend to "all cases of law and equity arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States, and Treaties made under their authority, to all cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and to all cases of Admiralty and Maritime jurisdiction"; and whenever any such case does come before the Supreme Court it must take cognizance of it, and it cannot shrink, and never has shrunk, from determining the question of private right so arising. It is under these clauses that its unique and peculiar function of testing the validity of State Laws and

Constitutions and of Federal Statutes, and the legality of the acts of State and Federal officers, arises.

The remainder of the Federal judicial power depends wholly upon the character of the parties to the controversy. It extends "to controversies to which the United States shall be a party"—this enables the Federal Courts to enforce the Acts of Congress, civil and criminal, against all persons within the realm; "to controversies between two or more States," the purpose of which I have already indicated, as making the Supreme Court the Arbitrator and Peacemaker between Sovereign States; to "controversies between a State and citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens, or subjects." It was wisely concluded that in all such cases justice would be safer and surer, against State or local interest, prejudice or passion, in Courts representing and vested with the authority of the whole nation, than in the Courts of the State of an interested party, and that foreigners especially should have the right to have their causes heard and decided by National Tribunals.

These clauses, which make jurisdiction dependent upon the citizenship or character of the parties, have been a prolific source of litigation in the Federal Courts, have opened to them the entire field of law and equity, have extended their adjudications to the whole body of jurisprudence, and have given to the decisions of the Supreme Court, by reason of the weight and force of character of the Court and its members, a commanding authority with the State Courts, and persuasive influence with foreign tribunals. But in this department of its functions the Supreme Court does not differ, in the scope of its powers and duties, from the Courts of last resort of other nations, and its distinctive and peculiar character is not involved.

The power of the Court to declare State and Federal Statutes and the acts of the National and State Executive officers invalid, as being in violation of the Constitution of the United States, naturally attracts the attention of foreign observers.

In the 112 years of its existence the Court has pronounced 21 Acts of Congress, and more than 200 State Statutes, to be in conflict with the Federal Constitution, and therefore invalid, and in each instance there has been complete and peaceful acquiescence

in the decision. So that instead of being a disturbing element, the exercise of this power confirms the peaceful relations between the States and the Nation, and between the States as among themselves, protects foreign nations from the breach of Treaties, and conserves the rights of property and contract, and the fundamental rights of personal liberty.

I may not, perhaps, do better than to give several examples of the exercise of this wholesome, beneficial, and altogether conservative power.

The Constitution provides that "no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts," and the aid of the Court has often been invoked for protection against the attempts of States to violate this prohibition.

The framers of the Constitution believed, and the people of the United States, in view of the successful operation of this prohibition for more than a century, believe that the States ought not to be permitted to intervene between the parties to a contract, to destroy or impair the binding force of terms by which they have agreed to be bound, and that such intervention is contrary to the principles of popular government.

It is true that in the days that tried men's souls before the adoption of the Federal Constitution many attempts had been made by States to intervene for this purpose, which doubtless led to the adoption of this clause.

In the celebrated Dartmouth College case the protection of this clause was invoked by the Trustees of the College, to recover its property from a person who held it for new Trustees under the authority of a law of the State of New Hampshire.

In 1769, King George the Third by Royal Charter incorporated twelve persons, therein named as "The Trustees of Dartmouth College," granting to them and their successors the usual corporate privileges and powers, and authorizing the Trustees who were to govern the College to fill up all vacancies which may be created in their own body. The application by the Founder, who had already established the College, was for a Charter to incorporate a religious and literary institution, and stated that large contributions had been made for the object, which would be conferred upon the Corporation as soon as it was created, and on the faith of the Charter the property was conveyed to it. After the revolution, in 1816, the Legislature of New Hampshire passed

an Act increasing the number of Trustees to 21, giving the appointment of the additional members to the Governor of the State, and creating a Board of Overseers with power to inspect and control the most important acts of the Trustees.

Admitting that the provision of the Constitution embraced only contracts which respect property or some object of value, and which confer rights which may be asserted in a Court of Justice, and did not refer to grants of political power or to acts creating institutions to be employed in the administration of Government or of public property, or in which the State as a Government was alone interested, the Court after most mature consideration reached the conclusion, that the Charter was a contract which secured to the Trustees the property and control of the College—a contract, made upon valuable consideration, for the security and disposition of property, and on the faith of which real and personal property had been conveyed to the Institution, and therefore a contract, the obligation of which could not be impaired without a violation of the Constitution of the United States.

It held that the Statute of New Hampshire did impair it, and was therefore void, and rendered judgment restoring the property and control of the College to the Trustees who represented the Founder. The opinions of Chief-Justice Marshall and Judge Story are masterpieces of judicial reasoning, and the principles laid down by them have ever since prevailed. In 56 cases decided by the Court, Acts of State Legislatures have been declared invalid in accordance with these principles, because they impaired the obligation of contracts, and it is not too much to say that, instead of having a disturbing or disintegrating effect upon civil society, these decisions have done more than any other single cause to inculcate a reverence for the law and for the sanctity of the right of private property which is one of the chief objects of free government.

It is true that the constitutional prohibition against laws impairing the obligation of contracts does not expressly apply also to Congress. In the Convention Mr. Gerry, a prominent delegate from Massachusetts, made a motion that Congress ought to be laid under the like prohibition, but found no seconder. But in the amendments which were proposed by Congress at its first session, almost as conditions on which many of the States had

adopted it and which were quickly ratified, other restraints were laid upon Congress which had the like effect. It was expressly declared that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation, and Congress is bound by these prohibitions. No matter what the emergency, it cannot violate these fundamental principles of personal rights.

The Court has held that the United States cannot, any more than a State, interfere with private rights except for legitimate governmental purposes, that they are as much bound by their contracts as are individuals, that if they repudiate their obligations it is as much repudiation, with all the wrong and reproach that term implies, as it would be if the repudiator had been a State, a Municipality, or a citizen.

But strict and earnest as the Court has been in enforcing this constitutional prohibition against laws impairing the obligation of contracts, it has been ready to recognize and give full force and effect to the Statutes of other nations which imposed no such prohibition on the law-making power.

The Canada Southern Railway Company, under its Charter granted by the Dominion of Canada, had issued its bonds at a high rate of interest, and had sold them in New York to citizens of the United States; but getting into difficulties, the Company devised a scheme of arrangement, which was enacted by the Dominion Parliament, by which the interest on the bonds outstanding was scaled down to a lower rate without the consent of the bondholders, a clear case of impairing the obligation of a contract. The bondholders appealed to the Supreme Court, which held that the "Arrangement Act" was valid in Canada, and bound non-assenting bondholders there by force of the scheme; that as it did have that effect in Canada, the Courts of the United States should give it the same effect as against citizens of the United States whose rights accrued in the United States before its passage; that there was no constitutional prohibition in Canada against the passing of laws impairing the obligations of contracts, and that, under these circumstances, the true spirit of international comity required that schemes of this character, legalized at home, should be recognized in other countries.

The clause of the Constitution giving Congress the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and between the States,

has been another fruitful source of business in the Supreme Court in the way of testing the validity of State laws.

At the outset of steam navigation, the State of New York undertook to reward Robert Fulton for his invention and enterprise by an Act giving him the monopoly of navigating by fire or steam all the waters within the jurisdiction of the State. Under this Act the Assignee of Fulton had commenced running a line of boats between certain ports of New Jersey and New York, and obtained from the State Courts of New York an injunction to restrain the owners of an opposition line of boats, put on between the same ports, from entering the waters of New York State with their boats. But the Supreme Court held, upon appeal, that the New York enactment was in conflict with the power of Congress to regulate commerce, and with its Acts in relation to commerce, and upon this vacated the injunction and established the right of all vessels to enter the port of New York under the authority of Congress.

By a long series of decisions that followed under the commerce clause the Court, with inflexible firmness and far-reaching sagacity, established the absolute supremacy of the nation over the whole subject of commerce, navigation, travel, and intercourse between the States, which went far to strengthen the power of the Union. At the same time they secured to the citizens of every State the full enjoyment of the privileges and immunities of citizens in all the other States, and also that absolute freedom of internal trade throughout the country which has so vastly promoted the prosperity of the people.

The influence of the Court in maintaining the faith of Treaties has been powerful and far reaching. By the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, in 1783, it was agreed that British creditors should "meet with no lawful impediments" in the collection of their claims; and the Constitution said that Treaties, like laws, made under its authority, should be the supreme law of the land. Various attempts had been made by several States, before the adoption of the Constitution, to impede or prevent the collection of such claims. The subject provoked bitter and exciting controversies, but the Court, against the contention of John Marshall himself, then at the Bar, held that the Treaty was supreme, and equal in its effect to the Constitution itself, in overruling all State laws upon the subject, and that its words were as strong

as the wit of man could devise to override all obstacles directed against the recovery of such debts. Of course, any such law passed by a State after the Treaty contrary to its terms would be void.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the power of the Court to declare Acts of Congress itself invalid, as contrary to the Constitution, was the celebrated Income Tax case. Congress in 1894 had passed a General Revenue Law, certain sections of which imposed an Income Tax upon all incomes exceeding a certain amount named. This tax was levied indiscriminately upon all incomes alike, from whatever source derived, whether from the rents of real estate, the income of invested personal property, or from earnings. But the Constitution had ordained that direct taxes should be apportioned among the several States according to the numbers of their respective populations, in contradistinction to duties, imposts, and excises, which should be uniform throughout the United States.

It was contended by those who challenged the validity of the law, that taxes on rent, and taxes on the income derived from invested personal property, were direct taxes within the meaning of the Constitution, and that instead of being levied uniformly, man for man, throughout the United States, they should have been apportioned among the several States according to population. The difference was very considerable and substantial. The effect of the Act, if sustained, would be to throw the principal burden of the Tax upon a few large States, in which the relative proportion of wealth was in excess of the relative proportion of population, and to exempt the other States proportionally from their constitutional share of the Tax. The opponents of the Income Tax also insisted that any inequality, which should arise from its being apportioned among the States according to population, was an inequality contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and was intended to prevent an attack upon accumulated property by mere force of numbers.

The Court, against vehement and powerful opposition at the Bar, and from a formidable minority of the members of the Court itself, took this view, and declared the Tax to have been laid unconstitutionally, so far as it affected incomes from rents and from invested personal property. And as the invalid portions constituted so large a proportion of the whole Income Tax levied by the Act that Congress could not be deemed to have intended to im-

pose the rest without them, it further adjudged that all the Income Tax provisions of the Act, which constituted a single and entire scheme, must be held void.

The same case contains a fine illustration of the power of the Court to protect the States in the exercise of their legitimate power to manage their own affairs from interference by the Federal Government. The Income Tax was levied also upon income derived from the interest upon bonds issued by Municipal Corporations, which were but civil divisions of the States, and the Court held that as a tax upon the income of Municipal bonds tended to cripple the power of the local authorities to raise money for the purposes of local government, it was not within the power of the Federal Government to impose it, any more than it would be constitutional for the States to impair the power of the Federal Government to raise money for Federal purposes by taxing its bonds.

By the adoption of the 14th Amendment, to meet the conditions resulting from the abolition of slavery at the close of the Civil War, new restraints were imposed upon the States, the consideration of which has largely occupied the attention of the Supreme Court.

It provides that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Doubtless this amendment was primarily intended for the protection of the newly emancipated slaves, especially in the States where they had so long been held in bondage, but in its language there is no distinction of race or color, and the Court held that it could make no such distinction in its application, which must be made alike to all cases and subjects that came within the scope of its language in its natural meaning.

It must not be thought, however, from these numerous restraints imposed by the Constitution upon the power of the States, and the very considerable number of cases (exceeding 200 in all) in which the Supreme Court has pronounced their Statutes invalid, that the Court is biased against the States, or inclined unduly to enforce the limits imposed upon them. On the contrary, it has been quite as jealous and careful to uphold and maintain

the reserved rights of the States in all matters of local and domestic concern, and to protect them from violation by the Federal Government, as it has been to maintain the exclusive province of Congress in national concerns against intrusion by the State Legislatures.

It has endeavored, with success, to maintain the just and exact balance of power between them as prescribed by the Constitution. As against the 200 cases in which State laws have been invalidated by its judgments, vastly more numerous cases will be found, in its reports, in which State laws have been maintained by it against attack on the ground that they involved a violation of the Federal restraints. If, then, it be asked, Why has it only pronounced twenty-one Acts of Congress invalid on constitutional grounds, while 200 State laws have been condemned? the answer is that there are forty-five States and only one Congress, and that the members and Committees of Congress are much more familiar with the Federal Constitution than those of a State Legislature, who naturally look first to that of their own State. It is notable, too, that the legislators of some States must be much more studious of the Federal Constitution than others, for while Louisiana, which became a State in 1812, and from its French origin has retained the civil law instead of the common law, has had twenty of its laws pronounced invalid for violation of the Constitution, Massachusetts, one of the original thirteen States, has only suffered twice in this way in her whole history.

Congress is, of course, in the first instance the judge of the constitutionality of its own Acts, and its members, being mostly lawyers, are familiar with the letter and spirit of the Constitution. The cardinal and wholesome rule of the Court has been, not to pronounce either a State or Federal Law invalid on constitutional grounds unless the violation is clearly established, that the presumption is in favor of the validity of a Statute, and that this continues until the contrary is shown beyond a rational doubt.

It has been a source of frequent wonder to foreign observers that a written Constitution, which was framed in the eighteenth century for thirteen feeble States, with three millions of people of substantially uniform wealth or poverty, scattered along the Atlantic seaboard, and for whose government it was regarded as a precarious experiment, should be found to answer as well in the twentieth century for the needs of a great nation of eighty mill-

ions in forty-five States, occupying the breadth of the Continent, with gigantic accumulations of individual and corporate property, with conflicting interests and sentiments, and wide differences of social condition.

There was much debate in the discussions which resulted in the adoption of the Constitution, whether the Government which it called into being could reach and control even a people that was expected to occupy the territory which the Treaty of Peace of 1783 secured to the United States, which extended only from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River, and from the lakes to the northern boundary of Florida. Since that time our territory has expanded more than four times, and now embraces insular possessions of vast extent, at enormous distance from the seat of Government and half-way round the globe.

The fundamental difficulties of time and space have been overcome by the triumphs of steam and electricity, wholly unforeseen and unexpected in 1787, but which now, in the case of the United States and Great Britain alike, have rendered possible the administration of Government from London or from Washington on any portion of the earth's surface.

But in our case, we can account for the fact that a written Constitution, instead of being torn asunder and left by the way as the Nation expanded, as new and wholly unexpected conditions arose, has grown with the growth of the Nation, like the hide of an animal from its birth to its maturity, so that it still embraces and covers the whole of our vast national life. We owe it, first, to the wisdom of its framers, who inserted in it only fundamental rules and principles, generally and briefly expressed, leaving it always to Congress to fill in and provide for all details; and secondly, to the vigorous and masterly manner in which the Supreme Court has exercised its essential and lawful function of construction. By this it has applied the whole instrument and each of its parts to new conditions as they arose, and has developed and strongly asserted the inherent powers of sovereignty intended to be vested in the Government of the United States, and necessarily resulting from their existence as a Nation It was our happy fortune that for 34 years, in that critical period of our history which was to determine whether we were to be a great and powerful Nation, adequate for all the needs of a first-class Power in the world, or only a league of States like the old

Confederation, we had the benefit of the broad and robust intellect of Chief-Justice Marshall, to enforce the liberal principles of construction which the genius of Hamilton had laid down.

In a single paragraph he states the whole theory upon which the Court has administered the Constitution, and fitted it to the growing wants and changing conditions of the Nation:

"The Government is acknowledged by all to be one of enumerated powers. The principle that it can exercise only the powers granted to it is now universally admitted. But the question respecting the extent of the powers actually granted is perpetually arising, and will probably continue to arise, as long as our system shall exist. The powers of the Government are limited, and its powers are not to be transcended. But the sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the National Legislature that discretion with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution, which will enable that body to perform the high duties assigned to it, in a manner most beneficial to the people. Let the end be legitimate, let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, and which are not prohibited, but are consistent with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional."

Hamilton, in the "Federalist," declared that "the judiciary is beyond comparison the weakest of the three departments of power; that it can never attack with success either of the other two; and that all possible care is requisite to enable it to defend itself against their attacks." Montesquieu, whose works, with Blackstone's were the text-books of constitutional liberty which the framers had constantly in hand, declared that "the judicial power is next to nothing." And it was said by another French publicist: "It has no guards, palaces, or treasures, no arms but truth and wisdom, and no splendor but the justice and publicity of its judgments." But the Supreme Court, sustained generally by the confidence and affection of the people, has more than held its own. Keeping carefully within its own limits, it has for the most part labored to keep the other departments of Government within theirs, and the powers of the States and of the Nation from coming into conflict. In its hands the judicial power has been the force of gravitation which has kept each member of our federal system in its proper orbit, and maintained the essential harmony of the whole.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART VI.

XIII.

It was quite by half-past five—after the two men had been together in Mme. de Vionnet's drawing-room not more than a dozen minutes—that Chad, with a look at his watch and then another at their hostess, said genially, gayly: "I've an engagement, and I know you won't complain if I leave him with you. He'll interest you immensely; and as for her," he declared to Strether, "I assure you, if you're at all nervous, she's perfectly safe."

He had left them to be embarrassed or not by this guarantee, as they could best manage, and embarrassment was a thing that Strether was at first not sure Mme. de Vionnet escaped. He escaped it himself, to his surprise; but he had grown used by this time to thinking of himself as brazen. She occupied, his hostess, in the Rue de Bellechasse, the first floor of an old house to which our visitors had had access from an old clean court. The court was large and open, full of revelations, for our friend, of the habit of privacy, the peace of intervals, the dignity of distances and approaches; the house, to his restless sense, was in the high, homely style of an elder day, and the ancient Paris that he was always looking for — sometimes intensely felt, sometimes more acutely missed—was in the immemorial polish of the wide waxed staircase and in the fine *boiseries,* the medallions, mouldings, mirrors, great clear spaces, of the grayish-white salon into which he had been shown. He seemed to see her, at the outset, in the midst of possessions not vulgarly numerous, but hereditary, cherished, charming. While his eyes, after a little, turned from those of his hostess and Chad freely talked—not in the least about *him,* but about other people, people he didn't know, and quite as if he *did* know them—he found himself making out, as a background of the occupant, some glory, some prosperity of the first Empire, some Napoleonic glamour, some dim lustre of the great legend; elements clinging still to all the consular chairs and mythological brasses and sphinxes' heads and faded surfaces of satin striped with alternate silk.

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The place itself went further back—that he guessed, and how old Paris continued, in a manner, to echo there; but the post-revolutionary period, the world he vaguely thought of as the world of Chateaubriand, of Mme. de Staël, of the young Lamartine, had left its stamp of harps and urns and torches, a stamp impressed on sundry small objects, ornaments, and relics. He had never before, to his knowledge, been in the presence of relics, of any special dignity, of a private order—little old miniatures, medallions, pictures, books; books in leather bindings, pinkish and greenish, with gilt garlands on the back, ranged, together with other promiscuous properties, under the glass of brass-mounted cabinets. His attention took them all tenderly into account. They were among the matters that marked Mme. de Vionnet's apartment as something quite different from Miss Gostrey's little museum of bargains and from Chad's lovely home; he recognized it as founded much more on old accumulations that had possibly from time to time shrunken than on any contemporary method of acquisition or form of curiosity. Chad and Miss Gostrey had rummaged and purchased and picked up and exchanged, sifting, selecting, comparing; whereas the mistress of the scene before him, beautifully passive under the spell of transmission—transmission from her father's line, he quite made up his mind—had only received, accepted and been quiet. When she had not been quiet, at least, she had been moved, at the most, to some occult charity for some fallen fortune. There had been objects she or her predecessors might even conceivably, on occasion, needfully have parted with; but Strether couldn't suspect them of having sold old pieces to get "better" ones. They would have felt no difference as to better or worse. He could but imagine their having felt—perhaps in emigration, in proscription, for his sketch was slight and confused—the pressure of want or the obligation of sacrifice.

The pressure of want—whatever might be the case with the other force—was, however, presumably not active now, for the tokens of a chastened ease, after all, still abounded, many marks of a taste whose discriminations might perhaps have been called eccentric. He guessed at intense little preferences and sharp little exclusions, a deep suspicion of the vulgar and a personal view of the right. The general result of this was something for which he had no name, on the spot, quite ready, but something he would have come nearest to naming in speaking of it as the air of supreme respectability, the consciousness, small, still, reserved, but none the less distinct and diffused, of private honor. The air of supreme respectability—that was a strange blank wall for his adventure to have brought him to break his nose against. It had in fact, as he was now aware, filled all the approaches, hovered in the court as he passed, hung on the staircase as he mounted, sounded in the grave rumble of the old bell, as little electric as possible, of which Chad, at the door, had pulled the ancient but neatly-kept tassel;

it formed, in short, the clearest medium of its particular kind that he had ever breathed. He would have answered for it at the end of a quarter of an hour that some of the glass cases contained swords and epaulettes of ancient colonels and generals; medals and orders once pinned over hearts that had long since ceased to beat; snuff-boxes bestowed on ministers and envoys; copies of works presented, with inscriptions, by authors now classic. At bottom of it all, for him, was the sense of her rare unlikeness to the women he had known. This sense had grown, since the day before, the more he recalled her, and had been above all singularly fed by his talk with Chad in the morning. Everything, in fine, made her immeasurably new, and nothing so new as the old house and the old objects. There were books, two or three, on a small table near his chair, but they had not the lemon-colored covers with which his eye had begun to dally from the hour of his arrival and to the opportunity of a further acquaintance with which he had, for a fortnight now, altogether succumbed. On another table, across the room, he made out the great *Revue;* but even that familiar face, conspicuous in Mrs. Newsome's parlors, scarce counted here as a modern note. He was sure, on the spot—and he afterwards knew he was right—that this was a touch of Chad's own hand. What would Mrs. Newsome say to the circumstance that Chad's interested "influence" kept her paper-knife in the *Revue?* The interested influence, at any rate, had, as we say, gone straight to the point—had in fact soon left it quite behind.

She was seated, near the fire, on a small stuffed and fringed chair, one of the few modern articles in the room; and she leaned back in it with her hands clasped in her lap and no movement, in all her person, but the fine, prompt play of her deep young face. The fire, under the low white marble, undraped and academic, had burnt down to the silver ashes of light wood; one of the windows, at a distance, stood open to the mildness and stillness, out of which, in the short pauses, came the faint sound, pleasant and homely, almost rustic, of a plash and a clatter of *sabots* from some coach-house on the other side of the court. Mme. de Vionnet, while Strether sat there, was not to shift her posture by an inch. "I don't think you seriously believe in what you're doing," she said; "but all the same, you know, I'm going to treat you quite as if I did."

"By which you mean," Strether directly replied, "quite as if you didn't! I assure you it won't make the least difference with me how you treat me."

"Well," she said, taking that menace bravely and philosophically enough, "the only thing that really matters is that you shall get on with me."

"Ah, but I don't!" he immediately returned.

It gave her another pause; which, however, she happily enough shook off. "Will you consent to go on with me a little—provisionally—as if you did?"

Then it was that he saw how she had, decidedly, come all the way; and there accompanied it an extraordinary sense of her raising from somewhere below him her beautiful suppliant eyes. He might have been perched at his door-step or at his window, and she standing in the road. For a moment he let her stand, and he couldn't, moreover, have spoken. It had been sad, of a sudden, with a sadness that was like a cold breath in his face. "What can I do," he finally asked, "but listen to you as I promised Chadwick?"

"Ah, but what I'm asking you," she quickly said, "is not what Mr. Newsome had in mind." She spoke now, he saw, as if to take courageously *all* her risk. "This is my own idea and a different thing."

It gave poor Strether, in truth—uneasy as it made him too—something of the thrill of a bold perception justified. "Well," he answered kindly enough, "I was sure just now that some idea of your own had come to you."

She seemed still to look up at him, but now more serenely. "I made out you were sure—and that helped it to come. So, you see," she continued, "we do get on."

"Oh, but it appears to me I don't at all meet your request. How can I when I don't understand it?"

"It isn't at all necessary you should understand it; it will do quite well enough if you simply remember him. Only feel I trust you—and for nothing so tremendous after all. Just," she said with a wonderful smile, "for common civility."

Strether had a long pause, while they sat, again, face to face, as they had sat, scarce less conscious, before the poor lady had crossed the stream. She was the poor lady for Strether now because, clearly, she had some trouble, and her appeal to him could only mean that her trouble was deep. He couldn't help it; it was not his fault; he had done nothing; but by a turn of the hand she had somehow made their encounter a relation. And the relation profited by a mass of things that were not, strictly, in it or of it; by the very air in which they sat, by the high, cold, delicate room, by the world outside and the little plash in the court, by the first Empire and the relics in the stiff cabinets, by matters as far off as those and by others as near as the unbroken clasp of her hands in her lap and the look her expression had of being most natural when her eyes were most fixed. "You count upon me of course for something really much greater than it sounds."

"Oh, it sounds great enough too!" she laughed at this.

He found himself, in time, on the point of telling her that she was, as Miss Barrace called it, wonderful; but, catching himself up, he said something else instead. "What was it Chad's idea, then, that you should say to me?"

"Ah, his idea was simply what a man's idea always is—to put every effort off on the woman."

"The 'woman'—?" Strether slowly echoed.

"The woman he likes—and just in proportion as he likes her. In proportion too—for shifting the trouble—as she likes *him*."

Strether followed it; then with an abruptness of his own: "How much do you like Chad?"

"Just as much as *that*—to take all, with you, on myself." But she got, more quickly, away from this. "I've been trembling as if we were to stand or fall by what you may think of me; and I'm even now," she went on wonderfully, "drawing a long breath—and, yes, truly, taking a great courage—from the hope that I don't, in fact, strike you as impossible."

"That's at all events, clearly," he observed after an instant, "the way I don't strike *you*."

"Well," she so far assented, "as you haven't yet said you *won't* have, with me, the little patience I ask for—"

"You draw splendid conclusions? Perfectly. But I don't understand them," Strether pursued. "You seem to me to ask for much more than you need. What, at the worst for you, what at the best for myself, can I, after all, do? I can use no pressure that I haven't used You come, really, late with your request. I've already done all that, for myself, the case admits of. I've said my say, and here I am."

"Yes, here you are, fortunately!" Mme. de Vionnet laughed. "Mrs. Newsome," she added in another tone, "didn't think you can do so little."

He had an hesitation, but he brought the words out. "Well, she thinks so now."

"Do you mean by that—?" But she also hung fire.

"Do I mean what?"

She still rather faltered. "Pardon me if I touch on it, but if I am saying extraordinary things, why, perhaps mayn't I? Besides, doesn't it properly concern us to know?"

"To know what?" he insisted, as, after thus beating about the bush, she had again dropped.

She made the effort. "Has she given you up?"

He was amazed afterwards to think how simply and quietly he had met it. "Not yet." It was almost as if he were a trifle disappointed—had expected still more of her freedom. But he went straight on. "Is that what Chad has told you will happen to me?"

She was evidently charmed with the way he took it. "If you mean if we've talked of it—most certainly. And the question is not what has had least to do with my wishing to see you."

"To judge if I'm the sort of man a woman *can*—?"

"Precisely," she exclaimed—"you wonderful gentleman! I do judge—I *have* judged. A woman can't. You're safe—with every right to be. You'd be much happier if you'd only believe it."

Strether was silent a little; then he found himself speaking with a cynicism of confidence of which, even at the moment, the sources

were strange to him. "I try to believe it. But it's a marvel," he exclaimed, "how *you* already get at it!"

Oh, she was able to say. "Remember how much I was, through Mr. Newsome—before I saw you—on the way to it. He thinks everything of your strength."

"Well, I can bear almost anything!" our friend briskly interrupted. Deep and beautiful, on this, her smile came back, and with the effect of making him hear what he had said just as she had heard it. He easily enough felt that it gave him away, but what, in truth, had everything done but that? It had been all very well to think at moments that he was holding her nose down and that he had coerced her; what had he, by this time, done but let her see, practically, that he accepted their relation? What was their relation, moreover—though light and brief enough in form as yet—but whatever she might choose to make it? Nothing could prevent her—certainly he couldn't—from making it pleasant. At the back of his head, behind everything, was the sense that she was—there, before him, close to him, in vivid, imperative form—one of the rare women he had so often heard of, read of, thought of, but never met, whose very presence, look, voice, the mere contemporaneous *fact* of whom, from the moment it was at all presented, made a relation of mere recognition. That was not the kind of woman he had ever found Mrs. Newsome, a contemporaneous fact who had been distinctly slow to establish herself; and at present, confronted with Mme. de Vionnet, he felt the simplicity of his original impression of Miss Gostrey. She, certainly, had been a fact of rapid growth; but the world was wide, each day was more and more a new lesson. There were, at any rate, even among the stranger ones, relations and relations. "Of course I suit Chad's grand way," he quickly added. "He hasn't had much difficulty in working me in."

She seemed to deny a little, on the young man's behalf, by the rise of her eyebrows, an intention of any process at all inconsiderate. "You must know how grieved he would be if you were to lose anything. He believes you can keep his mother patient."

Strether wondered, with his eyes on her. "I see. *That's* then what you really want of me. And how am I to do it? Perhaps you'll tell me that."

"Simply tell her the truth."

"And what do you call the truth?"

"Well, *any* truth—about us all—that you see yourself. I leave it to you."

"Thank you very much. I like," Strether laughed with a slight harshness, "the way you leave things!"

But she insisted kindly, gently, as if it wasn't so bad. "Be perfectly honest. Tell her all."

"All?" he oddly echoed.

"Tell her the simple truth," Mme. de Vionnet developed in the same tone.

"But what *is* the simple truth? The simple truth is exactly what I'm trying to discover."

Mme. de Vionnet looked about a while, but presently she came back to him. "Tell her, fully and clearly, about *us*."

Strether meanwhile had been staring. "You and your daughter?"

"Yes—little Jeanne and me. Tell her," she just slightly quavered, "you like us."

"And what good will that do me? Or rather"—he caught himself up—"what good will it do *you*?"

She looked graver. "None, you believe, really?"

Strether hesitated. "She didn't send me out to 'like' you."

"Oh," she charmingly remonstrated, "she sent you out to face the facts."

He admitted after an instant that there was something in that. "But how can I face them till I know what they are? Do you want him," he then braced himself to ask, "to marry your daughter?"

She gave a head-shake as noble as it was prompt. "No—not that."

"And he really doesn't want to himself?"

She repeated the movement, but now with a strange light in her face. "He likes her too much."

Strether wondered. "To be willing to consider, you mean, the question of taking her to America?"

"To be willing to do anything with her but be immensely kind and nice—really tender of her. We watch over her, and you must help us. You must see her again."

Strether felt awkward. "Ah, with pleasure—she's so remarkably attractive."

The mother's eagerness with which Mme. de Vionnet jumped at this was to come back to him later as beautiful in its grace. "The dear thing *did* please you?" Then as he met it with the largest "Oh!" of enthusiasm: "She's perfect. She's my joy."

"Well, I'm sure that—if one were near her and saw more of her—she would be mine."

"Then," said Mme. de Vionnet, "tell Mrs. Newsome that!"

He wondered the more. "What good will that do you?" As she only hesitated, however, he brought out something else. "Is your daughter in love with our friend?"

"Ah," she rather startlingly answered, "I wish you'd find out!"

He showed his surprise. "I? A stranger?"

"Oh, you won't be a stranger—presently. You shall see her quite, I assure you, as if you weren't."

It remained for him, none the less, an extraordinary notion. "It seems to me, surely, that if her mother can't—"

"Ah, little girls and their mothers to-day!" she rather inconsequently broke in. But she checked herself with something that she

seemed to give out as, after all, more to the point. "Tell her I've been good for him. Don't you think I have?"

It had its effect on him—more than, at the moment, he quite measured. Yet he was consciously enough touched. "Oh, if it's all *you*—!"

"Well, it may not be 'all,'" she interrupted, "but it's to a great extent. Really and truly," she added in a tone that was to take its place with him among things remembered.

"Then it's very wonderful." He smiled at her from a face that he felt as strained, and her own face for a moment kept him so. At last she also got up. "Well, don't you think that for that—"

"I ought to save you?" So it was that the way to meet her—and the way, as well, in a manner, to get off—came over him. He heard himself use the exorbitant word, the very sound of which helped to determine his flight. "I'll save you if I can."

XIV.

In Chad's lovely home, however, one evening ten days later, he felt himself present at the collapse of the question of Jeanne de Vionnet's shy secret. He had been dining there in the company of that young lady and her mother, as well as of other persons, and he had gone into the *petit salon,* at Chad's request, on purpose to talk with her. The young man had put this to him as a favor—"I should like so awfully to know what you think of her. It will really be a chance for you," he had said, "to see the *jeune fille*—I mean the type—as she actually is, and I don't think that, as an observer of manners, it's a thing you ought to miss. It will be an impression that—whatever else you take—you can carry home with you, where you'll find again so much to compare it with."

Strether knew well enough with what Chad wished him to compare it, and though he entirely assented, he had not yet, somehow, been so deeply reminded that he was being, as he constantly, though mutely, expressed it, used. He was as far as ever from making out exactly to what end; but he was none the less constantly accompanied by a sense of the service he rendered. He conceived, only, that this service was highly agreeable to those who profited by it; and he was indeed still waiting for the moment at which he should catch it in the act of proving disagreeable, proving in some degree intolerable, to himself. He failed quite to see how his situation could clear up at all logically except by some turn of events that would give him the pretext of disgust. He was building from day to day on the possibility of disgust, but each day brought forth meanwhile a new and more engaging bend of the road. That possibility was now ever so much further from sight than on the eve of his arrival, and he perfectly felt that, should it come at all, it would have to be at best inconsequent and violent. He struck himself as a little nearer to it only when he asked himself what service, in such a life of utility, he was, after all, rendering Mrs.

Newsome. When he wished to help himself to believe that he was still all right he reflected—and in fact with wonder—on the unimpaired frequency of their correspondence; in relation to which what was, after all, more natural than that it should become more frequent just in proportion as their problem became more complicated?

Certain it is, at any rate, that he now often brought himself balm by the question, with the rich consciousness of yesterday's letter: "Well, what can I do more than that—what can I do more than tell her everything!" To persuade himself that he did tell her, had told her, everything, he used to try to think of particular things he had not told her. When at rare moments, and in the watches of the night, he pounced on one, it generally showed itself to be—to a deeper scrutiny—not quite truly of the essence. When anything new struck him as coming up, or anything already noted as reappearing, he always immediately wrote, as if for fear that if he didn't he would miss something; and also that he might be able to say to himself from time to time, "She knows it *now,* even while I worry." It was a great comfort to him, in general, not to have left past things to be dragged to light and explained; not to have to produce at so late a stage anything not produced, or anything even veiled and attenuated, at the moment. She knew it now: that was what he said to himself to-night in relation to the fresh fact of Chad's acquaintance with the two ladies—not to speak of the fresher one of his own. Mrs. Newsome knew, in other words, that very night at Woollett, that he himself knew Mme. de Vionnet, and that he had been, conscientiously, to see her; also that he had found her remarkably attractive and that there would probably be a good deal more to tell. But she further knew—or would know very soon — that, again conscientiously, he had not repeated his visit; and that when Chad had asked him on the Countess's behalf—Strether made her out vividly, with a thought at the back of his head, a Countess—if he wouldn't name a day for dining with her, he had replied lucidly: "Thank you very much—impossible." He had begged the young man would present his excuses, and had trusted him to understand that it couldn't really strike one as quite the straight thing. He had not reported to Mrs. Newsome that he had promised to "save" Mme. de Vionnet; but, so far as he was concerned with that reminiscence, he hadn't, at any rate, promised to haunt her house. What Chad had understood could only, in truth, be inferred from Chad's behavior, which had been in this connection as easy as in every other. He was easy, always, when he understood; he was easier still, if possible, when he didn't; he had replied that he would make it all right; and he had proceeded to do this by substituting the present occasion—as he was ready to substitute others—for any, for every occasion as to which his old friend should have a funny scruple.

"Oh, but I'm not a little foreign girl; I'm just as English as I

can be," Jeanne de Vionnet had said to him as soon as, in the *petit salon,* he sank, shyly enough on his own side, into the place, near her, vacated by Mme. Gloriani at his approach. Mme. Gloriani, who was in black velvet, with white lace and powdered hair, and whose somewhat massive majesty melted, at any contact, into the graciousness of some incomprehensible tongue, moved away to make room for the vague gentleman, after benevolent greetings to him which embodied, as he believed, in baffling accents, some recognition of his face from a couple of Sundays before. Then he had remarked—making the most of the advantage of his years—that it frightened him quite enough to find himself dedicated to the entertainment of a little foreign girl. There were girls he wasn't afraid of—he was quite bold with little Americans. Thus it was that she had defended herself to the end—"Oh, but I'm almost American too. That's what mamma has wanted me to be—I mean *like* that; for she has wanted me to have lots of freedom. She has known such good results from it."

She was fairly beautiful to him—a faint pastel in an oval frame: he thought of her already as of some lurking image in a long gallery, the portrait of a small old-time princess of whom nothing was known but that she had died young. Little Jeanne wasn't, doubtless, to die young, but one couldn't, all the same, bear on her lightly enough. It was bearing hard, it was bearing as *he,* in any case, wouldn't bear, to concern himself, in relation to her, with the question of a young man. Odious, really, the question of a young man; one didn't treat such a person as a maidservant suspected of a "follower." And then young men, young men—well, the thing was their business simply, or was, at all events, hers. She was fluttered, fairly fevered—to the point of a little glitter that came and went in her eyes and a pair of pink spots that stayed in her cheeks—with the great adventure of dining out and with the greater one still, possibly, of finding a gentleman whom she must think of as very, very old, a gentleman with eye-glasses, wrinkles, a long, grizzled mustache. She spoke the prettiest English, our friend thought, that he had ever heard spoken, just as he had thought her a few minutes before to be speaking the prettiest French. He wondered almost wistfully if such a sweep of the lyre didn't react on the spirit itself; and his fancy had, in fact, before he knew it, begun so to stray and embroider that he finally found himself, absent and extravagant, sitting with the child in a friendly silence. Only, by this time, he felt that her flutter had fortunately dropped and that she was more at her ease. She trusted him, liked him, and it was to come back to him afterwards that she had told him things. She had dipped into the waiting medium at last and found neither surge nor chill—nothing but the small splash she could herself make in the pleasant warmth, nothing but the safety of dipping and dipping again. At the end of the ten minutes he was to spend with her, his impression—with all it had thrown off and

all it had taken in—was complete. She had been free, as she knew freedom, partly to show him that, unlike other little persons she knew, she had imbibed that ideal. She was delightfully quaint about herself, but the vision of what she had imbibed was what most held him. It really consisted, he was soon enough to feel, in just one great little matter, the fact that, whatever her nature, she was thoroughly—he had to cast about for the word, but it came—bred. He couldn't of course, on so short an acquaintance, speak for her nature, but the idea of breeding was what she had meanwhile dropped into his mind. He had never yet known it so sharply presented. Her mother gave it, no doubt; but her mother, to make that less sensible, gave so much else besides, and on neither of the two previous occasions, extraordinary woman, Strether felt, anything like what she was giving to-night. Little Jeanne was a case, an exquisite case of education; whereas the Countess, whom it so amused him to think of by that denomination, was a case, also exquisite, of—well, he didn't know what.

"He has wonderful taste, our young friend;" this was what Gloriani said to him on turning away from the inspection of a small picture suspended near the door of the room. The high celebrity in question had just come in, apparently in search of Mlle. de Vionnet, but while Strether had got up from beside her their fellow-guest, with his eye sharply caught, had paused for a long look. The thing was a landscape, of no size, but of the French school, as our friend was glad to feel he knew, and also of a quality—which he liked to think he should have also guessed; its frame was large out of proportion to the canvas, and he had never seen a person look at anything, he thought, just as Gloriani, with his nose very near and quick movements of the head from side to side and bottom to top, examined this feature of Chad's collection. The artist used that word the next moment, smiling courteously, wiping his nippers and looking round him further—paying the place, in short, by the very manner of his presence and by something Strether fancied he could make out in this particular glance, such a tribute as, to the latter's sense, settled many things once for all. Strether was conscious at this instant, for that matter, as he had not yet been, of how, round about him, quite without him, they *were* consistently settled. Gloriani's smile, deeply Italian, he considered, and finely inscrutable, had had for him, during dinner, at which they were not neighbors, an indefinite greeting, but the quality in it was gone that had appeared on the other occasion to turn him inside out; it was as if even the momentary link supplied by the doubt between them had snapped. He was conscious now of the final reality, which was that there was not so much a doubt as a difference altogether; all the more that over the difference the famous sculptor seemed to signal almost condolingly, yet oh how vacantly! as across some great flat sheet of water. He threw out the bridge of a charming hollow civility on which Strether wouldn't have trusted his own full

weight a moment. That idea, even though but transient and perhaps belated, had performed the office of putting Strether more at his ease, and the blurred picture had already dropped—dropped with the sound of something else said and with his becoming aware, by another quick turn, that Gloriani was now on the sofa talking with Jeanne, while he himself had in his ears again the familiar friendliness and the elusive meaning of the "Oh, oh, oh!" that had made him, a fortnight before, challenge Miss Barrace in vain. She had always the air, this picturesque and original lady, who struck him, so oddly, as both antique and modern—she had always the air of taking up some joke that one had already had out with her. The point itself, no doubt, was what was antique, and the use she made of it what was modern. He felt just now that her good-natured irony did bear on something, and it troubled him a little that she wouldn't be more explicit, only assuring him, with the pleasure of observation so visible in her, that she wouldn't tell him more for the world. He could take refuge but in asking her what she had done with Waymarsh, though it must be added that he felt himself a little on the way to a clue after she had answered that this personage was, in the other room, engaged in conversation with Mme. de Vionnet. He stared a moment at the image of this conjunction; then, for Miss Barrace's benefit, he wondered. "Is she too then under the charm—?"

"No, not a bit"—Miss Barrace was prompt. "She makes nothing of him; she's bored; she won't help you with him."

"Oh," Strether laughed, "she can't do everything."

"Of course not—wonderful as she is. Besides, he makes nothing of *her*. She won't take him from me—though she wouldn't, no doubt, having other affairs in hand, even if she could. I've never," said Miss Barrace, "seen her fail with any one before. And to-night, when she's so magnificent, it would seem to her strange—if she minded. So, at any rate, I have him all. *Je suis tranquille!*"

Strether understood, so far as that went; but he was feeling for his clue. "She strikes you to-night as particularly magnificent?"

"Surely. Almost as I've never seen her. Doesn't she you? Why, it's *for* you."

He persisted in his candor. "'For' me—?"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Miss Barrace, who persisted in the opposite of that quality.

"Well," he acutely admitted, "she *is* different. She's gay."

"She's gay!" Miss Barrace laughed. "And she has beautiful shoulders—though there's nothing different in that."

"No," said Strether, "one was sure of her shoulders. It isn't her shoulders."

His companion, with renewed mirth and the finest sense, between the puffs of her cigarette, of the drollery of things, appeared to find their conversation highly delightful. "Yes, it isn't her shoulders."

"What then is it?" Strether earnestly inquired.

"Why, it's *she*—simply. It's her mood. It's her charm."

"Of course it's her charm, but we're speaking of the difference."

"Well," Miss Barrace explained, "she's just brilliant, as we used to say. That's all. She's various. She's fifty women."

"Ah, but only one"—Strether kept it clear—"at a time."

"Perhaps. But in fifty times—!"

"Oh, we sha'n't come to that," our friend declared; and the next moment he had moved in another direction. "Will you answer me a plain question? Will she ever divorce?"

Miss Barrace looked at him through all her tortoise-shell. "Why should she?"

It was not what he had asked for, he signified; but he met it well enough. "To marry Chad."

"Why should she marry Chad?"

"Because I'm convinced she's very fond of him. She has done wonders for him."

"Well then, how could she do more? Marrying a man, or a woman either," Miss Barrace sagely went on, "is never the wonder, for any Jack and Jill can bring *that* off. The wonder is their doing such things without marrying."

Strether considered a moment this proposition. "You mean it's so beautiful for our friends simply to go on so?"

But whatever he said made her laugh. "Beautiful."

He nevertheless insisted. "And *that* because it's disinterested?"

She was now, however, suddenly tired of the question. "Yes, then—call it that. Besides, she'll never divorce. Don't, moreover," she added, "believe everything you hear about her husband."

"He's not then," Strether asked, "a wretch?"

"Oh yes. But charming."

"Do you know him?"

"I've met him. He's *bien aimable*."

"To every one but his wife?"

"Oh, for all I know, to her too—to any, to every woman. I hope you at any rate," she pursued with a quick change, "appreciate the care I take of Mr. Waymarsh."

"Oh, immensely." But Strether was not yet in line. "At all events," he roundly brought out, "the attachment's an innocent one."

"Mine and his? Ah," she laughed, "don't rob it of *all* romance!"

"I mean our friend's here—to the lady we've been speaking of." That was what he had settled to as an indirect, but none the less closely involved, consequence of his impression of Jeanne. That was where he meant to stay. "It's innocent," he repeated—"I see the whole thing."

Mystified by his abrupt declaration, she had glanced over at Gloriani as at the unnamed subject of his allusion, but the next moment she had understood; though indeed not before Strether

had noticed her momentary mistake and wondered what might possibly be behind that too. He already knew that the sculptor admired Mme. de Vionnet; but did this admiration also represent an attachment of which the innocence was discussable? He was moving verily in a strange air and on ground not of the firmest. He looked hard for an instant at Miss Barrace, but she had already gone on. "All right with Mr. Newsome? Why, of course she is!" —and she got gayly back to the question of her own good friend. "I dare say you're surprised that I'm not worn out with all I see—it being so much!—of Sitting Bull. But I'm not, you know—I don't mind him; I bear up, and we get on beautifully. I'm very strange; I'm like that; and often I can't explain. There are people who are supposed interesting or remarkable or whatever, and who bore me to death; and then there are others as to whom nobody can understand what anybody sees in them—in whom I see, in short, all sorts of things." Then after she had smoked a moment, "He's touching, you know," she said.

"'Know'?" Strether echoed—"don't I, indeed? We must move you almost to tears."

"Oh, but I don't mean *you!*" she laughed.

"You ought to then, for the worst sign of all—as I must have it for you—is that you can't help me. That's when a woman pities."

"Ah, but I do help you!" she cheerfully insisted.

Again he looked at her hard, and then, after a pause: "No, you don't!"

Her tortoise-shell, on its long chain, rattled down. "I help you with Sitting Bull. That's a good deal."

"Oh that, yes." But Strether hesitated. "Do you mean he talks of me?"

"So that I have to defend you? No, never."

"I see," Strether mused. "It's too deep."

"That's his only fault," she returned—"that everything, with him, is too deep. He has depths of silence—which he breaks only at the longest intervals by a remark. And when the remark comes it's always something he has seen or felt for himself—never a bit *banal. That* would be what one might have feared and what would kill me. But never." She smoked again as she thus, with amused complacency, appreciated her acquisition. "And never about you. We keep clear of you. We're wonderful. But I'll tell you what he does do," she continued: "he tries to make me presents."

"Presents?" poor Strether echoed, conscious with a pang that *he* had not yet tried that in any quarter.

"Why, you see," she explained, "he's as fine as ever in the victoria; so that when I leave him, as I often do almost for hours—he likes it so—at the doors of shops, the sight of him there helps me, when I come out, to know my carriage, from afar, in the rank. But sometimes, for a change, he goes with me into the shops, and then I've all I can do to prevent his buying me things."

"He wants to 'treat' you?" Strether almost gasped at all he himself hadn't thought of. He had a sense of admiration. "Oh, he's much more in the real tradition than I. Yes," he mused; "it's the sacred rage."

"The sacred rage, exactly!"—and Miss Barrace, who had not before heard this term applied, recognized its bearing with a clap of her gemmed hands. "Now I do know why he's not *banal.* But I do prevent him all the same—and if you saw what he sometimes selects—from buying. I save him hundreds and hundreds. I only take flowers."

"Flowers?" Strether echoed again with a rueful reflection. How many nosegays had her present interlocutor sent?

"Innocent flowers," she pursued, "as much as he likes. And he sends me splendors; he knows all the best places—he found them for himself; he's wonderful."

"He hasn't told them to *me,*" her friend smiled; "he has a life of his own." But Strether had swung back to the consciousness that, for himself, after all, it never would have done. Waymarsh had not Mrs. Waymarsh in the least to consider, whereas Lambert Strether had constantly, in the inmost honor of his thoughts, to consider Mrs. Newsome. He liked moreover to feel how much his friend was in the real tradition. Yet he had his conclusion. "*What* a rage it is!" He had worked it out. "It's an opposition."

She followed, but at a distance. "That's what I feel. Yet to what?"

"Well, he thinks, you know, that *I've* a life of my own. And I haven't!"

"You haven't?" She showed doubt, and her laugh confirmed it. "Oh, oh, oh!"

"No—not of my own. I seem to have a life only for other people."

"Ah, for them and *with* them! Just now, for instance, with—"

"Well, with whom?" he asked before she had had time to say.

His tone had the effect of making her hesitate and even, as he guessed, speak with a difference. "Say with Miss Gostrey. What do you do for *her?*"

It really made him wonder. "Nothing at all!"

XV.

Mme. de Vionnet, having meanwhile come in, was at present close to them, and Miss Barrace hereupon, instead of risking a rejoinder, became again, with a look that measured her from top to toe, all mere long-handled appreciative tortoise-shell. She had struck our friend, from the first of her appearing, as dressed for a great occasion, and she met still more than on either of the others the conception reawakened in him at their garden-party, the idea of the *femme du monde* in her habit as she lived. Her bare shoulders and arms were white and beautiful; the materials of her dress,

a mixture, as he supposed, of silk and crape, were of a silvery gray so artfully composed as to give an impression of warm splendor; and round her neck she wore a collar of large old emeralds, the green note of which was more dimly repeated, at other points of her apparel, in embroidery, in enamel, in satin, in substances and textures vaguely rich. Her head, extremely fair and exquisitely festal, was like a happy fancy, a notion of the antique, on an old, precious medal, some silver coin of the Renaissance; while her slim lightness and brightness, her gayety, her expression, her decision, contributed to an effect that might have been felt by a poet as half mythological and half conventional. He could have compared her to a goddess still partly engaged in a morning cloud or a sea-nymph waist-high in the summer surge. Above all, she suggested to him the reflection that the *femme du monde*—in these finest developments of the type—was, like Cleopatra in the play, indeed various and multifold. She had aspects, characters, days, nights—or had them at least, showed them by a mysterious law of her own, when in addition to everything she happened also to be a woman of genius. She was an obscure person, a muffled person, one day; and a showy person, an uncovered person the next. He thought of Mme. de Vionnet to-night as showy and uncovered, though he felt the roughness of the formula, because, by one of the short-cuts of genius, she had taken all his categories by surprise. Twice during dinner he had met Chad's eyes in a longish look; but these communications had in truth only stirred up again old ambiguities —so little was it clear from them whether they were an appeal or an admonition. "You see how I'm fixed" was what they appeared to convey; yet how he was fixed was exactly what Strether didn't see. However, perhaps he should see now.

"Are you capable of the very great kindness of going to relieve Newsome, for a few minutes, of the rather crushing responsibility of Mme. Gloriani, while I say a word, if he'll allow me, to Mr. Strether, of whom I've a question to ask? Our host ought to talk a bit to those other ladies, and I'll come back in a minute to your rescue." She made this proposal to Miss Barrace as if her consciousness of a special duty had just flickered up, but that lady's recognition of Strether's little start at it—as at a betrayal on the speaker's part of a domesticated state—was as mute as his own comment; and after an instant, when the spinster had good-naturedly left them, he had been given something else to think of. "Why has Maria so suddenly gone? Do you know?" That was the question Mme. de Vionnet had brought with her.

"I'm afraid I've no reason to give you but the simple reason I've had from her in a note—the sudden obligation to join, in the south, a sick friend who has got worse."

"Ah, then she has been writing you?"

"Not since she went—I had only a brief explanatory word before she started. I went to see her," Strether explained—"it was

the day after I called on you—but she was already on her way, and her concierge told me that in case of my coming I was to be informed she had written to me. I found her note when I got home."

Mme. de Vionnet listened with interest and with her eyes on Strether's face; then her delicately-decorated head had a small melancholy motion. "She didn't write to *me*. I went to see her," she added, "almost immediately after I had seen you, and as I assured her I would do when I met her at Gloriani's. She hadn't then told me she was to be absent, and I felt, at her door, as if I understood. She's absent — with all respect to her sick friend, though I know indeed she has plenty—so that I may not see her. She doesn't want to meet me again. Well," she continued with a beautiful conscious mildness, "I liked and admired her beyond every one in the old time, and she knew it—perhaps that's precisely what has made her go — and I dare say I haven't lost her forever." Strether still said nothing; he had a horror, as he now thought of himself, of being in question between women—was in fact already quite enough on his way to that; and there was moreover, as it came to him, perceptibly, something behind these allusions and professions that, should he take it in, would square but ill with his present resolve to simplify. It was as if, for him, all the same, her softness and sadness were sincere. He felt that not less when she soon went on: "I'm extremely glad of her happiness." But it also left him mute—sharp and fine though the imputation it conveyed. What it conveyed was that *he* was Maria Gostrey's happiness, and for the least little instant he had the impulse to challenge the thought. He could have done so, however, only by saying "What then do you suppose to be between us?" and he was wonderfully glad a moment later not to have spoken. He would rather seem stupid any day than fatuous, and he drew back, as well, with a smothered inward shudder, from the consideration of what women—of highly-developed type in particular—might think of each other. Whatever he had come out for, he had not come to go into that; so that he absolutely took up nothing his interlocutress had now let drop. Yet, though he had kept away from her for days, had laid wholly on herself the burden of their meeting again, she had not a gleam of irritation to show him. "Well, about Jeanne now?" she smiled—it had the gayety with which she had originally come in. He felt it, on the instant, to have been, for her, her real errand. But he had been schooling her, of a truth, to say much in proportion to his little. "*Do* you make out that she has a sentiment? I mean for Mr. Newsome."

Almost resentful, Strether could at last be prompt. "How can I make out such things?"

She remained perfectly good-natured. "Ah, but they're beautiful little things, and you make out—don't pretend!—everything in the world. Haven't you," she asked, "been talking with her?"

"Yes, but not about Chad. At least not much."

"Oh, you don't require 'much'!" she reassuringly declared. But she immediately changed her ground. "I hope you remember your promise of the other day."

"To 'save' you, as you called it?"

"I call it so still. You *will*?" she insisted. "You haven't repented?"

He hesitated. "No—but I've been thinking what I meant."

She wondered. "And not, a little, what *I* did?"

"No—that's not necessary. It will be enough if I know what I meant myself."

"And don't you know," she asked, "by this time?"

Again he had a pause. "I think you ought to leave it to me. But how long," he added, "do you give me?"

"It seems to me much more a question of how long you give *me*. Doesn't our friend here himself, at any rate," she went on, "perpetually make me present to you?"

"Not," Strether replied, "by ever speaking of you to me."

"He never does that?"

"Never."

She considered, and, if the fact was disconcerting to her, effectually concealed it. The next minute indeed she had recovered. "No, he wouldn't. But do you *need* that?"

Her emphasis was wonderful, and though his eyes had been wandering he looked at her longer now. "I see what you mean."

"Of course you see what I mean."

Her triumph was gentle, and she really had tones to make justice weep. "I've before me what he owes you."

"Admit, then, that that's something," she said, yet still with the same discretion in her pride.

He took in this note, but he went straight on. "You've made of him what I see, but what I don't see is how in the world you've done it."

"Ah, that's another question!" she smiled. "The point is of what use is it your declining to know me when to know Mr. Newsome—as you do me the honor to find him—*is* just to know me."

"I see," he mused, still with his eyes on her. "I shouldn't have met you to-night."

She raised and dropped her linked hands. "It doesn't matter. If I trust you, why can't you a little trust me too? And why can't you also," she asked in another tone, "trust yourself?" But she gave him no time to reply. "Oh, I shall be so easy for you! And I'm glad, at any rate, you've seen my child."

"I'm glad too," he said; "but she does you no good."

"No good?"—Mme. de Vionnet had a clear stare. "Why, she's an angel of light."

"That's precisely the reason. Leave her alone. Don't try to find out. I mean," he explained, "about what you spoke to me of—the way she feels."

His companion wondered. "Because one really won't?"

"Well, because I ask you, as a favor to myself, not to. She's the most charming young girl I've ever seen. Therefore don't touch her. Don't know—don't want to know. And moreover—yes—you *won't.*"

It was an appeal, of a sudden, and she took it in. "As a favor to you?"

"Well—since you ask me."

"Anything, everything you ask," she smiled. "I sha'n't know then—never. Thank you," she added with peculiar gentleness as she turned away.

The sound of it lingered with him, making him fairly feel as if he had been tripped up and had a fall. In the very act of arranging with her for his independence he had, under pressure from a particular perception, inconsistently, quite stupidly, committed himself, and, with her subtlety sensitive, on the spot, to an advantage, she had driven in, by a single word, a little golden nail, the sharp intention of which he signally felt. He had not detached, he had more closely connected himself, and his eyes, as he considered, with some intensity, this circumstance, met another pair which had just come within their range and which struck him as reflecting his sense of what he had done. He recognized them at the same moment as those of little Bilham, who had apparently drawn near on purpose to speak to him, and little Bilham was not, in the conditions, the person to whom his heart would be most closed. They were seated together, a minute later, at the angle of the room obliquely opposite the corner in which Gloriani was still engaged with Jeanne de Vionnet, to whom, at first, and in silence, their attention had been benevolently given. "I can't see for my life," Strether had then observed, "how a young fellow of any spirit—such a one as you, for instance—can be admitted to the sight of that young lady without being hard hit. Why don't you go in, little Bilham?" He remembered the tone into which he had been betrayed on the garden-bench at the sculptor's reception, and this might make up for that by being much more the right sort of thing to say to a young man worthy of any advice at all. "There *would* be some reason."

"Some reason for what?"

"Why, for hanging on here."

"To offer my hand and fortune to Mlle. de Vionnet?"

"Well," Strether asked, "to what lovelier apparition *could* you offer them? She's the sweetest little thing I've ever seen."

"She's certainly immense. I mean she's the real thing. I believe the pale pink petals are folded up there for some wondrous efflorescence in time—to open, that is, to some great golden sun. *I'm* unfortunately but a small farthing candle. What chance, in such a field, for a poor little artist-man?"

"Oh, you're good enough," Strether threw out.

"Certainly, I'm good enough. We're good enough, I consider, *nous autres,* for anything. But she's *too* good. There's the difference. They wouldn't look at me."

Strether, lounging on his divan and still charmed by the young girl, whose eyes had consciously strayed to him, he fancied, with a vague smile—Strether, enjoying the whole occasion as with dormant pulses at last awake and in spite of new material thrust upon him, thought over his companion's words. "Whom do you mean by 'they'? She and her mother?"

"She and her mother. And she has a father too, who, whatever else he may be, can't, certainly, be indifferent to the possibilities she represents. Besides, there's Chad."

Strether was silent a little. "Ah, but he doesn't care for her—not, I mean, it appears, after all, in the sense I'm speaking of. He's *not* in love with her."

"No—but he's her best friend; after her mother. He's very fond of her. He has his ideas about what can be done for her."

"Well, it's very strange!" Strether presently remarked with a sighing sense of fulness.

"Very strange indeed. That's just the beauty of it. Isn't it very much the kind of beauty you had in mind," little Bilham went on, "when you were so wonderful and so inspiring to me the other day? Didn't you adjure me—in accents I shall never forget—to see, while I've a chance, everything I can?—and *really* to see, for it must have been that only that you meant. Well, you did me no end of good, and I'm doing my best. I *do* make it out as a situation."

"So do I!" Strether went on after a moment. But he had the next minute an inconsequent question. "How comes Chad so mixed up, anyway?"

"Ah, ah, ah!"—and little Bilham fell back on his cushions.

It reminded our friend of Miss Barrace, and he felt again the brush of his sense of moving in a maze of mystic, closed allusions. Yet he kept hold of his thread. "Of course I understand really; only the general transformation makes me occasionally gasp. Chad with such a voice in the settlement of the future of a little countess—no," he declared, "it takes more time! You say, moreover," he resumed, "that we're inevitably, people like you and me, out of the running. The curious fact remains that Chad himself isn't. The situation doesn't make for it, but in a different one he could have her if he would."

"Yes, but that's only because he's rich and because there's a possibility of his being richer. They won't think of anything but a great name or a great fortune."

"Well," said Strether, "*he'll* have no great fortune on these lines. He must stir his stumps."

"Is that," little Bilham inquired, "what you were saying to Mme. de Vionnet?"

"No—I don't say much to her. Of course, however," Strether continued, "he can make sacrifices if he likes."

Little Bilham had a pause. "Oh, he's not keen for sacrifices; or thinks, that is, possibly, that he has made enough."

"Well, it *is* virtuous," his companion observed with decision.

"That's exactly," the young man dropped after a moment, "what I mean."

It kept Strether himself silent a little. "I've made it out for myself," he then went on; "I've really, within the last half-hour, got hold of it. I understand it, in short, at last; which at first—when you originally spoke to me—I didn't. Nor when Chad originally spoke to me either."

"Oh," said little Bilham, "I don't think that at that time you believed me."

"Yes—I did; and I believe Chad too. It would have been odious and unmannerly—as well as quite perverse—if I hadn't. What interest have you in deceiving me?"

The young man hesitated. "What interest have *I*?"

"Yes. Chad *might* have. But you?"

"Ah, ah, ah!" little Bilham exclaimed.

It might, on repetition, as a mystification, have irritated our friend a little; but he knew, once more, as we have seen, where he was, and his being proof against everything was only another attestation that he meant to stay there. "I couldn't, without my own impression, realize. She's a tremendously clever, brilliant, capable woman, and with an extraordinary charm on top of it all—the charm we surely, all of us this evening, know what to think of. It isn't every clever, brilliant, capable woman that has it. In fact it's rare with any woman. So there you are," Strether proceeded as if not for little Bilham's benefit alone. "I understand what a relation with such a woman—what such a high, fine friendship—may be. It can't be vulgar or coarse, anyway—and that's the point."

"Yes, that's the point," said little Bilham. "It can't be vulgar or coarse. And, bless us and save us, it *isn't!* It's, upon my word, the very finest thing I ever saw in my life, and the most distinguished."

Strether, from beside him, and leaning back with him as he leaned, dropped on him a momentary look which filled a short interval and of which he took no notice. He only gazed before him with intent participation. "Of course what it has done for him," Strether, at all events, presently pursued, "of course what it has done for him—that is as to *how* it has so wonderfully worked—is not a thing I pretend to understand. I've to take it as I find it. There he is."

"There he is!" little Bilham echoed. "And it's really and truly she. I don't understand either, even with my longer and closer opportunity. But I'm like you," he added; "I can admire and re-

joice even when I'm a little in the dark. You see I've watched it for some three years, and especially for this last. He wasn't so bad before it as I seem to have made out that you think—"

"Oh, I don't think anything now!" Strether impatiently broke in: "that is but what I *do* think! I mean that, originally, for her to have cared for him—"

"There must have been stuff in him. Oh yes, there was stuff indeed, and much more of it than ever showed, I dare say, at home. Still, you know," the young man in all fairness developed, "there was room for her, and that's where she came in. She saw her chance, and she took it. That's what strikes me as having been so fine. But of course he liked her first."

"Naturally," said Strether.

"I mean that they first met somehow and somewhere—I believe in some American house—and she, without in the least then intending it, made her impression. Then, with time and opportunity, he made his; and after *that* she was as bad as he."

Strether vaguely took it up. "As 'bad'?"

"She began, that is, to care—to care very much. Alone, and in her horrid position, she found it, when once she had started, an interest. It was, it is, an interest; and it did—it continues to do—a lot for herself as well. So she still cares. She cares in fact," said little Bilham thoughtfully, "more."

Strether's theory that it was none of his business was somehow not damaged by the way he took it in. "More, you mean, than he?" On this his companion looked round at him, and now, for an instant, their eyes met. "More than he?" he repeated.

Little Bilham, for as long, hung fire. "Will you never tell any one?"

Strether thought. "Whom should I tell?"

"Why, I supposed you reported regularly—"

"To people at home?"—Strether took him up. "Well, I won't tell them this."

The young man at last looked away. "Then she does now care more than he."

"Oh!" Strether oddly exclaimed.

But his companion immediately met it. "Haven't you, after all, had your impression of it? That's how you've got hold of him."

"Ah, but I haven't got hold of him!"

"Oh, I say!" But it was all little Bilham said.

"It's at any rate none of my business. I mean," Strether explained, "nothing else than getting hold of him is." It appeared, however, to strike him as his business to add: "The fact remains, nevertheless, that she has saved him."

Little Bilham just waited. "I thought that was what *you* were to do."

But Strether had his answer ready. "I'm speaking—in connection with her—of his manners and morals, his character and life.

I'm speaking of him as a person to deal with and talk with and live with—speaking of him as a social animal."

"And isn't it as a social animal that you also want him?"

"Certainly; so that it's as if she had saved him *for* us."

"It strikes you accordingly then," the young man threw out, "as for you all to save *her?*"

"Oh, for us 'all'—!" Strether could but laugh at that. It brought him back, however, to the point he had really wished to make. "They've accepted their situation—hard as it is. They're not free—at least she's not; but they take what's left to them. It's a friendship, of a beautiful sort; and that's what makes them so strong. They're straight, they feel; and they keep each other up. It's doubtless she, however, who, as you yourself have hinted, feels it most."

Little Bilham appeared to wonder what he had hinted. "Feels most that they're straight?"

"Well, feels that *she* is, and the strength that comes from it. She keeps *him* up—she keeps the whole thing up. When people are able to, it's fine. She's wonderful, wonderful, as Miss Barrace says; and he is, in his way, too; however, as a mere man, he may sometimes rebel and not feel that he finds his account in it. She has simply given him an immense moral lift, and what that can explain is prodigious. That's why I speak of it as a situation. It *is* one, if there ever was." And Strether, with his head back and his eyes on the ceiling, seemed to lose himself in the vision of it.

His companion attended deeply. "You state it much better than I could."

"Oh, you see, it doesn't concern you."

Little Bilham considered. "I thought you said just now that it doesn't concern you either."

"Well, it doesn't, a bit, as Mme. de Vionnet's affair. But, as we were saying just now, what did I come out for but to save him?"

"Yes—to remove him."

"To save him *by* removal; to win him over to *himself* thinking it best he shall take up business—thinking he must immediately do, therefore, what is necessary to that end."

"Well," said little Bilham after a moment, "you *have* won him over. He does think it best. He has within a day or two again said to me as much."

"And that," Strether asked, "is why you consider that he cares less than she?"

"Cares less for her than she for him? Yes, that's one of the reasons. But other things too have given me the impression. A man, don't you think?" little Bilham presently pursued, "*can't,* in such conditions, care so much as a woman. It takes different conditions to make him, and then perhaps he cares more. Chad," he wound up, "has his possible future before him."

"Are you speaking of his business-future?"

"No—on the contrary; of the other, the future of what you so justly call their situation. M. de Vionnet may live forever."

"So that they can't marry?"

The young man just hesitated. "Not being able to marry is all they've with any confidence to look forward to. A woman—a particular woman—may stand that strain; but can a man?"

Strether's answer was as prompt as if he had already, for himself, worked it out. "Not without a very high ideal of conduct. But that's just what we're attributing to Chad. And how, for that matter," he mused, "does his going to America diminish the particular strain? Wouldn't it seem rather to add to it?"

"Out of sight, out of mind!" his companion laughed. Then more bravely: "Wouldn't distance lessen the torment?" But before Strether could reply, "The thing is, you see, Chad ought to marry!" he exclaimed.

Strether, for a little, appeared to think of it. "If you talk of torments, you don't diminish mine!" he then broke out. The next moment he was on his feet with a question. "He ought to marry whom?"

Little Bilham rose more slowly. "Well, some one he *can*—some thoroughly nice girl."

Strether's eyes, as they stood together, turned again to Jeanne. "Do you mean *her*?"

His friend made a sudden strange face. "After being in love with her mother? No."

"But isn't it exactly your idea that he *isn't* in love with her mother?"

His friend once more had a pause. "Well, he isn't, at any rate, with Jeanne."

"I dare say not."

"How *can* he be with any other woman?"

"Oh, that I admit. But being in love isn't, you know, here"—little Bilham spoke in friendly reminder—"thought necessary, in strictness, for marriage."

"And what torment—to call a torment—can there ever possibly be with a woman like that?" As if from the interest of his own question, Strether had gone on without hearing. "Is it for her to have turned a man out so wonderfully, too, only for somebody else?" He appeared to make a point of this, and little Bilham looked at him now. "When it's for each other that people give things up they don't miss them." Then he threw off as with an extravagance of which he was conscious: "Let them face the future together!"

"You mean that, after all, he shouldn't go back?"

"I mean that if he gives her up—!"

"Yes?"

"Well, he ought to be ashamed of himself." But Strether spoke with a sound that might have passed for a laugh.

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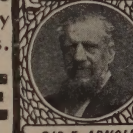
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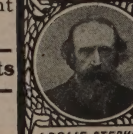
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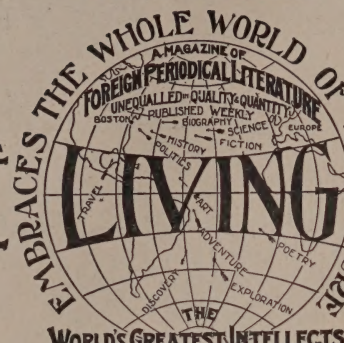

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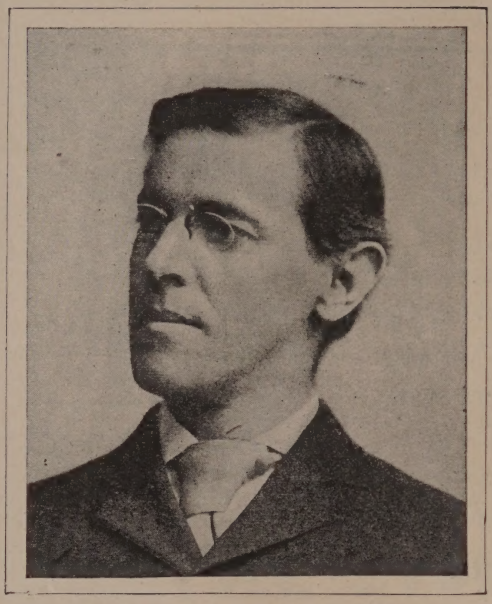

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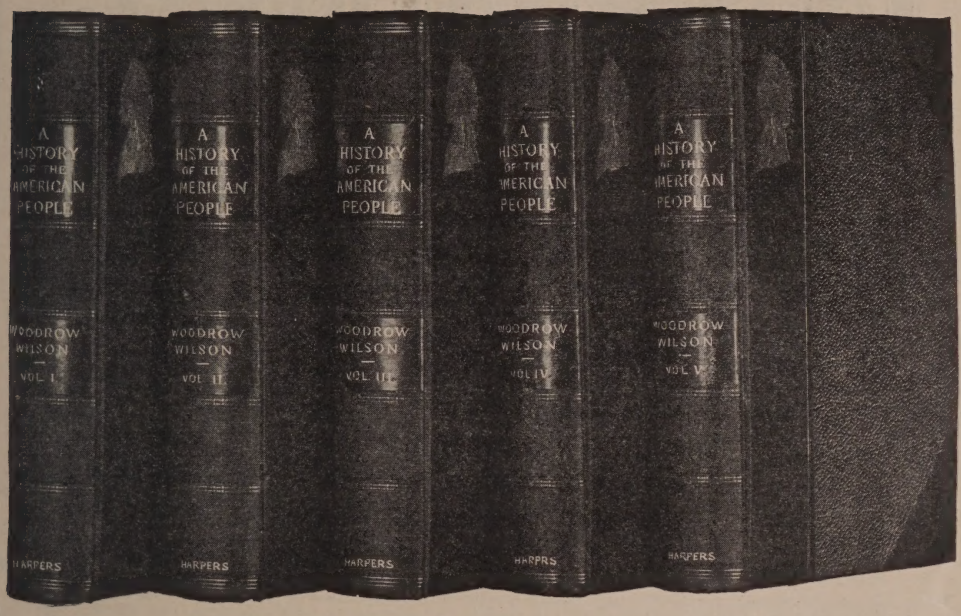

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W. J. GAYNOR,

the eminent American jurist, was born in Whitestown, Oneida County, New York, in 1851. From Boston, where he completed his academic education, he went to Brooklyn in 1873, and engaged in journalistic work while pursuing the study of the law. In 1875, he was admitted to the bar and soon took a prominent place among the leaders of his profession, appearing before the courts in a number of important cases. He became known and feared as a relentless foe of corruption in public life, and gained a national reputation by his effective work in breaking up "rings" within the Democratic party, of which party he was himself an adherent, and by the part he took in securing the conviction of a notorious and powerful Democratic "boss" for election frauds. He was elected Justice of the Supreme Court of New York in 1893, on the nomination of the Republicans and Independent Democrats.

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W. J. Ashley

has had personal experience of the conditions of education on both sides of the Atlantic. He was born in London in 1860, and after a preparatory course at St. Olave's Grammar School, Southwark, he went to Oxford, where he distinguished himself highly, taking First Class in Modern History in 1881, and the Lothian prize in 1882. He was lecturer in history in Lincoln and Corpus Christi Colleges, Oxford, from 1885 to 1888, and in the latter year he became Professor of Political Economy and Constitutional History in the University of Toronto. In that post he remained till 1892, when he went to Harvard to occupy the chair of Economic History. In 1901, he returned to England to organize a Faculty of Commerce in the University of Birmingham. Professor Ashley has been a prolific writer on historical and economic subjects. His "Introduction to English Economic History and Theory" has been translated into German and French.

Sir George Arthur, Bt.,

born in 1860, served for several years in the Second Life Guards. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882, he was appointed to the staff of General Wilkinson, who commanded the Indian Cavalry, and he was present at all the engagements. Two years later, he took part in the Gordon Relief Expedition; and in the South-African war, after serving with the yeomanry, he was made Remounts Claims officer. Sir George has contributed articles from time to time to several of the leading magazines. He is a nephew of the late Sir Bartle Frere.

Archer Brown,

a member of the firm of Rogers, Brown & Co., which has establishments in New York, Chicago and a number of other leading cities, was born in Otsego Co., New York, in 1851, and graduated at Michigan University in 1872. He removed to New York from Cincinnati in 1895, and he now resides in East Orange, New Jersey, being President of the Citizens' Union of that city. Mr. Brown is director in a large num-

ber of blast-furnace, coal-mining and ore-mining companies, and his firm is said to handle about thirty per cent. of the merchant pig iron—foundry, forge and basic—made in the United States.

STEPHEN BONSAL

is a native of Virginia. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and at Göttingen and Heidelberg in Germany. He served as special correspondent for *The New York Herald* in the Bulgarian-Servian war, also in Macedonia, in Morocco, in Cuba, and in the Far East. Mr. Bonsal has had experience in the United States diplomatic service as Secretary of Legation and *Chargé d'affaires* in Peking, Madrid, Tokio, and Korea.

ANGLO-INDIAN

is an Englishman who has resided in India for a number of years, and has been a close and admiring observer of the present Viceroy's administration of the government of that vast and populous Dependency of Great Britain.

MAJOR L. L. SEAMAN

has practised medicine in New York for a quarter of a century, during which he has held many public posts, having been, successively, resident surgeon of the New York State Emigrant Hospital, Superintendent of the State Emigrant Insane Asylum, and Chief of Staff of the hospitals and the Training School for Nurses on Blackwell's Island. In 1886, he made a tour of the world, in the course of which he studied in the hospitals of India the contagious and epidemic diseases peculiar to the Orient. Three times he has been sent as a delegate to International Medical Congresses—to London, in 1881; to Berlin, in 1894, and to Moscow, in 1897.

SYDNEY BROOKS

is an English journalist who has already contributed a number of articles to the REVIEW on a variety of subjects.

LAWRENCE GILMAN,

the son of an organist and a musical composer, was born in Flushing, Long Island, in 1876. He studied musical theory and composition with the idea of fitting himself for the field of musical criticism, and for some years he has contributed articles on musical subjects to the magazines and musical journals.

IDA HUSTED HARPER

is a native of Fairfield, Indiana, and studied at the Univer-

sity of Indiana. Later, she took almost the entire course at the Leland Stanford University. Mrs. Harper was for several years one of the editors of the *Indianapolis News,* and for the last four years she has edited a department in *The Sun,* of New York. She prepared one of the Indiana monographs for the Columbian Exposition and read papers before several of the Congresses. In 1899, she was sent to the International Council of Women in London to represent the "Women Journalists of the United States," and was elected Chairman of the International Press Committee. Mrs. Harper's chief works are the "Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony" and, jointly with Miss Anthony, "The History of Woman Suffrage at the Close of the Century," which has just been completed.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

was born in Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. For several years he was Assistant and, later, Deputy Magistrate at Murshidabad, in Lower Bengal, and afterwards at Cuttack, in the District of Orissa. In 1891, he returned to England from India, and spent the subsequent four years on the Continent, travelling in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, Austria and France. Since 1896, he has resided in the United States, and from time to time he has contributed a number of articles to the REVIEW.

HENRY JAMES

is one of the most eminent of the Americans who have made their home on the other side of the Atlantic. He was born at New York in 1843, and after receiving the main part of his education in Europe—in France and Switzerland—he returned to America to study law at Harvard. His maiden essays in literature were given to the public through periodicals in 1866, and in 1869 he went to England, where, since then, he has almost constantly resided. Mr. James has long been in the front rank of contemporary novelists and critics. Among his best-known works are "Daisy Miller," "The Awkward Age," "The Bostonians," "Princess Casamassima," "What Maisie Knew," "The Europeans," "French Poets and Novelists," "A Bundle of Letters," and the "Life of Hawthorne" in the "English Men of Letters" series.

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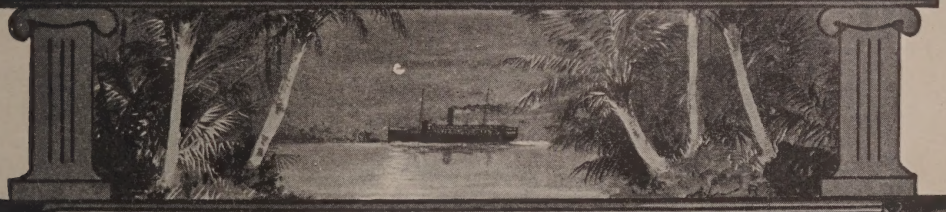

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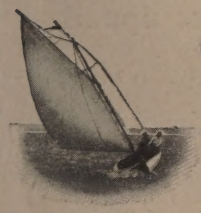

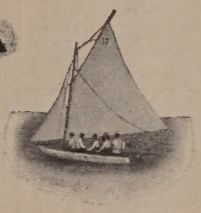

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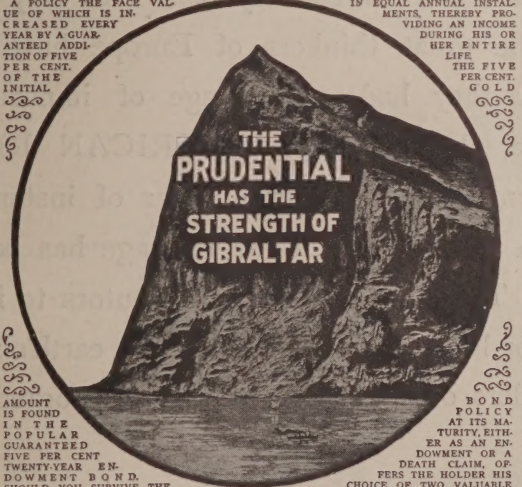

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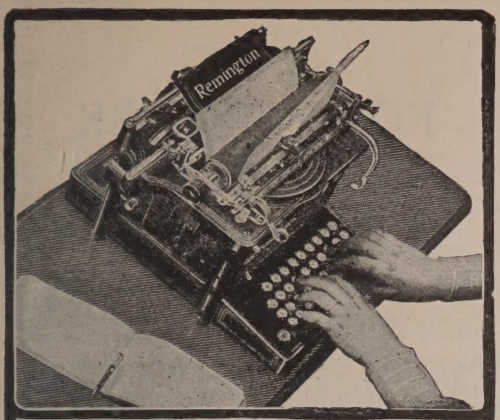

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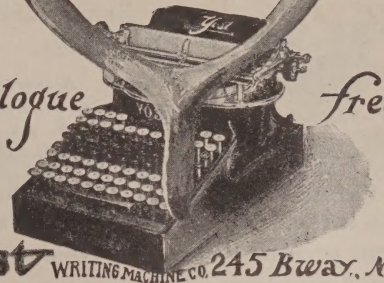

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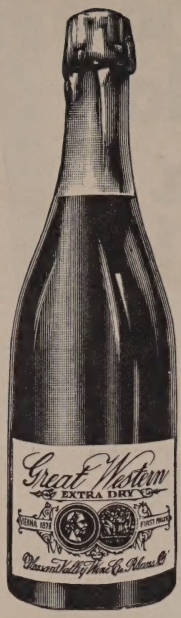

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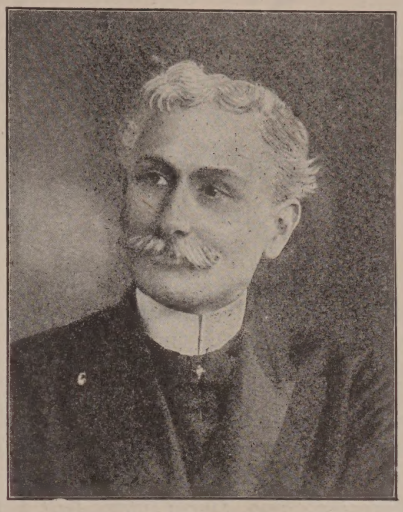

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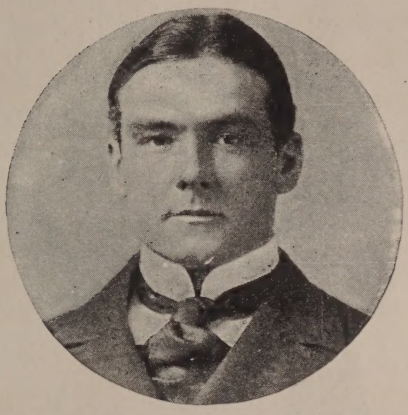

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